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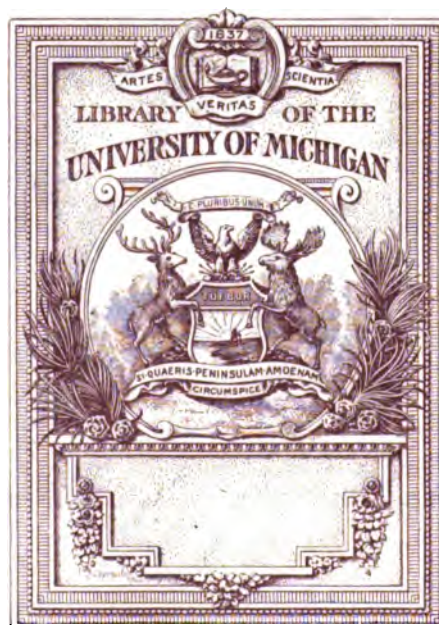
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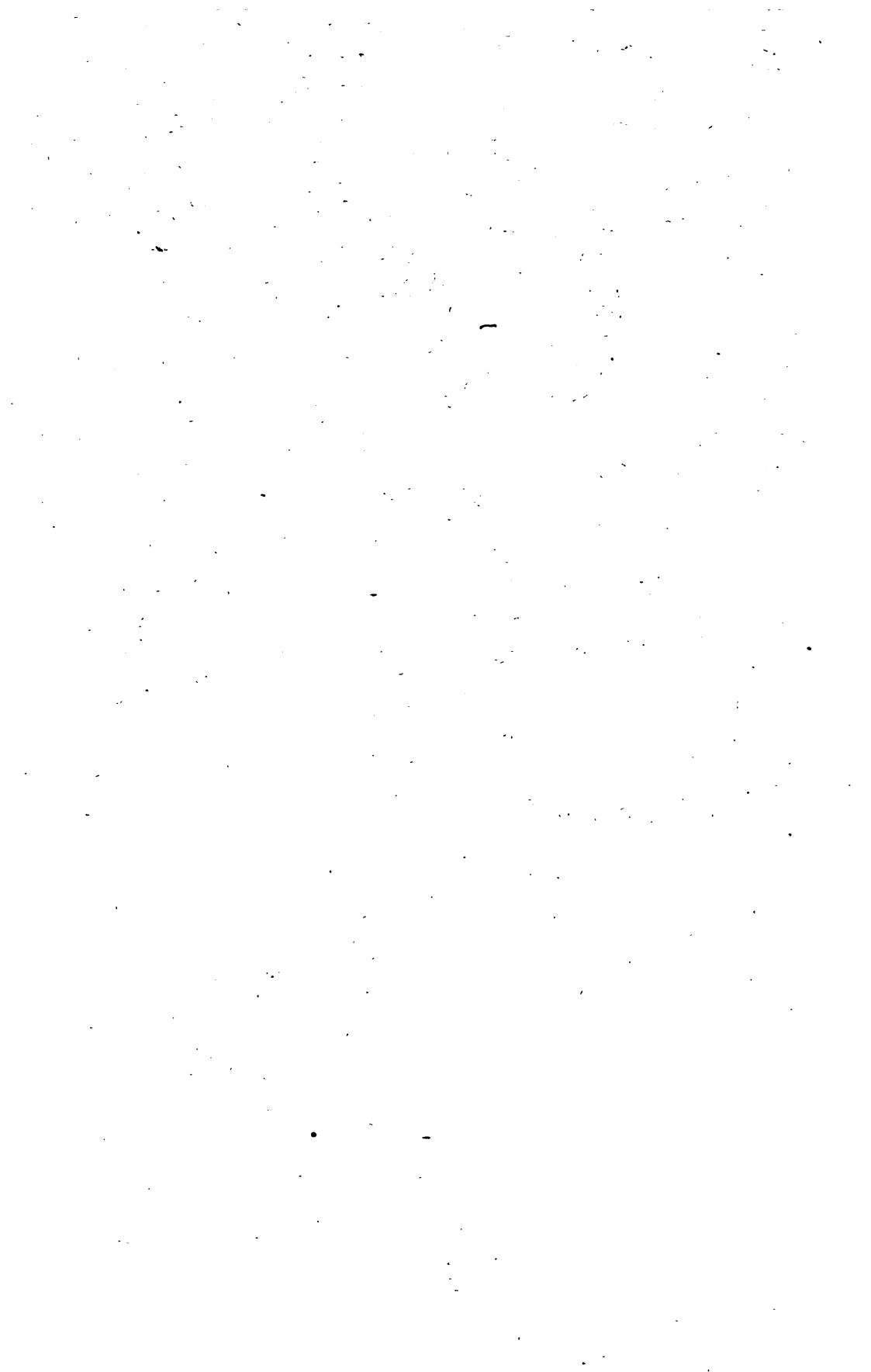




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THE

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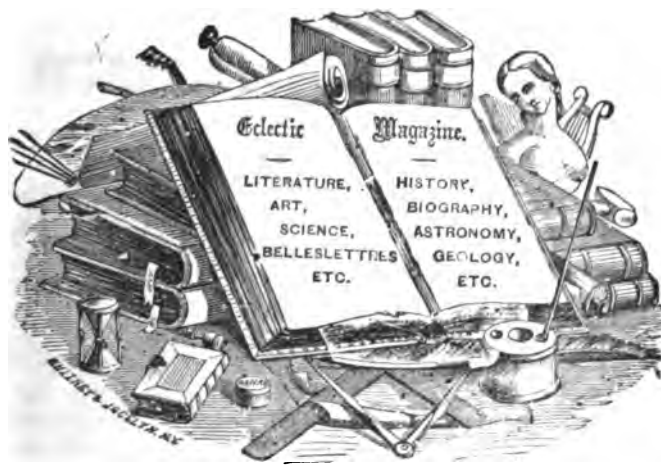
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OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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plete in 63 vols.

### FASTING AND ITS PHYSIOLOGY.

BY DR. ROBSON ROOSE.

Succi's fast, an experiment by no means novel, but of a very dangerous character, has excited an amount of interest out of all proportion to any scientific value it may possess. Ten years ago a similar feat was performed in America, and Dr. Tanner must have been fully gratified with the notoriety he achieved. He is said, however, to have died some twelve months after his prolonged fast, and doubtless from its effects, for had he not been originally a strong and healthy man he would not have been able to persevere with the experiment. His success was not sufficient to render his experiment a favorite one; the inducement in some form or other must be enormous to cause a sane man to endure such great and prolonged suffering.

The human body in some respects resembles a steam-engine; it performs work and requires fuel in the shape of food,

which, when converted into tissue, furnishes the motor power, the quantity of food required varying with the work done. We may assume that a ploughman requires more food than a tailor, just as a locomotive burns more fuel than a small engine. When very little work of any kind is done a very little food goes a long way; if food be withheld altogether the machine does not stop, for the body itself can be used to supply the fuel, without the necessity for immediate restoration by means of food. The body, therefore, differs from an engine in one very essential point; the latter cannot consume as fuel the materials of which it is composed, but all its power is derived from the coal or coke in the furnace, and is in direct proportion to the amount consumed. When the supply of fuel is exhausted the machine stops. The animal organism, on the contrary, consumes its own body; it burns its tis-

sues, and not its food ; but the latter is required to make good the loss. Long after the food has been transformed into the solids and liquids of the living body the animal organism can go on working and manifesting all its ordinary powers. There is, however, a limit to this consumption of the tissues ; the man who takes no food resembles a spendthrift who lives upon his capital—when the latter is exhausted the end comes. Meanwhile, in the case of the fasting man, the gradual destruction of his tissues is attended by very marked changes.

The symptoms of fasting have been very carefully studied by means of experiments upon animals, and the information thus obtained has enabled us better to comprehend the phenomena displayed by human beings when deprived of food. The following were the principal symptoms noticed by M. Chossat, a French investigator. The animals remain calm during the first half or two-thirds of the period, they then become more or less agitated, and this state continues so long as their temperature remains fairly high. Some hours before death the temperature rapidly falls, and the animal becomes still and remains in any position in which it is placed. As the coldness becomes more marked the weakness increases, the breathing becomes slower, and insensibility gradually passes into death. One important fact must not be overlooked, inasmuch as it illustrates the risks to which Succi and others expose themselves. Chossat found that sudden death was not uncommon in starving animals long before the ordinary time, and that the slightest shock was sufficient to destroy life at once. A pigeon kept fasting for a long time falls down and dies when its claws are clipped ; whereas it would have lived for several days if not interfered with. This sudden death occurs from what is termed "syncope"—the heart's action is at once arrested when a sensitive nerve is painfully excited. A very slight smart of pain is quite sufficient to cause immediate death in animals thus reduced to a condition of great debility. There is no reason why the same accident should not occur in the human subject, and if Succi were thus suddenly to expire it would be a matter of remorse for those who encouraged him in his attempt.

The loss of weight in fasting animals

was carefully determined by Chossat, and he found that it amounted on the average to 40 per cent., but there was a considerable difference between the extremes, and this seemed to depend upon the amount of fat previously accumulated in the body, those animals in which the fat had been most abundant losing the most weight but living the longest. The above-mentioned proportion may, however, be exceeded, and the animal may yet survive. Some years ago a fat pig was buried in its sty for 160 days under 30 ft. of the chalk of a cliff at Dover ; it was dug out alive at the end of that time, reduced in weight from 160 lb. to 40 lb., or no less than 75 per cent.

The most remarkable facts connected with the loss of weight are that the fat is almost completely used up, no less than 93 per cent. being removed ; the heart loses 44, the muscles in general 42, the bones 17, while the nervous system loses barely 2 per cent. It is evident, therefore, that death occurs when the stock of combustible material is consumed, and that every other tissue gives up its components so as to save the nervous system as much as possible.

The immediate cause of death from fasting is, in reality, the reduction of the bodily temperature, which must ensue when all the available combustible material is used up. At first the fall is very gradual, but afterward the decline is more rapid until the reduction amounts to nearly 30 degrees below the normal point, and death then takes place. Chossat noticed that if while in the state of torpor preceding death the animal was artificially warmed and its temperature raised, some amount of consciousness and muscular power was gradually restored, and if food were then cautiously administered some of the animals experimented upon escaped from impending death. Young animals kept without food died sooner than older ones, and, contrary to what we should expect, no very decided difference was made in the duration of life either by withdrawing or permitting the supply of water.

The possible duration of life, when all food, save water, is abstained from, is the question which experiments like those of Dr. Tanner and Succi have at least partially solved. Admitting the reality of the former's fast, it would follow that life can be sustained for forty days on water

alone. There are, however, other cases which show that this period may be considerably exceeded. In 1831, a murderer at Toulouse, in order to escape public execution, committed suicide by abstaining from food for sixty-three days. At first, efforts were made to feed him by force, but his violence was so great that these were abandoned, and only ineffectual persuasion was resorted to. During the sixty-three days he consumed between eight and ten pints of water, on some days taking only a few drops. In the case of the Corsican prisoner, Viterbi, who committed suicide by starvation, life was prolonged for twenty-five days only. It is stated that he took a little water from time to time. Some years ago the notorious poisoner, William Palmer, when under sentence of death in Stafford Jail, refused food for some days, in the hope of cheating the hangman. On being told, however, that he would be forcibly fed if he persisted in this course he at once abandoned it.

Cases of voluntary abstinence for long periods are not unfrequently met with in medical practice. In one, recorded a few years ago, a lady, aged sixty, much distressed by some family trouble, suddenly refused food. She adhered to her determination, and died on the forty-ninth or fiftieth day, having taken nothing but cold water, with the exception of two teaspoonfuls of brandy on one occasion. There were no grounds for suspecting any deception. In another case, also that of a lady, aged eighty, life was prolonged for thirty-three days under conditions of total abstinence from food, a few spoonfuls of water daily excepted. The authenticity of the fast was perfectly assured; she kept quiet in bed, talked but little, and took little notice of those about her. At the end of the first week delirium came on, but ceased after a few days. There was no craving for food, and, inasmuch as there was no physical exertion, the wear and tear of the tissues was reduced to a minimum.

The case of the Welsh fasting girl, Sarah Jacobs, which excited a painful interest twenty years ago, was of a very different character. The girl was an impostor, and, aided by her parents and others, had pretended to abstain from food for many weeks, but had not lost flesh. In order to clear up the mystery, she was placed under systematic inspec-

tion, and she died eight days afterward from acute starvation. During the greater part of this time she was cheerful, and exhibited nothing extraordinary. Later on it was found that she could not be kept warm, and she gradually sank into a torpid state which continued till death. It was a terrible experiment, and one which was utterly unjustifiable. The girl, who was only twelve and a half years old, should have been taken from her friends and treated in a hospital. There was no emaciation visible after death, and indeed, more than the average amount of fat was present. The rapidity with which death ensued was due to the want of water. Nearly ten years have elapsed since Dr. Tanner's prolonged fast, which was begun in New York, June 28th, 1880. He was an eccentric man of respectable character, and strong self-will, who endeavored to make amends for an assumedly unsuccessful medical career by promulgating various startling theories on the subjects of electricity and fasting. During the first nine days, he swallowed only a quarter of a pint of water, which, however, he used freely to rinse his mouth and bathe his feet. He found, however, that further abstinence from fluid was impossible; on the eleventh day he began to take water freely, swallowing about five quarts during the next four days, and gaining in bodily weight about 4½ lb. It was only natural that this change should excite considerable doubt as to the reality of his fast. He used to go out daily, taking rides and drives, but spent most of his time curled up in his bed. He was reported to be in very poor condition three days before the expiration of the term; but he accomplished his task, and, according to his own account, without pain or severe distress. He was never delirious. His experiment was unfavorably regarded by the orthodox physicians of New York, and they declined to witness it. He therefore placed himself under the care of the so-called "eclectics," who undertook the task of watching him. One remarkable feature connected with his fast was that he did not attempt to husband his resources by reducing the action of his lungs and heart to a minimum.

There is no doubt that some of the conditions under which Dr. Tanner was placed were decidedly unfavorable, and there are various circumstances which must exert a



modifying influence, and either increase or diminish the period during which life can be sustained in the absence of food. Other things being equal, a stout person has a chance of living longer than a thin one, inasmuch as he possesses a larger store of combustible material which will serve him as fuel. Exposure to cold in conjunction with starvation always accelerates death, while a moderately high temperature aids in prolonging life. The presence of moisture in the atmosphere has a similarly favorable effect, inasmuch as it diminishes the exhalation of fluid from the body. It is probably owing to warmth and moisture that persons buried in mines or confined in some similar manner have had their lives preserved beyond the ordinary period. Dr. Tanner's success was, no doubt, favored by the summer heat of New York. In the case of some miners, four men and a boy, who were imprisoned in a portion of a mine for eight days without food, but within reach of water, all were rescued alive and well. The warmth and dampness of the compressed air were, doubtless, favorable circumstances. In another case, recorded by Foderé, some workmen were extricated alive after fourteen days' confinement in a damp vault, in which they had been buried under a ruin. Dr. Sloan has given an account of a still more remarkable instance in which a healthy man, aged sixty-five, was found alive after having been shut up in a coal-mine for twenty-three days, during the first ten of which he was able to get at a little water. He was, however, much exhausted, and died three days afterward, although very carefully treated. In morbid states of the nervous system, life may be prolonged in the most extraordinary manner in the absence of food. In a remarkable case, recorded by Dr. Willan, of a young gentleman who starved himself under the influence of a religious delusion, life was prolonged for sixty days, during the whole of which time nothing but a little orange juice was taken.

Somewhat analogous to the cases just mentioned are those in which all food is abstained from while the person is in a state of trance or partially suspended animation. This state may be prolonged for many days or even for weeks, provided that the body be kept sufficiently warm. The most remarkable instances of this

character have been furnished by certain Indian fakirs, who are able to reduce themselves to a state resembling profound collapse, in which all vital operations are brought almost to a standstill. In one case, the man was buried in an underground cell for six weeks, and carefully watched; in another, the man was buried for ten days in a grave lined with masonry, and covered with large slabs of stone. When the bodies were disinterred they resembled corpses and no pulsation could be detected at the heart or in the arteries. Vitality was restored by warmth and friction. It is probable that the fakirs, before submitting to the ordeal, stupefied themselves with bhang (Indian hemp), the effects of which would last for some time, and the warmth of the atmosphere and soil would prevent any serious loss of heat, such as would soon occur in a colder climate, when the processes by which it is generated are made to cease.

The most prominent symptoms of starvation, as noticed in the human subject, are due first, to the special sensations produced by the absence of food and fluid, and, secondly, to the decline in the physical and mental power. At first there is great uneasiness or severe pain in the region of the stomach; this is relieved by pressure, and subsides after a day or two, but is followed by a feeling of weakness and sinking in the same region, accompanied by intolerable thirst, which, if water be withheld, becomes the chief source of distress. The skin over the whole body is withered or shrivelled, and has lost its elasticity; the countenance becomes pale and cadaverous; the sufferer has a wild look; he loses flesh and strength more or less rapidly; he totters in walking and becomes less and less capable of exertion. The mental power likewise fails; at first there is usually a state of torpidity, which may advance to imbecility; in some cases delirium comes on before death, in others the patient is attacked by convulsions which speedily bring the scene to a close. After death the state of the body, as regards wasting, resembles that of animals: the fat has almost entirely disappeared, the blood is reduced to three-fourths of its normal amount, and the muscles are extensively wasted; the brain and nerves alone have suffered slight decrease in weight. If a little water has been procurable, the quantity of blood

may be comparatively normal, though the quality is seriously changed.

If we compare this general description with that presented by Signor Succi after three parts of his fast had been completed it may appear not a little exaggerated. Succi was pale, thin, and wasted, but the change was nothing like so great as one would expect. Many a patient, convalescent from typhoid fever, has an aspect of greater emaciation and weakness, and certainly could not write a few words with the same degree of firmness. The temperature of Succi's apartment was decidedly high, and the air charged with moisture, both of which conditions are favorable. He appeared to take no exercise beyond that involved in passing from his bed to his chair, and in sitting up for several hours daily. Besides water (pure and mineral), of which he took about a pint daily, he swallowed a few drops of a so-called "elixir," the composition of which was kept a secret. If it did not contain morphine its effects were probably similar to those of that drug. It was said to allay pain and discomfort in the stomach.

Various tests were adopted in order to measure the changes that took place in Succi's bodily system, as the result of his prolonged fast. The loss of weight is, of course, easily ascertained. At the beginning of the experiment Succi's weight was about 126½ lb. His decrease in thirty days amounted to 28 lb. 13 oz., or just 2 oz. more than he lost during his last fast, of thirty days, at Brussels. A loss beyond one-fourth of the bodily weight is scarcely compatible with life, but this limit may be reached. He had not, however, the advantage of a large proportion of fat when he began his fast; it has been estimated that a very fat man has about 33 lb. of fat at his disposal, and that this quantity would last him for fifty days. Dr. Tanner, during his fast, is said to have lost 32 lb. only. In a prolonged fast, such as we are now considering, the daily loss becomes comparatively very slight during the last three weeks. Succi, for instance, on the thirtieth day, lost only 6 oz., whereas, under normal circumstances, a healthy adult loses 2 lb. of solid matters daily.

Besides losing flesh, a fasting man loses to some extent the power of generating heat, and his temperature therefore falls.

The normal temperature of the body is about 98½, and its source is the food taken into the stomach and the oxygen of the air absorbed by the lungs during respiration. Succi's temperature on the thirtieth day, for example, was about two degrees below the normal, a difference not to be wondered at when we remember that he lost only 6 oz. in weight in the twenty-four hours, and that all his disposable stock of fat had probably been consumed. Small as the loss may appear to be, the accompanying temperature, if discovered in a sick person, would be regarded as that of collapse; and if the thermometer marked only 95 there would certainly be extreme danger.

A marked proof of the diminution in bulk is afforded by the instrument called the spirometer, which enables us to measure the capacity of the lungs. This latter, in Succi's case, if we again take the thirtieth day, was reported to be 1,450 cubic centimetres, or 88 cubic inches. These numbers represent the volume of air expelled from the chest by the deepest expiration following the deepest inspiration. The instrument itself consists of a tube, furnished at one end with a mouth-piece, and at the other connected with a gasometer of registered and graduated capacity, into which the person breathes. Now, in health, an adult 5 ft. 8 in. in height, after taking a deep breath, can expel from his chest about 238 cubic inches of air. Succi's chest capacity was at first 2,000 cubic centimetres, and it had, therefore, been much reduced; but a portion of the difference was doubtless due to the lessening of his muscular power.

Succi's loss of strength, as shown by the dynamometer, was comparatively small. This instrument consists of a ring of steel, to the inner face of which is attached a brass semicircular dial, graduated with two rows of figures representing pounds or kilogrammes. When the steel ring is compressed by the hand, its short diameter is lessened and, by means of rack-work, an index moves to and fro on the scale. The power of the muscles of the hand and arm vary with the strength of the person experimented upon, and the dynamometer enables us accurately to ascertain the variations. It must be admitted that persons using the dynamometer daily become more expert in concen-

trating their strength upon the spring, and a little allowance must be made on this account. Succi's amount of strength, as recorded by the dynamometer, was some-

what exaggerated, but when all allowance is made for increased expertness, the change was very small indeed.—*New Review*.

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TENNYSON : AND AFTER ?

THE present age is commonly glorified as an age of science and invention ; though we must say, in justice to our own modesty, that such laudations are often coupled with the expression of confident hope that our immediate posterity will far surpass us. And the hope seems reasonable. It is true that genius cannot be commanded, and we still do not know how long aerial navigation may have to wait for its Stephenson. But the ideas put forth by the great discoverers and inventors of the early part of this century are so far from being yet worked out that our children and grandchildren will have their hands full in any case ; unless, indeed, some revolution in social economy should bring about a relatively stationary condition of invention and industry by destroying our existing motives of enterprise. Either way, it is quite possible that the English-speaking world of the twentieth century will look back to these present days chiefly as the golden days of modern English poetry. Their engineers will be a degenerate offspring if they do not leave our greatest works far behind. But who shall say what their poets will be ? Those of us who know anything of the history of English letters know that in the century succeeding the French Revolution our poetry has flowered with a new life unmatched in volume and splendor, not only in our own tongue but in any other, since our own happier Revolution was accomplished a full century earlier. Not every one of those who know this has reflected on the exceptional and almost accidental character of golden ages in literature. They have generally been short, and, so far as one can judge, they are a delicate product of complex and precarious conditions. No criticism has yet explained why they should occur at all, or why, since they do occur, there should be so few of them. And how should we expect a full explanation ? Can the gardener or the forester always tell us why this tree makes a vigorous shoot, and its neighbor,

planted in what seem the like soil and shelter, shows but a puny one ? Perhaps there was something amiss with the plant. Perhaps there was a subtle difference of soil within a few square yards. Perhaps a stray donkey has been munching the " leader." (Suspect us not of allegories, good critics of criticism and reviewers of reviews : we know as well as you do that the *Quarterly Review* did not kill Keats.) However, no tree is always growing its best, nor yet any literature. Golden ages are rare, so rare that English and French are the only modern languages which can count more than one of them beyond dispute. When we reckon up our poetical wealth of the past century, can we pass on to posterity the same sort of prophetic compliments that we use in matters of natural science and industry ; or rather, can we do it with the same assurance that we are not speaking foolishness ? There is no obvious reason why the twentieth century should produce better English or French poets than the nineteenth—or as good. France, indeed, may be content. Victor Hugo must long stand alone. It would be a world of miracles if a successor were lightly found to the one modern poet who could look *Æschylus* and *Dante* in the face.

But our concern is with our own speech and our own poets. Let us think what gifts we have had in these last generations, what a company of singers were those whom our grandfathers saw and heard. (It is true that many had no ears to hear ; but they had the courage to say so.) Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley ; Blake,\* the morning star of their sun ; Byron, a strong man whose force has been as strangely judged and misjudged as he strangely used and abused it ; Keats, whose full power was never to be known ; these were only the greatest. Among

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\* The total omission of Blake from the *Golden Treasury* is one of the few grave blots on Mr. Palgrave's generally excellent discretion.

them, or close upon them, came others who in any other time would have taken an unquestioned place in the first rank. Such were Southey, an admirable man of letters and a laudable if not a great poet ; Walter Scott, famous as a poet long before "Waverley" was heard of ; Landor, whose distinction in verse is eclipsed by his own consummate mastery of prose ; Henry Taylor, early wise beyond his years, and gerial to the last in the wisdom of his many days. Landor lived to receive the homage of Mr. Swinburne ; it seems only the other day that Sir Henry Taylor, "twin-born with our nigh departing age," received the last honors from the same hand. He leaves a living memory with many who are still young. It was with these as with the mighty men of David, when it would be told of a man that he lifted up his spear against three hundred and slew them, and yet he attained not unto the first three. Campbell and Rogers passed for great men in their day, and were familiar to our fathers ; but Campbell lives only by his patriotic lyrics, and Rogers can barely be said to live at all. As for Crabbe, it is a question, in spite of his undoubted merit, whether he will not be remembered for Fitzgerald's sake more than for his own. In a younger generation there was Matthew Arnold, whose prose will always be consulted by scholars, and whose verse is secure, unless we mistake, of a larger if not a longer renown. George Eliot, though not of those who are born poets, must not be forgotten. Not the least sign of the greatness of the time is that Mrs. Browning's name stands only as one among equals. Last of all, her husband has followed her, so honored in his life and in his death, after long and strenuous patience, as few of our poets have been. If any one still doubts that Robert Browning's best work, diverse from that of all his peers, has its place lower than none, we shall not argue with him here. Dante Rossetti, painter and poet, was a splendid apparition coming as if from the air of some other planet. He set the Pharisees of art-criticism picking up stones to cast at him—which the shrewder sort, having thought better of it, kept in hand to build his sepulchre. We need hardly speak of the lesser verse-writers who are gone. Some were content to aim at what they could achieve ; some aimed at greatness and failed.

Some, like Keble, have flourished by appealing to a large class of readers on grounds independent of their literary merit. Apart from such exceptional cases, most of them have become, or are fast becoming, little more than names.

" Many names and flames  
Pass and flash and fall,  
Night-begotten names,  
And the night reclaims,  
As she bare them, all."

One day some future editor of the *Golden Treasury* will have to pick out their gems ; and a century hence, perhaps, the reader who lights on their occasional felicities will wonder that they remained minor poets.

Lord Tennyson is still with us. It would be as impertinent as ill-omened to say any word of one's own motion, save to wish that he may stay with us as long as possible. But he has himself spoken in words which, if words have any meaning, are in the nature of a solemn farewell. This, like other farewells of other illustrious persons of the same generation, may turn out to be premature. Let us hope it may be so, for in the work of Lord Tennyson's very latest period we find no abatement of his singular felicity, and gain rather than loss of strength. Meanwhile the question is almost forced upon us whether there is to be found among our younger poets any worthy successor to his crown. We assume that the laureateship, if preserved at all, must continue to be the titular symbol of a real and just poetical primacy ; real in the sense of being in fact accepted by the republic of English letters, just in the sense of being confirmed by the weight of opinion among specially competent judges. The problem is a delicate one, and it might seem the readiest way to cut the knot by treating the laureateship as an idle thing, and its bestowal or abolition as a matter touching, perhaps, the dignity of the Crown, but not materially concerning English literature. Certainly, if there were no such office in being, we should not at this time of day be likely to make it. But the office is there, and it has been dignified by worthy holders for three generations. The Pyes and the Blackmores are too completely forgotten to cast any discredit upon it. Three such names as Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson would have outweighed even a worse

past; and if the choice of the Crown continues to be so exercised as to represent the best judgment of the nation, no one can say that the post is not a truly honorable one. General assertions that it is inexpedient for the State to meddle with affairs of poetry and art will meet with the same amount of consideration in this case as all general objections urged by way of deduction from universal axioms of policy have commonly met with in this country, that is, next to none. Like other and greater British institutions, this one will be judged by results. An infelicitous appointment might gravely weaken it; an excellent one would secure it for a further term in general esteem, and (what is more) would maintain one of the many golden cords, not less real because not reducible to any measure of economic value, by which the English-speaking world is bound together. It may seem fanciful to connect the standing of our name and flag at the antipodes fifty or sixty years hence with the choice of Lord Tennyson's successor. Yet such things are often of wider significance than they appear to be. Nothing is to be deemed a trifle which has any bearing on the imperial and representative character of the English monarchy.

It is therefore not of merely academical interest to consider what are the qualifications of a Laureate, and whether any one besides Lord Tennyson at this moment possesses them in an eminent or sufficient degree. To begin with, he must be a British subject. For that reason we have not entered, and shall not enter, on the merits of living American poets. If there could be a Laureate of the United States, we have no doubt who it ought to be; but we shall not mention his name. Then the Laureate should be not only a poet of real distinction, but a scholar and a man of letters; and moreover his poetry should have a certain catholic extension. The poetry of any particular section or school, however intense in power within its limits, must yield to that which belongs to the world. We may explain our meaning by imaginary examples from the past. In default of Lord Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor would have been a very possible Poet Laureate. Rossetti was a poet of far higher power, and yet one cannot well conceive him in the place. His lyric intensity was too remote from the common ground of English feeling. He was too

much out of sympathy with too many sides of the world to be a typical English poet. Not that this ground of exception would be decisive unless the competing merits were otherwise approximately on the same level. If we may for illustration's sake suppose Rogers and Rossetti to have been contemporaries, and further suppose that Rossetti could have been appreciated by the critics who applauded Rogers, much stronger reasons would have been required to cause Rogers to be preferred. Again, there may be good, or even great, poets who notoriously hold, as citizens, opinions making it impossible for them to accept with loyalty or self-respect the personal relation to the Crown which is involved in the office of Laureate. There are members of the Society of Friends who have seen as much of war as many soldiers, and have freely exposed themselves to all its dangers in works of humanity and charity, but who could not conscientiously bear the Queen's commission. Such things are to be regretted, but we have to reckon with them.

One of our foremost living poets appears to have wholly excluded himself, in the manner just mentioned, from the field of choice. Ten or twelve years ago we should have named Mr. William Morris as one of the two or three between whom the choice must finally be made. The poet of *Jason*, of the *Earthly Paradise*, and above all, of *Sigurd the Volsung*, would be a formidable competitor for any one save Lord Tennyson himself. But Mr. William Morris has renounced his calling. For several years he has given us no poem of universal interest. He has deprived us of a good poet, and given us in exchange a preacher of Socialist homilies, not even particularly good of their kind. His readings of Sagas, which he could once turn to such noble purpose, have now run to a kind of bastard archaisitic prose, which may, for aught we know, be like the Icelandic of some period, but which is certainly not like any known English, ancient or modern. If we look at the matter purely in the interest of English letters, Mr. Morris must be pronounced, we fear, to have become a sad example of the general truth that the poet who takes to preaching is lost. Wordsworth nearly ruined himself by it; Victor Hugo brought himself into many perils with it; Lord Tennyson himself, for all

his taste and tact, has not gone unscathed when he has ventured that way. Mr. William Morris, we repeat, has sacrificed his art. No doubt he is of opinion that his present gods are worth the sacrifice. In this opinion, however, he is assuredly not supported by the majority of his readers, who will not be consoled for Medea and Gudrun, Sigurd and Brynhild, by John Ball or the "Kindreds of the Mark." Anyhow, it cannot be believed that Mr. Morris, conceiving his vocation as he now does, could or would accept the Laureateship if it were offered him.

The next name which must occur to most of us is Mr. Swinburne's, and before we go further it is natural to ask whether any like objection applies. We do not know, be it understood, whether Mr. Swinburne would or would not choose to be Poet Laureate ; and if we had any means of knowing we should have refrained from using them. The question is whether it is obviously impossible, for any external reason derived from Mr. Swinburne's published opinions, that the post should be offered to him or accepted by him. Opinions, we say, for we think it needless to go back on the artistic and ethical controversy raised by the first series of *Poems and Ballads* nearly twenty-five years ago. We think ourselves that a certain proportion of the criticism which raged around that volume was justified. But it would seem that Mr. Swinburne came to think so too. Whether from artistic or moral conviction, he has published nothing since which has given similar cause of offence ; and it is enough to say now that the only person who was ultimately the worse for all the trouble was Mr. Swinburne's original publisher. When we come to *Songs before Sunrise*, published in 1870, there is more serious matter for reflection. Mr. Swinburne, as all his readers know, sat at Mazzini's feet, and in *Songs before Sunrise* he put forth his full power to glorify the Republican faith in which alone Mazzini could see salvation for Italy. Not that there was anything in the years between the peace of Villafranca and the war of 1870 to prevent a loyal British subject from holding with Mazzini that the Italian monarchy was incompetent to accomplish the freedom and unity of Italy. Those who thought so were in fact mistaken, but not so badly mistaken as the respect-

able and well-informed people on the other side who went on prophesying that Cavour's work must go to pieces. As for that monstrous compound of lies and crimes, the second Napoleonic empire, many good Englishmen who were neither republicans nor radicals cursed its founder and all his works no less heartily, though less eloquently, than Mr. Swinburne. But Mr. Swinburne did carry his republicanism, in theory and set terms at any rate, far beyond the bounds of Italy, nay, farther than Mazzini himself carried it. For the singer of *Songs before Sunrise* the English monarchy was only a little more tolerable than other monarchies and empires. He can hardly have thought of himself as a possible Laureate of the future when he wrote—

"I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers  
At sign to sharpen or to slacken strings ;  
I keep no time of song with gold-perched  
singers  
And chirp of linnets on the wrists of  
kings."

Even when, eight years later, Mr. Swinburne arose and smote some Russian scribbler who had insulted the Queen \*—let us hope that he and his master saw Mr. Swinburne's lines, and knew English enough to feel the lash—the retort came as from "an Englishman who was also a republican." It came, indeed, all the more effectively. But other poets before Mr. Swinburne have left republican days behind them. Did not Southey celebrate the French Revolution before he undertook the more orthodox but infinitely more difficult task of celebrating George III. ? He earned for his pains the mockery first of the *Anti-Jacobin* and then of Byron ; and whether his revolutionary dactyls or his royalist hexameters were worse, it is certain that neither of them were good. It is only justice, therefore, to look to Mr. Swinburne's later work if we would see how it stands with him now. His republicanism was always of the kind that would not hear of paltering with enemies of England for the sake of any form of government whatever ; and that is more than can be said of the school crudely summed up by the *Anti-Jacobin* as "Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd and Lamb and Co." But the witness of Mr. Swinburne's recent poems goes to show that

\* "The White Czar." in *Poems and Ballads*, Second Series.

his riper judgment accepts the modern form of English monarchy as being not less republican than most nominal republics. In 1882 the attempt of an insane creature on the Queen's life called forth from Mr. Swinburne a sonnet in which manliness and loyalty were happily combined, and the reservation of republican principles was dropped.\* In *The Commonwealth* he has proclaimed what is after all the root of the matter and the justification of an Englishman's pride in the British Empire, that throughout modern history the power of England has in the main been on the side of freedom and justice.

" Heard not of others, or misheard  
Of many a land for many a year,  
The watchword Freedom fails not here  
Of hearts that witness if the word  
Find faith in England's ear.

\* \* \* \* \*

No state so proud, no pride so just,  
The sun, through clouds at sunrise curled  
Or clouds across the sunset whirled,  
Hath sight of, nor has man such trust  
As thine in all the world."

And when, in the more vehement and ample measure of "The Armada," Mr. Swinburne salutes—

" England, mother born of seamen, daughter  
fostered of the sea,  
Mother more beloved than all who bear not  
all their children free"—

we know that the sophistries of cosmopolitan anarchy and of domestic sedition are not like to find favor or mercy with him. On the main political issue of the day Mr. Swinburne has declared himself, in writings as yet uncollected, a vigorous Unionist, herein agreeing with Mr. Karl Blind, who long ago sought safety on English ground as a proscribed Continental Republican of the old school.

We are free then to consider Mr. Swinburne on his poetical merits. To give detailed proofs and instances would require a long critical essay ; the results, derived from many years' knowledge of Mr. Swinburne's work and repeated verification of our impressions, must be taken for what they may be worth. Ever since the fresh notes of *Atalanta in Calydon* broke upon us, now five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Swinburne has been recognized as unsurpassed in the art of handling English verse. The worst that any one could

plausibly say of his workmanship would be that which was said to Rossini in his old age, "*Vous vous écoutez trop.*" Or it might more fairly be put thus : Mr. Swinburne is so much a singer by nature that the singer is apt to obscure the poet. His unlimited command of sonorous metrical combinations has at times run away with him into excessive length, and many of his verses are very like one another. But scarcely another English poet can be named who has written so few faulty or unmelodious lines, and surely none who has more enriched and enlarged our resources of lyrical metre, or more nobly maintained the dignity of our dramatic blank verse. Nothing can be more exquisite than Lord Tennyson's blank verse at its best ; but we confess that in Mr. Swinburne's best, in *Erechtheus*, or in *Bothwell*, for example, we find a yet higher mood of harmony. English dramatic poetry has touched no such heights since the days of Shakespeare's fellows and immediate successors. When Mr. Swinburne thinks fit to condense his power, he can be as weighty and nervous as any one. His homage to Michael Angelo in "Tiresias"\* is perhaps little known to our younger readers, and we cannot forbear from quoting it. We must explain that the poet's vision is of Italy sleeping as one dead, and Dante, Michael Angelo, and Mazzini visiting her in turn :—

" And I beheld again, and lo the grave,  
And the bright body laid therein as dead,  
And the same shadow across another head  
That bowed down silent on that sleeping  
slave  
Who was the lady of empire from her birth  
And light of all the kingdoms of the earth.

" Within the compass of the watcher's hand  
All strengths of other men and divers  
powers  
Were held at ease and gathered up as  
flowers ;  
His heart was as the heart of his whole land,  
And at his feet as natural servants lay  
Twilight and dawn and night and labor-  
ing day.

" He was most awful of the sons of God.  
Even now men seeing seemed at his lips  
to see  
The trumpet of the judgment that should  
be,  
And in his right hand terror for a rod,  
And in the breath that made the moun-  
tains bow  
The horned fire of Moses on his brow.

\* "Euonymos," in *Tristram of Lyonesse and other Poems*.

\* In *Songs before Sunrise*.

"The strong wind of the coming of the Lord  
 Had blown as flame upon him, and brought  
 down  
 On his bare head from heaven fire for a  
 crown,  
 And fire was girt upon him as a sword  
 To smite and lighten, and on what ways  
 he trod  
 There fell from him the shadow of a  
 God."

To say that these are fine stanzas would be true but wholly inadequate. It is not only that they are good, and exceedingly good; there is nothing better. They are not outdone by Shelley in his highest or Victor Hugo in his amplest flight. An equally noble and solemn tribute is given to Marlowe with yet more sustained utterance in the stanzas entitled "In the Bay;"\* but these must be read as a whole. We had meant, indeed, almost to abstain from quotation. The reader who desires to find in a compact shape examples of Mr. Swinburne's varied powers in both matter and manner will perhaps most readily satisfy his curiosity or refresh his memory by turning to *Erechtheus*, a performance which is also for scholars as good a warrant as any of the poet's accomplished scholarship. We must not omit to mention that Mr. Swinburne has shown in prose a wide and deep knowledge of English poetry, and a critical appreciation which, though it may seem overstrained in expression, is never unweighed or undiscerning.

Does there remain any one who can fairly compete with Mr. Swinburne? First let us clear the ground. There are several living poets deserving of praise and honor in their kinds, who for divers reasons obviously "attain not to the first three." Critical discussion of them is not our business, but we call some of them to mind lest we seem to forget them, and for other causes which may appear. Mr. George Meredith is thought, by those who relish his verse, to be not less powerful in verse than in prose. "The Star Sirius" is one of the memorable sonnets of our time. But Mr. Meredith the poet troubles himself even less than Mr. Meredith the novelist to conciliate the indolent reader; and he must be content to know that his poems are the delight of a few. Mr. Aubrey de Vere maintains alone, now Sir Henry Taylor is gone, the pure traditions of Wordsworth in a generation that

\* *Poems and Ballads*, Second Series.

dances more willingly to newer tunes. Lord Lytton, though not a man of letters by profession, would be a considerable poet if he had kept back all but his best. Mr. Coventry Patmore has survived all attempts to laugh him down. Sir Alfred Lyall's *Verses Written in India* make but a little book, and that little is not free from inequalities; but his work rings sound and true, and with a note all its own. At last our Indian empire has, by his hands and Sir Edwin Arnold's, brought its fitting tribute to English song. Mr. Andrew Lang has a vein of good metal as finely wrought as any man's, and often deeper than it seems. Mr. Austin Dobson has a skilled hand and complete knowledge of his instrument. Mrs. Browning has not left us without followers (we do not say nor mean imitators): Mrs. Augusta Webster, Miss Christina Rossetti, and, more lately, Madame Darmesteter, now of Paris (Miss Mary Robinson), and Mrs. Woods, of Oxford, have shown themselves capable of genuine and individual poetic expression. However, without offence to any of these or to others whom we might name, we may say that the required combination of intensity and volume is not to be found in this category. We may also say, on the other hand, that whoever aspires to be Laureate must be at least prepared to measure his work with the best of these.

A probable aspirant, so far as one can judge by public signs, is the other Mr. Morris, Mr. Lewis Morris. He is a public favorite beyond contradiction. *The Epic of Hades* has gone through twenty editions, and Mr. Lewis Morris's works are collected in a volume carefully got up to resemble the "Globe" edition of Lord Tennyson. Mr. Lewis Morris has celebrated of late years everything that ought to be celebrated; Jubilee, Armada tercentenary, the Queen's visit to Wales, and Lord Tennyson's birthday. His opinions are always and eminently respectable; his verse not unfrequently so. His view of things in general is precisely that which is dear to the half-educated middle classes, a facile optimism garnished with cheap philosophical phrases, and using the most awful names and ideas of religion as the counters of sentimental platitude. He is not troubled about the future of society, not he. Mr. Lewis Morris contemplates a factory (we may as well give the lines,



as they happen to be a very fair sample of the bulk) :—

“In northern darkness, 'midst the wintry rain,  
The great bell clangs thro' \* the smoke-laden air ;  
And ere light comes the workers gather there,  
Where the great engines throb, the swift wheels turn,  
And the long, sickly gaslights flare and burn”—

not a very cheerful picture, is it, with perhaps a strike in the background, and the inevitable percentage of accidents and explosions, and Parliament pottering and tinkering at unworkable Employers' Liability Acts ? At any rate, the poet might safely wish them electric light instead of the “long, sickly” gas-burners, and something better than the pot-house and the music-hall when the day's work is done ? By no means.

“I see the countless toiling multitude ;  
And all I see is good.”

We prefer the opinion of the German Emperor in this matter to the opinion of Mr. Lewis Morris. Truly we are no Socialists, for we hold the Socialist remedies worse, according to all human experience and all reasonable forecast of human judgment, than any disease in sight. But if we had to choose between Socialism and this fatuous contentment, we would rather be Socialists. However, great poets have ere now lapsed into common-place optimism, and we are to judge Mr. Lewis Morris by his poetic faculty, and not by his political or philosophic insight. What shall we say to Mr. Lewis Morris's poetry ? It is a hard matter. We do not want to say anything uncivil to Mr. Lewis Morris himself, who doubtless is an excellent member of society, nor anything derogatory to the worthy persons who admire his work. Has not one reviewer called Mr. Lewis Morris daintily melodious, and another a glorious singer ? Did not John Bright declare that *The Epic of Hades* interested him very much ? Has not Dr. O. W. Holmes (most good natured of men and poets) found it truly charming ? Has not Mr. Gladstone perused *Gycia* with a sense of its high poetic power ? All this and more is collected in the “Opinions of the

\* Lord Tennyson's orthography has been carefully studied by Mr. Lewis Morris.

Press” by the judicious care of Mr. Lewis Morris's publishers. How can we decently lift up our voice against all these authorities ? While we were pondering how to set about it, there came in a friend who, as luck would have it, had made a bet that he would read through *The Epic of Hades*. He won his bet ; but no sooner, he told us, had he “added up the mortal amount,” than there fell upon him an exposition of sleep. And he dreamt, and this was his dream.

He was in a conventicle of good people, in a hall decorated with calendars and prospectuses of innumerable well-meaning societies. The men were all in their Sunday coats, and the women in their Sunday gowns, and every one had before him a square green book ; and all their eyes were cast upward as the eyes of those who seek edification. And they read in turns out of their sacred book, and the verses they read were like unto these :—

“I did not envy any goddess of all  
The Olympian company her votaries.”

“For knowledge is a steep which few may climb,  
While duty is a path which all may tread.”  
[Here they all hummed approval.]

“I grieve that my father stays away,  
Though his letters are always dear and kind.”

[Here the women sighed.]

“Ay, and I have learnt besides,  
What I scarce suspected before,  
By what poor expedients my father has striven  
To keep the wolf from his door.”

[Here the men looked wise.]

“These in the soul do breed  
Thoughts which, at last, shall lead  
To some clear, firm assurance of a satisfying creed.”

[Here they all joyfully beat time with their feet.  
The dreamer beat time likewise, and found it as daintily melodious as the cadence]

“Of a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block.”]

“And once again the unfailing miracle is done.  
Another Westminster on the Pacific sea.”

[Here some looked puzzled, and some looked at the maps on the wall.]

“And now again once more  
A queen reigns o'er us as before.”

[Here some said responsively : “Deep truth the poet said, Queen Anne did reign and she is dead.”]

“Let all men know it, England shall be great !  
We hold a vaster Empire than has been !

Nigh half the race of man is subject to our  
queen !  
Nigh half the wide, wide earth is ours in  
fee !"

[Here a man sitting apart in the shade said  
under his breath, "Thou fool, this night thy life  
shall be required of thee," but nobody seemed to  
hear him.]

"And where her rule comes, all are free.  
And therefore 'tis, O queen, that we,  
Knit fast in bonds of temperate liberty,  
Rejoice to-day, and make our solemn jubi-  
lee !!"

The reader expressed the double note of admiration by a resonant prolongation of the last syllable, which all the congregation took up. But in the mouth of the man sitting apart it became a strident whistle, and his whistle dominated all the rest ; and fear fell upon the people, and they huddled together, shivering. And that man arose, and stood upright. He wore a Master of Arts gown, and a black hood lined with red ; he was tall, somewhat dark, of a sad countenance, as one who pitied the follies of men. And he took up the book, and in the hearing of the congregation he scanned every one of those verses without sparing, and more also. Then his face changed, and he laughed a great and bitter laugh, and cried aloud : "*Behold now your god that ye made you, to feed him with faith of your vows.*" And that which seemed on him a Master's hood was to the dreamer's spiritual eye black wings edged with fire, for he was the same Angel that conversed with William Blake, and afterward became a Devil. And he opened his wings, and with the blast of their waving the walls fell down ; and the congregation, and their books, and their Sunday hats, and the prospectuses and leaflets of all the societies went whirling into an infinite void ; and the dreamer awoke.

While our friend was relating his dream we plucked up our courage, and concluded that we had best even speak out in plain waking terms that which was in our mind. At worst we may be wrong, as better men have been before us. This, then, is our opinion concerning Mr. Lewis Morris as a poet. The sum of his natural gifts is fluency, with which he is blessed or afflicted out of all proportion to anything worth saying that he has to say, and likewise in excess, though not so greatly in excess, of his natural sense of artistic form. His deficiency in that sense, how-

ever, is disguised with such industry and ingenuity as may well deceive uncritical readers. The substitute is not a recondite one ; it is neither more nor less than imitation of other people's form. Mr. Lewis Morris is an assiduous and fairly skilful imitator, chiefly of Lord Tennyson, and so long as the work is imitative the form is generally plausible. Artificial form, however, cannot be kept 'up without occasional lapses. Even in *The Epic of Hades*, which is the most passable of Mr. Lewis Morris's productions (and so far the popular choice is relatively sound), his attempts to vary the cadences of his Tennysonian pattern of blank verse have no sureness of ear or hand about them. They are mechanical and unmeaning, resulting now and then in such monstrosities as haunted our friend in his dream. When Mr. Lewis Morris is not imitating, his form is either merely trivial, or else—as in his bombastic "*Song of Empire*"—thoroughly bad. It is the close of that same ode that is garnished with the double note of admiration. We can hardly expect that point to be generally taken as conclusive ; and yet we should not ourselves quarrel with any one who said that the poet who uses a double note of admiration, besides proving that he has no genuine ear for poetry, stamps his own work with a mark of ineradicable vulgarity. For the rest, any one minded to verify Mr. Lewis Morris's fashion of vulgarizing his models may compare Lord Tennyson's concentrated power in *The Higher Pantheism* with the diluted maunderings on the same theme which under the name of "*Evensong*" fill sixteen mortal pages of Mr. Lewis Morris's collected volume. Or, if he can stomach it, he may read "*Gwen*" with an eye on Lord Tennyson's "*Maud*." "*Gwen*" is merely the reduction of "*Maud*" to the level of the worst kind of British Philistine. It abounds with stuff of this kind :—

"Or when did a countess's coronet crown  
A head with a brighter glory of hair?"

Certainly "*Never*" would be a safe answer, for, whatever the virtues of a coronet may be, we have not heard any one claim for it that it makes the hair grow. We quote these lines, however, not for their slovenly expression, but as a sample of the petty and vulgar sentiment of the whole poem. If any reader doubts the

fairness of the sample, we can only say again, go and inspect the bulk for yourself, and if after having done so you differ with us, you will be entitled to your opinion.

But worse remains behind. Mr. Lewis Morris has laid hands upon a greater than Lord Tennyson, even upon Goethe. He has read *Faust*, it seems, and thought "Meine Ruh ist hin" would serve him nicely for a model. His following of Goethe's unapproachable lyric is on this wise :—

" My heart is heavy,  
My life runs low,  
My young blood's pulses  
Beat faint and slow.

\* \* \*

" Oh, love, it was cruel  
To bring us to pain.  
I will hide me away  
From the cold world again.

" I can stay here no longer ;  
Whatever may come,  
I will go to my father  
And — die at home."

A very proper resolve for a well-conducted young woman ; good young women of the British middle classes of course never think of anything so wicked as *an seinen Küssen vergehen*. Only they should "die at home" before and not after coming out with doggerel travesties of the great poems of the world.

— As to Mr. Lewis Morris's general faculty of handling the shorter lyric measures :—

" Unto my rhymes, I said,  
' Oh, blatant rhymes !  
When you have racked my head  
Some score of times,  
Is't true that ye will fly  
Far away into the sky,  
Leaving me with this curse  
Of hopelessly bad verse ? '"

We cry you mercy, gentle reader ; we were trying to quote from memory the first of some stanzas called "The Dialogue," and we filled in some of the words not quite correctly. In the book it stands thus :—

" Unto my soul, I said,  
' Oh, vagrant soul !  
When o'er my living head  
A few years roll,  
Is't true that thou shalt fly  
Far away into the sky,  
Leaving me in my place  
Alone with my disgrace ? '"

For the rest, Mr. Lewis Morris appears from *The Epic of Hades* to be a fair clas-

sical scholar ; but his writing *Cædmon* for *Cædmon* in the "Song of Empire" argues that the happiness of being acquainted with the Saxon language, which Horace Walpole once disclaimed, is equally foreign to Mr. Lewis Morris. A poet is, of course, not bound either to be or not to be a mountaineer, but Mr. Lewis Morris is particularly anxious that we should know he is not, for he has written :—

" Oh, snows so pure ! oh, peaks so high !  
I lift to you a hopeless eye."

But perhaps the poem is really about something else. What the sense is, if not the literal one, we cannot make out. Mr. Lewis Morris adds that he—

" May not climb, for now the hours  
Are spring's, and earth a maze of flowers."

Certainly he may not climb snow peaks in the spring, nor any other man who does not want to vary the descent by coming down in an avalanche. Only the "maze of flowers" seems to point to some more exquisite allegorical reason.

Well, we have already collected more examples than we had purposed. Once more, we know that no selection of passages is enough to found a final judgment upon. We invite our readers to judge for themselves from the full text. We would have nothing overlooked that can help to an impartial judgment. It might be useful to compare Mr. Lewis Morris's work as a whole with that of other poets who never aspired or could have aspired to sit in Lord Tennyson's seat. Longfellow (the more so as neither living nor an Englishman) will afford a fair standard. Hardly any student of poetry will put Longfellow in the first rank of English-speaking poets ; hardly any would refuse him a respectable place in the second. Though he did very little, if anything, of the first order of merit, he did also very little that was bad ; "Excelsior," we think, was his only unpardonable sin. And he did much that was good and pleasing. His matter was often slender, but his manner, though not brilliant, was seldom without a certain distinction. He wrote like a scholar and a gentleman, and, if his tones were lacking in strength, they still were true, and were his own. Many times he escaped mere commonplace by a hair's breadth, but on the whole he did escape it. Can so much be said, after due examination, of Mr. Lewis Morris ?

Consider, again, some of the living Englishmen we have mentioned. Has Mr. Lewis Morris ever come near the melody of Mr. George Meredith's "Love in the Valley," or the fire and speed of his "Nuptials of Attila"? Has he touched the dramatic power of Sir Alfred Lyall's "Old Pindaree," or the grace of Lord Lytton's "Transformations"? Can he match the workmanship of Mr. Andrew Lang's ballades? Or can he sound elemental human feeling with Mrs. Woods? To every one of these questions our own answer is a firm negative. We will do honor to the best of our power to all excellence, greater and lesser, according to its kind. But we will not honor pretentious and factitious mediocrity; and that is all we can find in Mr. Lewis Morris at his best.

Another living poet who is believed to have a certain following, and to call no living man his master, is Mr. Alfred Austin. We must be excused from discussing Mr. Alfred Austin's claims at any great length. His principles consist in repudiating the whole history of English poetry since Byron, and his practice in imitating Byron, by no means to the exclusion of his faults, with considerable facility and creditable fidelity. One stanza from "The Human Tragedy" will serve as well as another. The subject is the defeat of the Garibaldians by the fire of the French chassepots at Mentana.

"And ever as in scattered rout they fled,  
Back o'er the ground they late as victors trod,  
The swift-pursuing steel hissed overhead,  
And many a lip kissed the ensanguined sod,  
And ah! full many a dying prayer was said,  
As took the soul its farewell of the clod,  
And deaf though heaven seemed grown to cries and plaints,  
Wild vows were breathed to long-forgotten saints."

Here is one quality of Byron—at any rate, his characteristic inaccuracy, or, shall we say, coarseness of observation? There was a "storm of steel" a few stanzas before, so the "steel" is not a solitary lapse. Apparently Mr. Alfred Austin thinks either that chassepot bullets are made of steel, or that steel is a poetic synonym for lead. No doubt "lead hissed overhead" would have been intolerable in sound; but it is the business of a verse-writer to combine harmony of

sound with calling things by their right names. Then "hissed" is as bad a word as can be to describe the sound of bullets in the air, and so long as bullets fly, hissing or otherwise, overhead, they do not produce much effect. And, when a man falls on his face, which is not always, his lip is not the feature most likely to touch the ground. But Byron is full of faults as bad as these, and yet lives! Very true. We might say that Byron's immense Continental reputation was partly due to Continental readers not perceiving faults of this kind. But it is enough to say that Mr. Alfred Austin is not Byron. He has also essayed dramatic and lyric verse, the former with rather less plausibility than the narrative form, the latter sometimes better and sometimes worse. We are willing to admit that he has never written, or could write, such bad verses as the worst of Mr. Lewis Morris's. Indeed, if we had to choose between the two, we would rather take Mr. Alfred Austin for a Laureate than Mr. Lewis Morris. For, although we do not think Mr. Alfred Austin's purpose a very wise one, or his power quite competent to the execution, the purpose is definite and sincere. The so-called classical architecture of the eighteenth century is an unsatisfactory thing; but, if we had the building of a mansion or a college, we should prefer an honest following of the eighteenth-century ideas, by an architect who had a congruous design of some sort, to a sham Gothic made up of mere stonemason's imitation of mediæval details. Mr. Alfred Austin does write like some sort of a man and not like an overgrown school-boy. Also Mr. Alfred Austin does not, in his later works, reprint the opinions of the press, or cite eminent persons to declare that they found his poems very interesting.

Fortunately the lovers of English poetry are not yet driven to choose between Mr. Alfred Austin and Mr. Lewis Morris. Next to Lord Tennyson, the primacy belongs to Mr. Swinburne. And on Mr. Swinburne the choice ought of right to fall when the time comes for the Crown to make the decision which ought to be the visible symbol of the best English judgment in matters of poetry. If it may not be so, for any personal or other reason, then let the name and office of Laureate be done away rather than sink below the level at which we and our fathers have

seen them maintained. Meanwhile our readers, whether they agree with our criticisms or not, will all join in repeating our wish that we may not yet have heard the last of the present Laureate's voice, the master's voice which so lately, in the lines "To Virgil," added a new and stately measure to English verse.\*

As this paper is unsigned, the author thinks it right to say that he is not a poet or a professional critic, and that he has no motive whatever of private favor or affection, for good or for ill, toward any of the writers whose work has been principally discussed.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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## DANCING AS A FINE ART.

BY J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

WHAT induced man to dance in the first instance? When the woods were his habitation, and when dancing at the very best must have been an uncomfortable and awkward performance, what cause was sufficiently powerful to propel him to gyrations? Some say that love was the origin of dancing, and that as birds whistle, peacocks spread their tails, and turkeys strut, to show their respect for the fair, so man took to capering and gyrating to evince his pleasure at the sight of her, in the days before manners less unsophisticated and a sad experience taught him to restrain his buoyancy within reasonable bounds. There are or were specimens of these "love dances" to be found among the Society Islands—Captain Cook describes them to us—but their area seems to be limited to that small territory. The main objection, however, to the above view, is that dances, as we find them in their most primitive forms, are all collective, not individual. The solo-dancer, and even the pairing with special partners, are both quite recent, comparatively speaking. The dances of the most primitive cast are war dances and theatrical dances; such were found in a high state of perfection among the Australians at the time of their discovery, among the North American Indians, and most other kindred peoples.

The war dances have been correctly described by novelists who never saw them. Fancy cannot go far wrong in such a mat-

ter, and is corroborated by the evidence of travellers. The war dance of the Maories has been characterized by an eyewitness as a universal effort on the part of everybody assembled to make himself look as ugly as possible. The faces of the dancers were contorted, their tongues twisted up into their nostrils, their eyes rolling asunder or contracted into a diabolical squint. The theatrical dances are as widespread as these. Every savage loves to fight; and every savage has also, perhaps, a passion for the drama. The bull dances of the North American Indians, the kangaroo dances of the Australians, the dramatic dances of the Itelmes and the Arreois, are perhaps the best specimens of this form of dancing. In the first-named, the point at issue is for one of the dancers to disguise himself as a buffalo, and dance in the centre of crowds of his companions, much in the way of our Jack in the Green. The kangaroo dance leads to more general disguise—most of the dancers assume the figure and hide of the animal whose name the dance bears, and in this guise, like mummers, they carry on their evolutions. We use the last word under protest—figures there are none in these primitive dances, steps are limited to a jump on the right foot, followed by one on the left, while the general aspect of the dance is that of a wild confusion which may vary, and, indeed, almost certainly does, from time to time.

The earliest description of dancing which we can make anything out of—for vague allusions are particularly useless in the present subject—is the account of the dance on the shield of Achilles. Youths and maidens danced in a ring there, holding one another by the hand. They spun

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\* The Italian form in the last couplet—

"I salute thee, Mantovano,  
I that loved thee since my day began"—

has been called a conceit. If it be so, it is exactly analogous to Virgil's own use of Greek names, which he certainly would not have spared in celebrating a Greek poet.

round and round like a potter's wheel—the effect of this might be represented by loosening the top of a round table, and setting it twirling round. Evidently this primitive dance was nothing more nor less than the “jingering” of children at the present day, who keep up the tradition of this most ancient form of dance when they take one another's hands and caper round in a ring. The antiquity of the “jingering” dance must not be limited to the early days of the Greeks. In the time of Achilles it was a dance for kings' daughters to indulge in. But with our Aryan ancestors it constituted one of the ceremonies of religion—thus do things descend from unexpected altitudes, till they find refuge in the nurseries of children: in the Vedic times in India, which constitute the morning twilight of our existence as a race, the priest and people were used to assemble round the altar every morning to perform the accustomed sacrifice to the Dawn. They sang a hymn; and when the first streak of gray illumined the eastern sky, they began the religious dance, which consisted in them all joining hands and dancing in a ring round the altar, first in one direction, then in another. This form had survived till Homer's time, when it became secularized, and passed from grave-robed priests to youths and maidens.

The “jingering” had now a curious experience in its history. It became the dance of Bacchus, and attained a very unenviable repute as the dithyramb. The Greeks, who were perhaps the greatest dancers that the world has ever seen, soon rose above this most elementary form of dancing. They learned to divide dances into round and square, the word round being used in the signification already alluded to, and not by any means as equivalent to our “round.” Their square dances were military and spectacular; their round dances were the dances of pleasure and of revelry. The distinction is natural; for the former required some art, the latter nothing more than the capacity for motion. As the “round” dance, the dithyramb was danced round blazing altars to the sound of drums and cymbals. The tipsy priests, who presided over these rites of Bacchus, staggered sputtering and foaming, gashing themselves occasionally with knives to excite their companion dancers to greater en-

thusiasm and frenzy. The square dances of the Greeks were meanwhile proceeding at Sparta and other military centres, while the foreign and wanton dithyramb was utterly ruining the art of motion in less stern and conservative cities. The dances of the Spartans took place in the great square of the town, which was called on that account “the dancing-place,” nearly every Dorian city being built in such a form as to have a dancing place in the centre of the surrounding streets and buildings. Youths and men, generally dressed in full armor, moved in regular and rhythmical figures to the music of flutes and lyres, clashing their weapons in time to the music, and occasionally joining in with a hymn or martial song to the melody of the instruments. So eminent was the dance in the social life of the Spartans, that the term “front-rank-dancer” was the highest encomium which could be bestowed on a citizen, and had the same impressive signification which “a man of means” possesses with us at the present day. Any action either of crime, cowardice, shabbiness, or ill behavior, was punished by degradation from the “first rank” to the ranks behind, and by the loss of the estimable term which the citizen beforehand bore. Occasionally youths and maidens, or maidens alone, took part in these Spartan dances; but, as a rule, they retained their character almost exclusively as military exercises and preparations for the evolutions of the field. The operations of the Spartans in battle differed in a very inappreciable degree from the orchestric figures which had become familiar to them in the public dances. The prelude to commencing their engagements was, with these greatest warriors of the world, the sacrifice of a victim to the Muses; after which, arrayed in their long scarlet cloaks, and crowned with garlands of flowers, which they each took in turn from the temporarily constructed altar as they passed, they struck up, with loud strong voices, a hymn to Apollo, their feet keeping time with the long and short notes of the music “in a manner marvellous to behold.” Still singing and carrying on their pompous dance of war, they marched in billows of red and white, the white from the flowers that crowned them, the red from the cloaks that wrapped them, into the midst of the enemy, driving irresistibly through and never being

known to turn or swerve from the mark assigned them.

The influence of the square military dances of Greece on the round dithyramb was observable in the dances of tragedy. By the time Æschylus and Sophocles were writing, and the great theatre of Bacchus had been built at Athens capable of accommodating thirty thousand spectators, the tipsy dance of the god, which had formerly swept in revelry round blazing altars, was chastened and improved into the sober spectacle of "square" evolutions round the altar by a chorus variously stated at fifty and fifteen. The figures trod by the chorus were so elaborate that chalk lines had to be drawn on the floor of the orchestra to guide the dancers in their evolutions. These lines had the appearance of complex mathematical figures of the very worst type—as if all the propositions of the third and fourth books of *Euclid* had been suddenly multiplied to tenfold their horrible proportions and cast in confusion on the ground. The study of the chalk angles, squares, circles, and rhomboids which they were to tread, must have been a very serious undertaking for the dancers; yet excessive practice brought their proficiency to such perfection, that, judging from contemporary accounts, a confusion scarcely ever, if at all, occurred.

The dances of the Roman pantomimes differed very considerably from those of Greek tragedy. They were not the intricate, artistic, and plastic representations of moving form which these were, but resembled far more closely the more gorgeous ballets of the present day. The "pantomime" itself answered almost exactly to the *ballet d'action*. The stage was provided with scenery, an orchestra with musicians, while places were apportioned on either side of the stage for singers, who, by the words of their melodies, should elucidate and explain the dumb show of the pantomimists which was going on in the centre of the boards. Troops of female dancers, arrayed in flowing and transparent attire, bands of young boys, *premières danseuses* and *danseurs*, who, in sparingness of costume entirely outvied the leading nymphs of the present day—such are the accounts that reach us of the dance in the Roman pantomimes. There was little art apparently, but much display; dancing passed off into a gorgeous

spectacle of dresses, scenery, beautiful poses, and dumb action. Paris and Bathyllus, the two leading dancers of the Imperial times, are celebrated more for their glowing portrayal of human passion in that most fascinating form of dumb motion, than for any mastery over steps and figures, such as constituted the main title to praise among the Greeks. The dances in the circus of Constantinople, at which the Empress Theodora figured in her younger days, playing the part of Leda to the gambols of a swan, which Gibbon very irreverently considers to have been a goose, were, from all accounts, but merely reiterations of the licentious displays in the Roman theatres, though scarcely carried to such extremes owing to the strict Christianity of the citizens.

One or two dances of the Greeks are deserving of mention before passing from this division of the subject:—the flower dance and the ball dance; both unique and both extremely elegant. In the flower dance, the dancers were separated into two lines, in the manner of our country dances; but instead of the figure flowing from the motions of the top and bottom couples, the two lines advanced and retreated from each other, holding flowers in their hands—roses, violets, and occasionally the herb parsley—which they scattered on the ground as they trod, or flung in mimic warfare from side to side. Perhaps the Battle of Flowers at Nice, reduced to artistic form, accompanied by tuneful music and carried on to the lively steps of a dance, would give some idea of the Greek "flower dance," a spectacle at once beautiful and symmetrical.

The ball dance has been immortalized by Homer. Who does not recall the enchanting picture of Nausicaa and her maidens dancing the ball dance and flinging a golden ball from one to the other, when Ulysses landed on the shore of Phœacia? The description of Homer, however, does not give us much insight into the details of the dance, which were as follows:—The leading maiden of the dance faced the rest, at a short distance, holding the ball in her hand. At the side of the dancer sat a musician, who played a melody on a lyre, with which the maidens kept step; so that they were never still throughout the dance, but in constant graceful motion from beginning to end. The leader then threw the ball to one in

the band before her. At short distances the hands only were allowed to be used in catching it, while the arms remained perfectly still. The ball thus received by the girl in the band, was flung back to the Nausicaa of the part, who immediately returned it to another. It was thus plied with dizzy swiftness between them, while meanwhile, like a great wheel whirling, or a company of soldiers wheeling, they conducted not only the steps but the figures of an intricate dance. At longer distances, the arms were allowed to be employed in catching the ball; and the motions of the Dorian girls, when engaged in this part of the ball play, are particularly commended. Their dress reached only to the knee, and their white arms were bare likewise; and they arched their body into a thousand graceful flexions to catch the bouncing ball. When men played the ball dance, it was usual to cast the ball high into the air; and, on its descent, to catch it off the ground, neither of the dancers—for there were generally two only in this game—losing the step of the dance for a moment in making the spring up into the air, but alighting on such a foot and with such a motion as should not ruffle the smoothness of the measure for an instant. The balls were made of scarlet or purple leather, and filled in the inside with flour or feathers, grass or wool, fig-seeds or sand. The employment of a golden ball was limited to the fancy of poetry, or when the imaginations of the poet were incorporated on the stage; in the play of *Nausicaa*, Sophocles, who acted the part of the maiden, employed a golden ball when executing the dance.

In the earlier days of the Middle Ages, when our next accounts of the art are forthcoming, we find dancing to have suffered from a lamentable collapse in the interim. The more primitive form of dance—the “jingering”—appears again as the almost universal form employed among the simple people of the time. The name has now changed, and it is called the roundelay. Taking our accounts from the eighth century, we find that the roundel or roundelay was danced by men and women holding one another by the hand, or linked arm-in arm. Standing in a ring in this position, they would dance round and round, first one way and then the other. The dance concluded by each man kissing

his partner, after which he would select another, and submit her to the same ordeal on the termination of the second roundelay.

An extraordinary survival of the ball dance deserves to be chronicled. Every Easter-day, in commemoration of the general joy at the Resurrection, there was a ball dance in the chancel of the mediæval cathedrals, which was conducted as follows: The congregation having gathered as close to the chancel entrance as they could conveniently come, in order to see the sport, the organ struck up a spirited secular melody which was to serve as the tune of the dance. The Dean stood with the ball in his hand, and, gathering his vestments tightly behind him, he threw it to one of the choristers; that chorister flung it to another, and so it was passed all round the choir. Even an archbishop, if he were there, did not disdain to bandy it. Meanwhile, the choir-boys were leaving their places in the stalls, and bounding and leaping all over the chancel, the elder clergy joining in with them and footing it to the sound of the organ.\*

From this, and from other similar testimonies, we may gather that dancing was a very widespread practice in the Middle Ages. “Men and women may be seen dancing everywhere,” says a contemporary historian. “At every corner they are at it,” remarks another. And the story of the Doomed Dancers is but the testimony of tradition to the same fact: “I, Othbert, a sinner,” runs the legend, “have lived to tell the tale. It was the vigil of the Blessed Mary, and in a town of Saxony, where was a church of St. Magnus. The priest had just begun the mass; and I, with my comrades, fifteen young men and three young women, were dancing outside the church. We were laughing and screaming so loudly amid our pleasure that the noise we made was distinctly heard inside the building, and interrupted the service of the mass. The priest came out and told us to desist; and when we did not, he prayed God and St. Magnus that we might dance, as our punishment, for a year to come. A youth, whose sister was dancing with us, seized her by the arm to drag her away, but it came off in his hand, and we danced on.

\* Rowbotham's *History of Music*, vol. iii., p. 337.



For a whole year we continued. No rain fell on us; cold nor heat, nor hunger nor thirst, nor fatigue affected us. Neither our shoes nor our clothes wore out, but still we went dancing on. We trod the earth down to our knees; next to our middles; and at last were dancing in a pit. So we continued till the whole year had expired."

The dances alluded to by contemporary chronicles of this epoch, were homely and simple, probably merely variations on the roundelay. As the above tale shows, the fun and liveliness of the motion were more in request among votaries of the dance than anything artistic either in figure or pose. Novelties in dancing and refinements in style seem to have come from Spain. We read of the *chica* being danced at fairs by professional *coryphées*, all of them probably of the "gypsy" order. They are called *Égyptiennes* sive *Bohèmes* by the chroniclers: and if we were to discuss the question at minute length, we might speculate how far the improvements of European dancing were derived not so much from Spain, but through Spain from the Moors. The fandango was likewise footed at fairs; and from its voluptuous poses, the flashing eyes and heaving bosoms of its Spanish interpreters, the cracking castanets, and the whirl of limbs and muscles, must have been quite a revelation to the clowns, who were contented with kiss-in-the-ring hand-in-hand, à la Darby and Joan.

One dance *par excellence*, which undoubtedly came from the Moors, was, as its name imports, the morrice dance. The men who danced it had their faces stained with walnut juice to look like Moors. At first, perhaps, they were really so. They were dressed up in curiously slashed doublets of chamois leather, green caps with silver tassels, red ribbons, and white shoes, while all their dress was covered with little bells, that jingled and jangled as they danced. They had bells at their knees and round their ankles; bells at their wrists, and bells on the lappets of their doublets; streams of bells hung all over their body; and, to be proper morricers, they must have two hundred and fifty-two bells in all. These were arranged in twenty-one sets of twelve bells each, which were tuned in musical intervals with each other. Bells of certain tones hung down one side of the body, and bells of other

tones down the other side; and according as they danced, they might make melodious jingles. The following description of a morrice dance will give an excellent idea of the spectacle:—" . . . the bells were so disposed that all those of a tone were placed together. The bells on the lappets of the doublets were different from those round the hat and down the seams of the garments, and completed, in their entirety, the notes of the musical scale. . . . Robert and his jongleurs danced quickly forward into the arena, with all the jangling of their bells. When the applause had subsided, the soft, long-drawn notes of the violins were heard, which were stationed on the right-hand side. The morricers, who were a dozen in all, first danced in a long outspread line, arm in arm, all down the arena. Arrived at the bottom, they broke into two lines, and, each wheeling round different ways, danced up again separately, though still in line with one another. Arrived at the top, one line danced backward down again, and the other, facing it, pursued, till, when more than half the ground was covered, the retreating line advanced in mimic opposition to its pursuer, which still came on. They met, and, breaking their ranks, threaded through each other, and, scarcely through, turned and re-threaded their files; when, quickly joining line again, the two lines danced backward away, till some distance had been placed between them. This manœuvre was frequently repeated; and all the while, above the low melody of the violins, rose the jingling and jangling of the bells. Suddenly the thin string accompaniment entirely ceased, and then were heard the prettiest chimings in the air, and ringing of peals in scales of bells, from the bells on the habits of Robert and his jongleurs. Standing in the centre of the arena, their bodies now this way and now that, they rang out their scales of music, until at last, all rearing erect, as if at the word of command, they made regular motions together with the stiffness and precision of clockwork. All threw out a wrist, all raised a foot, all bent forward, all bent backward, and the ear was aware that a beautiful melody, note by note, was proceeding from the morricers and their bells. To its conclusion they brought the air, amid a tempest of applause from the crowded spectators around. Then the

violins struck up, and they recommenced their amblings."

From Spain came the sarabande, or "Saracen dance," the chaconne, a more lively measure, but also accredited to the Saracens, the bolero, and the seguidilla. The bolero is a milder and slower form of the fandango, and the special peculiarity of the seguidilla is that poetry is mixed with the music, the dancers singing as they careered in its figures. Consequently, the pace is considerably slower, to admit of the performers taking breath sufficient. At the great festivals in the squares of Cordova and Granada these dances were executed by vast crowds of dancers, Spanish and Moorish intermixed; the city being illuminated, the streets strewn with flowers, and a concert of lutes, tambourines, and hautboys ringing out in the air the whole night through.

Of all the Spaniards, the Valencians were ever most famous for their skill in dancing. It was the pride of these people that they could execute steps and figures which, for neatness and elegance, defied the rivalry of all the rest of Spain. The Valencian "egg dance" may be taken as a type of numerous other intricate and almost impossible dances to which their boasts applied. A number of eggs were thickly strewn on the ground in all sorts of fancy patterns—in the pattern of crowns, crosses, six-barred gates, hoops, necklaces, and the tiniest rings. There was scarcely enough room in the interstices of the eggs for even the toes to go. To the amazement of the spectators, the dancers entered these precarious precincts, and, when the music struck up, began a timid and vacillating movement, as if at every turn they were afraid of breaking the little shells around them. The pace of the music increased, and the pace of the dancers likewise, till at last they were flashing about amid the eggs in a very tempest of steps and figures. Rarely, if ever, was an egg known to be broken.

The minuet was bred and nurtured among the old châteaux of Poitou. Its courtly movements and slow, deliberate pace speak conclusively of the antique gallantry which was ready at every step with a bow, and of the long, sweeping trains of the ladies, which forbade their fair wearers to indulge in any hastier motion. A certain variety of the minuet, named the pavana, brings this latter rea-

son into excellent relief. The treatment of the train, which retarded the pace of the minuet, passed in the pavana into a special feature of the dance, and, indeed, was the origin of the singular name. "Pavana" means "the peacock dance." At certain places in the measure, the gentlemen retreated to a considerable distance from their partners, leaving them in unimpeded possession of a great space around them. The ladies thereupon, having possession of the floor, swept their trains with certain mystic gyrations known only to themselves, and eventually sank into the pose of a studied and prolonged courtesy, the train assuming, during this statue-like moment of repose, the exact appearance of a peacock's tail.

The gavotte and the bourrée can be variously assigned to Spain and France for their origin; but the jig—homely appellation!—can be clearly traced to a most respectable antiquity. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the name was variously written *gigue*, *giga*, and *geig*, and signified simply "the fiddle dance," from the German *geige*, "a violin." We hear of these giges, or "fiddle dances," as early as the days of the wandering minstrels, the peculiarity of them being an entire license of step, so that the most untalented performer could join in. They became fashionable among the upper classes at the Watteau *fêtes* of Louis XV.'s time, but were naturally danced with considerably more elegance than their primitive form required. They still retained, however, their miscellaneous character, and far from any symmetry of motion being demanded, the *gigue* was not correctly executed unless several varieties of step were represented among the dancers. It was, in fact, "a medley."

We can scarcely over-estimate the influence of Lully, the *chef d'orchestre* of Louis XIV., on the art of dancing. His band, which was known as "the twenty-four violins," were required to furnish all the music for the *fêtes* and balls of the brilliant Court to which they were attached. The gavotte and bourrée have been ascribed to him, but probably without reason. The cotillon, however, has a more legitimate claim to such a paternity, and most likely was at least perfected in the brilliant ball-rooms of Versailles.

Despite these thousand and one varieties of the dance, the genuine "round

dance," to use the term at last in its modern signification, had no existence till some fifty or sixty years ago. Why this omission could have subsisted so long seems hard to see; unless it were that the giddiness resulting from the first experiments in the style deterred mankind from venturing further. The "round dance" of the Greeks and of the Middle Ages was, as we have seen, simply a ring dance, and not by any means an approach to the round dance of to-day. The dancing dervishes of Turkey, however, and likewise the frenzied performers in the Italian tarantella must be credited with discovering a great secret of art long ere sixty years ago, and practising it to the amazement of all beholders, who thought them mad or struck by divine vengeance. First essays in round dancing, accompanied as they are by overpowering giddiness, often lead the novice to the wild determination of spinning on and on until exhausted nature can do no more. The dancing dervishes are certainly affected with this fury. Once they begin to turn, their rotation increases with ever-advancing celerity, until at last they "sleep" like a top, though still spinning round. The Italian tarantella was said to have come into existence from the effects of the bite of a poisonous spider (whence it derives its name); the result of which was to cause the venom stricken patient to turn round and round in agony and frenzy. All dancers of the tarantella were vulgarly supposed to have been bitten by this spider, and all pursued the same principle of gyration in common with the dancing dervishes, namely, to spin round and round until they sank exhausted to the earth.

Such were the abortive and unconscious attempts which mankind made at the polka. When that dance first appeared fully fledged on the scene—it sprang on Europe like Minerva from the head of Jove, perfect and fully formed—the tendency of "round dancing" to go on when once begun and never stop, was made apparent in its history. It was danced in a Vienna ball-room by way of experiment, and in three months had made the tour of Europe. In London, Paris, Madrid, and Rome, everybody danced the polka. It is said that in these early days of the craze, the gravest personages were seen footing the dizzy dance, even judges and bishops not disdaining to test their powers there-

in, on the same principle that they might submit themselves to the experiment of "thought-reading" nowadays, or other similar craze. What was the home of the polka? Where had been its nursery before it made that sudden and sensational appearance in a Vienna ball room sixty years ago? Some would derive it from the peasantry of Bohemia; but surely the name "polka," which is simply "polacca," points to Poland as the land of origin. Like many other things in the world, its origin is hidden in night. Nature is reluctant to reveal beginnings.

The polka seems to us a very slow dance. Our ancestors thought it fast enough—but this was before mankind had become accustomed to "round" dancing. The waltz, which was later in appearing, and was doubtless at its commencement an imitation of the polka, was danced exceedingly slowly in early life. Its original name was "Ländler," and it hails from the country districts of Austria. The "Ländler" went gravely and deliberately round. To its slow motion the speed of the polka seemed fury. The elder Strauss must be accredited with the acceleration of the waltz to its present speed. Finding the effect of his music gain greatly from increased pace, he forced the time and made the dancers follow him.

The original step of the waltz was the simple *chassé*, which, as is obvious, is identical with the step of the polka, except that the feet are brought more closely and more suddenly together. This was the *Valse à deux temps*. Improvement in waltz melodies, which mark the time far more rhythmically and forcibly than in the early times they did, brought the *Valse à trois temps* into being, wherein the steps are accommodated with greater precision to the beats of the music. The waxed floors of modern ball-rooms have produced within the memory of the youngest among us the glide waltz and the rock-away waltz, in both of which the feet slip or slide over the floor in a manner amazing to behold. Perhaps the contemporaneous introduction of roller-skating had something to do with this innovation, since the motion of the feet in both is the same. What destinies await the waltz in future time is impossible at present to divine. One thing, however, seems certain:—so popular and universally known

is this dance, compared to the dissemination of any other specific piece of human knowledge, that amid a distant posterity, when all our achievements have faded from human memory, we shall still be known as the generation "in whose time the waltz was danced."—*National Review*.

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THE SUNLIGHT LAY ACROSS MY BED.

PART II.—HEAVEN.

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

PARTLY I woke. It was still and dark ; the sound of the carriages had died in the street ; the woman who laughed was gone ; the policeman's tread was heard no more. In the dark it seemed as if a great hand lay upon my heart and crushed it. I tried to breathe, and tossed from side to side ; and then again I fell asleep and dreamed.

God took me to the edge of that world. It ended. I looked down. The gulf, it seemed to me, was fathomless ; and then I saw two bridges crossing it and sloping upward.

I said to God, "Is there no other way by which men cross it?"

God said, "One ; it rises far from here and slopes straight upward ; it is seen only by those who climb it."

I asked God what the bridges' names were.

God said, "What matter for the names?"

I said, "Do they all lead into one Heaven?"

God said, "Some parts are higher and some parts lower ; those who reach the higher may always go down to rest in the lower ; but the lower may not have strength to climb to the higher ; nevertheless the light is all one."

And over the bridge nearest me which was wider than the other, I saw countless footmarks go. I asked God why it had so many.

God said, "It slopes less deeply, and leads to the first Heaven."

And I saw that some of the footmarks were of feet returning. I asked God how it was.

He said, "No man who has once entered Heaven ever leaves it ; but some, when they have gone halfway, turn back, because they are afraid there is no land beyond."

I said, "Has none ever returned?"

God said, "No ; once in Heaven always in Heaven."

He took me over. And we came to one of the great doors—for Heaven has more doors than one—and it was open ; and the posts rose up so high on either side I could not see the top, there was no cross bar.

And it seemed to me so wide that all Hell might have gone in through it.

I said to God, "Which is the larger, Heaven or Hell?"

God said, "Hell is as wide, but Heaven is higher. All Hell could be engulfed in Heaven but all Heaven could not be engulfed in Hell."

We entered. It was a great still land. The mountains rose on every hand, and there was a pale still light, and I saw it came from the rocks and stones. I asked God how it was.

And God said, "Because everything here gives light."

I looked and wondered, for I had thought Heaven would be different. And after a while it began to grow bright, as if the day were breaking, and I asked God if the sun were going to rise.

God said, "No ; we are coming to where the people are."

And as we went further it grew brighter and brighter till it was burning day ; and on the rock were flowers blossoming, and trees growing ; and streams of water ran everywhere, and I heard birds singing ; I asked God where they were.

God said, "It is the people calling to each other."

When we came nearer I saw them walking, and shining as they walked. I asked God how it was they wore no clothes.

God said, "Because all their bodies give the light ; they dare not cover any part."

And I asked God what they were doing.

God said, "Making the plants grow by shining."

And I saw that some worked in great companies, and some alone, but most worked in twos, sometimes two men and sometimes two women, but generally one man and one woman, and I asked God how it was.

God said, "It makes the most perfect light when one man and woman shine together; many plants need only that for their growing. Nevertheless, there are more kinds of plants in Heaven than one, and they need many kinds of shining."

And I was ashamed because of my clothes when I saw the people walking.

And one from among them came running toward me, and when he came nearer it seemed to me that he and I had played together when we were little children, and that we had been born on the same day. And I told God what I felt; and God said, "All men feel so in Heaven when another comes toward them."

And he who ran toward me held my hand and said nothing, and led me through the bright lights. And when we came to a place among the trees he sang aloud and his companion answered, and when it came it was a woman, I think, and he showed me to her. She said, "He must have water;" and the man took some in his hands, and fed me (I had been afraid to drink of the water in Hell), and he said to her, "Gather fruit." And she gave it me to eat. They said, "We shone so long to make it ripe," and they laughed together when they saw me eat.

The man said, "He shall sleep now" (for I had not dared to sleep in Hell), and he laid my head on his companion's knee and spread her hair out over me. I slept, and all the while in my sleep I heard the birds calling across me. And when I woke it was like early morning, and dew was on everything.

And the woman put my hand in his and said, "Take him and show him our secret place; I will stay here and make the fruit ripen."

And he led me to a place among the rocks. The ground was very hard, and out of it were sprouting tiny plants, and there was a little stream running. He said, "This is a new garden we are making, the others do not know of it. We shine here every day, and the ground has

cracked with our shining, and this little stream is coming out. See, the flowers are growing."

And he climbed up on the rocks and picked from above two little flowers with dew on them and held them out to me. And I took one in each hand; my hands shone as I held them. He said, "Do not tell the others of our little garden; it is for them all when it is finished." And he went singing to his companion and I out into the great pathway.

And as I walked in the light I heard a loud sound of much singing. And when I came near I saw one with closed eyes, and the people were standing round; and the light on the closed eyes was brighter than anything I had seen in Heaven. I asked one what it was, and he said, "Our singing bird."

And I asked, "Why do the eyes shine so?"

He said, "They cannot see, and we have kissed them till they shone so. Now he sings to us, the more we kiss the more he sings." They all sang with him.

And when I went a little further I saw a crowd crossing with great laughter. When they came close I saw they carried one without hands or feet. And a light came from the maimed limbs so bright that I could not look at them.

And I said to one, "What is it?"

He answered, "This is our brother who once fell and lost his hands and feet, since then he cannot help himself; but we have touched the ruined stumps so often that now they shine brighter than anything in Heaven. We pass him on that he may shine on things that need much heat. No one is allowed to keep him long;" and they went on laughing.

I said to God, "This is a strange land. I had thought blindness and maimedness were great evils. Here men make them to a rejoicing."

God said, "Didst thou then think that love had need of eyes and hands?"

And I walked down the shining way with palms on either hand. I said to God, "Ever since I was a little child and sat alone and cried, I have dreamed of this land, and now I will not go away again. I will stay here and shine." And I began to take off my clothes; and when I looked down I saw my body gave no light. I said to God, "How is it?"

God said, "Is there no dark blood in thy heart ; art thou bitter against none ?"

I said, "Yes—;" and I thought, "Now is the time when I will tell God what I have been meaning to tell Him all along, some day, how badly my fellow-men have treated me. How they have misunderstood me. How I have intended to be magnanimous and generous to them, and they—" I began to tell God ; and when I looked down all the flowers were withering under my breath. I was silent.

I saw that now and again as they worked the people stooped to pick up something ; I asked God what it was.

Then God touched my eyes, and I saw that what they found were small stones ; they had been too bright for me to see before ; and I noticed that the light of the stones and the light on the people's foreheads were the same. And when one found a stone he passed it on to his fellow, and he to another, and he to another. And at times they gathered in great company about a stone, and raised a great shout so that the sky rang ; then they worked on again.

I asked God what they did with the stones at last. Then God touched my eyes again to make them stronger ; and I looked, and at my very feet on the earth was a mighty crown. The light streamed out.

God said, "Each stone they find is set here."

It was wrought according to a marvelous pattern ; each part was different, yet the pattern ran through all.

I said to God, "How is it each man adds his stone, and though there is no outline that they follow, the design works out ?"

God said, "Because in the light his forehead sheds each man sees faintly outlined that full crown."

And I said to God, "How is it that each stone when it is added is joined along its edges to its fellows ?"

God said, "The stones are alive : they grow."

I said to God, "What does each man gain by his working ?"

God says, "He sees his outline filled in stone."

I said, "But those stones which are last set overlay those which were first ; and these will again be covered by those which come later."

God said, "They are covered, but not hid. The first shines through the last ; and the light is the light of all."

I said to God, "When will this crown be ended ?"

God said, "Look up !"

I looked ; and I saw the mountain tower above me, but I could not see its summit.

God said no more.

And I looked at the crown : then a passion seized me. Like the longing of a mother for the child whom death has taken ; like the yearning of a friend for the friend whom life has buried ; like the hunger of dying eyes for a life that is slipping ; like the thirst of a soul for love at its first spring waking, so, but fiercer, was the longing in me.

I cried to God, "I, too, will work here ; I, too, will set stones in the wonderful pattern ; it shall grow beneath my hand. And, if it be that, laboring here for years I should not find one stone, at least I will be with the men that labor on the hill-side. I shall hear their shout of joy when something is found, I shall join in their triumph, I shall shout among them ; I shall see it grow." So great was my longing, as I looked at the crown, I thought a faint light fell from my forehead also.

God said, "Do you not hear the singing in the garden ?"

I said, "No, I hear nothing, I see only the crown." And I was dumb with joy ; I forgot all the flowers of the lower Heaven and the singing there. Then I ran forward. I threw my mantle on the earth, and bent to seize with both my hands one of the mighty tools which lay there. I could not lift it from the earth.

God said, "Take up your mantle, and follow me."

I followed ; but I looked back and saw the crown burning, my crown that I had loved.

God led me on among the mountains. Higher and higher we mounted, and the road grew steeper. Not a tree or plant was on the bare rocks, and the stillness was unbroken. My breath came hard and quick, and the blood crept within my finger-tips. I said to God, "Is this still Heaven ?"

God said, "Yes ; it is the highest."

Still we climbed. I said to God, "I cannot breathe so high."

God said, "Because the air is pure."  
The blood burst from my finger-tips.

At last we came out upon a solitary mountain top.

Not a living being moved there; but away off on a solitary peak I saw a lonely figure standing. Whether it were man or woman I could not tell; its breasts were the breasts of a woman, but its limbs were the mighty limbs of a man. I asked God which it might be.

God said, "In the first Heaven sex reigns; in the higher it is not noticed; but in the highest it does not exist."

And I saw the figure bend over its work.

I said to God, "Is it not terribly alone here?"

God said, "It is never alone."

I said, "What has it back for all its labor? I see nothing."

God said, "It has all things."

I said to God, "How came it there upon that solitary peak?"

God said, "By a bloody stair. Step by step it mounted from the lowest Hell, and day by day Hell grew farther and Heaven no nearer. It hung alone between two worlds. Hour by hour in that great struggle its limbs grew larger, till there fell from it rag by rag the garments which it started with. Drops fell from its eyes as it strained them, and the moisture from its forehead was blood; each step it climbed was wet with it. Then it came out here."

And I thought of the garden where men sang with their arms around each other; and the mountain-side where they worked in company. And I said to God, "What gains the man who climbs here?"

And God touched my eyes, and I saw stretched out below us Heaven and Hell.

God said, "From that lone height on which he stands all things are open. To him is clear the shining in the garden, he sees the flower leaves open and the streams break out; no shout is raised upon the mountain-side but he may hear it. He sees the crown grow and the light rise. All Hell is open to him. He sees the paths mount upward. To him Hell is the seed ground from which Heaven springs. He sees the sap ascending."

And I saw the figure bend over its work, and the light from its face fell on it.

And I said to God, "What is it doing there?"

God answered, "It is making music."  
He touched my ears, and I heard it.

And after a long while I said to God, "Where did he learn it?"

God said, "That which he sees becomes light in him; it falls upon his work, and it is music."

I whispered to God, "This is Heaven."

And God asked me why I was crying. And I said, "For joy."

And the face turned from its work and looked on me. Then all about me it grew so bright I could not see things separately. Which was God, or the man, or I, I could not tell; we were all blended. I cried to God, "Where art thou?" but there was no answer, only music and light. And afterward, when it had grown so dark again that I could see things separately, I found that I was standing there wrapped tight in my little old, brown, earthly cloak, and God and the man were a long way off from each other and from me.

I did not dare say I would go up and make music beside the man. I knew I did not reach even to his knee, so large he was. But I thought I should stand there on my little peak and sing an accompaniment to the great music. I tried: my voice piped, and failed. I could not sing that tune. I was silent.

God pointed to me that I should go out of Heaven.

I cried to God, "Oh, let me stay here! I will interfere with no one."

God said "Go."

I said, "If indeed it be, as I know it is, that I am not great enough to sing upon the mountain, nor strong enough to labor on its side, nor bright enough to shine within the garden, then let me at least go down to the great gate; humbly I will kneel there, and as the saved pass in I will see the light and hear their singing."

God said, "It may not be;" and still He pointed.

I cried, "Then let me go down to Hell, and I will grasp the hands of men and women there; and slowly, holding fast by one another, we will work our way upward."

God said, "Whither?"

I said, "To the highest Heaven."

God pointed.

I threw myself upon the earth and wept: I cried, "Earth is so small, so

mean ! It is not meet a soul should see Heaven and be cast out again !”

God laid His hand on me, and said, “Go back to earth : that which you seek is there.”

I woke : it was morning. The silence and darkness of the night were gone. I closed my eyes and turned me toward the wall : I would not look upon the dull gray world.

In the streets below men and women streamed past by thousands, I heard the feet beat on the pavement. Men on their way to business ; servants on errands ; boys hurrying to school ; weary professors pacing slowly the old street ; prostitutes, men and women, dragging their feet heavily upon the pavement after last night’s debauch ; artists with quick, impatient footsteps ; tradesmen for orders ; children to seek for bread. I heard the stream beat by. At the alley’s mouth, at the street corner, a broken barrel organ

played ; sometimes it quavered, then went on again.

I listened : my heart scarcely moved. I could not bear the long day before me ; I tried to sleep again, yet still I heard the feet upon the pavement. Then suddenly I heard them cry loud as they beat, “We are seeking !—we are seeking !—we are seeking !” and the broken barrel-organ at the corner sobbed, “The beautiful !—the beautiful !” My heart which had been dead, cried out with every throb, “Love !—Truth !” We three kept time together. I listened ; it was the music I had heard in Heaven that I could not sing.

And fully I woke.

Upon the faded quilt across my bed a long yellow streak of pale London sunlight was lying. It fell in through my narrow attic window.

I laughed. I rose.

I was glad the long day was before me.  
—*New Review*.

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RONALD LESTER.

I.

I AM about to write down the story of the woman I loved. She never for a moment loved me. I suppose she might have been a happy woman if she could have done so ; but that I cannot tell. Some natures seem to need sorrow, and to seek it ; and yet these natures are, I think, those that feel it most. It is a common saying that we desire what will make us happy. This I do not believe. We desire that which inherited instinct compels us to desire, that which has tended to procure the survival of the race, and not that which has secured its ease, its joy, its comfort. These things may indeed be part of the conditions which help it to exist ; they are as frequently the conditions which tend to its decay and destruction. It is certain that the conditions even of our own modern society require that there should be a large number of women whose instinct it is to sacrifice themselves, who cannot love the men who offer them a life of pure ease and indulgence ; and Dora Wyntree was one of those women.

I knew her first as a young and brilliant

girl, much loved and much admired. She stood on the sunny heights of life, and seemed, as she cast her bright eyes round her, to seek a path in which she could tread firmly and gladly, and to be sure of finding such a path. She did not desire ease, but I thought her destined to joyful work ; she could not live a life of selfishness, but she seemed assured of one full of happy love.

The first thing in which she dissatisfied her friends was her refusal of several suitable offers of marriage ; the second was her engagement to Ronald Lester. He was a quiet and grave young man, and he was poor. Though perfectly respectable he had no very desirable connections ; he was in a mercantile house, and could look forward to no brilliant prospects either of wealth or position ; he was liked and respected by every one who knew him, but he possessed no qualities which promised distinction in the future. Nevertheless he was one of those men who know how to attach others, especially women, to themselves. His few friends would have done almost anything that he asked them : his one sister, who had died unmarried, had been passionately devoted to him ; and



all those with whom he was at all intimate valued his society to a degree that seemed to me extravagant. Though I loved Dora myself, I never wondered that she preferred him. I have myself felt vaguely the charm of his personality. This personality pervaded all he did. His views on every subject were original, the direct result of his own conclusions and no reflection of other men's. Therefore, to a woman weary of the drifting common-places of society, his directness and simplicity of thought and speech must have been intensely refreshing. He also put his opinions into practice more than most men do. This in itself must make the life of any woman who lived with him no easy one; but a brave woman was likely to love him all the better for that. He seldom spoke of himself, but when he did it was without those little disguises which are common in society. He could afford to do without them. He seemed to have no thoughts that were mean or evil. His ideals were high, his impulses generous. And so, with a timidity unlike her frank pleasantness to others, she encouraged him and sought to know him better; and before she quite knew him, or was sure what she meant herself, she found herself pledged to a passionate devotion which life alone could end, which was, henceforth, all her life to her.

She had meant it to be, in any case, only a part of her life, to help her with other duties and ambitions; but Ronald, when he accepted her love, demanded also the absorption of her thoughts, her desires, her plans, her affections, her convictions, into his own. He gave her in return a passionate tenderness, admiration, and gratitude which were, I suppose, a sufficient reward for anything that she might sacrifice to him.

At any rate she was very happy, happier than I could have made her, though I should have loved her in a different way. But her life henceforth was not one of roses. They were engaged for five years. The first year Ronald spent in England, the next four were passed in Australia, where he accepted an appointment on which he hoped in time to be able to marry. I believe that, if he had followed a mode of life which was personally more distasteful to him, he might have remained in England and married sooner; but Dora was satisfied with all he did. I do not

wonder at it, because she saw straight into his heart, which was always open to her, and found there only a passionate love for herself and an intense determination to make no compromise with anything mean or ignoble.

Dora had belonged to an opulent family. She had been educated by a rich and childless uncle; but his death left her penniless and without many friends. Her worldly minded relatives had been alienated by her engagement to Ronald Lester—or they found it convenient to say so—and her uncle had left his fortune elsewhere. If she had married according to his wishes he would without doubt have provided for her sufficiently. As it was, he left her to realize the full consequences of her obstinacy, as he had considered it, and she was glad to accept the situation as governess which some one offered to her after his death. I had a home which she might have shared, and at the time there was a rumor that her engagement had been broken off. I therefore ventured to come forward and speak for myself.

She was angry at first, but when I told her of the rumor she forgave me. She looked at me with her large dark eyes and said softly, "But if it were broken off, I could not marry anybody else. Do you think one could feel—that sort of thing—twice over?"

"Many people do,—most people," I answered her.

"Not I; not after feeling it for *him*. If he were to die now I should feel the same always."

Five years after they were first engaged Dora came out to Australia to marry Ronald. I was myself there at the time. There was quite a little colony of us, for it included Winny Ranger, formerly Winny Brown, Dora Wyntree's cousin and school-friend. She was but a foolish little creature, selfish, simple and pretty; very affectionate, however, full of tender impulses and gratuities, which generally came to nothing except fresh appeals. She always said that she owed everything to Dora, that she would do anything for Dora, and I suppose she meant it. "Such a dear little thing! So full of feeling!" so her friends used to speak of Winny Brown; and her friends said the same of Winny Ranger, who was now a widow and rather poorly provided for, with one little baby-girl to look after.

Ronald Lester had never cared for his betrothed's cousin. The strong demands which he made on all those with whom he was intimate soon touched bottom in the selfishness of her nature. She could be gushingly affectionate, but not silently self-repressing. Yet he had always shown her a genial indulgence, and she had fancied herself a favorite with him. He admired her beauty, liked her caressing flattery, and showed her a sort of playful attention in those early days when he avoided Dora. Therefore Winny was astonished when the engagement was first announced. "Why, I thought he admired *me*!" she said. "He positively seemed to hate you. Are you sure there is not a mistake?" She became convinced, in time, that there was no mistake, and her own heart was not touched at all; though she would willingly have married Ronald, out of vain delight that so serious a man should become her captive.

Presently she fell in love, after her own light fashion, with that young scapegrace Fred Ranger. Her own people opposed the match; she had secret meetings, tried to run away with him, and got herself into much trouble and disgrace. Dora helped her out of her difficulties, persuaded her to a more discreet patience, used on her behalf a diplomacy which she never practised for herself; and so arranged everything that the marriage was permitted, a small portion was handed over to Winny, and an appointment was found for Fred, by Ronald's influence, in the same house which employed Ronald himself. Fred Ranger took his young wife out to Australia and died shortly afterward, leaving her only the small fortune which had been her own marriage portion.

As a widow she was as gay and as affectionate as ever, particularly kind to Ronald "for Dora's sake," and it was to her house that Dora went out to be married. I had tired of England long before, and had, somehow or other, drifted out to the same place. I had spent some time in travel, and had qualified myself for various journeys of exploration by attending some medical lectures and going, so far as I could without taking a degree, into hospital and medical work before I left England. The sort of knowledge thus obtained I had found useful to me in many ways. When I came across Ronald Les-

ter he invited me to stay with him, and a sort of curiosity that I had about him made me glad to do so. I wondered how, since he cared so much for Dora, he could contrive to live without her; but I soon became convinced that he was quite as much in love with her as ever. He was holding himself in hand with a sort of fiery patience which was strange to me; the thought of her seemed to possess his life, yet he never seemed to have supposed it possible to sacrifice other aims to secure her sooner. When once, however, the marriage was settled and she was coming out to him, his feeling for her seemed to leap out of the strong restraint he had put upon it.

"To think," he said, "that I have lived without her all these years, and known that she was in the same world, not another! If I had thought about it I suppose I could not have done it. Now I can dare to think. In another week she will be here, and then, nothing but death, nothing but death, can part us any more!" He rose, stretched himself with the air of a man breaking loose from a long restraint put upon himself; then he went out to the sunset, behind which, somewhere, she sailed toward him. It was strange to me to hear him speak so unreservedly, and he never did it again; but even then I noticed that he thought of his own loss, and not of what she had felt all these long and lonely years.

## II.

If there was in the world any man on whose honor and faithfulness a woman might fully rely, I should have said that man was Ronald Lester. Little as I liked him in some ways, I could have trusted him as completely as—more completely than—myself. His nature seemed less open to indirect temptation; any breach of confidence seemed to be impossible to him. It remains then a terrible mystery to me that for such a man such a fate should have been held in reserve.

I had read of similar things before. I knew of the man who was so affected by a bullet in his brain that for half the months of his life he was a thief and a liar, the other half a good and honest fellow. I knew of the girl whom an attack of illness reduced to childishness, so that she began to live and learn again, forgetting her past; until a second and crueler

attack restored her strangely to her old self, to find that, in the years she had lost, all her life had altered, and her lover had long before married another woman. I knew of these things; but we do not expect such horrors to come into our own lives. Somehow we, and those we love, are (according to our expectations) to be exempt from the more terrible afflictions of our race. "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord," we cry, "may these things come!" And suddenly they are with us, and of us, and are ourselves, and we awake to know the whole horror of that which was but a word and a name to us.

I am glad to think that Dora Wyntree had one happy evening after she landed in Australia. Ronald met her and took her to her cousin's, and when he came back to me at night he had the air of a man who has been in Paradise. "She is more beautiful than ever," he said to me. "If I had seen her often I could never have waited here."

They were to be married in a few days. If they had been married at once, I suppose, the circumstances that followed must have been different, but how different I cannot say. The morning after Dora's arrival Ronald met with a bad accident. He was thrown from the horse he was riding, his foot was entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged along a rough road for some distance before he could be rescued. He was taken up unconscious and carried to Mrs. Ranger's to be nursed. There was a young surgeon in the place who was called in to attend him. He pronounced the injury to the head serious, but was very hopeful of recovery, and congratulated us all on the fact that the patient could have the care of his future wife, evidently a born nurse.

I did not myself see Ronald for some days. He was quite unconscious at first and afterward was kept very quiet. Winny, however, gave good accounts of him. She had begun to sit with him a little in the daytime, while Dora rested, and she thought that he was coming round very nicely. So did the young doctor. I only saw Dora once or twice for a few minutes, and then she seemed to me anxious and tired.

A private engagement of my own called me away for some days, and when I returned—for a brief interval only—I was told that Mr. Lester was recovering rap-

idly and would soon be quite strong again. I was therefore surprised to get a note from Dora Wyntree asking if I would call and see her soon, as she wished to consult me on a point of importance. I was the only old friend who was near her, she wrote, and my medical knowledge might help her. I went at once to Mrs. Ranger's, and was received by Mrs. Ranger herself.

"Oh, he's doing beautifully," she said to me, "only he's very irritable sometimes. Convalescents are, you know. And somehow Dora does not manage him now; she who was always called such a good nurse. She misunderstands and vexes him. He gets on much better with me. I take things more lightly, you see. And so I am a great deal with him now. The marriage? Oh, we don't speak of *that* just yet. I will send Dora to you. I think her quite unreasonably anxious. Do tell her to take things easily."

When Dora came I could see that she was not taking things easily, though she took them quietly.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "I want you to see him. You have known him a long time. You will tell me if he seems the same; or if the difference was there—before."

"What difference?" I asked her.

"I cannot tell you. No one else sees it. They seem even to like him better. But he seems to me different—from what I remember. And—" she said looking earnestly at me, and speaking with some hesitation, "I have found out that he does not like me to be in the room; though he tries to hide it from me. I distress him, though I don't know why; so I go away now, and leave him a great deal to Winny."

Her voice trembled as she spoke. I saw that a great fear was in her heart, a fear which she would not utter. She was facing it alone.

"I will see him," I said to her, "and give you my opinion."

My interview with Ronald was a strange one. The seriousness of the man seemed gone: he spoke lightly and oddly; but he seemed to be in easy and pleasant spirits, and Winny laughed a good deal at the clever things he said,—and some of them were really very clever. I spoke of Dora. A look of distress, even of perplexity, came over his face; but he struggled with the feeling, whatever it was, that op-

pressed him. "She worries herself," he said. "I wish you would tell her to take things easily,—like Winny."

I had seen enough. I went back to Dora. "I think it would be best for you to go away for a time," I told her.

"For his sake?"

"For the sake of both of you. His mind will recover its tone most quickly in that way, and without any effort. Effort is bad for him."

She sat down in a chair and looked at the table-cloth, but answered nothing.

"Do not take it too seriously," I said to her. "We must give him a little time, and it will be all right. This sort of thing is not unusual. He has had a bad accident and has not quite got over it."

"But the others?"

"The others see nothing; but you were right. I am glad you spoke to me. Now do as I tell you."

She did not rebel; and I cannot think even now that I made a mistake. She would have gone through worse trials, bitter humiliations, if she had remained with him. A lady, who was a friend of mine, and who lived at some distance, invited her to go to her for rest and change of air for a short time; and she went.

I did not see the parting. I suppose it was a strange one. On one side a hidden tragedy, on the other a light and casual farewell. And, Winny, as spectator, laughed and was very gay.

It was some weeks afterward, that I (who was again up country, engaged on my own enterprises) received another summons from Dora. She was still staying with the friend with whom I had placed her.

"It was foolish perhaps to ask you to come," she said, so soon as I saw her—for there was no one else present at the interview—"but I thought I should like you just to know—you have been a very good friend to me—and I did not feel that I could write it. They are to be married very soon."

"They? Who?"

"Ronald and Winny."

"The—scoundrel!"

"Oh, no," she urged piteously, "not Ronald! He cannot help it. You know that."

"Then Mrs. Ranger must be mad."

"No. She does not understand. I do

not think she could. She says that he is very fond of her; that he always preferred her—really; but he tried to like me, because I seemed good and could help him in what he wanted to do. But now he knows—this illness and the way she nursed him—and the way I nursed him—have shown him that—the other thing—would have made him very unhappy."

"And she believes all this?"

"Yes."

I was silent for a moment. Then I asked, "Has he no conscience left?"

"Oh, yes. But he cannot help it; and I,—I have made it easy to him."

There was the whole situation in a nutshell. He could no longer help it; and so she had made it easy to him.

But I protested against the situation. "This state of things is only temporary," I said, "he will probably, in time, become just what he once was. It is shocking that he should take an irretrievable step now. He could not do it if Mrs. Ranger had been true to you and herself."

"She believes him," said Dora simply, "and I think he is very urgent."

In this case he was, I believe, very urgent. He was not sure of himself, did not understand himself, and could not bear to wait. He wanted to escape at once from his serious past into a light and easy present which suited his altered temperament. Effort and endurance—once his second nature—had now become intolerable to him; and the presence of those who might expect him to be strong and endure, was for the time intolerable too.

He did not like to see me, but I made a point of visiting him once before his marriage, and of urging delay. I did not do it for Dora's sake; she had made me promise that I would not. It was on other grounds that I protested against the marriage; but I only made Lester very angry. He assured me that he was doing the wisest thing, the best for everybody. "I very nearly ruined my own happiness," he said, "and Dora's as well, by mistaking a sort of intellectual sympathy for personal love. She would have been miserable as my wife. She sees that now, and is glad to be free."

Still I urged delay.

"There is every reason against it," he said. "Winny wants looking after; and when she is my wife she can look after

Dora, and be a friend to her. That is what I want. Dora would be very lonely, you know, otherwise."

And so they were married; but the promised friendship was ineffectual. Winny had plenty to absorb her in other ways, and somehow Ronald's money did not now go so far as before. He was easy and extravagant, as was his wife. He became a brilliant talker, but rather a careless worker. He took everything pleasantly and lightly; he became very popular socially, a charming acquaintance for all, a real friend to none. Yet some people thought him improved, especially Winny. She said he was so clever, everybody told her so; but his temper was odd and capricious; home life did not suit him; it was almost necessary for them to visit a good deal, whether they could afford it or not.

Meanwhile Dora remained as a governess where she had gone as a friend. She had a hard life of it; the lady of the house fell into ill-health, the children were naughty, and there was far too much work thrown upon Dora's hands. She did not wish, however, to return to England. She had gone away to be married, and the thought of such a return was naturally painful to her. So she stayed where she was. I saw her from time to time; but she never asked me news of the Lesters, and I believe that Winny soon gave up writing to her. Winny's temper was getting spoiled by contact with a nature she did not understand; she had, besides, her sickly little girl to take up much of her time.

At last this sort of life came to an end. The lady who was Dora's friend and the mother of her pupils died; the children were sent away to school, and Dora determined to go back to England. Perhaps she thought she was old enough not to mind the strange humiliation of her return; perhaps the past seemed now far enough behind her to be faced even in the land of her happiest memories. I had always kept a sort of guardianship over her from a distance. Once more I ventured to ask her to marry me, but she answered: "No, no; I belong to him,—not to Winny's husband, but the Ronald that used to be. He never wronged me. I am as much his widow as if he had died then. I shall never change. If this terrible thing had happened to me instead of

to him, he would have been faithful to me, whatever I did. I will be true to him." This was indeed the strangest instance of faith in the face of fact that I had ever come across; and yet, I think, she was right. The one most cruelly wronged of all of us was Ronald; but fate, and not she, had wronged him.

### III.

If Dora went to England, however, I must go too, and I took passage in the same vessel. She showed as much confidence in my friendship as in Ronald's blameless faithfulness, letting me act as a sort of elderly kinsman to her; but I was really very little older than herself, no older at all than Ronald. He, however, with all his seriousness, had always possessed the enchanting and fervid quality of youth, and this was denied to me; perhaps this was why women trusted, but did not love me.

It was with a great shock of surprise that I discovered, when we were already on board the vessel, that the Lesters were to be our fellow-passengers to England. I had seen little of them for some time, and it appeared that they had come away at the last quite suddenly. Ronald had lost his appointment, so Winny told me, but she did not regret it; he would do so much better in England. I gathered from her also that they had lived beyond their means, and were much in debt; and I discovered afterward that her own small portion had gone with the rest. She told me that Ronald had been very strange lately, and restless; he wanted to get away to new places. When I saw him he looked to me like a haunted man; his old self had been gradually coming to life and tormenting him. He dared not face the look of it, and was trying to escape from it. He passed over his difficulties, however, with an air of bravado, very unlike his old character. When he and Dora met face to face for the first time, after those long years, I saw a look of absolute horror in his eyes, as if the past confronted him like a spectre. But she smiled gently, and put out her hand, and he immediately recovered himself. He spoke to her then with an exaggerated air of friendliness and ease, and turned aside to talk to her. She leaned over the bulwarks and looked at the water, and I heard their con-

versation. I suppose that to strangers there would have been nothing at all distasteful in what he said. Most persons would have pronounced him a clever, but rather egotistic man. To her I know that there were a lightness and unreality in his manner and conversation which pained her inexpressibly. She answered him quietly and composedly, but I know that she was glad when he went away. She remained where she was then, and did not look round; but when I went to her, the hand which she took away from her eyes (as if she had been shading them from the sun) was wet with tears. That was the only time that I ever saw her weep for her trouble; and it was for the change in him, not for the loss to her.

She kept almost entirely in her own cabin after that, pleading sickness. Winny was also very much occupied with her little girl, who was very sick. I saw a good deal of Ronald, and noticed how restless and excited, how impatient and irritable he was. The ship seemed too small for him, its pace too slow. Sometimes he avoided me, sometimes he sought me out half defiantly.

Then we encountered a great storm, from which the ship came out waterlogged, a drifting wreck. After that there were dreadful days of heat and calm; the sea shone and the sun burned, and the heart sickened with hope delayed. The men worked at the pumps, and we all watched for a sail. We were far from land, but we might keep up for some days yet, the captain said, if we had quiet weather. Meanwhile we slowly drifted, and we hoped that we were drifting landward.

Winny's little girl was very ill, and her mother rarely left her. Ronald showed himself always more excited and impatient of inactivity. His wife told me that he hardly slept at all, and begged me to give him a sedative. I did so at last; but the result was unfortunate, for the medicine made him more wakeful still; and the next day, which was one of fiery heat, found him worse than ever. He would not be advised or controlled; he exposed himself with mad imprudence to the whole force of the sun, and by night time he was, not at all to my astonishment, struck down by some strange illness, whether a form of sunstroke or of brain fever I could not tell. He was at first unconscious, then

wildly delirious, and knew no one. His wife could not leave her little girl, and I was obliged to have some help. Dora offered hers. He did not recognize her, and in the distracted state of every one on board it would have been difficult to find any one else fit for the work. I think she was glad to have it, and I was glad to give it to her. So we nursed him together, she and I, for more than one day and night; while the ship drifted, drifted, and the captain said we drew nearer land. Ronald talked wildly of the long past, when he was a boy at school; of his mother and his sisters; but of Winny or of Dora he said not a word.

At last there came a night when he opened his eyes and looked about him observantly. I saw the look and knew that a change had come. This was the old Ronald that we had known. In the mystic land in which he had wandered he had somehow come across the lost tracks and followed them. How could we welcome him back to a world which was no longer the same?

"Dora!" he murmured, "Dora!"

She turned her startled gaze to mine (for she stood beside his bed), and I looked at her imperatively. She understood what I meant to say, and obeyed me.

"Yes," she said, "I am here, Ronald."

"I knew," he murmured, "that you would be here. Through all the evil dreams I knew that you waited for me at the end. Give me your hand."

I had drawn silently nearer to her. Now I whispered, "Do whatever he asks you. He will soon fall asleep, and then you shall go."

She gave him her hand, and he clasped it in both his own. Then his eyes closed, he seemed to be satisfied. But she gazed at me imploringly. "Do not go away," she whispered.

That was indeed a strange night for me and for her; for him it was, I think, a happy one. He spoke now and then; and she answered him in her soft, clear tones, for he would not be satisfied otherwise. "It is beautiful to hear your voice in the darkness," he said; "it comes to me like something I have waited a lifetime for. Speak to me again. Tell me you are here." And she answered him softly but distinctly, "I am here." She

kept her head bent ; I could not see her face in the dim light ; I knew not what great force of self-repression she was using ; but her voice was clear enough. And yet how strange it was to hear the things he said to her, and to know the truth ! I had no right to hear them ; but if I had gone away she would not have stayed. So I had to endure it. I suppose that what she endured was worse. He spoke to her as her lover, to whom she was to be married in a few days ; and she knew that he had been for years the husband of another woman.

What he said was I suppose much what every passionate lover says to his mistress, but there was an intensity in his voice which affected even me. I did not wonder that she had given her heart to him in the past. He seemed at last a little dissatisfied with her gentle reticence, and asked, "Is any one else here ?" I answered, "I am here. You have been very ill, and I have been helping to nurse you." "Oh," he murmured, "I have been ill. That accounts for many things. But for that we should have been married already ; should we not, Dora ? And I have had strange dreams. Now I can sleep quietly, having heard your dear voice in the darkness. Kiss me, darling, and go and rest."

She hesitated for a moment ; then she bent over him and touched his lips lightly with hers. But he put out his arms—I could see this, because the cabin was not dark, as he said, only dimly lighted—and strained her to his heart in a long and close embrace. She rose to her feet as he released her, and I saw that a strong shudder went through her whole frame ; otherwise she stood quite still and silent. I was afraid that I had demanded too much from her ; but I saw that in a moment she had recovered herself, and with a quiet step she left the cabin. She said no word to me.

I waited beside him until he fell asleep, and then I went to seek her, having some vague fear on her behalf. As I did so I passed the cabin where Winny slept with her child. The door was open, and she was talking to it rather fretfully. "Is he better ?" she asked as she heard me ; and I answered "Yes," which seemed to satisfy her.

When I came to the door of Dora's cabin all seemed dark and silent. Stretch-

ing out my hand to knock I found that the latch had been injured in the storm ; there was no real fastening, and the door swung open before me. There was a dim light within by which I could see Dora. She lay on the floor on her face with her head on her arms, as still as if she were dead. There was something shocking to me in the abandonment of her attitude, as if at last her grief had beaten her to the earth and she could no longer hold up against it. But she was very quiet ; not a tremor ran through her white fingers, which were clasped beneath her head upon the floor. I closed the door softly and went. No one could help her or comfort her. She must bear and conquer her trouble alone.

Ronald slept so well and so naturally that toward morning I ventured to leave him and to go up on deck. The sea was still. At last, far off, was a glimpse of land.

Presently Dora joined me. She was carefully dressed and quite composed. There was even a smile on her face as she pointed to the distant shore. "After all," she said, "we are going to be saved."

I looked in her eyes as she spoke, and I should have liked to ask her, "Do you want to be saved ?" But it would have been cruel to speak so in the face of her courage.

As I stood with her there, still talking of the chance of reaching shore, an unforeseen circumstance happened. Ronald Lester, fully dressed, but walking a little uncertainly, and looking a shadow of his former self, came up on deck and joined us. I had expected to keep him below, and I had intended to inform him, as judiciously as possible, of his present situation before he saw either Winny or Dora. Now I hardly knew what to do. Dora turned a little paler—she had never much color now, though she kept her beauty wonderfully—and looked down at the water.

"I am better," said Ronald, "so I got up. I wanted to see—Dora." He looked round him with a little bewilderment and a good deal of uneasiness. It struck me that he was relieved when he saw no one else near us.

"I suppose I have been ill for some time," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "for some time."

"And things have probably happened which I do not remember yet?"

"Many things."

He looked very much troubled, but gathered himself together, as it were, and replied: "Ah well, they can wait. I need not understand it all just yet. I am here, and Dora is here,"—his look at her expressed everything it could do as he said this,—"so the rest matters very little. It seems odd that you should have brought me to sea when I was ill. I remember the beginning of an accident. I suppose you thought that change of air—" He seemed half afraid to proceed further, yet anxious to know more. I did not answer him, and he did not pursue the subject of his accident, but asked, "Have we been shipwrecked?"

"We are quite disabled, and half full of water. We can hardly keep afloat a couple of hours longer. But the boats are being got ready, and we are near enough land to reach it."

"Are there many women and children on board?" His air of curiosity was blended with anxiety. What did he dread to hear? Did his dreams haunt him painfully? "Some women and children," I answered, not daring to speak of Winny and the little girl. Surely he would remember them presently. Dora looked ever at the sea. If he would remember it would save us both much trouble. I cannot say how much time passed while we stood there. For once I felt paralyzed. The situation overpowered me; and Dora expected me to act. A strange lassitude of content rested upon Ronald. He seemed to have got back, a broken man indeed, but himself as he used to be, into a haven left long ago. The mere fact of Dora's presence was sufficient for him. He preferred, apparently, to ask no more.

Meanwhile the deck had become a busy scene. The boats were being prepared, the passengers were crowding forward, eager to take their places. At last I saw Winny, with an anxious face, and her child,—a heavy weight for her now—in her arms, coming toward us.

"Are you so much better, Ronald?" she cried. "Oh, I am so glad. But why does nobody tell me what to do? I thought Dora would come, or somebody."

Ronald looked at me oddly.

"Who is the little girl?" he said.

"I seem to remember her in my dream. It was not a pleasant dream."

I went to Winny, intending to lead her away. The foolish thought that she had no right there, that she was an intruder, was in my mind. But she would not be so taken possession of by me. "We must go in the first boat," she protested; "but Ronald must go with us. Why does he not come?"

"He is ill," I answered promptly. "Take your child and go forward. I will look after him."

She was reluctant to go, afraid to stay; but she moved away. I ought to have been more sorry for the poor woman than I was.

Dora turned now to Ronald and looked him full in the face. "I think you ought to go and look after her if you are able," she said gently.

"And leave *you*? Why?" but I saw a doubt, a dreadful memory, begin to gather in his eye.

"Because she is your wife. You have been ill and have forgotten."

I saw then that I ought not to have left her to do this cruel thing; but I had been stupefied before. He leaned forward heavily and trembled. "That was the dream," he said; "you do not mean to tell me that it was true. It *cannot* be true. I could not do it."

She did not answer him.

"How long is it,—since?"

"Five years."

"And I have been married to her?"

"More than four."

"And you,—in those five years?"

Her smile was a bitter-sweet one as she answered him, "I have lived; we can none of us do more,—or less."

"It is impossible!" he cried. "She was your friend. If I could do it, she could not."

"She was not to blame. You wished it very much," she answered gently.

"I—wished it?" and he laughed scornfully; and yet I think he began to remember it all,—but as if it had happened to another man.

"No one was to blame," she persisted, with a grave sweetness, which seemed to influence him and to calm him at the same time. "Not you, nor I, nor she. And what you have to bear I have borne for five years. I think we must make the best of it now."



"But you wronged no one," he protested passionately, awaking in a bewildered way to the whole meaning of the situation.

"Nor you," she answered simply. "You never could. It was not in your nature; it is not in your nature now."

He listened to her intently, as if—feeling so utterly astray—he sought guidance in her voice. "You mean that my duty is elsewhere?"

She did not answer, but her silence was expressive.

"And the little girl is her baby, whom I remember."

Nobody spoke. Perhaps his dream spoke for us. It was better so. Words seemed impossible; they meant too much and too little.

"I understand," he said, after a moment's pause, "that they belong to me. I will go and put them in the boat. Then I will come back to you."

He seemed gifted with a new energy, as he turned and walked steadily away. I did not think of going; I, at least, belonged to Dora, and had never forfeited my right to look after her.

But he came back again presently, and waited with us silently. Not one of us seemed in a hurry to go. We were willing to remain for the last boat, as the others were launched and rowed rapidly away over the bright sea. It appeared then that the only passengers left were Ronald, myself and Dora. Dora had been pressed to go before, but she gave up her place to some one else. In the confusion I think that it was not quite understood that a lady had been left behind for the last boat. Neither Ronald nor I urged her to do anything but what she wished. If she preferred to give the best chance of life to others,—even to men—I thought that she had the right to do it.

And then it was discovered that the boat left for us had been badly injured in the storm, and the accident had been overlooked until now. Already the other boats were far away, and they were, besides, fully laden. Except ourselves, every one had been eager to get away from the doomed ship. Moments were of value, and it would take long to repair the boat efficiently. It was a strange oversight which had made this situation possible.

The captain came to me, his face white

with the anguish of remorse. "We will make what haste we can," he said, "but if the ship sinks first, the lady—" he could not go on. "We shall have to swim for it, you know."

"I will do my best for her," I answered; "you and the men do what is possible with the boat." I knew that my help would have been useless there, I should only have got in the way.

Ronald and Dora leaned over the side of the vessel together. They understood our position, and did not seem afraid. I lingered near them, remembering my promise to help her. The conversation which I heard, and of which they made no secret, seemed a continuation of something that had been said before. "I wonder what comforted you most in all those years," he was saying to her. "Duty?"

"Duty sometimes means despair," she answered gently. It was strange to me to hear the hard things she said in her soft voice. Indeed I thought that she revenged herself in that last interview somewhat for her long silence. Perhaps she could not resist the temptation of speaking at last to one who loved and understood her. I had indeed loved and understood her all the time, but that did not appear to count for much. As for him, he seemed now to realize the situation fully. His awakening had been rapid in the sudden crisis thrust upon us.

"I wonder if life or death is before us?" he said. "In another world, at least, you will belong to me."

"Do you want another world?" she answered. "Has not one been enough?"

Hers was a strange creed, first learned, I fancy, from him. But she found in it that which a good woman finds apparently everywhere, a reason to love and to forgive, a lesson of patience and endurance and faithfulness. He had, on the other hand, a strong instinct of rebellion and indignation against that hard hand of fate which he had once declared irresponsible and inevitable.

"I cannot bear it," he said suddenly; and then he added, "You kissed me last night in the cabin. Let me kiss you again now. The ship is going down presently with us both." But she shrank away from him in horrified surprise. "Who will know it or be the worse for it?" he persisted.

"I should know it and be the worse for it," she answered.

"Yet last night—"

"Last night you did not understand."

"And you gave it to me as a sort of tonic, as you would have given me any other medicine that was ordered. You are cruel to me after all. You never loved me as I loved you."

"Oh, hush!" she said, and her voice broke into a sob at last. "After all these years,—when I have hardly borne even to touch any other hand, because yours—" She could not go on further, but he was melted to tenderness and repentance. "Forgive me! forgive me!" I saw him put his hand on hers where it had rested near him; and she did not move away, but let her fingers clasp his, while a new look of peace and comfort stole into her face. "I wrong you every way. Trust me; love me; I ask no more from you. Only tell me this; have you had any thought that has been a compensation to you for all that I made you endure, that I did not know you were enduring?"

"Yes," she answered; "that you have loved me, and that I need not blame you in anything—in anything. I never have blamed you, and I never will."

"You never shall have need again."

I moved away from them. I could not

bear to hear more. Was this a farewell or a reunion? I put the length of the ship between myself and them, forgetting my design of keeping near her. While I was far off the ship gave a great shudder,—and then we all went down together. I was not drowned, having been never a lucky man. I reached shore safely enough; so did the captain and all the men with him; but no one saw Ronald or Dora any more.

I found Winny already on land, very unhappy, and asking what she had better do. There seemed a sort of reason why I should provide for her in the circumstances; she almost expected it, and I have, so far, fulfilled her expectations.

When I look back I cannot say that Dora Wyntree was more unhappy than many women. She had at least her moment of triumph at the end, when her faith in human truth and human tenderness was vindicated. She kept her ideals and her self-respect to the last. "Whom the gods love die young." I do not see for myself any prospect of a speedy death. And no woman ever loved me as she loved Ronald. To some the wine of life brings bitterness and anguish and despair; but there are others who never taste it. The cup is served to them empty.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## ENGLISH AND AMERICANS.

### SECOND PAPER.

BY MORTON FULLERTON.

AN American prophet is not without honor, save in his own country; but it is curious how much his countrymen's estimate of him depends upon foreign appreciation, especially that of Englishmen, and therefore how rare is his opportunity for self-congratulation, considering that England has so slight a regard for America's foremost men, her poets and prophets, and so little real knowledge of them. To-day, it may almost be said of American writers, painters, sculptors, that they require the stamp of European approval in order to attain a recognized place of esteem in American opinion. America as yet is not sure of its judgments. But woe to the Englishman who commits the tactless indiscretion of saying that this is so.

Americans, however, see no reason for humbly impressing their deficiency upon others. While the Englishman prefers to live in a fool's paradise of imperial pride, the American, with the assurance of immaturity, assumes a certainty and omniscience which he knows to be ill-founded, and which can deceive nobody acquainted with history and human nature. He may admit, within the privacy of his own geographical boundaries and to other Americans, bitter things about himself and his fellows; but like the English, in their assertion of their own pushing dominance, he is not possessed of sufficient magnanimity to own the truth to others who are not of his own kith and kin.

It is amusing to come upon a character-

istic such as this, reminiscent of the boyish inflation of the public school, in the attitude and bearing of states when they are forced to throw their shoulders back and toe the line of dignity. "You have no idea, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed," said Count Oxenstiern, the Chancellor of Sweden. Behind the conventional and magniloquent phrases of diplomatic correspondence is frequently a void of intellectual inanity that sometimes imposes upon statesmen themselves. A score of adequate illustrations, both English and American, crowd to the point of my pen in this connection. But the most conspicuous illustration of all it occurs to me to give at the moment, because it will serve also, by the way, as an all-sufficient proof of the prominence and pervasiveness of the English characteristic of selfishness, in illustration of which I noted in a former article a more trivial instance that has been much criticised.

Never has England's selfishness, her constant practical belief in the truth of the principle of Natural Selection, and her confidence that the working of this theory may be facilitated by jealous attention to one's own resources—God helping those who help themselves—been more effectively demonstrable than in the whole history of her relations with her colonies. She has believed that the race is indeed to the swiftest, and the battle to the strongest, and bread to the worldly-wise, and she has seen that the best way to prove this is to win by being universally competent herself. But in statecraft, as in the selling of eggs, there may be a wisdom of the penny and a foolishness of the pound. In this one conspicuous particular such fiscal demoralization and folly have almost always marked the policy of the usually so sane and sensible and fair-minded England. What her ministers ought always to have done in regard to colonial affairs, that is, in regard to foreign affairs that were really home affairs, was to have bent all their energies to hoodwinking the people. She should have made her children useful to her, and at the same time concealed from them their subjection. What actually she has succeeded in doing is either to apply the chastizing rod, or else to show in regard to her offspring an unnatural indifference. Hence the cultivation of that spirit of alienation in the

colonies which a century ago wrested from England the United States in America, and which seems liable to disintegrate her larger empire of this nineteenth century. Ordinarily any proper working theory of diplomacy depends upon a practical application to human nature of the eternal principle of the Conservation of Energy; action, that is, without speech, *faire sans dire*. But what shall we say of a people who, in the first place, have from sheer indifference neglected their duty for so long a time that the policy of *faire sans dire* is now impracticable, and who now fail to take the only course left open to them, that of a generous interest and sympathy, which shall uproot all falsity of pride? By such careless indifference to-day England runs the risk of losing a splendid empire.

The American revolution taught England nothing. Her frantic endeavors to bite off her own nose are almost pathetic. She betrays dangerous symptoms of growing cataract, impairing clearness of vision. Her statesmen need a course in moral geometry and ethical conic sections, to learn how to plot outward, into regions that just as intimately concern them beyond their shores, the projection of certain admirably straight lines and principles which they readily enough apply to themselves and to the people for whom they legislate in their own island. As long ago as the time of Edward I. the decree *de tallagio non concedendo* settled that no tax or impost should be levied without the joint consent of the Lords and Commons. In England itself this has been a sacred principle for centuries, and out of it grew the principle of no taxation without representation. But violation of the spirit of this decree lost to the mother country the American colonies. England did not see at the time, and she does not now wholly see, that her sons are her sons though seas divide them. How fond Englishmen are of facts and how well they manipulate them I have elsewhere stated. "The English now and then produce a learned creature like a thistle, prickly with all facts, and incapable of all fruit." But apparently England is the Doubting Thomas of the nations, who believes in no facts but those which she can literally handle—such for instance as produce the clannish barbaric warfare that often exists for generations between families, over

merely a disputed ell of real estate—or else facts that she can see in closest perspective. Unless this were true she would be more alive to the stress of the present time. The American Revolution was as truly a civil war as the War of Secession in America or the great Cromwellian outbreak of that name in England. George III. thought it the revolt of a dependency. It is a fallacy, however, that has been too long held to imagine that the American colonies proved their right to a separate existence by virtue of their success. The legitimacy of the struggle lay in its character as a fight for equity of rights. New Englishmen happened to have a temper more English than that of their domineering elder brothers on the soil of the old home, and they were more keenly alive to any derogation from their rights. Like the Plaza-Toro family in the *Gondoliers* they did not “demand” until they had first “sought” and “desired” equality of recognition at court with the other porticns of the State. When that freedom and equality were denied them by an ignorant and indifferent government, then was born their right to fight to the bitter end. But, of course, the issue of individual existence, beyond that of local self-government, was by no means constitutional or anything but revolutionary. As self-respecting Englishmen their only course was a protracted obstinacy. But the spirit of final compromise which usually stands Englishmen in such good stead forsook at this crisis those who lived at home, and the wrongheadedness of Lord North’s government dropped the insolent iron hand of coercion upon a people very much more English than the Englishmen who were then in the majority in Parliament. Had it not been for an estranging sea, too wide to be traversed by the unsympathetic selfish gaze of England, Englishmen would have seen that they were putting their feet upon the necks of brothers, and that it was time to change the character they were playing to that of Sir Giles Fairplay which suits them so much better. Here was an object lesson that one might have thought large enough even for eyes other than English. But it was not learned in America any more than, as we see ample proofs to-day, it has been learned in England. As a civil war, the American Revolution was inevitable; as a war of independence, it

was at the time a geographical necessity. The Civil War in America discussed, with the argument of bullets, practically the same question, namely the rights enjoyed by people possessed of local self-government, and the duties incumbent upon them. The right of the South to secession was much more plausible than that of the original colonies of New England to secede. For the national integrity depended originally upon a voluntary compact. The exact nature of State rights and the Union was far less quickly and certainly determinable, and the individual independence of the several states was really an arguable question; whereas that of the colonies was not, until a stupid policy drew a line wider than the ocean between the home island and that part of England in America. Fortunately for both the North and the South in America there were no natural barriers of mountain or dim stretches of vague sea to solve, as with the irony of a fate that puts to scorn all human intervention, a question in which the anxious discussions of men were vain, and their actual warfare impotently sublime and pathetic folly. Marriages of states, obviously, save on the shores of the Adriatic, are made in heaven; at all events not always by the orthodox appointed ministers on earth.

This entire significant episode of history is largely explained by the fact that the characteristic English selfishness got the upper hands of the English habit of compromise almost as characteristic. As has been said before, from the dominance of this principle, which destroyed her insight and injured her sense of perspective, she has suffered much chagrin. That even thus the whole injury she does herself is not told, but that in general this selfishness even distorts her judgment, I lately noted entertainingly illustrated by a mural tablet placed between two nondescript Indians in Westminster Abbey, who hold upon their heads a piece of sculpture erected to the memory of an Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Roger Townshend, killed by a cannonball on the 25th of July, 1759, as he was reconnoitring the French lines at Ticonderoga. This slab enrolls the Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Roger Townshend “with the names of those immortal statesmen and commanders whose wisdom and intrepidity in the cause of this comprehensive and successful war have extended the com-

merce, enlarged the dominions, and upheld the majesty of these kingdoms, beyond the idea of any former age." Notwithstanding the internal evidence of the style there is no reason to suppose that the Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Roger Townshend, one of the immortals of this war which upheld the majesty of this British empire beyond the idea of any former age, is a mythical creature or a demigod. For Fort Ticonderoga still stands, the most imposing military ruin in America, and across its western barracks the sun sets full upon its brown and crumbling stone, now adorned with a truly nineteenth century legend in the staring white letters of somebody's "Stove Polish." This legend attests at all events a certain reality to the cycle of stories clustering about the ruin. But Ticonderoga is not only a monument to American vulgarity, but also a warning to Englishmen of the fatality lurking in their short-sighted selfishness and in the practical lack of perspective I have mentioned. They should see to it that amid the long wash of Australasian seas there arise not another Ticonderoga as significant. For they still have it in their power at this period of rapidly extending intercommunication, when seas no longer divide as they once did in the earlier time when Englishmen in America laid the foundations of their new American state, to seize the event, and, securing for themselves and their posterity a harmonious and federated empire, to seal for all time the issue of the future.

It is a pity that the inflation and boastfulness of which mention has been made, arising partly from a sense of their own deficiencies, should be so rife among Americans, for it is unnecessary. A talent of appreciation is much more natural to the Americans than to the English. But criticism, of course, however much it fulfils its function by being simply a faithful recording of impressions, or as a sympathetic interpretation, is at least the ability to know a good thing when one sees it. Yet the feeling of the courage of one's convictions, while always a moral characteristic in a person of artistic genius or good abilities, unfortunately may exist quite apart from critical insight or intellectual cleverness. The unadulterated strain of English blood in America, and certain other small sections of charming and cultivated people not English, still

possess this steadiness and poise which I have elsewhere called moral inertia, and are quite free from the vulgar "bounce" and boastfulness. But these are no longer the dominant classes in American life. Democratic institutions have tended to their disfranchisement. The remnant, possessing a refined tradition of manners and of culture, and endowed hereditarily with the love of whatsoever things are noble and of good report, comparatively speaking is very small. Not unlike the class of the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris, it lives in as unobtrusive an alienation as possible in the midst of a vast number of good-natured and commonplace vulgarians. Its function is the tending of the vestal fires. It is an aristocracy beyond any question more exclusive than the aristocracy of England. Levites of the arcana of the best in American life, their own self-preservation almost demands their isolation. Their condition is pathetic, were it not so enviable, in the distinction attaching to their sacred obligation of preserving the national records and keeping the fires alight. At times they half believe they prefer the "stinking breath" and the "sweaty nightcap" of the rampant democracy, fast developing in England, to the exasperating habit of *gaucherie*, manifested in every gesture by people given only to pennies, psalms, or platitudes. For though the gap between the higher and the lower in England is yearly narrowing, still there is a pleasant deference and that habit of respect which leads to ease of living there. In America, the presumptuous familiarity of manner, born usually of the very kindest and most unselfish feelings, is extremely odious, and none the less so for the merit of its origin. American *bonhomie* seems to be an endeavor to be one thing to all men. This is not at all the same thing as being all things to all men. The Pauline diplomacy is an ideal that neither England nor America has reached. The self-centred indifference of Englishmen is as unfavorable to this ideal as the hearty abandon of indiscriminate intimacy that marks the American type. The Christian conception of the fellowship of mankind and love of one's neighbor has become far riper in America than in England, and it is usually more genuine when it exists. But there is very little of the actual spirit of Christianity in either country. There,

as here, Jesus, whom haters of the Jews with perverse thoughtlessness still prefer to call Christ, is the most discussed, but the least understood, person in history. In America people are often wooed to churches where they are told nine times what Paul said to once what Jesus said, and their attendance is won by theatrical devices which in England would be thought very bad taste indeed. But listeners once won are for the most part more intellectually entertained and spiritually enlightened by the sermon than church-goers in England. Except in the Episcopal denomination so called, which is in America only a sect among others more significant, the same interest does not attach to the rest of the service other than the sermon. But the average ability of New English or even American clergy is in advance of the average ability of the same class in England. In comparison with the stern tutelage of the New English clergy the training and circumstances of clergy in England under the Establishment have been lax. The result has been a stronger moral fibre, but a learning adapted to less humane ends, and in general a deeper but less broad intellectual achievement. "The religion most prevalent in our northern colonies," said Burke, in his speech on conciliation with America, "is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent; and the protestantism of the Protestant religion." The element of life transplanted in the first two centuries beyond the Atlantic was an invigorating principle from the marrow of the English backbone. This protestantism of the Protestant religion gave integrity and vitality of latent energy which assured continuous and, on the whole, healthy development to a people caring less for artistic grace than the grace of God. It was a Puritanism radically the same that was accountable for the historical life of the Israelites and of the early Greeks. Concerted action and a unanimous and patriotic pride in their own national life, based on sublimity of conceit in their own special god, have characterized all great peoples before their decadence. But the manly English strength of the early New Englishman has largely disappeared. Yet in the advance toward *disillusionment*, to which every people tends, America placed, geographically speaking, eccentrically off the focal centre

of European influence, has got only to the precipitous edge of the gulf of despair; but that it is even in the neighborhood it is utterly unconscious. The modern American keeps the intellectual expression of his ancestor's faith, and of most of his points of view, but he is not inspired with his indomitable confidence in a vital reality behind the expressions. England has undergone and is now undergoing a *disillusionment* as revolutionary as that of France, but, as its habit is, it takes the change more decorously. An Englishman never tells all he knows, and much less frequently all he feels. His sanity and reticence in matters of religion, as well as upon all other concerns of importance, should not be allowed to hide the fact of this tremendous and pervasive subterranean change. The cloak of his hypocrisy will in time not far distant cover America. But there it can never so effectually hide the gestures underneath as in England. Perhaps it is because the mantle is so ample and always has been ample, thus affording opportunities of quieter consideration of what will be the best way when changes threaten to adapt oneself to the new order of the time, that England's history has been so continuously expansive along the line of liberty; and that only in rare instances have events come to birth prematurely, or found the larger part of the state unprepared for them. Of this truth the first two centuries of New English history—the most characteristic, as I have elsewhere said, in English history—offer conspicuous proof. But neither the New England of to-day, nor any body of men in America, can be cited to this end. New England has almost outlived her name. Its boundaries are now holding another race. As democracy advances in England, and other nations more and more rub shoulders against the Englishman on the sacred soil of the paradise of his own patrimony, Englishmen will gradually take the American hue. Still insular, how fast is the Englishman becoming cosmopolitan and democratic; and how sad that he should not realize that his way has before been trodden by the New Englishman. The form which England's worldly wisdom has taken is a perfectly natural result of her geographical position. For some centuries she has sat in the seat of customs. Stormed by the battering of these northern seas, England's rock has risen in the

very highway of the waves of largest international influence. Her reticence, her selfishness, were needed for her self-preservation. Everything, she knew, would come to her in time. Hence her dignity and patience in the best type of her sons, and in her worst the narrow horizon of her mind, her brutal self-sufficiency and coarse pugnacity born of an ignorance always eager to die in order to save its prejudices. No brutality, no coarseness, is so odious as English coarseness. Little of this was transplanted to America, however, to the home of mediocrity and the Common. Always through the centuries the best type of Englishman, both in England and New England, has had visions of the *flamantia mœnia mundi*. The calm, slow, conservative Englishman, given to sleeping in Authority, and dreaming of the past, is not the only, though he is the average and the passing, type. There has always been a saving few given to the cultivation of variations from the original stock, and the courageous pursuit of deviating and eccentric humors. In the open play of discussion which has been possible in England, how often have flashes of seminal and illuminating thought been struck out in the interests of Truth, and how rarely elsewhere has the light been brighter! But the flaming boundaries of the worlds have scarcely been kenned more resolutely in this island than by single-eyed observers on New English hill-tops; through many a calm long night of the first two centuries of her history. Now things are not quite the same. Englishmen, educated wisely for generations in liberty and self reliance, and amid that collection of rights called free institutions, were able in America to work out their own salvation without even the amount of fear and trembling that is prescribed and that one might have thought necessary. Suddenly, however, representatives of races without the habits of self-reliance, and unpractised in the technique of practical government, invade the country, and the first scientific result is a swamping tidal-wave.

It makes a vast difference whether democracy grows up naturally from within or is imported from without as an idea to be engrafted. It makes a large part of the difference, indeed, between France and England, between England and the modern United States, between the first

two centuries of American national life and the last half century of that life. America of the last thirty or forty years bears scarcely any resemblance to the original English New England. She has taken a step from which now there is no going back. She is selling her original birth-right for a conglomerate mess of pottage, in which Irish stew, mulligatawny soup, corn-bread, sauer-kraut, and lager beer are staple ingredients. The modern America of the States is entering upon certain social problems absolutely new to it. These problems must be settled by methods for which she will not be able to find any precedent in her English traditions. For her earlier history, indeed almost for the first two centuries of her history, the phenomena with which she had to deal were distinct, definite, what the scientists call isolated, and therefore comparatively simple. The complicated tangle of those that now exist is so very perplexing that she may well tremble at the problem of unravelling them. At the start she was forced for her very life to eject elements of hostility which threatened her existence. Among such the Quakers have a plain tale of intolerance manifested toward them, for instance, to cite in proof. But for the most part during this period in America nothing impeded her growth; and with such blood in her veins, no wonder she succeeded. Liberty, planted in a soil that was unchoked by any weeds of an older time—a growth that in England was deep rooted and feudal—grew to quick maturity. But just for this reason the establishment of national unity and republican government was not quite so remarkable an achievement at the time as to-day they seem. The difficulties of Frenchmen in the solution of their problem, which only to a superficial view can possibly appear the same as the American, and was and is in reality radically different, are worth noting. Two generations passed between the protective and feudal age of Louis XIV. and the Revolution, and meanwhile almost every eminent Frenchman, formerly having thought England barbarian, came to this island of liberty. Voltaire introduced to France Locke, Newton, and Shakespeare. “Until Voltaire had got to know England by his travels and friendship,” says Cousin, “he was not Voltaire.” The effect of these leaders of light was that of an

awakening spark. We know the story ; but in the flame and the fire many traditions were untouched and many affections went unscorched. They had only disappeared for a time from view in the smoke of the conflagration. In some the love of the old *régime*, and in others the force of a cowering habit, were here and there asbestos in the fire. "I'd rather be a Stuart bastard than a legitimate Guelph," a friend once said to me. It was a kind of sentiment like this that pervaded France and still is not unknown there. Moreover a people is always impressed by mystery, and cares for what it does not or cannot possess, as well as to recall what the fathers enjoyed in "the good old times." And it is against this host of prejudices, affections, predispositions that liberty has had to make its way in France. A people denied the experience of self-government is almost sure to go mad if inflamed with an abstract idea of liberty, equality, fraternity, for which it is not ripe. Constitutional government in England has been self-government in leading-strings. The early colonists in America were largely Englishmen with all the English training who thoroughly believed that under favorable conditions the leading-strings could be snapped. They were perfectly right. But they who have builded the house no longer sit at the head of the table, and all about the board is a motley throng. What is to be the nature of the remaining courses of the banquet or the quality of the after-dinner wine and speeches, he must be either a clever schoolboy or a wise prophet to suggest. Perhaps the deadlock of business recently in the Ameri-

can House of Representatives, nominally over the question of a quorum, may indicate to some extent the lines along which data may be collected for the prophetic generalization. The episode was not a pleasant one. It tested nothing, but it revealed weaknesses. It showed among other things how bitter still is sectional prejudice, and how keen still the sense of sovereignty among the Southern States. Moreover, it illustrated on a large scale an important point that Mr. Bagehot was always making, the greater working efficiency of the parliamentary form of government over the presidential in its union of the executive and legislative functions. Is it to be hoped that this American episode is the rapid retrogression that it seems away from the idea of centralization of power, and the delegation of authority to the lower House? A crisis such as this, however, if overcome quietly and calmly settled, must tend to the establishment of government on a more solid basis. The English cabinet, which is simply a governing committee of presumably the most wisely chosen representatives of the dominant party, has made the actual business of government and the legislative will of the party in power almost identical. This is an ideal yet to be attained in the less simple system of the government of the United States.\* The significance of the present filibustering flutter remains yet to be seen. But it is unfortunate, I admit, to be reminded again and just at this moment of the remark of Count Oxenstiern, "You have have no idea, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed." —*Fortnightly Review*.

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## INSECT COMMUNISTS.

BY MRS. FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

Social experiments are not easily tried. The people who are willing to come out from the mass of their fellows and live in the isolation of a new social order, startlingly different from the plan of life of the rest of their contemporaries, are not necessarily the people who are best fitted to make such an experiment succeed. Those who are ripe for change and novelty are not, in the nature of the case, likely to be most successful with the busi-

ness of daily life. It is, therefore, open to the modern Socialist, when he presses his scheme for the reorganization of society on a Communistic basis, to repudiate the several attempts that have been made

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\* Whether this is a desirable ideal, however, is an important and interesting matter for discussion. No one has written more ably upon this subject than Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, in his *Essays on Government*, Boston, 1889.



by his predecessors to live out their ideas. He may say that New Lanark, and Oneida Creek, and the rest of the defunct Socialistic communities, were conducted by peculiar people, and were, therefore, doomed to failure from the first; but that if only all society, men of every form of talent and character, could be compelled to live on communistic principles, as they all live now on individualistic ones, the result would be entirely different from anything hitherto seen.

It is open to the Socialist to make this assertion. Yet before our modern civilization is drawn on much farther in the road that he would have us follow, it would be decidedly satisfactory if we could see the experiment of Communism succeed on a small scale. Among men, it has never yet succeeded. All efforts to organize a society on such a plan have come to a speedy end. The basis of Individualism is that upon which society has progressed from savagery to civilization. By individual effort for personal and family advantage, mankind has been slowly advanced from general destitution to comparative comfort for all (even paupers and slum dwellers of to-day enjoying vast advantages as compared with primitive man); from tyrannical control by the stronger over the weaker to a large measure of personal freedom; from superstitious, priest-ridden fear to self-respecting search into truth; from absolute slavery beneath the forces of nature, to a degree—yet to be increased—of mastery over fire, wind, water, and electricity; from the Obi man's charms for disease to the surgery of to-day; from the imperfect, guttural grunting still heard for speech in the lowest races of men to the music and the flexibility and the finely-shaded meaning of even ordinary educated talk; from the undressed skins of beasts for clothing to cotton and tweed, muslin and silk, flannel and my lady's furs; from a diet of rudely-charred flesh, uncooked fish, and wild berries to the multitudinous cheap as well as costly food-stuffs of to-day; from famine ever stalking the tribe, and carrying off hordes at frequent intervals when the fresh food-supply of nature failed for a month or so, to the store of grain, pulses and live-stock by which now the price of food is kept at a fairly even level; from the hand-to-mouth, daily struggle with Nature in the raw to the

great resources of Capital, the machinery, the roads, the credit system, the division of labor, and the rest of the elaboration of our social economy of to-day. This progress has been based, to put it in its harsh and blunt truth, upon selfishness. It has been achieved, and it is now being continued, by men seeking primarily their own welfare, and struggling for the improvement of their own particular circumstances. Men invent and discover, and men toil to the utmost of their powers with mind and body, and men save and apply their savings to future production, for their own individual advantage and advancement in the first place, and for that of those near and dear to them in the second. What is there to replace this motive if it be removed?

The individualistic basis for society seems to the political economist not so much the best of all possible plans, as the only plan possible, for the organization into a complex social unity of a vast multitude of individuals, of all varieties of strength, capacity, and taste. Moreover, men are able to increase their numbers far more rapidly than they can their means of subsistence; and parental prudence, imperfectly exercised as it is at present, is imperatively necessary to prevent famine and overcrowding. The political economist rests his hope (which is as ardent as if more sober than that of the Socialist) for improving the lot of the poorest in the future largely on the growth of parental prudence, induced by the experience of the suffering caused by parental recklessness; and he therefore regards with dismay the loss of all sense of responsibility on the part of individuals for the feeding and nurture of those to whom they give life. How, under Socialism, is man's judgment and self-restraint to be aroused to avert the cruel but necessary consequences of reckless rapidity in multiplying population—want, over-work, disease, and famine? To the political economist, again, it appears obvious that a lazy, leisure loving creature like man can only be induced to work regularly and persistently, whether to produce the necessaries of civilized life or to increase his knowledge and skill, by the expectation that he will reap a reward in his own person from his exertions. So, too, it seems certain to the political economist that saving or deferring the enjoyment of wealth to a

future date, will only result from the conviction of the individual that he and those dear to him will gain in the long run by such procrastination of the use of his possessions. Now, since the prosperity of mankind depends upon, first, as extensive and skilful production as possible and, next, on the saving habits by which the means of future production are provided, it follows that the present system of Individualism, or enlightened self-seeking, is the only one which can be reasonably employed for the organization of society. Thus, on fundamental grounds, without touching the details of difficulty, the political economist scouts Socialism.

But the Socialist replies by urging the possibility of a great development of the communal instinct. That this altruism does exist now, and influence conduct to some degree, is shown whenever an earnest thought or act is given by a man to his country's service, without any ulterior personal object in view. Since this is sometimes seen now, it might clearly become more common, and then might grow to be the moving spring of action in all minds; so that, whereas a man now does his daily work for his own benefit, either in solid coin or social credit, he would then work just as hard and as well for nothing but the communal wealth and prosperity.

So say the Socialists; and do not offer an opinion as to the æons which must elapse before this communal industry and altruistic economy might be expected to be developed from the present low state of selfishness. But let not the political economist rashly deny the possibility of such evolution, for the thing exists to-day.

In our midst, there are a hundred thousand separate nations, in each of which individuality is entirely subordinated to communality. The most intense labor is voluntarily undergone for the benefit of the race. Forethought and wisdom, no less than bodily exertion, are lavishly expended in the general interest; nay, individuals never hesitate to immolate themselves for the good of a posterity that is not their own offspring, and that neither they nor their friends will ever behold. Again, the wealth of these communities is a common stock; no one hoards for himself or his own children, yet they do hoard like misers, for the good of the whole. Here, then, is energetic and self-devoted toil,

here is careful and persistent economy, entirely for the communal advantage, and with the most absolute unselfishness in the individual. Here, in short, is the ideal of the Socialist—in the hive of the honey-bee.

Then such a state *is* possible; and we have nothing to do but to find out how to bring the inferior race of humankind up to this higher standard of social being. But let us not be rash and hasty in effecting such a radical alteration in our manners. Let us observe, before we take action, what are the conditions of existence in the socialistic community of the insect world.

Division of labor is carried to its highest pitch of perfection among the honey-bees. They first divide the great duties of life under two headings: those concerned with the present maintenance of the communal existence, and those concerned with its perpetuation.

Everybody is probably aware that the bees in a normal hive are of three kinds—viz. a queen, drones, and workers. The queen would be more accurately termed the mother of the hive. The regal title is somewhat of a misnomer, as it does not appear that she exercises any sovereign power. Great attention is shown to her, but this springs, probably, less from respect to her individually than from a sense of the paramount importance of her well-being and activity to the community. To lay eggs is her being's sole end and aim. There is one way, indeed, in which she truly resembles a human sovereign, and that is in her isolation from the companionship of her equals. The queen spends practically the whole of her existence in the dark recesses of the hive. Only a few times does she issue forth at all, and then she does not go to visit her compeers, the sovereigns of neighboring communities. In fact, the queen goes out only on business. First of all, on one of the early days of her life, she travels forth a-husband-hunting, and after having gained the dignity of matronage, she does not think of stirring outside the door again till she has reared such a numerous progeny that the emigration of a large body of them from the old home becomes imperative. Then the gracious mother and queen goes with the departing swarm, enters with them upon a new abode, and at once resumes her maternal labors. The

queen never leaves the hive for any other purpose, or on any other occasion, than these two: her own wedding and the emigration of a body of her children.

Her daily life is monotonous to a degree. The worker bees prepare the comb, with its well-known hexagonal cells or cavities; the queen steps about upon this, solemnly inspecting the cells, and laying in each in turn the kind of egg which is suitable to its form. Her function is not purely mechanical, in so far as this: that she observes the character of the cell in which she is about to lay, and varies her deposit in accordance with the circumstances in this respect. Moreover, she appears to exercise her judgment as to how many eggs she will produce. When the honey is scarce, or when the population of the hive is already strong, a queen will deposit but few eggs; but if removed to a more encouraging situation, the same queen will at once commence to lay with great rapidity.

As inferentially stated in the last sentence, the comb in which workers are to be hatched differs from that designed for drones, and queen cells are again distinctively formed. The queen cells are the largest, but the drone cradles are larger than the worker ones. The eggs from which the drones and workers respectively are developed also differ.

The queen is capable of laying drone eggs while she remains unmarried; the drones are, in fact, her progeny alone, and owe no debt for existence to a father. This is abundantly proved in a variety of ways. One of the simplest and most interesting of these proofs is supplied when a queen of one species intermarries with a drone of another. Suppose, for instance, an Italian queen, known by the three yellow bands which these bees bear upon the body, to have been mated with an English or plain black drone. The drones produced by this mother will be pure Italians like herself, but the workers and the princesses that she will lay will be hybrids.

A queen will lay from one to three thousand eggs per day during the summer. Every attention is paid to her by her subjects during her dull and laborious confinement to the hive. She is treated with the most servile courtliness. Both honey and partly digested pollen are handed to her in abundance. The bees

who are nearest to her stand in a closely-crowded circle around her, with their heads all turned toward her. When she moves, they skurry back, pushing over one another in their eager haste to make way for the mother of the hive, but still not turning their backs upon her. The scene presents a ludicrous likeness to the etiquette of courtiers in attendance on royalty. It is a moot point whether the queen is surrounded by special guards and courtiers, or whether it is merely that all those ordinary members of the community who accidentally happen to be near her pay her such homage. Modern bee-keepers incline to the latter idea, but there are some instances on record in which a disabled queen was the object of peculiar attention from a small number only of her people. For instance, "A queen in a thinly-peopled hive lay on a honey-comb, apparently dying; six workers surrounded her, seemingly in intent regard, quivering their wings as if to fan her, and with extended stings as if to keep off intruders or assailants. On presenting them honey, though it was eagerly devoured by the other bees, the guards were so completely absorbed in their mournful duty as entirely to disregard the proffered banquet. The following day, the queen, though lifeless, was still surrounded by her guard."

But whether some few bees are, as the writer of this anecdote thought they were, attached specially to the queen or not, certain it is that the whole community do her the most humble suit and service, and are heartbroken if any mishap occurs to her, simply because the future existence of the community depends on her. If the queen is unexpectedly taken from their midst, without having provided for her own successor, the whole hive is at once in a commotion. A cruel monster once tried an experiment on the subject, with a swarm of bees who were out of the hive looking for a new abode. He picked their mother out of the midst of them, carried her away, and clipped her wings. The bees scattered about, looking anxiously for their lost leader. In about an hour he presented her to them again, and looked on at their distress when they found that she had been mutilated, and could not fly to seek another hive. Finally, he hived her; and the swarm joyfully followed her into the new home, little thinking, prob-

ably, that their tormentor intended repeating the performance the next day. This he did, however, taking the queen out of the hive, with the result that the bees immediately came to look about for her. Well, to cut the brutal story short, he kept the poor, devoted creatures hovering, fasting and miserable but faithful, about their suffering queen, till, at the end of five days' torment, they were all dead of exhaustion. The queen lingered a few hours longer; but she also was starved to death, having refused food when it was offered to her separately from her family.

The full average life of a queen is thirty or forty times as long as that of one of her children, under ordinary circumstances. This, and the honors shown her in the hive, are the special compensations that she has for such a life as she leads. On the whole, however, the career of the queen is surely not one that commends itself to one's taste unreservedly. The hive is a perfect zenana to its mother, and her thoughts are bounded by its cells. Her avocation is maternity, pure and simple; the duty is specialized, and the member of the community chosen for it is confined to it alone. Her career is eminently useful, but it must be deadily dull to be a queen bee.

Perhaps, however, the hive is analogous to human society in that the male sex has the best part of existence, the most comfortable and favorable lot. Let us see.

The drones are "the lazy fathers of the industrious hive." The queen is the one and only fully-developed female in each hive; but there are, at a certain season, a vast number of idle gentlemen lounging around. The community in a hive consists generally, in the midst of summer, of from 30,000 to 40,000 bees, and of these, perhaps, 1,500 may be drones. They are known at a glance by their burly, heavy appearance, and a closer examination shows that they have neither the stings nor the leg-baskets which distinguish the working and struggling members of the community. The drones fly out when they like, but not to gather honey. This they eat, at their luxurious pleasure, out of the cells where the workers store it up. They do nothing whatever in the hive to earn their keep. They may be seen lazily and aimlessly strolling about, as though with their hands in their pockets, or prop-

ping themselves up in convenient spots, and going off to sleep for hours together. The one purpose for which they are called into being is to accept the handkerchief, if, by chance or favor, it is thrown them by the queen.

This does not seem so bad, does it? Methinks I have seen, perhaps, one or two, or say three, male human creatures who might not object to take the post of drone in a Socialist state. But, softly; all is not yet told. The black side of the life of a drone must now be displayed.

The drones are produced only during that short season of the year when swarming takes place; that is to say, the earliest comers of their kind hatch out of the eggs about the end of April. Before three months have elapsed from that date, not a drone is to be seen. All are dead; and nearly all have been killed with the most barbarous cruelty.

The circumstances are these: the queen who has lived through a winter has not, for herself, any need of drones. Once mated, she is fertilized for her whole life. Nevertheless, when she begins to lay in the spring, she provides some drones to be ready for her own probable future daughters. As the workers hatch out, the hive becomes overcrowded, and emigration, or swarming, is at hand. As soon as the old queen sees that she must leave with a swarm, she prepares a successor for herself. The bees then make a few very big cells, shaped like an acorn cup, upon the construction of which they lavish the wax with which they deal so carefully on all other occasions. The queen lays in these the special eggs that are destined to form future queens, and each egg, in three days, hatches into a grub. There is no apparent difference between these royal eggs and the eggs from which common workers will be hatched. The metamorphoses of the different kinds of eggs, too, differ only in detail. Queens, drones, and workers alike are hatched from the egg into a grub, which next becomes a cocoon, and then, after a period of retirement, reappears as the fully-fledged insect. Special treatment, however, in addition to a peculiar cell, is accorded to the royal grub. This is fed by the bees with a highly nourishing form of food, called *royal jelly*, which is more stimulating than worker food. In five or six days this royal grub begins to

spin itself into a cocoon, and when this is safely accomplished, the workers cover over the cell mouth with wax, and leave the cocoon to itself. In another week (fifteen days from the laying of the egg) it is transformed into a mature queen, and is ready to leave its cell, and to enter on its active existence.

Very soon after the cells are sealed over, the old mother swarms away, accompanied by those of the colony who elect to follow her fortunes rather than to wait for the young sovereign. It is necessary that the queen should go when she has once allowed her successor to obtain existence. There can be but one queen in a hive; and if the old one remained when the new one got out of the cell, there would be a royal battle between them, which would terminate only with the death of one of the jealous combatants.\*

When the first young queen emerges from her cradle, then, she finds the coast clear, so far as her mother is concerned. But rivals still exist. Other princesses are hatching, and will be ready to come out of their cells in a short time—it may be a few hours, or a few days. The first thing that a newly-hatched queen does, therefore, is to make the round of her unborn sisters' cells, pull them, in their unfinished, defenceless state, out of their refuges and destroy them one by one. This is the lively time of a queen's existence. The above is her first performance; and her next is to seek a mate.

It should be mentioned that the bees sometimes prevent the first-hatched queen from destroying the unfinished princesses. This means that they wish to send off a second swarm, and require this young queen to be off with that, and leave the next princess the succession to the old hive. When thus thwarted in her sororoidal designs, the young lady grows exceedingly angry. As the workers pull her back by her wings, and stand over the cell that she wishes to attack, she loudly expostulates, with a sound like "Peet, peet." The experienced bee-keeper knows when he hears this noise that it foretells a second swarm, or, as it is technically called, "a cast."

As soon as the important matter of the

\* There have been a very few rare and exceptional instances recorded of two queens living together in one hive.

succession is settled by her own resolute action, the young virgin queen flies forth. She goes to meet her mate; and it is in order to provide her with a husband that the drones have been hatched.

The after fate of the drones is a very cruel one. As the summer advances, the bees cease to hatch out more young, because they need both all their energies for gathering the honey, and all their cells for storing it up in, against the winter. A certain amount of breeding goes on; but not sufficient to leave any chance of more swarms going off from the hive. The drones then become useless; if no swarms go off, no young queens will be hatched; and if no young queens need husbands, the drones are without an excuse for their existence. About the end of July or beginning of August, therefore, a grand massacre of them takes place. The unhappy and defenceless drones—who have no stings—are driven from the honey and starved, hunched up in corners and smothered, turned out of the hive to perish in the chill of the evening, or actually stung savagely to death by the heartless and pitiless workers. Let us draw the curtain on the harrowing scene. Fauntleroy, the forger, after his conviction, told a friend that he had never for a moment enjoyed one of his own famous repasts, for the thought of the approaching footsteps of justice poisoned the meats and corked the wines. So must it be with the drones. It may look rather a fine thing to have as much honey as you like, without working for it; but how could you enjoy it with such a future before your mind all the time? Surely, few would wish to be the drones in a Socialist community.

There remains the mass of the population—the workers. Let us see if their lot approaches more nearly to ideal happiness.

For them life is all labor. No miner, no puddler, no navvy, no docker, so taxes his physical powers as the bees do theirs. Nor did even the slaves on the cotton plantations in the gathering season ever work under the lash so long and so unrestingly, as these insects do under the pressure of their communistic public opinion. The earliest rambler on a summer's morning will find the bees before him among the flowers; and after the darkness has closed the honeycups, and driven the

bees from the beds of bloom, the listener will hear that the work of the interior of the hive is still in full progress.

The gathering of honey is but a small part of the duties upon which the working bees are employed. The comb has to be made; and this is tremendously hard work. Wax is a secretion of the bees. They produce it slowly, and in flakes, from underneath certain scales that open on the abdomen, and convey it with their feet to their mouths to be made moist and ductile. Teeth and tongue together twist and turn it till it is soft and ready for use, and then it is plastered on the foundation, and worked out by the teeth and feet into six-sided cells with absolute mathematical accuracy. The secretion of the wax evidently makes great drafts on the vital strength of the bees, for it is found that they consume twenty pounds of honey for every pound of wax that they produce.

The honey is simply the winter store of provender. The baby bees in their grub state are fed on a different kind of food, which also the workers have to gather. This is formed out of the pollen, or fertilizing dust of flowers. Bees, as is well known, perform an essential office in the cross-fertilization of plants (quite unwittingly on their parts, no doubt), by carrying the pollen from one anther to the pistil in another bloom. In this connection, the curious fact is observed that bees do not visit on one and the same journey different kinds of flowers. They collect pollen from all varieties; but with whatever sort they begin, to that sort they keep till they have filled the little baskets that they carry for the purpose on their hind legs. Having flown home, and stored their load in the cells appropriated to it, they may commence again on quite another kind of pollen-bearing blossom. The utility of this arrangement for the flowers is obvious; but it is not so clear how the bee comes to be thus discriminating.

Another substance collected by the bees is called propolis. This is a kind of gum, which they obtain from certain resinous buds, or from the bark of such a tree as the willow. They can extract it also from varnish. It is an old superstition that the bees in an apiary should be informed when their master dies, as they will wish to visit his coffin. Some of those rationalistic people, who cannot be satisfied till

they have reduced every relic of more poetic times to a prosaic explanation, have propounded a theory that the bees are attracted to the dead man's habitation to lick off the varnish. In the hive, propolis is used to cement all crevices, and to join all partitions. It is brought into requisition, too, when an enemy invades the hive; he is, if possible, stung to death, and if he be too heavy to remove, he is impermeably sealed up within a propolis tomb.

Those vain human creatures who might be disposed to depreciate the powers of the bees by declaring their achievements to be mere "instinct," may be informed that the bees obviously and frequently display a wisdom in the adaptation of means to an end in unusual circumstances which cannot justly be so scornfully described. An instance is recorded where a snail with a shell crawled into a hive. The bees, having slaughtered it, saw that it would be waste of time and strength to cover the shell all over, and contented themselves with hermetically closing it by a layer of propolis round the edges. But a slug, without a shell, having obtained entrance into a hive, the bees covered it completely over with their varnish, so as to effectually prevent its decomposition. Now, if the human creature had some propolis, which in a rare emergency he employed with such just foresight and knowledge, would he not expect to be given credit for something more than "instinct"?

Bees are exquisitely clean in their hives. The work of preserving the home in spotless purity, and that of feeding and attending to the grubs in their cells, is done by the youngest bees of the community. When they are a week or two old, they are promoted to the outdoor labors of gathering honey, pollen, and propolis.

The ventilation of the hive is accomplished by extremely hard labor. The bees to whom this task is committed fix their feet tightly to the floor, by means of the suckers which they possess, and then fan with their wings so rapidly that the eye can scarce perceive the movement. A file of bees thus occupied is always found just within the hive door, and a second file similarly engaged, but with their heads turned in the opposite direction, stands on the other side of the hive. Thus a constant current of air is maintained, both from without, inward, and

*vice versa*. The fanning is such terribly hard work that no bee can support the exertion longer than half an hour. Guard is relieved generally about every twenty minutes.

What would happen to a bee who developed Individualism, or uncommunal or indolent habits, it is difficult to say. Probably, however, what occurs to a disabled bee is a sufficient indication of what would be the fate of one who wished to be a poet, or a painter, or an author, or to follow any of those avocations which your ordinary muscular laborer looks upon as little better than idling. A disabled bee, which is no longer capable of earning its own sustenance, is invariably destroyed by the stings of its fellows. Doubtless, a similar Draconian law long ago eliminated all members of the community who had souls for other things than procuring food and bringing up grubs. Evolution under Socialism has produced a race to whom incessant, violent toil for the support of a large population is the only possibility in existence.

How completely bee life is absorbed in race-perpetuation may be understood when it is stated that the bees, in summer, literally work themselves to death for the support of a posterity whom they will never know. The average life of bees in the honey season is six weeks; while under more easy though otherwise less favorable circumstances, in the winter, a bee will live for six months. Yet they do not despise life; for if a bee is accidentally killed by a person examining the hive, the community resent the loss with the utmost fierceness. The only safety for such an aggressor is to leave the neighborhood of the hive at once, or he will infallibly be severely stung. The bees' martyrdom to work, then, is a real sacrifice to communal duty.

Thus it appears that Socialism does not relieve the community from premature death, caused by over-exertion for the means of livelihood: only all suffer thus, and not a few. Nor is there any truth, in the bee-socialist's experience, in the flattering promise of Mr. William Morris to ourselves:—

Men in that time a-coming shall work and  
have no fear  
For to-morrow's lack of earning, and the  
hunger-wolf anear.

Famines are not infrequent in the beehive. They populate up to the limit of their calculated food-supply, and if that supply is denied by nature, they starve. Only, all of them starve instead of a few, because they are communists.

Female rights, it may be noted, are rampant in the hive. Those poor, helpless drones are the only specimens of the male sex. The workers, one and all, are imperfectly-developed females. The fact has long been known that the nurses could turn any worker grub under a certain age into a queen by enlarging its cradle, and feeding it on royal baby's food. The presumption from this that the workers were undeveloped females was conclusively proved to be correct by a series of extremely fine dissections, carried out early in this century by Mademoiselle Justine, in which the rudimentary ovaries were displayed.

Behold, then, the conditions upon which the only successful socialistic organization known to us is conducted! If such conditions were in any way possible to mankind, the feasibility of the communistic basis for society could not be denied. But what a prospect! What conditions of existence! No need to dwell on the far greater difficulty of dividing the labor necessary for supplying all man's varying and elaborate needs than is presented in arranging the simple duties of the hive. Even if this vast difficulty of organization could be surmounted, what hard cruelty, what grinding toil, what lack of love, hope, and interest attend this system! The almost total extinction of the male sex, the reduction of the vast majority of the female sex to the position of mere toilers for offspring not their own, the rigid limitation of motherhood to selected females, and the denial to them of any other function, the obligation on every individual of untiring, incessant, exhausting toil, rewarded only by the bare necessities of existence—an obligation enforced we do not know how, but so rigorously carried out that the bulk of each generation dies at a quarter of the normal length of life solely from overwork—the pitiless murder of the sick and useless; such are the conditions of existence in the one successful Socialist community thoroughly known to us. The prospect is not attractive!—*National Review*.

## THE POET'S APOLOGY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

No, the Muse has gone away,  
Does not haunt me much to-day.  
Everything she had to say  
Has been said !  
'Twas not much at any time  
All that she could hitch in rhyme,  
Never was the Muse sublime  
Who has fled !

Any one who takes her in  
May observe she's rather thin ;  
Little more than bone and skin  
Is the Muse ;  
Scanty sacrifice she won  
When her very best she'd done,  
And at her they poked their fun,  
In Reviews.

" Rhymes," in truth, " are stubborn things."  
And to Rhyme she clung, and clings,  
But whatever song she sings  
Scarcely sells.  
If her tone be grave, they say  
" Give us something rather gay."  
If she's skittish, then they pray  
" Something else !"

So she's cut the whole concern—  
Lute and Lyre, and Torch and Urn,  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,  
Joys or woes.  
For Parnassus is " too steep,"  
And the only Muse I keep,  
And that keeps me, writes a heap,  
But—it's Prose !

—Murray's Magazine.

## THE LION'S TALE.

NEXT time you happen to be passing through Venice, with a sunny afternoon on your hands to spare, just call a cab from the steps at Danieli's, and ask the driver to whisk you round by the back road to the gates of the Arsenal.

I say a cab, not by misadventure, but of malice prepense ; for if a late distinguished statesman might import a little poetry into Piccadilly by calling a hansom " the gondola of London," why may not an enterprising private citizen, humbly toiling after him at a respectful distance, im-

port a little Western civilization into the Grand Canal by calling a gondola the hansom of Venice ? Similarly, has not what we know as a four-wheeler in dear, dirty old London " suffered a sea change" into the form of a *barca* by the banks of the city on the Adriatic ? And indeed the quick-witted Venetians themselves have not been slow to perceive the obvious analogy ; for the popular humor of the Riva degli Schiavoni has nicknamed the little noiseless screw steamers that ply with passengers between the Piazzetta and (*proh*



*pudor*!) the railway station not only as "omnibuses" but even as "tramways." Such is the march of intellect in these latter times, that Venice has nowadays a mounted police in gondolas, and when a fire breaks out in the labyrinth of canals behind the Frari, the fire-engine on duty is rowed to the spot by a crew of stout boatmen in appropriate uniform.

Once in your gondola, on the lion-hunt intent, you must leave behind the golden glories of St. Mark and the Doge's Palace—leave behind the great red and yellow sails of the calm Lagoon—leave behind the bustling crowd and the pigeons of the Piazza, and plunge at once into the narrow waterways that lead into the heart of the people's Venice. The most striking way to approach the Arsenal indeed is to let your gondolier take you round by the church of St. John and St. Paul—"San Zanipolo" your true-bred Venetian calls it for short—the Westminster Abbey of defunct dogedom, where thirty generations of most illustrious oligarchs sleep in peace with serene dignity under becoming catafalques of solid marble. But to adopt this route you should provide yourself beforehand with a plentiful stock of moral courage and eau-de-Cologne, for thirty generations of Venetian dirt likewise repose in layers on the muddy bottom, and the air is redolent with the accumulated perfume of fifteen centuries of very imperfect sanitation. The sluggish tide of the Lagoon, and the oars of those poetical but extortionate gondoliers, stir up the festering mass afresh at every turn; so that the romance of the waterways suffers somewhat in real life by the prosaic interposition of that irrepressible sewage question, which all the ingenuity of the most cultured ages has never been able satisfactorily to burke for us. From the banks, young Italy, regenerated Italy, avid of *soldi* as in the days of the Oppressor, swarms forth from narrow dingy lanes and stretches out its imperfectly washed hands, in a clamorous chorus for the copper coinage of good King Umberto. Regardless of whom, with set face and stern, you still pursue the even tenor of your way along those noiseless streets, to an occasional chorus of "Stali" or "Premè," till a sudden swirl of the whishing tide brings the gondola unexpectedly round with a jerk from the Canal della Celestia face to face with the wall of the Arsenal.

A crab-catcher on the bank will hold your boat (and his hat for a sou) as you alight by the door of the famous naval station. At the outer entrance of that sleepy old dock stands the veritable lion whose tale I desire to-day to unfold to you. A marble lion, of antique, not to say archaic, workmanship, he has stood there on guard for two hundred years, with three companions dozing by his side, to watch over the navy of the dead republic and the nascent kingdom of united Italy. But he is by no means by birth a stone of Venice; his origin points to far other days and other manners. As everybody knows, and as an elegant Latin inscription on his base in fact sets forth—I almost scorn to translate it in these latter days, when even ladies lisp to their babes in the purest Ciceronian—he was brought with his three companions from the Piræus in 1687 by the victorious fleet of Doge Francesco Morosini. One of the big beasts mounted guard over the harbor itself; his companion stood beside the Sacred Way that led from Piræus to the city of Athens. But what is oddest of all about this particular lion—the first to the left in front of the massive old fifteenth century gateway—is the fact that his body is covered irregularly with strange inscriptions, some of them running in a circle round his shoulders, and others sprawling at irregular distances along his lordly flanks and magnificent haunches.

And what is the language, ancient or modern, in which these casual and extremely serpentine inscriptions are couched? Ah, there's the rub. There comes the point which throws at once such a lurid glamour of romance and mystery about that grim archaic beast, once the foremost ornament of the harbor of the Piræus, and now the guardian of King Umberto's new-born navy. The letters, if letters indeed they be, are rude and weather-worn; time and rain have almost obliterated them; scarce a single form stands out clear and definite; only a general vague sense of something written now remains of what was once, no doubt, to somebody somewhere a legible and highly valuable inscription. But to modern science and modern archæology the lion's story was for many long years a dead secret. Every key was tried in vain. The rude marks on the stone obstinately displayed their native rudeness by refusing

to answer any polite inquiries as to their origin and meaning: "What's that to you?" they retorted mutely. They declined to come out as Egyptian hieroglyphics; they refrained from exhibiting themselves as Babylonian cuneiform; they wouldn't even permit themselves to be dexterously twisted, after the fashion of philologists—for we must all admit that in philology much can be done by ingenious twisting—into Accadian ideograms or Chinese metaphysics. Read forward or backward or upside down they were equally incorrigible. They listened not to the voice of the polyglot charmer, charmed he never so conjecturally and wisely. At last one day a wandering Scandinavian scholar passed that way—one Rafn of Copenhagen—and, casting a glance at the mysterious marks, thought he recognized some familiar touch about their curves and angles. He went to work at them with zeal and discretion, and, lo, in the end, it turned out to everybody's immense surprise that the writing on the lion—that Athenian lion, the glory of the Piræus, the brother beast of the guardian of the Sacred Way—was in good Norse runes of the eleventh century!

Now it is this that to my mind gives the lion of the Arsenal such a special and very peculiar interest among all the storied stones of Venice. That he should have come originally from Athens indeed is in itself nothing very remarkable; the noble Venetians of the days of the most serene Republic were such an unmitigated set of thieves and robbers that nothing artistic anywhere came amiss to them. All was fish to the net of the Doges. Since the days when that exemplary noble Roman Mummius stripped Corinth of its marble statues, the flower of Greek art, and then informed the bargees whom he hired to carry his plunder to Rome that if they broke any by the way they must replace them themselves with others of equal value, there were never surely such desperate spoilers and robbers of churches as those pious Venetians. All Venice, in fact, is one vast museum of stolen property. A self-righteous inscription over the gateway of St. Mark's informs the visitor, with much show of conscious probity, that the four famous antique bronze horses above the portal, "removed by the rapacity of the enemy to Paris" under Napoleon I., were again restored to their

proper place by that incorruptible champion of strict international morality, the Emperor Francia. But that glorious team, a work of the sculptors of the Neronian age, had previously been stolen in the thirteenth century by the Doge Dandolo from Constantinople, whither they had been carried from Rome, for his own glorification, by Constantine the Great, who had filched them himself from the triumphal arch of Trajan, who in turn had borrowed them, as seems probable; from the similar monument of his predecessor Nero. Such are the humors of the world and the whirligigs of time. Indeed, if every man had his own again, one might almost say there would be no Venice. The column of St. Mark with its winged lion would go back to Syria; the square pillars by the Doge's Palace would return once more to St. Saba, at Ptolemais; the alabaster supports of the inner canopy would find their way back, men say, to Solomon's temple; and even the mouldering body of the Evangelist itself, which reposes beneath its pall of gold and jewels below the high altar, would have to migrate to the community from whom it was first filched, the Coptic Christians of Alexandria.

But apart from the common epic of conquest and robbery which every Venetian relic thus encloses in itself, as of ordinary custom, there is something exceptionally and specifically impressive, to my mind at least, in the marvel of this lion of the Arsenal door—a sculptured figure that thus brings together for a moment, in incongruous juxtaposition on the shores of the Adriatic, the highest culture of Periclean Athens and the rude barbarism of the Danish invaders. Surely such a singular combination as this—the names of Harold and Ulf and other fierce rovers of the stormy Baltic cut deep on a carved work of the pre-Phidian Greek period on the bays of the *Ægean*—may give us pause for a moment in our gondola on the mudbanks of the Brenta, and cause us to wonder, as the poet wondered of the flies in amber, "how the dickens they got there."

Let us try to answer this curious question.

The lions of the Arsenal were originally carved, as the grain of the stone clearly indicates, from two solid blocks of the marble of Pentelicus. The place itself from which they came is not without in-

terest in the history of their wanderings, for to the marble of Pentelicus, I verily believe, the world owes in no little degree the artistic development of the Athenian people. "It was a gift of the gods to men," says Mr. Andrew Lang, with poetic vagueness, speaking of the marvellous development of the Athenian intellect and the Athenian æsthetic faculties in the age immediately preceding the era of Pericles. Well, perhaps so; on that point we have no specific information; but, as far as art is concerned, at least, I think it was also, in great part, a gift of the neighboring quarries of Pentelicus. It did not count for nothing in the history of their culture that just outside their city walls the Athenians had that mass of metamorphosed crystalline limestone, altered by the earth's internal heat into pure white marble. As Egypt based herself upon granite, and Babylon upon brick, so Athens based herself upon the Pentelican quarries. Now granite is not precisely what a man might call a plastic material. I doubt if even Phidias himself could have carved a satisfactory Zeus or Aphrodite from the red rock of Syene that gave us so many stark, stiff Pashts and Memnons. But with marble men may do almost anything they like, and it was on marble of Pentelicus that Athens raised all the countless glories of the Theseum and the Acropolis.

Some day or other, then, presumably about the fifth or sixth century before Christ, some nameless Athenian sculptor carved out of that stone this identical lion, which his countrymen placed at the gate of the Piræus to guard the harbor against the Spartan fleet and all other outlanders. For twenty-two centuries, more or less, those twin lions kept guard over Athens, one at the Piræus, one on the Sacred Way that led from the port to the City of the Violet Crown. All through the Middle Ages, indeed, the Piræus itself was known to the Italian traders who frequented it as the Porto Leone, the Lion's Harbor; and as such the Frankish merchants knew it almost to the beginning of the present century, when antiquarian zeal for Hellenic tradition revived once more the older name. But what changes did not the lion see meanwhile! The fall of the Athenian Empire, the Spartan supremacy, the hegemony of Thebes, the Macedonian dominion, Philip and Alexander, the reigns of the Successors, the Achæan

league, the Roman conquest, the empire of the Cæsars, the advent of new creeds, the Parthenon turned into a Christian church, the seat of civilization transferred from Rome to a brand-new metropolis on the Byzantine Strait! And then, the long decline of the Empire, the growth of Islam, the inroads of the barbarian, the pressing danger from the Saracen and the Turk. It was in these later days that the romance of the runes was imposed upon the lion of the Piræus mouth, and that Harold Hardrada, who finally lost his life fighting against our own English Harold at Stamford Bridge, piloted his piratical Norse long-boats on another man's quarrel to the port of Athens.

And how strange was the fate that thus brought a Norwegian rover of the age of William the Conqueror into personal contact with Periclean Athens! Harold the Tall, son of Sigurd, nicknamed Hardrada—he of the hard rede, or the stern counsel—was a typical Norse viking of the Berserker order—a man after Carlyle's own heart, I should fancy. A soldier of fortune of the rollicking, buccaneering Danish mould, a Drake or Hawkins of the eleventh century, Harold went round the world in his hot youth in quest of adventure, seeking whom he might devour, killing impartially heathen or Christian, and for conscience' sake asking no questions. In the year of our Lord 1040 this doughty leader found himself in the Mediterranean on one of his usual marauding expeditions. Those were the days when the Scandinavian corsairs played on all seas the selfsame game played later round the southern shores of Europe by their Paynim successors, the Barbary pirates. In all the churches of Christendom the strange litany then went daily up to heaven from thousands and thousands of frightened lips, "A furore Normannorum libera nos, Domine," "From all savage assaults of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us." Everywhere the Northern pirate was busily poking his obtrusive nose. A century earlier Rolf the Ganger had walked over Neustria, and turned the fairest provinces of the Frankish king into his dukedom of Normandy, the Northman's land. At that very moment in England itself the descendants of Sweegen the Dane had superseded the old native West-Saxon line, and another Harold of the Danish stock was ruling over the citi-

zens of London and Winchester. Before long the Norman was to lord it over Sicily, to humble the pride of the Moor in Spain, and to wrest Apulia from the feeble grasp of the Byzantine empire. The Scandinavian then, in short, was bullying the world, as the filibustering Englishman bullies it now in Australasia and South Africa, in the Pacific Islands and the forests of New Guinea.

So Harold Hadrada, like some prototypical Stanley, or Drake, or Wakefield, was cruising about in search of adventure on his own account in the eastern seas. Just at that moment, as chance would have it, the Athenian people, ever in search of some new thing, had revolted from the sway of their liege lord, the Emperor Michael IV., at Constantinople, and the astute Byzantine, playing the familiar old imperial game of utilizing the barbarian against insurgent subjects, be thought him of employing the Berserker chief to bring back the Athenians to their obedience to Cæsar. The runes on the lion of the Venetian Arsenal tell the story of what followed in their own simple piratical way. The tale is short, but, like all that the Northmen wrote, it is very pithy.

"Hakon, with Ulf, Asmund, and Orm, conquered this port," says the brief inscription on the lion's left shoulder. "By command of Harold the Tall they levied a contribution on the Greek people, on account of their revolt. Dalk has been detained in outlandish parts. Egil, with Ragnar, was dealing war in Roumania and Armenia."

The sinuous lines on the left shoulder tell an equally simple and graphic story. "Asmund engraved these runes," it says, "with the help of Asgeir, Thorleif, Thord, and Ivar, by command of Harold the Tall, in spite of the strenuous opposition of the Greeks."

Could anything be more delightfully concise and natural? How we see the whole picture called up in vivid colors before our very eyes—the savage Norse sea-dogs, with their short, sharp swords, brought face to face by the irony of fate with the last degenerate descendants of the Athenian freemen; the battle in the port; the defeat of the Greeks; the levying of the Danegeld; the submission of the conquered. Then the easy-going pirates, good Philistine souls—ancestors doubtless of our British 'Arry—uncon-

scious of the desecration of art they were so lightly committing, insist in the innocent pride of their hearts upon scrawling the record of their grand achievement on the shoulders of the antique lion himself, the immemorial guardian of the ancient Piræus. Fancy the speechless horror and futile remonstrances of the scandalized Greeks, with the businesslike determination of Asmund and Thorleif to carve their names in very choice Norwegian on the sculptured stone, whether the Athenians would or whether they would not! The entire scene breathes fresh and lively before us. We can see the breathless alarm and horror of the art-loving Hellenes, contrasted with the bland and childlike persistence of the triumphant barbarian to do as he liked in a conquered country. If I were a great painter—say, for example, Mr. Alma Tadema—I would paint that episode in deathless colors; as I'm not, I'm glad at any rate that Asmund gained himself a "cheap immortality" by painting it for us in good Scandinavian letters.

When the deed of vandalism was finally done, Harold the Tall sailed away from Piræus in due time, and two years later, after the wont of the barbarian, deposed his employer, the Emperor Michael V., from his *fainéant* throne, and (having an eye for the ladies) set up in his place Zoe and Theodora as joint empresses of the Eastern Empire. It was not till twenty-six years afterward that the tough old pirate fell at last at Stamford Bridge, a few weeks before the battle of Hastings, fighting hard against Harold of England in favor of his traitor brother Tostig. But men might come and men might go; the disfigured lion, with the usual immortality of sculptured stone, still kept its place by the Lion's Port, with the runes that Asmund, Thord, and Thorleif had carved so well scored deep forever upon its dishonored shoulders.

Meanwhile, strange things were happening in the world. On the tidal sandbanks and mudbanks of the Adriatic, where the silt of Po, Adige, and Brenta had been washed by the waves into a long narrow barrier, enclosing a shallow and interrupted lagoon, with its attendant archipelago of low alluvial islands, this city of Venice, in a deserted palace on whose Grand Canal I am this moment inditing this present article, had already risen a few hundred years earlier, by slow and

tentative steps, to local sovereignty. When Attila the Hun invaded Italy, and wiped out Aquileia, Padua, and Altinum, the terrified people of the neighboring coast fled in panic from the barbarian who boasted that where his horse had once set its hoof no blade of grass grew afterward. But they fled where no horse could ever tread or has ever trodden; and they founded that city, whose bride is the sea, whose streets are streams, and whose carriages are gondolas. Here, in later times, at the open gate between the Frankish and Byzantine empires, the most serene Republic slowly grew great and prospered exceedingly. Circumstances early brought the inhabitants of the mudbanks into close connection with the Piræus and the Lion. From the very first, indeed, the Venetians lived under the most exalted protection of the Byzantine empire; and though they early made themselves independent, in fact, of that phantom control, they continued still to trade with the Levant and to keep on the very best of terms with their old masters, till the time came when they conquered them in turn, and "held the gorgeous East in fee" for so many centuries of commercial splendor.

Even after blind Doge Dandolo conquered Constantinople, however, and his successors annexed the Morea and a large part of continental Greece, the lion of the Piræus still remained undisturbed on its ancient pedestal. The Turk had now appeared upon the scene and completed the downfall of the tottering empire; but still the lion, with its runic scars, watched on unmolested by the deserted harbor. At last, in 1687, while Newton at Cambridge was publishing his "Principia," and King James at Oxford was carefully preparing his own downfall by expelling the fellows of Magdalen from their comfortable cloisters, far away in the gorgeous East Doge Francesco Morosini, fighting those ancestral enemies of his race, the Turks, for the temporary lordship over that shuttlecock of Levantine strategy, the Morea, successfully defeated the Moslem fleets, and made

the Peloponnesus once more for a time a Venetian possession. Coming then to the Piræus with his victorious ships, the enterprising Doge, like a true Venetian, with the honor of St. Mark nearest his heart, kept his eyes open for what treasures of art he could lay his hands upon most conveniently and convey to Venice. Thus employed, his inquiring glance fell naturally on the twin lions of the Piræus and the Sacred Way. The Doge, being human, immediately appropriated those glories of the past, and sent them off by sea to Venice. There they were set up by the gate of the arsenal, where whoso lists may see them to-day, and spell out the inscription legibly for himself, if he happens to be acquainted with the polite language of the eleventh century Scandinavian corsairs.

To me, no story that ever was told points more plainly to the unity and continuity of history than this curious story of the lion of the Arsenal. It has such a weird touch of mystery and uncanniness about it. That in the midst of Venice, mediæval Venice, with its Byzantine churches and its Gothic palaces, its Italian mosaics and its Lombard sculptures, one should suddenly come across a piece of genuine Athenian statuary, scratched over with Norse runes by fierce marauders from the banks of the Baltic, is in itself to my mind little short of a living miracle. That the runes should have been deciphered at all at last, and should have yielded up to later man the story of their origin, while it detracts a trifle perhaps from the sense of mystery, adds surely to the romantic picturesqueness of the story. If you have never yet visited the lion of the Arsenal, visit it now, next time you are in Venice, for its own sake; if you have seen it already, but only knew in part its strange history, visit it afresh by this new light, and look upon its shoulders with the eye of faith for those very words carved deep into its weather-worn Pentelican marble by the rough graving tools of the Scandinavian pirate. — *Cornhill Magazine*.

## THE LAST OF THE CANNIBAL CHIEFS.

BY BASIL THOMSON.

WHEN Swift wrote his "Modest Proposal," and argued with logical seriousness that the want and over-population in Ireland should be remedied by the simple expedient of eating babies, the inimitable satire was not likely to be lost upon a people who regarded cannibalism with such horror and loathing as do the European nations. The horror must of course be instinctive, because we find it existing in the lowest grades of society; but the instinct is confined to civilized man. The word cannibal is associated in our minds with scenes of the most debased savagery that the imagination can picture; of men in habits and appearance a little lower than the brute; of orgies the result of the most degrading religious superstition. It is not until one has lived on terms of friendship with cannibals that one realizes that the practice is not incompatible with an intelligence and moral qualities which command respect. And after all, if one can for a moment lay aside the instinctive horror which the idea calls up, and dispassionately consider the nature of cannibalism, our repugnance to it seems less logically grounded. It is true that it must generally entail murder, but that is certainly not the reason for our loathing of it. It is something deeper than this; and the distinction we draw between the flesh of men and of animals is at first sight a little curious. One can imagine the inhabitants of another planet, whose physical necessities did not force them to eat flesh,—to take life in order to live,—regarding us with much the same kind of abhorrence with which we look on cannibals. Most of our natural instincts are based upon natural laws, which, when broken, are sure to visit the breaker with their penalties. The eating of unripe fruit, of putrid meat or poisonous matter, are some of these. But no penalty in the shape of disease seems to be attached to cannibalism.

What then are the motives that lead men, apart from the pressure of famine, to practise cannibalism? Among certain African tribes, and lately in Hayti, it has been the outcome of a debased religious superstition, or that extraordinary instinct

common to all races which leads men to connect the highest religious enthusiasm with the most horrible orgies that their diseased imagination can conceive. The feeling that leads members of sects to bind themselves together by the celebration of some unspeakable rite perhaps led to the accusations laid against the Christians of the second century and the Hungarian Jews of the nineteenth. But in the South Seas, although the motive has been falsely attributed to a craving for animal food, it was generally the last act of triumph over a fallen enemy. Thus Homer makes Achilles, triumphing over the dying Hector, wish he could make mince-meat of his body and devour it. Triumph could go no further than to slay and then to assimilate the body of your foe; and the belief that, by thus making him a part of you, you acquired his courage in battle, is said to have led a chief of old Fiji to actually consume himself the entire body of the man he had killed, by daily roasting what remained of it to prevent decomposition.

This is not a very promising introduction to a paper intended to show that some cannibals at least may be very respectable members of society. But it must be clearly understood that the eccentricity which seems so revolting to us is not incompatible with a strong sense of duty, great kindness of heart, and warm domestic affection.

Out of the many cannibals and ex-cannibals I have known, I will choose the most striking figure as the subject of this sketch. I first met the Buli of Nandrau in the autumn of 1886, when I took over the Resident Commissionership of the mountain district of Fiji. His history had been an eventful one, and while he had displayed those qualities that would most win the admiration of Fijians, to us he could not be otherwise than a remarkable character. Far away, in the wild and rugged country in which the great rivers Rewa and Singatoka take their rise, he was born to be chief of a fierce and aggressive tribe of mountaineers. Constantly engaged in petty intertribal wars, while still a young man he had led them

from victory to victory, until they had fought their way into perhaps the most picturesque valley in all picturesque Fiji. Here, perched above the rushing Singatoka, and overshadowed by two tremendous precipices which allowed the sun to shine upon them for barely three hours a day, they built their village, and here they became a name and a terror to all the surrounding tribes. A few miles lower down the river stood the almost impregnable rock-fortress of the Vatusila tribe, and these became the staunch allies of Nandrau. Together they broke up the powerful Noikoro, exacted tribute from them, and made the river theirs as far as Bemanua; together they blotted out the Naloto, who held the passes to the northern coast, killing in one day more than four hundred of them, and driving the remnant as outcasts into the plain. Long after the white men had made their influence felt throughout Fiji,—long after the chief of Bau was courted as King of Fiji,—these two tribes, secure in their mountain fastnesses, lived their own life, and none, whether Fijian or white man, dared pass over their borders.

But their time was come. The despised white man, whom they had first known in the humble guise of a shipwrecked sailor or an escaped convict, was soon to overrun the whole Pacific, and before him the most dreaded of the Fijian gods and chiefs, the most honored of their traditions, were to pass away and be forgotten.

In the year 1889, a young Wesleyan missionary named Baker, against the advice of all the most experienced of the European settlers and the native chiefs, announced his intention of exploring the mountain districts alone. What good to the missionary cause he hoped for from his hazardous journey it is difficult to imagine. The harm that would certainly result to his fellow-missionaries if he were killed, and the loss of life that must ensue, must have been apparent to him and to every one else. But in spite of every warning, he persisted in his foolhardy enterprise, and he paid for it with his life and with the lives of several hundred others. He ascended the river Rewa with a small party of native teachers, but when he passed into the mountain district a whale's tooth followed him: for the power of the whale's tooth is this—that he who accepts it cannot refuse the request it car-

ries with it, whether it be for a mere gift, or for an alliance, or for a human life. So he went on, while tribe after tribe refused to accept the fatal piece of ivory; but none the less surely did it follow him. At length one night, while he slept in a village of the Vatusila, the whale's tooth passed on before him to the rock fortress of Nambutautau, and their chief, Nawawamhalavu, took it. When, next morning, Baker resumed his march, this chief met him in the road, and together they crossed the Singatoka river. As they climbed the steep cliff which leads to Nambutautau, it is recorded in a popular song of that time that the chief warned him ironically of his impending fate. "We want none of your Christianity, Mr. Baker. I think that to-day you and I shall be clubbed." Suddenly, at a spot where the path lies between high reeds, on the edge of a precipice, an attack was made upon them, and they were all struck down except one native teacher, who, slightly wounded, crawled into the thickest of the reeds. Baker's body was flung over the precipice, and the great wooden drum boomed out its death-beat to the villages far down the valley. That night the stone ovens were heated for their work, and the feast was portioned out to the various allies. But the most honorable portion—the head—was sent to Nandrau, the subject of my sketch. At first he refused it, disapproving of the murder, which his foresight warned him would bring trouble upon them. But as his refusal threatened to sever the alliance, he afterward accepted it. It is recorded that the feet, from which the long boots had not been removed, were sent to Monogondro, whose chief, a melancholy, gentlemanly old man, was much disappointed at finding the skin of white men so tough.

After terrible hardship and danger, the wounded teacher made his way to the coast, and carried the news to Ban. A strong alliance was at once formed among the coast tribes to avenge the murder, and to crush the power of the mountaineers. There is in Fiji no gradation between the plains that fringe the coast and the mountains. A sheer barrier of rock, looking like the ruins of a gigantic fortification, rises boldly from the plain, broken only by the valleys which form the river-beds. Behind this wall lay a land of mystery, whose inhabitants were invested with au-

perstitious terrors, to which their ferocity and the extraordinary appearance of their huge mops of hair had doubtless contributed.

The attacking party was divided into three forces. One of them was to advance up the Singatoka from the south, a second to enter the "Devil" country by way of the Rewa from the east, and the third, commanded by the King of Fiji in person, was to surprise the valley of Nandrau from the northern coast. With the two first we have nothing to do, because they were defeated and turned back long before they reached their destination by the intermediate tribes. The third, hoping to form a junction with their allies, advanced boldly through the mountain passes. The country seemed deserted. They burned two or three abandoned villages, and emboldened by their success, they pressed on, more like an eager rabble than a military force, each man hoping to be the first to secure plunder. As they straggled over the grassy hills that surround Nandrau, suddenly from every clump of reeds big-headed warriors sprang up; they found themselves hemmed in, and Nandrau, headed by their chief, spent the day in slaughtering the flower of the Bau army. A remnant fled to the coast, hotly pursued by the mountaineers, and so crushing was the defeat that the king, Thakombau, narrowly escaped death at the hands of his vassals of Javua.

Not long after this victory, which had so firmly established his prestige in the mountains, Buli Nandrau seems to have favorably received some native teachers; and when a joint expedition of Europeans and natives was despatched to reduce Nambutautau, he seems to have been permitted to remain neutral. Nambutautau was burned, and the Vatusila and Noikoro tribes compelled to sue for peace. Teachers were allowed to enter their principal villages, and until the year 1875 they became nominal Christians. In that year, an event occurred which severely tried the firmness and good sense of Buli Nandrau. The islands had been annexed to Great Britain, and the mountain chiefs were invited to meet the first Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, at Navola on the southern coast. Some of them accepted, among whom was Buli Nandrau, who was anxious to judge for himself what the new order of things really was. He frankly gave his

allegiance to the Government, and in spite of the strongest temptation he never wavered afterward. For in the same year a terrible epidemic of measles, introduced accidentally from Sydney, carried off 40,000—nearly one-third of the whole population of the islands. It was natural that the mountaineers, perishing under this relentless and unknown disease, should have regarded it as the vengeance of the gods they had so lately deserted. If Christianity were a good thing, they said, why could it not save their children from death?

And so, early in 1876, most of the mountain tribes threw off the *sulu* (the Christian dress), and returned to the worship of their heathen gods. Only Buli Nandrau, seeing what the end must be, remained stanch, and by forming a barrier between the revolted tribes and those still wavering in their loyalty, prevented the disaffection from spreading. An expedition was despatched under Captain, now Major, Knollys, and with the assistance of the native allies, soon reduced the rebels to submission. They all nominally embraced Christianity, and an entrenched camp, garrisoned by an armed native force, and commanded by a Resident Commissioner, was established to ensure the future peace of the district.

Protected by their isolation from the vices of civilization, and enjoying a large share of self-government, these reformed cannibals are to-day the most contented and prosperous of all the Queen's subjects in Fiji; and if ever it has been necessary to adopt measures for their good which they could not understand at the time, the Commissioner has been always sure of the support and influence of Buli Nandrau.

I first saw him at the Provincial Council at Navola in 1886. He had no sooner arrived with his retinue than he sent his *mata* (herald) to announce him, and in a few minutes entered my house alone. He was a very tall, erect old man of about sixty-five or seventy—gray-haired, keen-eyed, and intelligent-looking. After the usual ceremonies inseparable from Fijian etiquette, he sat down and spoke of the politics of the district. It appeared to me remarkable that a man who had only left his native mountains two or three times, to take part in the great Council of Chiefs, should be so well acquainted with the history and political situation of the coast



tribes of Fiji. He spoke with great affection of Sir Arthur Gordon and of the ex-Commissioner, and bewailed the death of the great mountain chiefs whose places were now inadequately filled by their sons.

He was never absent from his place for a moment during the three days the council lasted, and his interest in the trivial affairs of other districts never flagged. It was curious to observe the great deference paid to his opinion by the other chiefs. When one of them, Buli Naloto, was found to have failed in his duties, Nandrau was appointed to reprove and caution him. His speech, which was short and to the point, was a model of that kind of eloquence. "Art thou," he said, "a chief in thine own right, to make war and to make peace as it pleases thee? Where was thy tribe before the Government came? A scattered remnant, seeking refuge on the plains from the vengeance of Nandrau! But the Government has taken pity on thee, and the land is at peace. Why art thou then disobedient to the Government, who has made thee a chief, and re-established thee in the lands of thy fathers?" This reproof was received by Buli Naloto with the most abject humility.

Not long after this, Buli Nandrau consulted me about the projected marriage of his daughter with the provincial scribe, who lived with me. He wished, he said, to cement by this marriage the ancient ties between Nandrau and Noikoro, but the day had passed for marrying girls against their will. His elder daughter had been a great grief to him. She had been so married, and had not long ago put an end to her life. Did I, he asked, from what I knew of Durutalo, think that Janeti would be happy with him? \* This was not the only example I had of his strong domestic affection.

In the spring of the following year he wrote to me, asking for medicine to relieve a pain in his jaw, and from this time he was unable to leave his village. At length, one day early in July 1887, I received a pathetic letter from him, asking me to lose no time in coming to him. "I am very ill," he wrote, "and I would have you see my face before I die."

\* This marriage afterward took place, and, less than a year later, Janeti, too, attempted her own life. This was after her father's death.

As the messenger, when questioned, made light of his illness, and I was myself not well enough to undertake so tiring a journey, I determined to wait until I was sure that his urgency was not merely the result of low spirits. But late on the following Sunday night I was awakened by the challenge of the sentry, and immediately afterward the deep cry of respect, known as the *tama*, sounded outside my sleeping-house. Lights were brought, and on the doorstep crouched a man, muddy, travel-stained, and exhausted by a long journey. I recognized him as a native of Nandrau, who was selected for his fleetness as district messenger, and when I saw that his hair and beard were cut short, I knew the nature of his errand.

"The chief is dead," he said; "and he told Tione not to bury him till you, sir, had seen his face. Tione sends you this message."

There was another reason that required my presence at Nandrau; Tione was not the only claimant to the succession, and I must be there to prevent a disturbance. The messenger would not even wait for food, but returned at once to announce my coming.

In a moment the camp was all awake, and the men turned out to prepare for the journey. The horses were brought in and saddled, and the baggage rolled up in parcels to be carried over the mountain roads. Before daybreak we were fording the river with an escort of some thirty armed constabulary and baggage-carriers. The road lay for some miles along the crest of a forest-clad ridge more than three thousand feet above the sea-level, and when it emerged near the old site of Nambutautau into open country, nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scenery. Two thousand feet below us on the right rushed the Singatoka, foaming among great boulders of rock, and still towering above us was the great wooded range that formed the water-shed of the island; while far away before us rose the mountain-wall which separated Tholo from the plains, seeming with its bare masses of castellated rock like a great ruined fortification. And now the road began to descend, and following a precipitous path, which momentarily endangered the legs of our horses, we plunged into the cool shadow of the precipices that overhung Nandrau. At a turn in the road we saw below us the now

historical village, jutting out over the river upon a broad ledge of rock. The *rara*, or village square, was crowded with people, and I noticed a train of women descending the sheer face of the opposite cliff, with loaded baskets on their backs, holding on to stout vines to steady themselves. And here we halted to give time to a messenger to announce our arrival, according to native custom. We watched him enter the village and saw the people vanish as if by magic into the houses, or sit in groups at the foot of the cocoa-nut palms, and then, in perfect silence, we passed through the village. At the fence that separated the dead chief's enclosure from the square we dismounted, and were conducted by his eldest son, Tione, to the clean matted house in which we were to lodge.

All through the night there was an incongruous mixture of the sounds of merriment and sorrow. On the river bank behind our house the five widows of the dead chief, with their women, howled and wailed till morning, like animals in pain. Sometimes the wails would die away into faint moans, and then a wild shriek from one of them would set them all going again. But on the other side stood the great *bure*, where all the funeral guests were feasting and drinking *yangona* in honor of the departed spirit.

Early next morning a messenger came to the door of our hut to ask if we would see the Buli's face. Followed by several of my men carrying the funeral gifts, I climbed to a small house built upon a high stone foundation. The inside was crowded with the neighboring chiefs, and I took my seat in silence. At the far end, wrapped in folds of native cloth and the finest mats, lay the body. The whale's tooth and funeral gifts were now brought in and formally presented by the *Mata-nivanua*, and accepted by an old man in the ancient Nandrau dialect, of which I could scarcely understand one word. And then, when a costly *rotuma* mat had been given for the body to lie upon in the grave, I made a short speech in the Bau dialect, and was conducted to see the face uncovered.

At mid day the great wooden drum was tolled, and the armed constabulary, looking very neat in their white *sulus* and blue tunics, were drawn up as a guard of honor near the cairn which was to form the

grave. At length the body, wrapped in mats, and followed by the wives and relations of the dead chief, passed slowly to the grave. Among all the mourners, I only noticed one case of genuine grief—the chief's daughter, Janeti; all the others, as is usual in Fijian funerals, appeared to wail in a prescribed form. Indeed one of the widows, having apparently seldom seen a white man before, stopped wailing for a moment to point me out eagerly to the other mourners. Then the body was carried into the little hut that surmounted the cairn, and we stood in the broiling sun until a native teacher had delivered a sort of funeral sermon.

When all was finished, every one acted according to the old proverb, "*Le roi est mort !—Vive le roi !*" and the question of whom I would appoint as his successor became the subject of discussion. When I returned to my house, I saw the widows at the water's edge apparently breaking up a number of carved wooden utensils with stones. These were the cups and dishes of their dead husband, which no man must henceforth touch lest their teeth drop out or they be bewitched. For if a man should drink from the cup of one who has eaten his relation, such evil will certainly befall him. But as I was exempt from this danger, the cup and the platter and fork used by the Buli in old days for human flesh, were presented to me.

At three o'clock I summoned a great meeting of all the natives, at which speeches in honor of the late chief were made, and I there provisionally appointed Tione—a rather unintelligent man of about thirty-five—to succeed his father, having first ascertained that this appointment would be acceptable to the majority. In the evening the people of Nandrau made a great feast to their visitors, and gave them return presents—a polite intimation that they were expected to leave on the following morning. These having been divided among the various tribes who were represented, feasting was continued until a late hour. But about nine o'clock, before the moon rose, an old man went out into the bush to call the dead Buli's spirit. We heard his voice calling in the distance for several minutes, and then amid the breathless silence of the assembled people, we heard the footsteps of some one running. "He has the

spirit on his shoulders," said a man near me, as the old man rushed past me to the tomb. Apparently he must have thrown the spirit into it, for after crying out, "It is all well," every one retired quietly to their huts for the night.

Before daybreak the next morning, Buli Nandrau was forgotten in the bustle of speeding parting guests, and as the sun

rose our bugle sounded the "fall-in." Passing out of the sombre shadow of the great cliff, we rode into bright sunlight, and we felt that just so had the shadows of the past given place to the light of a clearer knowledge, and that with this old warrior the old order had passed away, and a new had come.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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### THE NEW DEPARTURE.

#### I.—FRANCE UNDER M. CONSTANS.

THE surprise undoubtedly caused on the 17th of March by the advent of the present French Ministry is of a curious nature, for it springs from the still greater surprise that the preceding Cabinet had not fallen at least four or five months before. But that the so-called Ministère-Tirard did not end its existence at the close of the Exhibition, which had been its creation, or at the close of the elections, which showed its victory, was explicable enough. The success of both had so surpassed all previous prevision, that it was hard to understand how the men who had been "*à la peine*," as they say in France, should not be "*à l'honneur*."

The mistake then committed did not lie in reality where people supposed, nor was it as a matter of fact clearly recognized until much later. The mistake was what might be called a *denominational* error, it lay in the misapplication of a title; the "*Ministère-Tirard*" never was the "*Ministère-Tirard*" at all, but was, from the very outset, the "*Ministère-Constans*." The "*survival of the fittest*" was hourly expected, and the "*fittest*" did not "*survive*," which resulted in trouble and confusion, for the moment M. Constans retired, the public mind was thoroughly convinced that he was the "*fittest*." Had but that one individual change been made in October 1889, after the outcome of the General Election, none of the hesitations and incoherencies that discouraged the national mind between October and March would have occurred. M. Tirard, with all his uprightness and all his luminous honesty, was merely the figure-head of the Cabinet. And, though a figure-head may often do — nay! fre-

quently has done—excellent service in a government where only mediocrities are behind it, no government ever yet came to good when behind the figure-head existed a genuine power, conscious of its own right to rule. Power once secured, once wielded, sometimes falls short of its own seemings, and is not so "*capax imperii*" as it was supposed; but the sense of power unsatisfied by attainment is a difficult thing to deal with, and rarely consents to inaction. Without effort it predominates, dispels the obstacles opposed to it, and, like the external atmosphere, presses in on men's minds, coercing them invisibly but irresistibly.

From the hour when M. Constans had been allowed to leave office (having, as some of his "friends" affirm, chosen the mode and moment of his secession!) it was felt that his return to authority was but a question of time. He had become an indispensable Minister.

For those who had left Paris in the autumn and come back for the meeting of Parliament before Christmas, the effect was a novel one; there was an unaccountable sensation of relief; they felt "governed," which, in the familiar political parlance of Gaul, means "taken care of!" apparently a source of great comfort to Continentals.

A prodigious "change" had no doubt come over the "spirit of their dream," for the first words heard on all lips, and from individuals of all classes and members of all parties, were: "Three men have saved France; the Home Minister, the *Garde des Sceaux*, and the *Procureur Général*. After a six months' absence in the Provinces or abroad, the danger averted had been recognized and seen to have been far too threatening not to be

acknowledged.\* The individual merits of the Home Minister have been backed by circumstance, and his *raison d'être* has been vouchsafed him by the strange conjunction of "the hour and the man," indispensable to whomsoever is in his turn to occupy the position of a statesman.

The English public has never sufficiently seized the extraordinary importance of Boulangism. Because the leaders of the movement were of so low a stamp, because their following consisted all but exclusively of what must be characterized as a "rabble rout," it was, for the sake of the past greatness of the country, sought to be proclaimed that a horde of roughs, fit only for the *Cour des Miracles*, could not by any charlatanism, by any amount of mere intrigue, or of the most barefaced corruption, attain to the import of a public peril in a State that had once numbered such capacities as Richelieu, Colbert, or Talleyrand; or, in modern times, such

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\* A much more general consequence than could have been anticipated was the constant repetition of the same phrase by different people: "Yes! I, even I, who so accused them all some months ago, am obliged to admit from what danger, from what degradation, we have been rescued. That much accused '*Haute Cour*' has, spite of all, saved the country, and we owe it to the energy of M. Constans, to his never flagging '*esprit de ressource*,' and to his determination never to neglect the political requirements of the hour." The Minister of Justice, M. Thévenet, would have oftener shared these praises of his colleague, for he also stood his ground through the whole struggle; but he subsequently deserted himself on the question of the Libel Laws on the 8th of March in the Chamber, giving in to the haughty dictates of M. Clemenceau. But the case most uneasy to solve was that of the Procureur Général, M. de Beaurepaire. From him in reality came the death blow. In his long and irrefutable "*requisitoire*" lay the evidence of indignity against which no one (unless prepared to forfeit every shadow of claim to respect) could dream of opposing the smallest resistance. But, curiously enough, the full weight of this was only felt with time, and is being daily now deeper graven on the public mind. Meanwhile the injustice had been too enormous, the calumnies too vile, for immediate atonement, and the true private character too reserved in its proud dignity, to make any patent approaches to atonement an easy matter. And so it was easier to give M. Constans the entire benefit of the situation, and from his obvious "governing" qualities deduce the "capacities" required by a Prime Minister, which is, in the abstract, the part enacted by the existing "*Ministre de l'Intérieur*."

noble characters as Duc Victor de Broglie, Royer Collard, Casimir Perier the elder, or General Foy. The excess of degradation shut out the conception of danger; you had to choose between the two, and whosoever wished to uphold the public fame of the nation had indignantly to scoff at the peril; but the fact that so long made it difficult for foreigners to understand the real state of the case was, that, far from *choosing*, you had at last to accept the *two*—both the degradation and the danger. The knee of the enemy was on the breast of the vanquished, and France, discouraged, inert, deprived of almost the desire to resist, was about not only to be strangled, but to be strangled by dirty hands.

Dates are eloquent. Let us consult them. It was neither by the so-called "Centenary" of 1789, nor even by the success of the World's Fair, that the peril was overcome; for the true origin of all mischief must be placed at the hour when M. Clemenceau forced on the weakness of M. de Freycinet his relative, General Boulanger, as Minister of War! General Boulanger *was in office* when he was able to begin his nefarious career, and the abettors of his first attempts at treason were, consciously or unconsciously, his colleagues! But, till the spring of 1889, no actual commencement of execution was entered upon, and ministry succeeded ministry without any patent indication of downright treason.

The Exhibition of 1889 was to be opened by the "People's Idol," declared the lieutenants of this "Hero," and 60 or 70 at least of the 600 odd Electoral Colleges of the country were to send him by an indirect *Plébiscite* to triumph eventually at the Elysée, where over a year before M. Carnot had been installed in recognition of his integrity. Very brave and very honest Ministers came and went, but they would not perceive the danger. M. Floquet, than whom none was braver, despised General Boulanger—the France of Lamartine and Tocqueville could not, in his mind, descend to "try a fall" with such a wrestler!—and M. Tirard became President of the Council. None more honest ever lived; but he, too, disdained the "Circus rider," counting for security on the genuine rectitude underlying the immense majority of the population. In short, the official guardians of public

safety and public good repute remained comparatively indifferent, their sole attempts at resistance being confined to measures of professional precaution, such as the *mise en réserve*, etc., never venturing on the serious "*Halte la!*" of a court-martial. Such commanders as Saussier, Février, Miribel, Galliffet and others, held another opinion; but here, again, the exceedingly stern contempt of the practical soldier acted, to a certain degree, against any over-strong repression to be wasted on such an *Insect!*

Pending this, M. Constans had become Minister of the Interior, and when the so-styled Ministère Tirard had been formed, the hand of the former had already begun to make itself felt.

The "*moment psychologique*" had arrived, which M. Constans was in no way the man to let slip; it was neither his capacity nor even his resolution—though he was amply credited with both—that made him the "father of the hour," it was the "circumstance," the happy chance that furnished him with an adversary to overcome; an adversary who, in spite of his indignity, had grown into a public enemy, and whom the justice of the nation was at last called upon to denounce.

The real *raison d'être* of M. Constans was Boulangism, and the fact that placed him virtually at the head of the Government, dooming him to be its inspiring medium, was the convocation of the *Haute Cour de Justice*.

At the first moment, nevertheless, the stroke seemed so bold a one that the timid mediocrity of the public was startled, and, instead of applauding, it cavilled and snarled, the *Intransigeants* of all shades (whether Jacobin or Jacobite) launching out into all but unmitigated abuse, and the wavering vulgar opining that such "strong measures" might be better left untried.

Another incident tended to augment the doubts of the irresolute "crowd," and to induce a kind of notion that the *Haute Cour* was incompetent, and the decree instituting it a proceeding of ambiguous legality, if not of absolute illegality itself. The then existing Procureur Général, M. Bouchez, who had become notorious from his Wilsonian proclivities, refused to obey the orders of his Chief, the new Minister of Justice. M. Thévenet had quite recently become Keeper of the Seals, and to

him fell the lot of dealing with the recusant M. Bouchez. At that moment it became evident that M. Constans had not only well chosen the second member of the necessary Triumvirate, but that (at last!) a proceeding seemed inevitable, and once initiated was about to be persevered in: the *Garde des Sceaux*, without hesitation, set aside the disobedient functionary and commenced his quest for a fresh Procureur Général. Nor did this take long. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, Premier Avocat Général à la Cour d'Appel, was the next in the line of succession, and, in default of his titular superior, was the legitimate heir to the latter's rank. He accepted;—it may be in ignorance of what the price would be for such an unhesitating assumption of one of the noblest responsibilities ever incurred by a French civilian—but to dispute an obvious duty never occurred to him, and luckily the "three men" were at once forthcoming of whom it is now unanimously said that they "saved their country."

The "*Réquisitoire*" of the Procureur Général photographed General Boulanger; it was lengthy, for perforce it had to light up every nook and corner of his disgraceful career. But in its exhaustiveness and its ultimate aim, it stands best on a level with Sir A. Cockburn's miraculous achievement in the case of the "Claimant." At all events it did its work completely, and as time went by, the entire public, foregoing its hostile prejudices, came to acknowledge loudly from what a wretched adventurer's attempts the distraught and well-nigh helpless nation had been saved.

The definite effect, however, was not produced till later. The Decree of Convocation was signed on the 5th of April, 1889, but the preliminaries of the *Procès* were opened publicly only on the 12th of July. The intervening three months had been taken up by the Exhibition, which captivated not only the attention of all France, but so fascinated the whole world, that for the moment no one had freedom of thought for anything save the wonders of the Champ de Mars, and in France there was, from Calais to Bordeaux and from Marseilles to Brest, no vagrant interest left to spend on the details of a State trial. The fact, nay, the very name of a State trial was regarded as an anachronism, and while it was going on, the daily accounts of its progress were, when not

unnoticed, distinctly looked upon as a bore. They interrupted the noisy enjoyments of the "*big Fair*." The Eiffel Tower was triumphant, the *exotiques* of the famous Esplanade were entrancing, and the vile conspiracies of Boulanger and his gang were treated with indifference. It was even observed that if their utter contemptibility were proved, it obviously became more and more ridiculous to talk of such low "misdemeanants" as dangerous for France!

But the principal *accusé* suddenly took fright, and fled—thus tacitly implying that he did not esteem his chances of escape as at all clear. From the day of his disappearance to that of the sentence by the *Haute Cour*—on the 14th of August—condemning him to the extreme penalty of the law, General Boulanger dropped out of public estimation, and was as though he had never been. The *Exposition* was in the dazzling zenith of its splendor, the Eiffel Tower filled the universe with its notoriety, the calumnious inventions of the Boulangists of all colors had the field to themselves against all the Government authorities and all functionaries who had resolutely done their duty; the elections were a brilliant success; the Exhibition closed with a display of fireworks so magnificent that all else was thrown into the shade; the new Chamber was excellently well composed, and under the still enduring "*Ministère-Tirard*" France was prosperous and contented: the *Country* had vanquished the *Capital*; Paris was nearly as much condemned as the "*Convict*" of *la Haute Cour*, but the latter, with his plumes and his black charger, his red pinks and his *soupers fins*, his *calèches* and "*belles dames*," swords of honor, *chants* of glory, or *Chansons Paulus* and the rest of all the "*properties*" belonging to his Thespian cart, all, all had vanished—were out of remembrance, gone! forever gone!

When the tumult was stilled, when autumn and its silence began again to reign—then the nation settled down to reflect. Face to face with the past, tired of the excitements that had distracted it, the French people set to work to examine what had really occurred; and, with time to take minutely into account what, while it was doing they sought to ignore, they fixed a steeper attention on what had indisputably been done. They read the

record then of what had so nearly been their indelible shame, and could not conceal from their conscience the horror of the battle so narrowly won. But when the truth came, it came amply, sufficiently: "*Three men have saved France*," was the unstinted acknowledgment, and the danger that was no more, but *had been*, was no longer gainsaid. The Ministry endured and went still by the name of "*le Ministère-Tirard*," when suddenly there rolled forth a rapid succession of events that, in no metaphorical sense, "*took the nation's breath away*."

An exchange of thought arose between France and Germany, and emphasized itself in M. Carnot's appeal to peace in his New Year's speech, and in a cry throughout Europe of "*Disarmament*," first bursting from Jules Simon's lips. The echo came from Berlin in Kaiser Wilhelm's *Rescripts*. Was France to attend the Conference? Yes! Thanks to an admirable discourse of M. Spuller's on the Debate, a majority was obtained by Government, which failed only by *four* Bonaparte-Boulangist votes of being positive unanimity! This was the turning-point of the situation. On the 6th of March, the Executive became responsible, and Parliament declared that all things relating to the direction of Foreign policy, and of the Berlin Conference, even to the alternation of Ministries, were to be exclusively dependent on the Executive authority.

Meanwhile, but a few days before, on a private quarrel at a Cabinet Council, M. Constans had insisted on resigning,\* and M. Bourgeois, lately Under-Secretary in M. Floquet's Ministry (1889), had been named Home Minister.

At this, there broke forth a universal expression of what can only be described as "*consternation*"! M. Tirard still remained President of the Council, and the Chief of the State still reserved for his undeniable honesty an almost exclusive tribute of admiration, respect, and trust.

The 6th of March registered a triumph which a French Chamber had rarely witnessed, and even among the bitterest reactionaries little room was left for blame, though much for regret. "*Why have*

\* Seizing the pretext of a judicial appointment deemed irregular, the Home Minister suddenly tendered his resignation, which M. Carnot unexpectedly accepted.

consented to lose Constans?" was the all-prevailing reproach.

On the 8th the Ministry was overturned by a Protectionist move in the Senate, of which no one suspected the importance or anticipated the result, but of which, at last, even the Prime Minister perceived the inevitable significance, and showed his appreciation by his immediate retirement. The President of the Republic, now fulfilling to the extreme limit his *constitutional* responsibilities, called the New Cabinet together, insisting so peremptorily upon each one "doing his whole duty," that in *forty eight hours* the present group of public servants was gathered round the chief of the State. M. de Freycinet, fairly fitted for the War Ministry (as experience has proved), but forbidden the Foreign Office, of which he had been persistently dreaming, was—although formally President of the Council—subordinate to the influence of M. Constans, which every one knew to be supreme.

The acceptance of the latter's resignation had been a great mistake; his recall to office was a triumph, a plain avowal of his indispensability.

"The only man of governing capacity, the only *Ruler!*" said the *Times*;\* "*die Seele des Ministerium*," exclaimed the German press—no sooner had he reoccupied his post than the deep sense of relief became everywhere apparent, and all parties were *fixed* in their opinions, whether encouraged, if consenting, or, if hostile, overawed.

The people who had had leisure from November to the New Year to examine what had occurred, saw restored to power the man who had presided both over the Exhibition and the elections, but who—more than all else—had destroyed the cause of perturbation, of anarchy, of civil war. There never was at any moment any chance of a Victory on General Boulanger's part, of a distinct achievement of permanent rule (for *that* he was devoid of the requisite *means*); but, of a debasing, exhausting, ignoble civil war, plunging the land into every possible physical and moral evil, disgracing and impoverishing it—of *this*, France was never at any period within the last two hundred years so near. It was from *this* the nation was rescued by the convocation of *la Haute Cour*, and

the unflinching determination with which those who instituted, watched over and conducted it.

The Triumvirate, so applauded (once the danger was suppressed), did not so much *overthrow* General Boulanger (you can only overthrow what has stood) as it swept him away. Boulangism succumbed to a measure of public salubrity, purifying the political air. The present Cabinet is firmly seated.

## II.

Individually, M. Constans is an interesting study. A Southerner, but of a harder type, there is a great deal of Thiers in M. Constans. Born in a bleaker South and of a less pliant nature than the supple, semi-Grecian, cradled on the shores of the tideless sea, this hardy product of the Alpine Jura has more of the peculiar *âpreté* of the bare hill-side, than of the insinuating persuasiveness of his cultivated Provençal predecessor. Yet still, as you watch him, how much he recalls to you some of the attributes of the *fin compère*, who was M. Thiers! The flash of the eye, the aggressiveness of the mouth (so much fiercer than in the former) and the accent, so unlike and yet so like, and (do what you will, to those who are familiar with it) so invariably indicative of the secret sense of successful acuteness.

"*Acta non verba*" is the present Home Minister's device, borne out by him upon every occasion; while with M. Thiers *words* always heralded in deeds, announcing or foretelling them, the speaker ever deriving pleasure from their sound.

M. Constans has in the highest degree two qualities without which no British Parliamentary Leader could ever completely feel himself equipped; he is always ready, and always full of gladness at his own strength. Power is never *complete* if not *ready*, and joyous at its own readiness to strike. Let any one remember Palmerston and his almost boisterous glee at finding himself at any moment prepared to "lay about him" in debate! The presence of that quality is unmistakable in M. Constans, though perhaps a trifle quieter. He needs no preparation, but is on the instant ready with a sort of "if-you-won't-take-that-then-take-*this*" manner of argument, mostly resulting in the immediate shutting up of the opponent. And so few words are required for

\* 31st March, 1890.

this healthy exercise ! As, for instance, on two occasions just before the Easter Recess, a member having petitioned in the approved Demagogic whine for "*Indemnities*" to certain unemployed loafers : "I've plenty of '*Indemnities*' at my disposal for the *unemployed*," replied the Minister ;—at which the first speaker having exulted somewhat imprudently—"One moment, please," retorted M. Constans : "I've got all I want, I want no help, but *not one liard* shall be given if any *demonstration* be attempted, for the Government is resolved to keep the public thoroughfares clear for the public use."

And on the very day of the closing of the Chambers, when something was heard about "distrust of the honest workman," as a reproof to the authorities, "I distrust no working man," said, with calm decision, M. Constans, "but I *do* distrust those among you who, *not* being working men, put yourselves at their head and desire only to create disorder, and I warn you that nothing of the kind will be tolerated."

The clear-sighted determination of the Home Minister, throughout, has done more for the tranquillity of the State than foreigners can conceive. He has made the Law supreme ; Armed Force is but its instrument. This it is which is an innovation ; for it is not to be denied that in France, more than elsewhere, was the notion of "*La force prime le droit*" an essentially popular one, inasmuch as the public never felt itself definitively secure or protected save under the action of the sabre. The "*journées de Juin*" of '48 reassured the possessing and orderly classes, comforted them by brute force (! !), but made possible the *coup d'état* of December '51, and sowed the seeds of all that has disorganized the country since. The reign of violence is prevented by the condemnation of Boulangism, and by the reasons on which it was based. The victory of the *Réquisitoire* was the restoration of the reign of Civil Law, and of those Parliamentary principles of which historical France had once every cause to be proud. The War Minister is no longer needed to repress riot. Right has been reaffirmed, and the worth of an uncompromising citizen has proved a power. The Executive, with M. Carnot, is behind ; M. Constans, at his side, wields the authority of Government, but in the

front of the battle, bearing its whole brunt, was the new Procureur Général chosen by the Keeper of the Seals. It is just and it is well that honest, law-abiding Britain should know of such men ; the consequences of their act may be unlimited. It is a new era that opens now for France.

It is eminently satisfactory to mark the impression made by such short utterances which every one *knows*\* represent facts. These *méridionaux* of France are of two descriptions ; some hide their force, nurse it with a sense of latent availability—a staying as well as a winning power ; others let it loose, steeping it as an arrow in some pungent fluid of poisonous malice—but of its existence no Southerner is unconscious. He uses his Power differently ; but Power is always a faculty on which he stealthily relies or with buoyancy exults. It is in one shape or other the produce and proof of the glorious sun in his veins, and gives him his best right to rule over his fellow-men. Mirabeau was a Provençal, and while the fire of life lasted, ruled. Constans is a Thiers of a more robust mould—not so much "dogged," perhaps—(the word is too staid and slow for the quick climate !) but, we repeat it, *apre*, a sort of *sunburned* soul—not as was Thiers, forever aiming at circumventing wiser men. In their finer political qualities, in the resources of their sharp wits, there is much that is alike, but in its unlimited readiness much is quite different. M. Thiers would probably have been just as successful as M. Guizot in plotting the "Spanish marriages" in '47 ; but M. Thiers would never, under analogous circumstances, have ventured on the Convocation of the *Haute Cour* last year, and supported to the end all the conclusions of the famous *Réquisitoire*.

The world outside France must make up its mind to the supremacy of M. Con-

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\* "Nothing equals solid reputation in a Minister," says a leading Parisian journal. "In the practice of Parliamentary Governments it is the equivalent of prestige. The lovers of disorder know thoroughly that M. Constans never trifles with the public weal (*ne plaisante jamais avec la tranquillité de la rue*), that a word from him is enough, and no matter what may be the hankering after a small 'row,' the most violent shrink back into themselves before the quietest expression of the Home Minister's will."



stans in the French Government. We must now cast a glance over one or two of his colleagues.

### III.

Most of the members of the existing French Cabinet are what may be properly called men of action, with the single exception of its nominal Head. Of the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Bourgeois, it is scarcely requisite to speak. He may in almost every sense be regarded as the "other half" of the Home Minister, and the similarity of opinions, origin, previous occupation, official habits, and, above all, temperament, may pretty well ensure identity of purpose and conduct from simultaneous impulse and thought. As Ministers of Finance and Commerce, M. Rouvier and M. Roche are unequivocally chiefs, formed to direct, and surrounded by men who, though not of their own calibre, may still be regarded as in a certain degree adding weight to the constitution of a Cabinet.

M. Ribot is officially untried, but there can be no question of his being in many respects a "right man" at the Foreign Office, provided that no too violent or sudden strain tries the "temper of his mettle" beyond what nature has fitted it to bear. M. Ribot possesses the gift of practical parliamentary eloquence in a high degree, has considerable knowledge of the diplomatic history of the outer world, and, socially speaking, has all the requirements for pleasing the educated foreign elements with which he must be brought in contact, and carrying to a favorable end any negotiations he may be trusted to initiate. M. Roche is distinctly and by common consent a "rising man;" one of the youngest of all, and one most evidently destined to rise highest.

Of M. Rouvier more must be said, for he has been proved to have genuine strength and has been tried by circumstance. Like his countryman M. Constans (both are Southerners), M. Rouvier counts *facts* behind him: one of no small importance.

Three times in office, once as *Premier* (in succession to M. Goblet in 1887), M. Rouvier is a born financier, open to all modern ideas and bigoted to none. His first term of power was in the winter of 1881 under Gambetta, when M. Léon Say

not having been named, M. Rouvier was appointed in his stead.

As a Parliamentary speaker his capacities are remarkable, for he is equally an orator and a debater; and none surpass him in business eloquence, while his grasp of a general situation is as varied as it is firm and clear.

Not only a fact (as aforesaid) but a very great fact, lies behind M. Rouvier, giving him an exceptionally solid backing in public esteem. M. Rouvier saved the Paris Market from ruin; from the disaster of a *Krach* perhaps more tremendous than any of those suffered in different capitals during the last fifteen years, and did so principally through the exercise of his own individual qualities.

We have no space to enter here upon the details of French finance (by far the most intricate knot to be untied in her actual complications); no limits that will admit of discussing Protection or Free Trade, or judging of the degree in which more public burdens may be further borne, or wider alleviations of them rendered possible; neither have we the intention of describing with more minuteness the drama which took place last year on the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte, and the scandals of the "Copper Ring;"—but the remembrance of those events is fresh in every one's mind, and for the credit of M. Rouvier the more it is all remembered the better; for not alone by his technical capacity but by his unyielding firmness, and by qualities that were those of a character of downright grit, did M. Rouvier save the credit of the country, and inspire confidence in the powers in whose hands rested *material* salvation.

When the head of the house of Rothschild pronounced as his deliberate judgment that a Government headed by a man of such unimpeachable integrity as M. Carnot, was a government to be rescued and supported, it was the energy of M. Rouvier that furnished the means of applying the good will; and none who witnessed the struggles of that November night in 1889 will be disposed to abate by one iota the value of the Finance Minister's efforts. M. Rouvier, leaning on higher material forces, helped to snatch the visible representation of French finance from the abyss which was yawning at its feet. In another sphere M. Rouvier

gained a victory of as much importance, as did M. Constans by the crushing of General Boulanger and his sect. It is from this fact he dates.

But now, in the face of such events, what will specially account for the possibility of such dangers having been incurred? What made France descend from her former level? We answer in a few words: the deterioration of her moral worth through her mental culture. The expression of her thought has been at the root of all. Her literature has caused the lowering of her moral standard. After the unbridled reign of injustice, ending in 1815 with the downfall of the First Empire, came a period of unhealthy and false sentimentalism, during which weakness assumed at every opportunity the disguise of compassion. To Victor Hugo and his school may be traced the original sources of this disease. The lofty culture of the seventeenth century and the eloquence of the eighteenth, were gradually perverted into a perfect revel of wrong; from *Marion Dêlorme* to the *Dernier jour d'un condamné*, the Bard of the new Inspiration turned absolute shame into a *Fons Honoris*, and down to our day, in which not Fame but Notoriety shouts forth names no pure or honest woman (or man) should repent, the progress of vitiation of the national mind has been steadily going on. At last it would seem that, in the hysterical materialism of our age, the culminating point has been reached. The defeat of all falsehood, all perversity, all corruption, may perhaps be symbolized in the defeat of Boulangism. In the beginning of the plot, over a year and a half ago, it was often suggested that the best barrier to such political indignity would be found in the political purity and political worth of the new Executive. "Let us oppose, man to man," was a cry often heard, "let us oppose Carnot to Boulanger!" Perhaps the attempt may be successful, who knows? With the latent capacity for weighing the genuine worth now installed in the highest official Place, the public may one day be brought to bow down to the simple truth, proclaimed in the concluding phrase of the *Réquisitoire* of the 12th of August last:—

"Le bien et le mal sont d'ordre absolu . . . il est temps de se souvenir qu'il ne faut pas tout pardonner aux hommes . . . Ce qui est bien est bien,

*ce qui est mal est mal et sera toujours mal . . . c'est la loi fondamentale . . . et au dessus des hommes il y a la loi de Dieu ! . . .*" \*

## II.—GERMANY WITHOUT BISMARCK.

Among those few hundred persons who suggest and form public opinion in the chief centres of European intelligence it has been assumed, and correctly so, in all probability, that the retirement of Otto Leopold von Bismarck from the post of power and trust which he has occupied in the Prussian Monarchy for nearly thirty years, and in the German Empire ever since its creation, was significant of a radical change in the domestic and foreign policy of the realm which he may be said to have founded, consolidated, and heretofore governed. Cabinet Ministers and Court officials of high rank, party leaders and permanent Under-Secretaries of State, parliamentary magnates and financial potentates—in short, all the wire-pullers who contribute to the manufacture of contemporary history—appear to be at one in their appreciation of the meaning and purport of this important incident. From the character of the differences that have occurred during the past six months between Prince Bismarck and the third German Emperor, from the circumstance that those differences have one and all been of the young Kaiser's origination, and from the inflexibility with which His Majesty has adhered to a line of action rendering the ex-Chancellor's resignation inevitable, it has been inferred that William II., on or shortly after succeeding to his inheritance of rule, made up his mind definitively to emancipate himself from political tutelage, to govern his realms in conformity with his own judgment and inspiration, and, above all, to be his own Prime Minister.

Although those who have been well acquainted—among them, Prince Bismarck himself—with William of Hohenzollern during his youth and early manhood, have been for a considerable number of years aware that he is a person of strong will, vehement energy, and fervid temperament, highly imaginative, self-confident, and impatient of control, they appear to

\* The words by which the Procureur Général, M. de Beaurepaire, concluded his summing up on the Boulanger trial.

have been unprepared for his recent assertion of sovereign independence, and to have expected that his vigorous individuality would have expressed itself otherwise than by shaking off the leading-strings transmitted to him by his father and grandfather, and by wresting the helm of the State-ship from the mighty hand that had swayed it without intermission throughout the two preceding reigns. The anticipations of these competent authorities, as far as the successor of Frederick the Noble was concerned, pointed to military enterprise rather than to an initiative in politico-economical and politico-social reforms, avowedly undertaken with a view to maintaining and consolidating the peace of Europe.

Before his accession to the throne, Prince William of Hohenzollern had been chiefly known to his fellow-countrymen as an eager student of military science, an accomplished practical soldier, and an ardent German Chauvinist. He was credited with a high ambition to emulate the brilliant feats of generalship performed by his great ancestor, Frederick II., and with a passionate desire to achieve distinction at the head of his army—the finest marching and fighting machine in the world—as a successful strategist and victorious commander. According to some accounts, his hatred of France and the French was intense and insurmountable; others attributed to him a no less cordial detestation of Russia and the Russians. Moreover, his dislike of this country and its institutions, as well as of his English kinsfolk, was professed by “those who knew” to be a matter of public notoriety. On similar authority he was charged with disobedience to his father and undutifulness to his mother. It was believed that he had absolutely submitted himself to the influence and guidance of Prince Bismarck, his political instructor and sole confidant, whose hostility toward his illustrious parents was an established fact of thirty years’ standing. His reverence and admiration for his grandfather, unquestionably deep and enthusiastic, were said to extend to the venerable Emperor’s political principles and governmental views, which, being based upon the Divine Right of Kings and the dogmas of military discipline, were perilously reactionary, and grotesquely out of keeping with the spirit of the present age. Such, graphically

sketched by skilful word-painters claiming an accurate knowledge of their subject, was the picture of William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, shortly after those exalted dignities devolved upon him by the premature decease of his heroic sire, “the noblest Hohenzollern of them all,” on June 15th, 1888, not yet two years ago.

That picture, far from being an accurate likeness, or even a clever caricature, has turned out a mere daub, vicious alike in drawing and color, faulty in conception and incorrect in execution. Within twenty-two months of his accession to sovereign power, Europe has found itself compelled to recognize in the son of Frederick and Victoria a trustworthy guarantor of its peace, a high-souled philanthropist, and a sincere friend to the working man. His first act, at the expiration of his term of strict family mourning, was to reassure France, who believed him bent upon her conquest, and was panic-stricken by the expectation of another German invasion, headed by an ambitious and French-hating young soldier on his probation, from whom she could not hope for mercy. His second was to hold out the right hand of good-fellowship to his cousin Alexander Alexandrevich, and, by re-establishing an *entente cordiale* between the two great military empires of the North, to arrest the development of the Franco-Russian Alliance. Having conciliated his two puissant and unfriendly neighbors, and checked a hostile combination fraught with menace to New Germany, the young Emperor proceeded to consolidate the Triple Alliance—by which the tranquillity of the Continent has been maintained throughout the past twelve years—by ratifying in person, at the Hofburg and the Quirinal, the confidential engagements entered into by his venerable grandsire with the sovereigns of Austria-Hungary and United Italy. During his sojourn in Rome he rendered King Humbert one of those services for which even monarchs are grateful, by conclusively dispelling the Pontiff’s illusions in relation to the possibility of resuscitating the Temporal Power. Through this master-stroke of policy he established himself firmly in the good graces of the Italian nation, and greatly increased his popularity throughout seven-eighths of the Fatherland. A few months later he paid this country a

visit, the results of which have been manifestly felicitous. All previous misunderstandings between his English kinsfolk and himself were cleared away, and a cordiality was imparted to Anglo-German relations which had been lacking to them ever since the death of the Prince Consort.

The general astonishment aroused by His Majesty's frank and emphatic avowal of his heartfelt desire to stand well with the British nation had scarcely subsided when William II., by stepping to the front of the political stage in the character of an enterprising and intelligent reformer, gave his detractors to understand that his stock of surprises was by no means exhausted. The attitude which he unexpectedly assumed toward a hardly-used class of operatives, *à propos* of the great colliery strikes in his narrower Fatherland, left no doubt as to his intention to vindicate the rights of labor against the might of capital, as far as in him lay. This new departure was closely followed by his promulgation of the two famous Rescripts, signifying his desire that the existent laws regulating labor in Germany should be remodelled in a manner beneficial to the industrial classes, and intimating that he had resolved to convoke an International Congress for the purpose of inquiring into the life-conditions of the European working man and of suggesting legislation for their improvement. That His Majesty, in taking this important step, was inspired by the ideas of his father—set forth in the impressive manifesto addressed "To My People," by Frederick the Noble four days after his accession—rather than by those embodied in the Workmen's Insurance Bill reluctantly sanctioned by William I.—a Bismarckian experiment in the direction of State Socialism, qualified by the Imperial author of the "February Rescripts" as insufficient, impractical, and platonic—is plainly manifest. The issue of these edicts led immediately to the public disclosure of the young Kaiser's unsuspected resolve to turn over a new leaf, as far as the home policy of Germany was concerned, and to sever himself from the predominant statesman in whom the first German Emperor had reposed an implicit and inexpugnable confidence. As the question mooted in the Rescripts was one directly concerning the Ministry of Com-

merce, the portfolio of which was at that time held by Prince Bismarck, His Majesty submitted the documents in question to the Chancellor's inspection, and *pro forma* requested him to express his opinion thereupon. In reply the Prince observed that "a younger man than himself would be better able to carry out the Imperial wishes," and tendered his resignation as Minister of Commerce, which the Emperor accepted on the spot. This incident was the first outward and visible sign of the "little rift within the lute" which was destined to widen, six weeks later, into an irreparable breach between Wilhelm von Hohenzollern and Otto von Bismarck.

*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*; and the Kaiser, having taken that momentous "first step," lost little time in completing his deliverance from a tutelage which, it may reasonably be assumed, had become intolerably irksome to him. The means of emancipation lay ready to his hand. Under the reign of William I. Prince Bismarck had arrogated to himself an almost complete and exclusive control over the affairs of the State—with the exception of those relating to the army—and in such sort that information of importance emanating from German official sources could only reach the aged Emperor through the medium of his Chancellor. Departmental and even Ministerial reports were addressed to the latter, who conveyed or did not convey their purport to His Majesty, as he thought fit: or, if it became the indisputable duty of any particular Minister or exalted functionary—such as the President of a provincial government, for instance—to report direct to the Kaiser, it was no less imperative upon him, before asking for an audience, to consult Prince Bismarck as to the nature and form of the "Vortrag" or exposition of facts to be brought to the Imperial cognizance. William I. aged rapidly after his miraculous recovery from the injuries inflicted on him by Dr. Nobiling in June 1878. Deep as was his devotion to duty, he found it convenient, in and after his eighty-first year, to shift a part of his burden of responsibility to the stalwart shoulders of his trusted adviser, who was at least as willing to relieve him as he himself was to be relieved. In military matters alone the old Emperor retained his interest to the last, and upon them he concentrated what attention he

could command. Bismarck, for his part, judiciously abstained from meddling with them. The War Minister and Chief of the General Staff made their reports, verbally or in writing, direct to the Head of the Army, who, however, was wholly and solely dependent upon the Reichskanzler for tidings relating to home and foreign affairs. This quasi-monopoly of authority and information by His Highness necessarily continued in force during the ninety-nine days' reign of Frederick III., a dying man when he came to the throne, with barely strength enough to formulate his profession of faith as a ruler of men, to communicate to his subjects the noble programme of reform which, had he been spared, he would undoubtedly have carried out, and to impart to his successor the inestimable advice that William II. is now carrying out with characteristic thoroughness. The young Emperor was doubtless cognizant of this particular development of Bismarckian predominance during his grandfather's latter years, and probably saw nothing particularly objectionable in it, for he then professed to regard the Chancellor as the wisest of living men, and, being himself rigorously excluded from any participation in State business, was in all likelihood of opinion that Bismarck was the ablest and fittest person to transact it. When, later on, the effects of that predominance came home to him personally, as Kaiser, he soon realized that it was an encroachment upon his sovereign rights and an infringement of his hereditary prerogatives.

As might have been expected from a man of such singular energy and indomitable resolution, he made up his mind, after long and careful consideration, to rid himself of an *imperium in imperio*, the very existence of which was incompatible with the maintenance of his dignity and self-respect. By taking upon himself, and with shining success, the conduct of one important transaction after another abroad, he weakened the Chancellor's influence in foreign countries, and demonstrated that, after all, Bismarck was not indispensable to the furtherance of Germany's welfare; by adopting a home policy that could not fail to prove unpalatable to the great statesman, he made his retirement unavoidable. During the Kaiser's memorable "round of European calls," William II. played the

part of a diplomatic *chef de mission* as well as that of a *debonnair* young monarch, eager to ingratiate himself with his seniors in sovereignty by a timely display of graceful deference and high-bred courtesy. Subsequently, with respect to the Prussian colliery-strikes and to the Labor Question in general, his comments and suggestions were equivalent to a condemnation of the attitude which had been hitherto observed toward workmen's grievances by the executive under the Bismarckian régime. Having thus adroitly led up to his predetermined *dénouement*, he brought on its conclusive crisis by a verbal communication to Prince Bismarck, in the nature of a "command," to the effect that he, the Emperor, desired his Ministers and other exalted State officials, "qualified to judge and to express opinions on matters connected with their departments," to make thenceforth their reports "direct to him." To this Imperial decision, which struck at the very root of the Chancellor's predominance in the State, there was no alternative. Prince Bismarck took nearly a week to consider whether or not he could remain in office with maimed privileges and abated prestige, and, having arrived at the conclusion that he could not, sent in his resignation, which was promptly accepted with the customary assurances of gratitude and regret which Continental monarchs are so prodigal of—for they cost nothing—to out-going Ministers who have forfeited their confidence and favor.

The Emperor's choice of a titular successor to the great Chancellor sufficiently indicated His Majesty's resolve to govern as well as to rule for the future; to take the guidance and management of State affairs into his own hands; and to dispense with the intervention of any restive, intractable individuality between his subjects and himself. General or Admiral von Caprivi—the whilom War Minister holds both ranks—is a typical Prussian scientific soldier, the outcome of assiduous study, rigid discipline, and long, faithful service. He embodies the virtues of obedience, promptitude, and punctuality so highly and justly prized in the army of which William II. is Commander-in-Chief, and to which Germany owes her national unity and European influence. He can be reckoned upon to receive the commands of his Sovereign without objec-

tion or comment, and to carry them out to the letter. But in accepting the high office of Chancellor he has no more pretension to be a statesman than he had to be a sailor when William I. appointed him Chief of the German Admiralty in succession to another distinguished military staff-officer. Unless the Emperor had preferred to abolish the Chancellorship on Bismarck's retirement, it was a foregone conclusion that his choice should fall upon some such splendid piece of mechanism, some such superb incarnation of discipline, loyalty and irresponsibility as Caprivi di Caprera. That any of Bismarck's acolytes should succeed him as Reichskanzler was absolutely out of the question; firstly, because the Kaiser is the unlikeliest man alive to content himself with a divided allegiance; secondly, because all the ex-Chancellor's chief subordinates, including his elder son, were mere puppets of his own fashioning—clerks of a very superior description, but not statesmen. It was pliability and self-effacement, not originality and initiative, that recommended them to the master-spirit who could endure no rivalry, and regarded with suspicious dislike any combination of talent and independence that happened to obtrude itself upon his notice. When Bismarck fell, it was rumored in Berlin that one of these assiduous, obedient, impersonal men would be commanded to step into his shoes, and the names of Hohenlohe, Muenster, Radowitz, Keudell, Hatzfeldt, Herbert Bismarck, Alvensleben—even of Moritz Busch—were mentioned in this connection. There was not the faintest chance for any of them. What the Emperor wanted was a docile Chancellor—a military mediocrity devoted to himself, not a diplomatic non-entity with Bismarckian proclivities. Equally unfounded was the report that His Majesty had offered the Chancellorship to Count Waldersee, the eminent strategist who succeeded Hellmuth von Moltke as Chief of the General Staff. Waldersee is a man of genius, indomitable spirit and strong individuality; not at all the sort of person for whom the present ruler of Germany has any use, in the capacity of Prime Minister. In selecting him for appointment to the post he now occupies, William II. gave him the preference over Blumenthal, Leszczynski, Bronsart and Schlotheim, all his seniors in the

service, and Staff Generals of greater experience in the field than himself. Nobody who knows the young Kaiser well would for a moment believe that, having personally got the right man into the right place, he would transfer him to a position for which his fitness, to say the very least, might be doubtful.

Viewed by the light of the facts to which attention has been drawn in the foregoing paragraphs, the actual situation in Germany, as far as the reigning Emperor is concerned, is so clearly defined as neither to require further elucidation nor to call for elaborate comment. What will come of it can only be a subject of more or less intelligent conjecture. William II., as any one can see who is not wilfully blind, is what the Germans call "ein ganzer Mann"—every inch of him a man; one to whom the Laureate's lines aptly apply, which tell of

"Men the workers, ever reaping something new:  
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

He has proved himself clever and clear-sighted, earnest and resolute. Fully recognizing the rapid popularization of democratic views throughout Northern Germany, he has wisely determined to gain the good-will of the operative classes, and to govern his realms with their aid instead of in their despite. It is at present manifestly his intention to make the German and Prussian thrones safe for his successors as well as himself; to secure a long continuance of European peace; to gradually substitute constitutional for personal rule; to keep down the State expenses; to relieve his subjects, as far as may be consistent with the conservation of national security, of some of the more oppressive burdens of compulsory military service; to maintain the Triple Alliance, to cultivate the friendship of England, and to observe an irreproachable attitude toward his formidable Western and Eastern neighbors. His position is in so many respects an exceptionally felicitous one that the chances are great in favor of his success in all these projects, if he persevere in them. In the first place he is young, robust, and popular. Secondly, the financial situation of both the realms submitted to his sway is all that an enterprising reformer could wish it to be. The Public Debt of the German Empire is a

mere fleabite—a matter of some twenty millions sterling, doubly covered by the Pensioners' Fund and the Army Reserve Fund. Prussia's National Debt amounts to less than £200,000,000, all told, and her State Domains, State Railways, and other realizable property represent a far larger sum than that of which the yearly interest is more than defrayed by their annual yieldings. William II. commands the finest army in the world, numbering two millions of effective soldiers, perfectly trained, disciplined, and equipped. Upon this enormous force, the armed manhood of the Fatherland, he can absolutely rely, either for foreign enterprise or home

defence. Not less confidently can he reckon upon the support of his allies, warrior-monarchs whose respective armies are well nigh as numerous as his own. In a word, he is the Fortunate Youth of the present day, and to all appearances deserves his good luck. Europe is already reconciled to his "new departure," by which no foreign susceptibilities have been ruffled, and no class interests, native or alien, have suffered prejudice. Germany is still ruled, as she has been, for a score of years past, by a patriot, soldier, and statesman; but her actual and sole ruler is an Emperor, not a Chancellor.—*Murray's Magazine.*

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THE PUIA.

It was the noon of a still and sunny day of summer when a party of settlers, of whom I, who write this narrative, was one, were making their way along the banks of the Waikato, in the North Island of New Zealand. It so chanced that I had ridden forward a little ahead of the wagon and the remainder of the party, and, reining my horse upon the summit of a ridge of wooded ground, looked suddenly upon a strange and striking scene.

The valley sloped on all sides downward to a little lake, in steps or terraces of snow-white silica, which had been deposited in the lapse of ages by the waters of a score or more of giant fountains, which at intervals along the terraces threw up their sparkling waters in the sun. These boiling geysers—or, as the natives call them, *puias*—were the first in my experience, and the beauty of the sight was of a kind which I could never have imagined. Vast, yet fairy-like, these fountains of the Titans rose in throngs impossible to count, because their number every instant varied; even as the eye rested upon one, the jet would sink into its crater, while in a spot a moment before vacant another fountain was to be seen dancing in mid-air. From the crest of each a cloud of white steam floated slowly off on the still air. The steam was white, but the water of the spouting columns was of the deepest sapphire, which became a paler and yet paler azure as it cascaded down the terraces and

flowed into the lake, over whose heated surface hung a veil of faint blue mist.

The caravan came up, with my companions. They shared my admiration to the full; but, unlike myself, they were contented with a distant view. We had had a tiring march since daybreak, and not a man of them would volunteer to join me in a climb into the valley in order to inspect the *puias* near at hand. On this, however, I had set my mind. We were to halt some hours upon the spot for rest and dinner, as well as for some slight matters of repair about the wagon. Accordingly, when the horses had been unbridled and turned loose to graze, and while our native guides were busy splitting wood to build a fire, cutting rashers from a side of bacon, and bringing out the kettle and the gridiron, I started off alone into the valley.

The distance to the nearest *puia* was not over half a mile; but the descent at first was steep and rugged, and I made my way but slowly. As soon, however, as I reached the highest of the terraces, the nature of the ground completely changed. It was now a crisp, baked surface, full of cracks and fissures, from many of which spirted jets of steam. I did not know the risk of walking heedlessly upon this thin and treacherous crust, which is liable at any moment to give way beneath the traveller's foot and to let him plunge beyond redemption into some horrible abyss. Luckily, however, though I

stepped without the slightest caution, I reached the *puia* without accident and stood beside its spouting fountain.

The jet, which was about a yard in thickness and some twenty feet in height, rushed with a tremendous hiss, or rather roaring, from its crater on the summit of a slightly elevated mound, exactly like a miniature volcano, down the sides of which the overflowing water poured in torrents to the lower terraces, and thence into the lake. I dipped my finger in the water, but withdrew it with a cry of pain; it was absolutely boiling hot. As I chanced to stand to leeward of the fountain, the cloud of steam which drifted from its summit was above my head and kept me in a drizzling shower of rain. I felt a lively curiosity to look down into the crater; but this, while the jet was spouting, was of course impossible. There was, however, not a hundred yards away, another *puia* which had been playing as I descended, but had now sunk underground. To this, accordingly, I turned my steps, and, ascending its low mound, looked down into the empty crater.

The outside of the mound was comparatively rugged; but the interior was as smooth as polished marble and as white as snow—as snow on which the setting sun has cast a rosy lustre of the most ethereal tinge. I have seen the inside of a sea-shell look exactly like it, but nothing else that I can think of. In form the crater was a funnel of some five-and-twenty yards diameter, with sides which sloped abruptly to the centre, where the shaft, which measured about five feet across, descended like a well.

So far my observations led me. Then, with the most startling suddenness, my inspection was cut short.

The margin of the crater where I stood was formed of overhanging juts of silica, as brittle as glass. Alas! I did not know it, and I took no heed. Stooping forward to look down into the funnel, I threw all my weight with suddenness upon one foot; the jut on which it rested broke off short, and my foot descended on the slippery surface of the crater. I staggered—struggled to regain my balance—but in vain. The very effort, like a reeling skater's, completed my disaster; I swung half round, and fell full-length upon the side of the incline.

For a second or two I remained station-

ary. Then I felt that I was sliding—slowly but surely sliding—down the shelving funnel toward the mouth of the abyss.

With a cry of terror, I threw out my arms in a convulsive search of something to arrest my progress; but the projections of the margin were already out of reach, and my fingers only slipped upon the polished walls of the declivity, which grew steeper and steeper as they approached the chasm, which now, like a monstrous jaw, seemed gaping to receive me. A moment more, and with the horrible intestinal sense of falling from a height I dropped like a plummet into the darkness of the gulf.

For one instant, in extremity of horror, I felt that I was lost; the next, I was aware that something unexpected had occurred. I was no longer falling. What had happened?

As a rule, a geyser-shaft is as perpendicular as a coal-pit's, but sometimes, by mere chance, the shaft deflects and forms an angle at no great distance from the surface; and such was the case here. For twelve or fifteen feet the shaft descended vertically; then it ended on a slightly shelving floor of rock, from the edge of which a larger tunnel, black and steep, sank down into the very bowels of the earth. This ledge, or landing-place, received me as I fell; and thus, by the merest freak of fortune, it happened that, though bruised and shaken, I escaped the fate, which otherwise I must have met, of being dashed to pieces on the spot.

I felt a movement of relief—of joy. Yet had I cause for exultation? I gathered myself up, and looked about me.

There, above me, was the opening of the shaft, beneath a circle of clear sky, in which, to my surprise, a star was shining, though the time was noon. My wonder was, however, only momentary; the effect, I knew, arose from looking up the tunnel of the shaft—as, in the broadest sunshine, the moon and stars are visible from the bottom of a well. A more momentous observation seized my notice; the interior of the shaft, wet, slippery and shining, presented neither crevice nor projection. Even as I looked I realized the horror of the fate before me. Escape was impossible—I was the captive of the geyser! Beside the rocky ledge on which I stood—a space about a yard in width—I



could perceive, as my sight became accustomed to the feeble gleam which fell into the chasm, the awful throat of the abyss, descending, Avernus-like, for all I knew, into the very gulfs of fire. From the gorge a faint steam rose like mist, and in the utter stillness I could hear, far down, the sound of gurgitating waters. In a little while—how long I could not tell—the moment of eruption would return and flood the chasm. I should be drowned—drowned like a trapped rat; no, horror!—drowning is not an instant death, and the abyss would have become a bubbling cauldron. *I should be boiled alive!*

As the horror of this thought broke on me, my veins ran chill within me, and I shook from head to foot, as if with ague. Sick and dizzy, for many minutes I remained, like a man paralyzed, incapable of thought or motion, yet conscious—conscious even to the keenest torture—of the flight of every moment. An expectation—a suspense unutterable—strained every nerve to agony. The instants numbered by my fevered pulses seemed to fall upon my heart like drops of melted lead. My ears were strained to catch the far, faint sound of the abysmal waters—a sound which might be changed at any instant to the roar which would anticipate my doom.

At last, with the spasmodic effort of a dreamer starting from the clutches of a nightmare, I roused my mind into exertion. *Was I doomed—inevitably doomed?*—was there no possible escape before me? I turned my eyes again upon the shaft.

It was, as I have said, about five feet in width. A little narrower, and I might have had a chance of freedom; by setting my back against one wall of the ascent and my hands and knees against the opposite, I might gradually have worked my body upward, as a chimney-sweeper's boy goes up a stack. As it was, however, the attempt was idle. Unable to employ my knees in climbing, I could not raise myself a foot above the ledge.

Then another gleam of hope shot through my mind. Could I cut notches in the walls, and so ascend, as by a ladder? I pulled out my hunting-knife and prepared to try its point upon the surface. Then I stood hesitating, knife in hand, afraid to make the trial and find my last hope taken from me. Yet the surface, though so polished, might quite pos-

sibly turn out friable and earthy. At last I struck the point against it; a shudder ran through every fibre of my frame; it was as hard as adamant—the steel blade barely scratched it. In a passion of despair I struck with all my force against the flinty wall; the blade snapped short and fell with a ringing noise into the depths of the abyss, where I heard it strike from side to side as it descended. At last, as if it reached some vast unfathomable space, the sound ceased suddenly, and I heard no more.

Up to this moment I had forbore to cry for help; at heart I knew too well that it was useless. The camp was half a mile away, and my loudest outcry, muffled by the chasm, would be inaudible at fifty yards from the shaft's mouth. Yet, at that moment, in the agony of desperation, I raised my voice and uttered a loud, long, and piercing cry. But when shall I forget what followed? The sound had scarcely left my lips when it was answered by a voice within the gulf—by a cry, beginning low and quick, but swelling rapidly into a wild reverberating peal or shriek which stopped the very beating of my heart; a shriek so utterly appalling and unearthly that it seemed as if all the demons of the pit had burst at once into a scream of mocking laughter. Again, and yet again, the sound reverberated, in unimaginable echoes, through I knew not what abysmal caves and hollows of the world. Shaken as I was in every nerve, I could no longer reason; otherwise must have told myself that the cry *could* only be a repetition of my own. No living monster's voice from the abyss could have appeared to me more real or more terrific. Scarcely knowing what I did, I flung myself upon my narrow platform and stopped my ears to shut away the sound.

When at last I ventured to unclothe them, the awful peal had faded into silence, and no sound was to be distinguished except the faint continual noise of gurgitating water which had not ceased to issue from the depths of the abyss. To this sound I now lay listening in a kind of frightful fascination for some minutes—five or ten. Then, even as I listened to the sound, I heard, with freezing blood, a change of character take place within it—a change into a long, low, booming murmur, dreadful as a lion's growl. It was the wakening voice of

the eruption! At last my hour was come.

Rigid with horror, I threw myself against the wall, and, with starting eyes and panting breath, awaited the volley of the boiling stream. I heard the sound increase into a thunder—a fierce explosion shook the very rock—there came a blast, a shriek from the abyss; I felt a shock that stunned me—and the tremendous spout of water shot me from the gulf and hurled me fifty feet into the air.

Strange that I had never thought of this! that I had never taken into calculation the gigantic power of such a jet! How incredibly absurd it now appeared that I should fancy that a current of such force would leave me in the hollow. Nor was I fated to be boiled alive; the water, though its heat was only just endurable, was by no means boiling hot. Had I been aware before that this occasionally happened, my bitterest despair would have retained a spark of hope.

But was my danger at an end? Far otherwise; the most extraordinary part of it—the part for which I have considered that it ought to be recorded, as the sole experience of its kind—is now to be related. But how shall I describe it? how shall I recount the strangest, the most wildly singular adventure that ever mortal man escaped to tell of? I must take an illustration.

Every one has seen a ball or a cork figure kept dancing on the summit of a garden fountain. Now let there be imagined a stupendous jet, five feet in thickness and fifty feet in height, tossing aloft, in place of the cork ball, a living man! Such was now my situation. There was the Brobdignagian fountain dancing in the sunlight, and there was I, the veriest pigmy, tossed like a puppet on its colossal crest. What mortal ever found himself in a position so grotesque and yet so terrible?

The motion of a body suspended on a jet of water depends, for the most part, on its shape and weight. If too heavy, it falls instantly; if too light, the fountain casts it off, like spray. In form, a sphere is the most easily supported; but the capricious stream occasionally seems to take a fancy for another figure, so that the most irregular of bodies may sometimes be seen dancing long and wildly; and thus it must have been with me. My

weight must have exactly suited the gigantic jet; it neither threw me off nor let me fall. At first, for several seconds, it kept me spinning dizzily upon its very summit; then, as I chanced to come erect, a position which afforded less resistance, I sank suddenly a dozen feet within the body of the jet—only, the next instant to be cast aloft again, tossed, whirled, and shaken, at the will of the capricious waters. Of my sensations while this lasted, it would be in vain to speak, for I felt nothing with distinctness. The dizzy height—the strange resistance of the liquid column—the fiery sting of the heated water—the deafening roar of the cascade in falling—the dazzling iridescence of the sunlit steam and spray—the strangling sense of breathing air and water—I was conscious of them all, but vaguely, as of the phantasmagoria of a dream. My brain reeled, I grew sick and dizzy; for some seconds I believe that my senses must have failed me—

Very suddenly, with an upward spurt, as if weary of its plaything, the fountain seemed to fling me from its summit clear out into the air.

The height was fifty feet; I fell revolving like a wheel. Had the fountain cast me off at the first instant I must infallibly have been dashed to pieces on the margin of the shaft. But the crater had had time to fill with water, which at the point at which I fell was now at least ten feet in depth. Into this I came down, luckily feet first, with a force which drove me violently against the bottom. But the water broke my fall. Faint, gasping, but uninjured, I rose to the surface, and exerted my remaining strength to strike out for the brink.

But even yet my danger was not over; indeed, as it happened, I was only just in time. Even as I was about to seize the nearest rough projection of the margin, the fountain fell; a moment sooner, and nothing could have prevented me from being sucked into the chasm with the rush of water. I felt the current seize and drag me backward. With a convulsive effort I put forth all my energy to reach the peak: my fingers touched it—clutched it; I drew myself up high and dry, and, falling at full length upon the brink, I lay there for a long time without sense or motion.

When at last I rose I was still giddy,

weak, and shaking. It was with the tottering steps of an old man that I set out to make my toilsome way to the encampment—there to relate the strangest tale of peril that ever struck the listeners with amazement. As I reached the ridge above the valley, I turned and looked once more behind me. The *puia* was still un-

derground, but even as I looked I saw it burst again from the abyss and uplift its glittering crest against the sun. It was, as when I saw it first, a thing of beauty. But now I saw it with an altered eye, which made its beauty terrible.—*Temple Bar*.

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HENRY M. STANLEY.

A STUDY IN CHARACTER.

“Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,  
But to those that sought him, sweet as summer.”

By those who are familiar with Stanley's career during the last twenty years the aptness of the quotation will be recognized. There are other points in “Good Griffiths'” portraiture of his fallen master which will suit both friends and foes of the man “of humble stock” who has risen to so much honor, and who has furnished the world with excitement for the last three years. Though Stanley has more in common with Wolsey than with Napoleon, to whom it is the fashion to compare him, neither analogy will bear pushing far. Stanley's character is in several aspects as unique as his career. Like the other two men, he is one of the great forces of his time. There is something Napoleonic in the swiftness of his movements and the magnitude of his successes, but that is about all; no doubt he is abnormal, but there is nothing monstrous about him. Napoleon had many worshipers, but that does not imply anything either godlike or humane; it is doubtful if any man ever loved him. No man who has achieved the brilliant successes which have fallen to the lot of Stanley could avoid making enemies: there are men who hate him. He is a man capable of strong attachments, but probably he has never given his unreserved confidence to any one. He has long ago taken to heart the advice of Burns to his young friend:—

“Aye keep something to yoursel'  
Ye hardly tell to ony.”

Yet few men have more or warmer friends. A well-known officer who has been on the most intimate terms with him, both on the Congo and in England, always speaks of

him with intense tenderness. And this feeling he draws forth from men of all classes and the most varied types, black and white. No man can be more winning and sympathetic; yet no one can be more freezing when he chooses. One does not need to know him personally to recognize that the man has plenty of humanity, and that, notwithstanding his practical aims, he often revels in sentiment. Read how he deals with the African natives; how he can enter into the minds of chiefs or followers, adapting himself to their simple ways of thinking and speaking; touch their strongest sentiments, and so stir them to an enthusiasm and devotion that will make them, in spite of fears and superstitions, brave the terrors of unknown rivers and cannibal-haunted forests in his company. True, it may be said that those dramatic records of interviews with Mtesa, and of his fervent addresses to his people when their zeal was flagging and their fears were threatening to get the better of them, are much indebted to the telling. Doubtless they are, and so indeed is the whole narrative of his great journey across the continent. But is it any the less trustworthy on that account? Another man might have done what Stanley did, and his story have been as tame as a globe-trotter's diary. And yet one cannot say that Mr. Stanley's style displays much literary art. The fact is, his style is the unstudied outcome of the man; a sort of compound of Carlyle and the Bible; the dramatic element always hovering about, intensity all-pervading. He himself may be taken as the type of Carlyle's hero as a man of action. Whatever else was on the table in the well-known room on the top floor of the old house in Sackville Street, a box of cigars, a map or two, and a vol-

ume of Carlyle were never absent. Carlyle is his guide, philosopher, and friend ; and that is the key to much of his conduct. But his diction is steeped in Biblical phraseology : with the old Book he is as familiar as he is with Carlyle, as witness the speech he recently made at Zanzibar. Before he left England three years ago, on the Relief Expedition, he received many little mementoes from his friends. From one friend, who asked him what he would like, he begged for a small pocket Bible, which he said would be his daily companion. No one need infer from this that Stanley is a saint ; he does not pretend to be one. But that Bible, we have it from one who was his constant companion in the Aruwimi forest, is scored and dog-eared on almost every other page, at passages that seemed apt to the many vicissitudes of the expedition.

It has been said that the man who loved Livingstone and whom Livingstone loved cannot surely be so bad as some of his detractors would make out : and the saying will bear repetition. The truth is the two men have much in common, even in outward feature. But the points of difference are probably more striking than the points of likeness. Stanley's head is squarer than was Livingstone's. His gray eye—flecked and darkened by years of the tropical heat of Central Africa—is that of a man of iron nerve, accustomed to take the measure in a second of every newcomer at home and abroad, and to decide if he be friend or foe ; tender and friendly enough when he is sure of his company, but capable of consuming fire when he is roused to wrath, as he himself admits he is only too ready to be. Livingstone was a man of peace, who always shrank from fighting ; Stanley, too, prefers peace to war, but above all he loves to do what he has set his mind upon—what he regards as his duty—and woe to the man, white or black, that dares to obstruct his way. In no other temper could he have accomplished the great work which he has achieved in Africa. Livingstone never entirely dropped the missionary, and was throughout a Christian of the fine old Scottish type, whose charity, however, was greatly wider than his creed. Stanley, too, is Celt enough to have a strong religious, some might say superstitious, element in his nature ; his allusions to "Providence" and the "guidance of

God" may be taken as perfectly sincere. He, however, as we have said, makes no pretence to saintship, and values Christianity more as a civilizing agency than as the only pathway to future bliss. But his training and his calling have been different from Livingstone's.

When little more than a boy he had to fight for his own hand in a land where competition is keen and merciless. As a newspaper correspondent he knew that success depended on his outstripping all his fellows, and he did it. In the *New York Herald* he was the first to tell the world of the fall of Magdala and the death of Theodore. This he effected by that careful attention to minute details of arrangement which characterizes the highest generalship, and which has marked his whole African career. As an explorer he determined to do the biggest thing that was to be done in Africa, and he did it.

No doubt there are conditions existing now which render African exploration much more exciting to the outer world than it could have been in former years. Of old, and that is not so long ago, even in Livingstone's days, a traveller might disappear in the darkness of the Dark Continent and be no more heard of for months or years ; no messages to the coast, and if there were, no telegraph to carry them red-hot to an expectant public at home. Now we seem to have our fingers on the pulse of an African expedition. Africa is covered with explorers, traders, slavers, missionaries, Mahdists, and caravans of one kind or another ; so that it is difficult for an expedition to get entirely out of sight or hearing. Some message or some rumor is sure to reach the coast, which, tapped as it is at so many points on both sides, flashes the story at once to our breakfast-tables. So it is we are kept in a constant state of tension and expectancy which was impossible in the old days ; and so it is that our shout of "Victory" goes forth when that tension finds relief in the assurance of safety and success. This will, no doubt, account to some extent for the world-wide excitement over Stanley's two great expeditions. But brush away the excitement, give all due weight to the petty and near-sighted criticisms of Stanley's methods, of his treatment of natives, and his bearing toward his staff, and the solid verdict of the world will still be that the man has done work

which will cause his name to be forever remembered with admiration. Without entering into details that are open to all, let us try briefly to recall what the character of that work has been.

Stanley had no thought of being anything more than an efficient newspaper correspondent, when on that memorable October night, twenty years ago, as ever prompt and impatient of results, he entered Mr. Gordon Bennett's room in Paris, in obedience to a telegram which summoned him from Spain. He was then approaching his thirtieth year. As to the success of the Livingstone Search Expedition, so far as its immediate object is concerned, Livingstone's own testimony is unqualified and frequent. Stanley had not had four months' communion with the great explorer without receiving an education and an inspiration that led him to dream of great things for the future. Livingstone would doubtless tell his eager young friend of the great problems that still remained unsolved; of the three great fountains of the Nile that he believed must exist somewhere in the far south in the country west of Lake Bangweolo; of that great river which he had seen in his recent sojourn at Nyangwé, which swept "north, north, north," disappearing in the darkness of the primeval forest, sending, as Livingstone would fain believe, its tribute to the all-devouring Nile. No wonder that the enthusiasm of a man of Stanley's ambition and Bohemian nature was fired.

There is no need to dwell upon the unpleasant features of Stanley's reception on his return. He is a man who, with all his social qualities, lives very much within himself. The truth is that, for a man of his iron nerves and freedom of speech about others, Stanley is almost phenomenally sensitive; he himself told a friend that he believed he was the thinnest-skinned man in creation. Even friendly banter he is apt to take seriously. When his motives or his conduct in Africa are impugned it cuts him to the quick; if he has a suspicion that anything he may have done will wear a doubtful complexion to the outside world he is apt, in anticipation of attack, to hit out all round in self defence. Hence what seems to those who do not know him the unprovoked harshness of some of his judgments.

Meantime, after the relief of Living-

stone, he had to lapse once more into the rôle of the ordinary newspaper correspondent, in which capacity he did good work during the Ashanti war. Stanley returned just in time to be present as one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of his master, Livingstone, in Westminster Abbey, in April, 1874. The brave old man had left unsolved all the problems which he had so often discussed with Stanley in the veranda at Ujiji, and while exploring the north end of Lake Tanganyika. The inspiration was rekindled more intensely than ever by the death of the master. What task could be more glorious than to complete the work of Livingstone? What work available for a man like Stanley would more surely lead to enduring fame? This was a very different thing from a relief expedition, and Stanley went about it in a different way. He got together all the books and maps he could lay hands on (over 130 of the former) and mastered the situation; he steeped his mind in African lore. Old Dapper would tell him of the great lakes and rivers and empires which the geographers of the seventeenth century described in the minutest detail, and of which we have heard much in connection with the recent troubles on the Zambesi. No need now to discuss this fanciful geography, some of which is as old as the time of Ptolemy. There is such a thing as effective exploration, just as there is effective occupation. When serious exploration began, nothing was to be done with this fantastic geography but sweep it off the map. Over a century ago the map of Africa, except around the coasts, was a great blank. When Stanley entered on his second expedition, that blank had been greatly reduced by the efforts of such men as Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, and Livingstone; but there still remained a wide area in the western half of the continent some ten degrees on each side of the equator almost virgin white, in which some of the greatest problems in the geography of Africa awaited solution. The greatest of them all Stanley resolved to unravel, if Cameron had not already done it, for by this time Cameron was on his way across Africa. The expedition cost the *Telegraph* and *Herald* just £11,000, almost the same sum as Cameron's much less fruitful attempt cost the Royal Geographical Society. No doubt Stanley could not have done his great work with-

out ample means ; but a good deal more is required to win a campaign than a huge army and lavish armaments.

By the end of 1874, Stanley was once more at Zanzibar. Before he attacked the great problem on the solution of which he had set his mind, there were several minor but important points in the geography of the Great Lake region which he resolved to put right, but into which we need not enter. What impressed the general public more than anything else were the graphic reports which he sent home of his long interviews with the clever, if somewhat artful, King Mtesa of Uganda. The missionary public was inflamed ; here, Stanley told us, was a splendid field for Christian enterprise ; the response was immediate, and the results far-reaching. Stanley has always shown himself favorable to missionary work ; but, as we have said, he regards Christianity mainly from its civilizing and not from its doctrinal side. With missionaries of the Moffat and Livingstone stamp, with men like Mackay of Uganda, who begin by working and end by preaching, he has every sympathy. With those men who are constantly appealing through their missionary organs for a supply of chasubles, chalices, and altar-cloths, new bells and silver candlesticks, to flaunt before the naked savages of Central Africa, he has no patience. Of religious pretentiousness and priestcraft he has a horror ; and when he meets with them he is not slow to castigate them, as some of the missionaries on the Congo know to their cost. Bishop Hannington, he is persuaded, deliberately threw away his life. When Stanley was at Cairo, three years ago, on his way to Zanzibar, he was much with Sir Evelyn Baring. One day at lunch, at Sir Evelyn's, when many of the staff were present, Stanley was "on the talk," as the teller of the story puts it. He was discussing the chief routes to Uganda, the north route and the south route, and Hannington's folly in taking the former. "Verily, verily, I say unto you," broke out Stanley, "Bishop Hannington longed to be a martyr. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Bishop Hannington took the north route, and became a martyr. Verily, verily, I say unto you, had Bishop Hannington taken the south route he would have been alive unto this day." This is another illustration of his tendency to slip into the phraseology of the

Bible. Stanley is not only an explorer. He is also ambitious to be a pioneer of civilization in Africa. Whether civilization in the European sense is good for the African we need not inquire ; many men of keen observation and sound judgment think not ; but then it is not the good of the African alone we are bound to consider. It is this motive that makes Stanley so anxious to see the right kind of missionary in Africa ; it was on this account he wished to see his own great river utilized as a highway for commerce ; it was this which led him to take part in the founding of the Congo Free State.

There was one incident connected with Stanley's visit to Uganda and his voyage on the Victoria Nyanza which called forth bitter comments from certain quarters. He is, as we have said, extremely sensitive to criticism. In this case he felt the attacks made upon him as keenly as he did the incredulity with which his story of finding Livingstone was met. He has long ago made up his mind that any expedition has a perfect right to walk unimpeded through Central Africa if it does so peacefully ; that it has a right to supplies if paid for ; that if attacked it is bound not only to defend itself but to give its foes such a beating that they won't forget it, and will think twice before they attack a peaceful white man's party again. Central Africa is a no man's land ; the populations are continually shifting ; with one or two exceptions there is no organized government ; the only right recognized is that of might—as it is under more or less disguised forms elsewhere. Every man who has been in Central Africa, including some of our best missionaries, takes Stanley's view. It is the inevitable policy, if Africa is ever to be opened up to the outside world. Had Stanley not adopted it, the Congo would not yet be on our maps. Over the particular instance in question, the punishment of the natives of Bam-birch Island for wantonly attacking his party and other iniquities, a great cry was raised in certain ultra-philanthropic circles when the account was published in the *Telegraph*. That Stanley felt keenly the hard things said about him is certain. In his published narrative he fully explains the incident and his own policy, and in the eyes of reasonable men he stands justified. That he himself possesses a *mens conscia recti* as to this and similar occur-

rences is evident from the frank and full way in which he states the facts ; he has done nothing which he believes requires to be concealed.

Stanley's normal treatment of the natives, and especially of his own followers, is of the most fatherly character ; but fatherly in the old sense of tempering love with discipline. No man knows better how to manage African natives ; they are children of the most undeveloped type, and as such he treats them. Herein he had Livingstone as his master ; but Livingstone, to his cost, omitted the discipline, and, as Stanley said, thus laid himself open to all sorts of abuses. Stanley has never made this mistake. The native's sense of justice is keen ; and justice to all has been Stanley's motto. It is this tenderness and patience, combined with justice, that has made him so successful in his dealings with natives. Such a disaster as that which happened to Major Barttelot, or to the German planters on the east coast, is impossible in his case, or in the case of any man who knows how to treat natives properly.

An officer who was constantly with Stanley on the Congo, when in the employment of the King of the Belgians, speaks with admiration of his method of dealing with the natives. With untiring patience he would endeavor to make them understand what he wanted, show them how to do things, help them out of any difficulties in their way, so long as he was convinced that they were tractable and willing. But if either white or black exhibited any tendency to shirk their duty or to thwart Mr. Stanley's plans, his language was more stinging than scorpions. At the same time, as all who have been in the malarial atmosphere of Central Africa know, a deduction of at least 50 per cent. must be made from the hard words of a man who writes or speaks within its irritating influence.

But let us try to estimate, briefly, the feat which it is universally admitted entitles Stanley to be regarded as the greatest of living African explorers, and to be placed among the first rank in the history of African discovery.

"The greatest problem of African geography was left untouched at the exact spot where Dr. Livingstone had felt himself unable to prosecute his travels, and whence he had retraced his steps to Ujiji, never to return to Nyangwé.

This was momentous and all-important news to the expedition. We had arrived at the critical point of our travel : our destinies now waited my final decision."

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"It is of no use, Frank. We'll face our destiny, despite the straws and the rupees. With your help, my dear fellow, I will follow the river."

All who have read Mr. Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent* will recall the memorable scene, pictured as only Stanley could picture it, in the dimly lighted hut on the outskirts of Nyangwé, in the heart of Africa, on an evening in October, 1876. Just about two years before, Cameron had been face to face with the same great problem, the solution of which would insure undying fame. For three weeks did Cameron try to persuade the Nyangwé traders to sell or lend him canoes, but he was not strong enough to force the situation, and turning his back on the problem drifted pleasantly southward to Juma Merikani's. Five years and a half before, the wearied Livingstone looked upon this three thousand yards' wide river, and longed to launch himself upon its spacious bosom and follow it whithersoever it went. But he was no longer the Livingstone of old. His vigor was wasted and his spirit anguished by the Arab cruelties of which he was compelled to be a daily witness. With the crowded map of Central Western Africa before us, as it is in the present year, it is difficult to throw our vision backward fifteen years and realize what it was when Stanley began his work of exploration. A little maid was doing her geography lesson the other evening. A brand new map of Africa was before her, and she was puzzling her way among the maze of names. "Dear me," said her mother, looking over her shoulder, "what a different thing the map of Africa is now from what it was when I was young. When I was at school all the map was white, except round the coast, and we had only a few names to learn." "Oh, yes," said the girl, looking at the subject from the schoolgirl's standpoint, "it's all that horrid man Stanley." This is a new light in which to view the filling up of Central Africa.

It is easy enough for us to say now that there could have been no room for doubt that the river which passed Nyangwé, over one and a half miles wide, must be the Congo ; where else could such a river

find an outlet but in the Atlantic? But men who were old enough at the time to take an interest in such matters will remember that very grave doubts indeed existed as to the true course of the Lualaba after it entered the great blank beyond Nyangwé. Whoever set himself to solve the problem entered upon the biggest bit of the unknown that remained not only in the Dark Continent, but, outside the polar circles, on the face of our globe, every corner of which, alas! will soon be shred of that mystery which not so long ago covered the greater part of it, made the world seem so vast, and afforded ample room for the talent of the fanciful geographers of the past, though the race is not quite extinct. "A secret rapture filled my soul as I gazed upon the majestic stream. The great mystery that for all these centuries Nature had kept hidden away from the world of science was waiting to be solved. . . . My task was to follow it to the ocean." That was Stanley's decision. Fascinating as was the prospect, sure as was the glory that would follow success, the attempt was one of unlimited peril, and no man could be blamed for abandoning it. But, apart from the Pole, here was the one remaining chance for a man to have his name enrolled among the world's greatest explorers. There was much other good work which he might have done, but the one road to greatness, and the one path of duty, lay down that river, and it was not possible for a man of Stanley's calibre to take any other.

When he arrived at Nyangwé and found that Cameron had contented himself with getting across the continent anyhow, Stanley was filled with a joy unspeakable; he felt that that Providence who he tells us has been his special protector in his recent expedition had reserved for him this last and greatest piece of exploring work in Africa. We need not follow him into the forest. The hazard and romance of the situation in the heart of the continent, with the great river sweeping past into unknown blackness, perhaps through virgin forests and swamps, peopled with cannibals and heaven knows what other horrors, find apt expression in the famous lines put into the mouth of Ulysses by Tennyson, and quoted by Stanley himself in connection with this great crisis in his own career and in the history of African discovery. We need not quote them. Anyone can fol-

low the modern Ulysses in the Odyssey of the adventure which he himself has written. In eight months he was out in the Atlantic, after having traced on the map of Africa the broad artery to which all else in this region is subsidiary: he had filled into the great blank its leading feature.

No doubt Stanley's fame is due to some extent to the field in which his exploits have been performed; for there still remain a mystery and romance about Africa such as exist in no other continent. While that was partly his good fortune, it was also partly his own good guidance. No doubt, also, as has already been pointed out, much is due to the fact that he knows so well how to tell his story. If a man cannot make us realize what he has done, we cannot be blamed for underestimating the value of his work. The eight months' journey of this motley flotilla of natives, under the guidance of a solitary white man, down the sixteen hundred miles of this unknown river, its banks lined with hostile savages, and its course broken by miles of cataracts, is probably unexampled. The accuracy of Stanley's observations, hastily as they often had to be taken, has been tested and proved in all essential features.

This journey down the Congo has had momentous results. It may be regarded as the starting-point of that scramble for Africa which has led to the partition of the bulk of the continent among the Powers of Europe. No sooner had Stanley set foot in Europe than he was laid hold of by the King of the Belgians, as the emissary of whom he was, a few months later, once more on the way to his own river to begin that undertaking which ultimately led to the founding of the Congo Free State. Into the merits and the prospects of this strange enterprise it is not our business to enter. Here Stanley's exceptional powers as organizer and administrator had ample scope. With an energy and at a rate that took away the breath of his subordinates, he set about carrying out the purpose of his master, the King of the Belgians. Stanley himself is a man of so robust a constitution, of such superabundant energy, so impatient to see results, and so bent on accomplishing at all hazards what he considers his duty, that he has little sympathy with those who may possess these qualities in less measure than



himself. With English and Americans, if they were in earnest about their work and sought not in any way to impinge upon his sphere as chief, Stanley as a rule got on very well. Some of them became his devoted friends and worshippers. But the Belgian officers, as a whole, did not like him. Stanley's ceaseless energy did not suit their easy-going ideas as to what life in the Tropics should be; his patient and gentle treatment of the bewildered natives did not commend itself to men who knew of no argument but such as the rifle carries to address to people of an inferior race. Moreover, they disliked to see a foreigner ruling a region which they regarded as their own. With astonishing rapidity Stanley made hundreds of treaties with the chiefs along that river, down which not many months before he had had to run the gauntlet through hordes of savages. Stations were established along both sides; clearings were made; steamers were placed upon the river; missionaries began their work; great tributaries north and south were explored, and an infant trade nourished. Had Stanley continued to be the soul of this stupendous enterprise there would have been some hope of substantial results. Without him, or a man of his calibre and indifference to everything but what concerns the welfare of the enterprise, it is difficult to see that, under the conduct of Belgian officials, anything but collapse is in store for the Congo Free State. If so, no blame can be laid upon Stanley, who did his utmost to carry out the great enterprise of the King of the Belgians. Let us hope that his administrative capacity may have an even more hopeful sphere, and that in a region where British interests have reached a crisis and require the most careful looking after. If Mr. Stanley chooses to accept the position, he may become the first Governor of British East Africa. True, he is not now a subject of her Majesty, but, as everyone knows, he is a Briton born, and it might not be difficult to induce him to repatriate himself.

Stanley is a man of action above all; there lies his strength, and there also do we find the source of his weakness—his tendency toward intolerance for the conduct of men of different make from himself. He, being a man of prompt decision, cannot see why other men should have any difficulty at a critical moment in

making up their minds how to act. It may be deficiency in imagination, or it may be defective sympathy; whatever it is, we suppose it is an inevitable concomitant of the resistless energy and singleness of aim which are his supreme characteristics when he has undertaken to accomplish any object. When what he considers to be his duty lies before him, no consideration for friend or foe will induce him to swerve from the straight path. Were it otherwise, were he a man of more toleration for the weaknesses and scruples of others, it is doubtful if ever he would have accomplished what he has done. It was no wonder that the men at Yambuya Camp believed him dead and parted his raiment; for all but a few of the staunchest believers in Stanley's immortality "till his work be done" gave him up for lost more than a year ago. As to Emin, his real estimate of the man may be seen in his words to the Khedive; it is generous, if discriminating.

But it is over. We have brought out the man whom all the world (including, be it remembered, Emin himself) believed to be in imminent danger of being consumed by the hordes of the Mahdi; we have had an example of patient endurance and unflinching energy in the accomplishment of a noble purpose, hardly equalled even in the melancholy annals of African exploration. That the result has been disappointing, Stanley can in no sense be held to blame. We have had great geographical problems solved, a new region brought within the pale of human knowledge, fresh light let into the recesses of the Dark Continent, and all due to the supreme capacity of one man of action. Stanley has left no African enterprises in the future equal in magnitude to those which he himself has accomplished; none outside the Arctic circles that could be compared with the descent of the Congo. The next great geographical sensation in store for humanity is the return of the man who shall have reached the North Pole.

Not even his enemies can deny that Stanley is one of the great forces of our time. Those who take broad and farsighted views of human transactions, those who can brush aside the inevitable, if annoying, sparks, and see only the welding into shape of the crude bar on the anvil, will recognize that the many-sided work

which Stanley has initiated in Africa must have for its outcome the welfare of the race as a whole. Africa's time has come ; all the other continents have, more or less, been brought within the sphere of European influence. Men like Stanley are wanted to do promptly and thoroughly the

pioneer work. His force is not abated, and where in the future could he find better scope for it than on the continent where he has done so much good work ? Let us hope that his services may be secured in the interests of his native land.—*New Review*.

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### THE OFFICE AND WORK OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN OUTLINE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

WE may often hear it said, that the Old Testament is an introduction to the New. Much more is contained in these words than an irreflective recital may permit us to grasp. Yet they do not seem to cover the whole case. It seems necessary to glance first at the conjoint function of the two Testaments, in order to measure fully the exalted mission of the earlier. As the heavens cover the earth from east to west, so the Scripture covers and comprehends the whole field of the destiny of man. The whole field is reached by its moral and potential energy, as a provision enduring to the end of time. But it is marvellous to consider how large a portion of it lies directly within the domain of the Old Testament. The interval to be bridged over between the prophet Malachi and the Advent is not one of such breadth as wholly to abolish a continuity, which was also upheld by visible institutions divinely ordained, and by the production of certain of the Psalms themselves. It is further narrowed in so far as something of a divine *afflatus* is to be found in the books which form the Apocrypha, which are esteemed by a large division of Christendom to be actually a part of the Sacred Canon, and which in the Church of this country have a place of special though secondary honor. At the more remote end of the scale, it is difficult to name a date for the beginning of the Sacred Scriptures. The corroborative legends of Assyria,\* ascertained by modern research, concerning the Creation and the Flood, to which we know not what further additions may still progressively be made, carry us up,† it may be finally said,

"To the first syllable of recorded time."

Historic evidence does not warrant our carrying backward the probable existence of the Adamic race for more than some such epoch as from 4,000 to 6,000 years anterior to the Advent of Christ. And if, as appears likely, the Creation Story has come down from the beginning, the Christian may feel a lively interest in observing that, for by far the larger portion of human history, the refreshing rain of Divine inspiration has descended, with comparatively short intervals, from heaven upon earth, and the records of it have been collected and preserved in the Sacred Volume. Apart from every question of literary form and of detail, we now trace the probable origins of our Sacred Books far back beyond Moses and his time. And so we have a marvellous picture presented to us, not only all-prevailing for the imagination and the heart of man, but as I suppose quite unexampled in its historical appeal to the human intelligence. The whole human record is covered and bound together in that same unwearied and inviolable continuity, which weaves into a tissue the six Mosaic days of gradually advancing creations, and fastens them on at the hither end to the advancing stages of Adamic, and in due course, of subsequent history.

We find then that, apart from the question of moral purity and elevation, the Scriptures of the Old Testament appear to be distinguished from the sacred books possessed by various nations in several vital particulars. They deal with the Adamic race as a whole. They begin with the preparation of the earth for the habitation and use of man. They then, from

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\* These legends will be separately treated later in the present series.

† See No. VI. of this series for the ground

of the argument, which, as here presented, has in a certain measure the character of an assumption.

his first origin, draw downward a thread of personal history. This thread is enlarged into a web, as from being personal, the narrative becomes national, and eventually includes the whole race of man. They are not given once for all, as by Confucius or Zoroaster in their respective spheres; they do not deliver a mere code of morals or of legislation, but they purport to disclose a close and continuing superintendence from on High over human affairs. And the whole is doubly woven into one: first, by a chain of Divine action, and of human instructors acting under Divine authority, which is never broken until the time when political servitude, like another Egyptian captivity, has become the appointed destiny of the nation; secondly, by the Messianic bond, by the light of prophecy shining in a dark place, and directing onward the minds of devout men to the "fulness of time" and the birth of the wondrous Child, so as effectually to link the older sacred books to the dispensation of the Advent, and to carry forward their office until the final day of doom. May it not boldly be asked, what parallel to such an outline as this can be supplied by any of the sacred books preserved among any other of the races of the world? So far, then, the office and work of the Old Testament, as presented to us by its own contents, is without a compeer among the old religions. It deals with the case of man as a whole. It is alike adapted to every race and region of the earth. And how, according to the purport of the Old Testament, may that case best be summed up? In these words: it is a history of sin, and of redemption.

Our Lord has emphatically said, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;"\* and this saying goes to the root of the whole matter. Is there or is there not a deep disease in the world which overflows it like a deluge, and submerges in a great degree the fruit-bearing capacities of our nature? Are we as a race whole, or are we profoundly sick?

I think that to an impartial eye and to a thoughtful mind it must seem strange that there should be a doubt as to the answer to be given to his question. It seems more easy to comprehend the mental action of those whom the picture of the ac-

tual world, as it is unrolled before them, tempts, by its misery, guilt, and shame, into doubt of the being of God, than of persons who can view that picture, and who cannot but observe the dominant part borne by man in determining its character, and yet can make it a subject of question whether man is morally diseased. Veils may have been cast between our vision and the truth of the case by the relative excellence of some select human spirits; by the infinitely varied degrees of the universal malady; by the exaggerations and the narrownesses of outlying schools of theology; and lastly by the remarkable circumstance, that races, above all the extraordinarily gifted race of the ancient Greeks, have lived on into large developments of art, of intellect, and of material power, without creating or retaining any strong conception of moral evil under the only aspect which reveals its deeper features; that aspect, namely, which presents it to the mind as a departure from the will of God. But these disguises are pierced through and through by ever so little of calm reflection. We can conceive how generations, blinded by long abuse to the character of moral evil, could well contrive to blink and pass by the question. But we, who inherit the Christian tradition, ethical as well as dogmatic, cannot, I think, deny the prevalence, perhaps not even the preponderance, of moral evil in the world, without a preliminary process of degeneracy in our own habit of mind. In renouncing that tradition we shall find that we turn to a conception which admitted to be evil only that which was so violently in conflict with the comfort of human society as to require condemnation and repression by its laws. The gap between these two conceptions, the one of disordered nature, the other of Divine grace, is immeasurable.

It seems, then, that, in describing vividly the fact of sin in the world, the Scriptures of the Old Testament proceed upon lines which have also been drawn in the general consciousness at least of the Christian ages. Nor can we wonder that sin is described as a deviation from the order of nature, as a foreign element, not belonging to the original creation of Divine design, but introduced into it by special causes. And here we come to what is known as the fall of man, and to the

\* Matthew ix. 12.

narration of that fall as it is given in the Book of Genesis. Against this narration the negative criticism has been actively employed. The action ascribed to the serpent is declared to be incredible; the punishment of Adam, disproportioned to the offence, which consisted only in an action not essentially immoral; the punishment of all mankind, for the fault of one, intolerably unjust.

Now let us set entirely aside, for the moment, the form of this narrative, and consider only its substance. Let us deal with it as if it were a parable, in which the severance between the form and the substance is acknowledged and familiar. In proposing this, I do not mean to make on my own part any definitive surrender of the form as it stands, or any admission adverse to it. There is, it may be, high and early Christian authority even for surrendering the form. I only seek to pass within it, and to put the meaning and substance of it upon their trial. In this relation, we find a certain aggregate of objects, which we are now to treat as if they were simply significant figures. There are presented to us the man with the woman in a garden; the serpent with its speech; the two trees of knowledge and of life respectively; a fruit forbidden by Divine command, but eaten in defiance of it; and ejection from the garden in consequence. In this ejection is involved a great deterioration of outward state. And a deterioration of inward nature is also exhibited, in the derangement of its functions. A new sense of shame bears witness to the revolt of its lower against its higher elements, and for the first time exhibits it to us as a disordered, and therefore dishonored thing. Together with all this there is the outline of a promise that from among the progeny of the fallen pair a Deliverer shall arise, who, at the cost of personal suffering, shall strike at the very seat of life in the emblem of evil, and so destroy its power. In this relation many modern objectors have discovered an intolerable folly, and the Christian tradition of eighteen centuries has acknowledged a profound philosophy, and a painful and faithful delineation of an indisputable truth.

Now what is the substance conveyed under this form? The Almighty has brought into existence a pair of human beings. He has laid upon them a law of

obedience, not to a Decalogue setting forth things essentially good, and the reverse of them, but simply to a rule of feeding and not feeding. The point at which this brings into view an independent or objective law lies in the prohibition to feed upon a tree which imparts the knowledge of good and evil. That is to say, the pair, as they then were, were forbidden to aspire to the possession of that knowledge. It was a dispensation of pure obedience.

The question whether this was reasonable or unreasonable cannot be answered upon abstract grounds, but resolves itself into another question, whether it was appropriate or inappropriate to the state of the beings thus addressed. Some may assume that Adam was what so great a writer as Milton has represented him to be—

“For contemplation and for valor born,”\*

and not for contemplation only, but for intricate inquiry and debate on

“Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute.”†

If we take the developed man, such as we know him in Christian and civilized society, it seems plain that to lay down for him a law of life which did not include the consideration of essential good and evil, would not only stunt and starve his faculties, but would shock his moral sense.

It may be said that a single act of disobedience, even after full warning, could not so deprave a character as reasonably to entail upon the offender a total change of condition. But I would observe that the school of critics which would take this objection is the very school which, utterly rejecting the literal form of the narrative, is bound to look at it as parable. When so contemplated, its lesson is that rebellion, deliberate and wilful (and this is nothing less), fundamentally changes for the worse the character of the rebel. It places him in a new category of motive and action, in which the repetition of the temptation ordinarily begets the repetition of the sin; and it is mercy, not cruelty, which meets this deterioration of character, not with a final and judicial abandonment, but with a deterioration of state, which teaches the lesson of retribution, and serves as an emphatic warning against further sin.

\* “Paradise Lost.”

† *Ibid.*

Scripture lies before us in a true perspective when we come to understand that everywhere the will of God is in accord with the righteousness of God, and that what is promised or inflicted by command is also promised or inflicted by self-acting consequence, according to the constitution of the nature we have received. Religion and philosophy thus join hands, and never part them. When, therefore, we are told that Adam after his sin was shut out from Eden, we are not entitled to say, how hard that he could not be allowed to return, and perhaps amend. What is inflicted as penalty from without is acted in character within. Repentance is not innocence; there must be a remedial process; and, until that process has been faithfully accomplished, the anterior state and habit of mind cannot be resumed.

I do not argue with those who say this is a bad constitution of things, under which sin engenders sinfulness; some better one might surely have been devised. It is for us not merely as Christians, but as men of sense, to eschew speculations which even their authors must see to be wholly devoid of practical effect, and to assume the great moral laws and constitution of our nature as ultimate facts, as boundaries which it is futile to overstep.

To my mind, then, the narrative of the Fall is in accordance with the laws of a grand and comprehensive philosophy, and the objections taken to it are the product of narrower and shallower modes of thought. Introducing us to man in his first stage of existence—a stage not of savagery but of childhood—it exhibits to us the gigantic drama of his evolution in its opening. In the Paradise of the Book of Genesis, it reduces to a practical form the noble legend of the Golden Age, cherished especially in prehistoric Greece. It wisely teaches us to look to misused free-will as the source of all the sin, and of all the accompanying misery, which still overflow the world, and environ human life like a moral deluge. It shows us man in his childhood, no less responsible for disobedience to simple command, than man in his manhood for contravention of those laws of essential right and wrong, which remain now and forever clothed with the majesty of Divine command. It teaches us how sin begets sin; how the rebellion of the creature against the Creator was at

once followed by the rebellion of the creature's lower appetites against his higher mind and will. It impresses upon us that sin is not like the bird lightly flying past us in the air, which closes as it goes and leaves no trace behind. It alters for the worse the very being of the man that acts it, and leaves to him a deteriorated nature, which he in turn, by the inexorable laws of his constitution, transmits to his descendants; and which again in them exhibits, variably, yet on the whole with clear and even glaring demonstration, the evil bias it has received, until it shall be happily corrected and renewed by those remedial means which it was the office of the Old Testament to foreshadow and of the New to establish. Everywhere, then, in this narrative we find that it is instinct with the principles of the highest moral and judicial order.

For the present I pass by the Flood\* and the Dispersion,† which may be most conveniently considered in connection with what is termed profane history, and I touch next upon the call of Abraham, which imports the selection of a peculiar and separate people to be in a special degree the subjects of God's care, the guardians of His Word, and the vehicles of His promises. Of all great and distinctive chapters in the history of the human race we have here perhaps the greatest and the most distinctive.

This selection of Abraham and his race, if we speak after the manner of men, we might perhaps describe as follows. The original attempt to plant a race upon our planet, which should be endowed with the faculty of free-will, but should always direct that will to good, had been frustrated through sin; and the tainted progeny had, after a trial of many generations, been destroyed by the Deluge. In the descendants of Noah, man was renewed upon a far larger scale. Different branches of the race ‡ were sent, or were allowed to go forth, and to people different parts of the earth, each carrying with them different gifts, and different vocations according to those gifts; the notes of which, in various prominent cases, we cannot fail to discern written large upon the page of history. After a time, choice was made not of a nation, but of a person, namely, Abraham, who with his descendants be-

\* Genesis vi.—viii. † Genesis x. ‡ *Ibid.*

came subject to a special training. They lived, according to the record in the Bible, not like other men generally, dependent upon the exercise of their natural faculties alone, but with the advantage from time to time, and with the continuing responsibility, of supernatural command and visitation. But this remarkable promotion to a higher form of life did not invest them with any arbitrary or selfish prerogative. On the contrary, as the legislation of Moses was distinguished from other ancient codes by its liberal and likewise elaborate care for the stranger; so also, from the very outset, and before the family could blossom into the nation, nay, even in the very person of Abraham, the gift imparted to him was shown to be given for the behoof of mankind at large. "In thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed."\* The prerogative of the Jew was from its very inception bound up with the future elevation of the Gentile.

This elevation doubtless carried with it the duty and the means of reaching a higher level of moral life than prevailed among the surrounding Asiatic nations, who, sharing with the chosen race the infirmity and deterioration of nature, differed in this that they carried the reflection of their own sinfulness into their creed respecting the unseen, and made religion itself a direct instrument of corruption. But those whom we call the patriarchs were not exempted from the general degeneracy; and even Abraham, the general strain of whose life appears to have been simple and devout, on going down into Egypt to escape from famine, exposed his wife to the risk of an adulterous connection with the king of the country, lest, if she were known to be his wife, his personal safety should be compromised. On the moral standing of the race of Abraham, as compared with that of contemporary races, there will be more to say hereafter. Meantime, it may be observed that the sins and follies of the favored race are told in the narrative frankly, and without attempting to excuse them. This frankness of relation extends also to the calamities which befell the Israelites; and as an evidence of the integrity of the Hebrew penmen, it suggests a presumption that such plain speaking, in the face of national

and ancestral self-love, is, to say the least, highly in accordance with the belief that the record was framed under special guidance from above.

The selection of Abraham and his posterity in its immediate effect withdrew nothing from the nations outside the Hebrew pale. It bestowed, indeed, upon the line of Ishmael a preferential but inferior blessing, which, however, it is no part of the present purpose to examine, further than to say that the Mohammedan religion may be regarded, in its conflict with the idolatry which it first confronted, and in the present day among the tribes of Western Africa, as the communication of a relative good.

The object which demands our attention is the promise of a blessing in and by the seed of Abraham to all the nations of the earth. The first-fruits of this blessing may be said to have been perceived in the translation of the books of the Old Testament into Greek during the third century before the Advent. At the time when the Greek language was maturing its supremacy in the East through the conquests of Alexander the Great, and in the West through appreciation by the Italian genius, in some respects allied to it, the race was on its decline, both as to its intellect and as to its practical energy. This decline may, perhaps, have rendered the world more receptive of the influences which the substance of the Hebrew books was calculated to exercise.

There can hardly be a doubt that, among all the forms of Greek thought exhibited in the different schools of philosophy, that of the Stoics was the highest in respect of its conception of the Deity, of its emancipation from idolatry, and of its capacity of moral elevation. In the hands of Seneca, of Epictetus, and of Marcus Aurelius, Stoic ideas attained so high a level as to have been used by some in disparagement of the exclusive claim of the Gospel to the promulgation of truths powerful enough to regenerate the world. Without asserting that the early Stoics derived their inspiration through the Greek version, called the Septuagint, from the Hebrew Scriptures, it may be observed that, as a matter of fact, philosophy rose to a higher level through the Stoics while the Greek mind was declining, and that Stoicism made its first appearance at the epoch when those Scriptures had become

\* Genesis xxviii. 14.

accessible. Also it arose and flourished not in Greece, but at points such as Citi-um, in countries such as Pontus, in schools of learning such as Alexandria, which were seats of Jewish resort and influence.\*

It was an advance of a different order toward the fulfilment of the Abrahamic promises, when the Apostles, charged with the commission of our Lord, went forth into all the world and preached the gospel to every creature.† Then, indeed, an enginery was set at work, capable of coping with the whole range of the mischiefs brought into the world by sin, and of completely redeeming the human being from its effects, and consecrating our nature to duty and to God. It is impossible here to do so much as even to skirt this vast subject. But at once these three things may be said as to the development through the Gospel of the Abrahamic promise. First, that in the vast aggregate of genuine believers, the recovery of the Divine image has been effectual, and the mainspring of their being has been set right before their quitting the world, by the dedication of the will to God. Secondly, that the social results of the change have been beneficial and immense in the restriction of wars, in the abolition of horrible practices publicly sanctioned, in the recognition of rights, in the elevation of woman (whose case most and best of all represents the case of right as against force), in the mitigation of laws, in the refinement of manners, and in the public acknowledgment of higher standards of action. Thirdly, that Christendom is at this moment undeniably the prime and central power of the world, and still bears, written upon its front, the mission to subdue it. In point of force and onward impulsion, it stands without a rival, while every other widely-spread religion is in decline. Critical, indeed, are the movements which affect it from within. Vast are the deductions which on every side are to be made from the fulness of the Divine promises when we try to measure their results in the world of facts. Indefinitely slow, and hard to trace in detail, as may be, like a glacier in descent, the march of the times, the Christianity of to-day has, in relation to the world non-Christian, an amount of ascend-

ancy such as it has never before possessed; and, if it retain its inward consistency, the only question seems to be as to the time, the circumstances, and the rate of its further, perhaps of its final, conquests.

I know that it is far beyond the scope of a few pages such as these to make good in detail the claims of the Abrahamic promise. Still, I think that even what has been said may in some measure suffice for the purpose which I have immediately in view. That purpose is to establish in outline the exceptional character of the books of the Old Testament; and with this aim to show that they bear upon them the stamp of a comprehensiveness which embraces, which penetrates, which covers the history of the work as a whole. The promise, given to Abraham nearly two thousand years before the Advent, finds its correlative marks in the train of subsequent history. These marks demonstrate that it was given by a Divine foreknowledge. And if so, then the venerable record in which it is enshrined surely seems here, at least, to carry the seal and signature of a Divine authorship.

Now let us consider from another point of view the selection of the Hebrew race, and the peculiar standing of the Mosaic legislation so intimately allied with the whole of its singularly checkered fortunes. And in order to do something toward ascertaining what was probably the cause determining the Divine selection and procedure, we may do well first to refer to some aims which might at first sight have been thought probable, such as to provide a complete theology, or such as to reward with honor, wealth, and power a peculiarly virtuous people, whose moral conduct was of a nature likely to make them an edifying and attractive example to the nations of the earth. Human speculation might have been forward to anticipate that one or both of these aims might have been contemplated by a plan so exceptional as the selection and isolation of one particular line and people. But the facts appear to show that any such anticipation would have been entirely mistaken.

By a complete theology, I mean simply such a theology as would confront and make provision for all the leading facts of the moral situation. Among these a prominent place had already been given to the entrance of sin into the world, and to the promise of redemption from its power.

\* "Encycl. Britann." 10th ed. Art. Stoics.

† Mark xvi. 16.

Now it is evident that there was no attempt in the legislation of the Pentateuch at this theological completeness. Its theology is summed up in clear declarations of the being of God and of duty and love to Him, with which are directly associated in the Decalogue the main items of man's duty to his neighbor, and, both there and elsewhere, the doctrines of rewards and punishments. The race also inherited the narrative of what is termed in Christian theology the Fall of Man. This, however, was part of the anterior tradition; and, though implied in the Mosaic system, was not directly set forth in its terms.

But these rewards and punishments are of a temporal nature, and the Mosaic legislation gives no indication of a future state or of an underworld. This is the more remarkable, because the early chapters of Genesis, although they usually contain but the merest outline of history, are not without such indication.\* Enoch, at the end of his 365 years, "was not, for God took him." These remarkable words are substituted for the formula given in the cases of the other patriarchs, whose record closes with the phrase, "and he died."† This seems to be a clear manifestation of the state, into which Enoch entered without passing through the gate of death.

Again, we now know, from the Egyptian Book of the Dead and otherwise, that the religious system of that country not only included, but was greatly based upon, the conception of a future life. It seems absolutely impossible that the Israelites, even had they not been aware of it already, could have dwelt for many generations in the land of Egypt without coming to know of it. Our Lord Himself affirms that they knew it.‡ And we have it exhibited to us in the Psalms,§ which exhibit the interior and spiritual life of chosen souls. It has, perhaps, been too much the practice to assume that the Mosaic law is to be regarded as an enlargement of the patriarchal religion. Without doubt it is at least a very large and important supplement to that religion. But a supplement is less as well as more. It need not contain everything contained in that to which it is a supplement. Here

is a great and vital particular in which the Mosaic law cannot be said even to have republished the patriarchal religion, and which both preceded and survived the law, but did not find a place in it. Accordingly, among the Jews of the Advent the school which rigidly adhered to the letter of the law, namely, the Sadducees,\* denied the future state, and held "that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit."

We are not, therefore, to suppose that Israel was without the hope of a future life, which St. Peter on the Day of Pentecost himself demonstrated from the Sixteenth Psalm;† but only to perceive that the Mosaic legislation was limited to its proper purpose—that, namely, of setting apart a nation from the rest of mankind, and providing it with peculiar means and guarantees for the fulfilment of its mission as a nation. It erected a walled precinct, within which the ancient belief of the fathers was to find shelter and to thrive, while it was wofully perishing away from all the kindred nations of the world. It supplied an impregnable home for personal religion. But personal religion, taken by itself, is sadly weak in the means of transmission from age to age. The sons of Eli were wicked persons, and the evil Manasseh succeeds the pious Hezekiah. It is not without the aid of institutions that the sacred fire is kept alive among men. Hence our Lord did not merely teach His holy precepts, and fulfil His Divine career, but founded His Church on earth, to carry His work onward even to the day of doom. And hence, under the guidance of the Most High, Moses was commissioned to establish a system which, without being in itself complete, provided for the double purpose, first, of building up a fastness or fortress within whose walls true spiritual religion in singular fulness might flourish and abound; and, secondly, of establishing a firmly-knit national system of doctrine and worship, intended to secure the permanent purity of belief in the one self-existent God, and the continuing practice of a ritual which set forth in act the existence of sin, and made intelligible and familiar to the people at large the need of deliverance from it by reconciliation. And so, through the long ages from the Exodus

\* Genesis v. 24.

† *Ibid.* v. 5, and *passim*.

‡ Matthew xxii. 32; Mark xii. 27.

§ Psalms xvi. 10, xlix. 15.

\* Acts xxiii. 8.

† Acts ii. 25.



to the Advent, there lived on the two systems together, distinct but accordant. The one was the religion of interior devotion, powerfully upheld and stimulated, as occasion offered, by the Prophets, and continually exercised and developed in the Psalms. The other was the religion of exterior worship, full of significance, and by its command over the entire people, its incorporation in public laws and institutions, and its association at every point with the national life, exempting that higher and interior treasure from the risks of dependence on short-lived individual fervor, and providing secure means for its transmission from age to age.

We have in the institution of the prophetic school the setting forth of a profound lesson, which reminds us that the Mosaic system was alike in itself necessary, and of itself insufficient.

From another, and possibly even more commanding, point of view, we perceive the insufficiency of Mosaism to fill up fully the outlines of the Divine dispensations. Sin in the form of disobedience to Divine command had entered into the world, and had utterly marred the fair order which at the outset the Almighty had noted in His Creation. The mischief was not left to stand alone, and the promise of a Redeemer from it was immediately delivered. Thus far, the Mosaic system helps us, but in helping us tells us to look beyond itself. By its system of sacrifice it threw into distinct relief the idea of the offence which had been committed. But with this were associated the further ideas that from this offence there would be a way of reconciliation and recovery, and that this way would be found in a member of the human race, a portion of the seed of the woman. On these further ideas Mosaism so far threw light, that it pointed through sacrifice to pardon, but it added nothing of force or clearness to the promise that this recovery should be wrought out in and through a Redeemer having the form and the nature of man. This vital portion of the ancient tradition of the patriarchs did not derive any supplement or enforcement from the construction of the Hebrew laws and institutions. It remained, and it propagated itself mainly in the Psalms and in the Prophets. But its root was pre-Mosaic. Some rays of the light of that promise may perhaps be traced, outside the Hebrew precinct, in that close vital

association between Deity and humanity, which marked the Greek or Olympian religion, but which, as the fundamental conception of sin faded away, lost all its moral force. Mosaism did essential and infinite service in deeply sculpturing (so to speak) the idea of sin in the human consciousness, but it was not favorable to that theanthropy, or union of the Divine and human, of which the human side had been so strongly foreshadowed in the original charter. Perhaps by the rigid prohibition of images, which was so necessary for its direct purpose, it rather tended to widen the distance at which man stood as a being worshipping his Maker. Already idolatry, such as prevailed in the East, was associated with the human form, and the necessity of shutting out that idolatry carried with it, in this respect, a certain religious incompleteness as a consequence.

I now come to the second supposition; and I ask whether the selection of the Hebrew race was grounded on their moral superiority. Within narrow limits, the answer would be affirmative. They were appointed to purge and to possess the land of Canaan on account of the terrible and loathsome iniquities of its inhabitants. The nations whom they were to subdue had reached that latest stage of sensual iniquity, which respects neither God nor nature. The sensual power within man, which rebelled against him when he had rebelled against God, had in Canaan enthroned its lawlessness as law, and its bestial indulgences had become recognized, normal, nay more, even pious and obligatory. And there are those in the present day who, admitting the facts, find in them a subject of pleasurable contemplation as exhibiting the free exercise of natural propensities. The propensities were due indeed to nature, but only to nature in a condition of disorder and disease.

The vicious practices of these nations, indicated rather than described in the Old Testament, and veiled apparently for decency's sake in the translations, are sadly attested by the character of the remains, which, in later times, archæology has recovered from their hiding-places. They are also attested by the poems of Homer, where the Phœnicians represent Syrian religion, and where we find the goddess Aphrodite, whose debased worship it seems plain that they were gradually im-

porting into Greece, to have stood for little more than a symbol of lawless lust. This is "Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Sidonians."\*

I find it much more difficult to answer the question, whether the Hebrew race were planted in the land of promise, which flowed with milk and honey, by reason of, or in connection with, their moral superiority to the nations of the world taken universally. It is at the present day extremely difficult to make any trustworthy estimate of the comparative moral standing of any two contemporary peoples. It may be admitted that the form of human nature has with the modern conditions grown more manifold and complex. But, on the other hand, in answering the question I have just put, we have the difficulties not only of remoteness in time, but of extreme scantiness of information.

I shall assume that the mass of the children of Israel at large were trained mainly by Mosaism, and little in comparison by the more highly spiritual tradition conserved and enshrined within it. Speaking of these, we may consider that the Old Testament gives us more than a sketch. If less than a picture, of their social and moral state. I am aware of only one other race, with respect to which we have any account possessing a tolerable fulness. That is the race of the Achaian Greeks, painted with marvellous force as well as fulness by Homer. The poet describes the manners of one generation; the books of the Old Testament, say from Abraham to the Captivity, range over many; but, numerous as these are, they present a considerable unity of color. I carefully reserve the case of that inner and elect circle among the Hebrews, to whom we owe the possession down to this day of inestimable spiritual treasures. But comparing, as well as I am able, ordinary or average life among them on the one side, and among the Greeks of Homer (whom I take to have lived long after Moses, but before the age of David) on the other, I cannot discern that these last were in a moral sense inferior.

I am sensible, however, that in such a proposition as has just been uttered there must be, to the general reader, some appearance of paradox; and likewise that such an appearance will not be effectually

removed by reference to the Scriptural complaints of the stiff neck or the hard heart of the Israelites. I must therefore make further endeavors to get at the truth of the case before us.

I do not feel that even the patriarchal history is designed to convey to us the idea that the privileged race stood uniformly at a great moral elevation as compared with other and ordinary portions of mankind.

The subject is a painful one, and I shall not dilate upon its details. But it seems undeniable that in the history of the selected line we find from time to time the development of wickedness in its extreme form. Such are the sin of Onan,\* the incest of the daughters of Lot,† and the brutal insensibility of Ham,‡ the son of Noah, to the claims of natural decency.¶ Nor are the women exempt, as we learn from the incest devised and effected by Tamar.§ And the wife of Lot cast a yearning look on Sodom.¶ The first three cases, and the last, are not in the line of the ultimate succession, but Pharez, the son of Tamar, is the recorded ancestor of King David and his descendants.¶ Now, among the Achaian Greeks of Homer we find a sensitive delicacy, altogether peculiar, as to all exposure of the person. There is nowhere any extreme form of sensual indulgence. Among the Bæotian immigrants from the East, that is from the Syrian coast, there occurred at an early stage of their history in the Peninsula, a case of incest;\*\* but it was always regarded by tradition as involuntary, and what is more, a curse clave on this account to the race, and brought about its early extinction.

While incest is thus regarded as a monstrous perversion of nature among the Greeks, there are in the Homeric poems, as I think, sufficiently clear indications that it was practised without shame among the Phœnicians,†† the coast-neighbors of Syria, and their partners in manners, if not also probably in race.

Let us now turn to two others among the great moral constituents of human

\* Genesis xxxviii. 8-9.

† Genesis xix. 32.

‡ Genesis ix. 22.

§ Genesis xxxviii. 6-30.

¶ Genesis xix. 26.

¶ Matthew i. 3-5.

\*\* Od. xi. 271-4.

†† Od. x. 7, and less flagrantly, vii. 64-8.

\* 1 Kings xi. 5-33.

character, and consider the case of humanity as against cruelty, and of truth as against fraud.

Let us take the two cases first of the deceit practised by Jacob upon his brother Esau and his father Isaac; secondly, of the base and unnatural conduct of the sons of Jacob toward their brother Joseph. As there is nothing recorded in favor of the Homeric or Achaian Greeks which approaches in moral beauty to the forgiveness freely accorded by Joseph, so there is nothing recorded against them which so wickedly tramples down the laws of nature as the flagrant iniquities to which attention has just been called. The conduct of the suitors of Penelope in the *Odyssey*, and the actions of Paris, form the worst exhibitions of human nature which come before us in the Poema. Both there and in the Old Testament retribution follows guilt, but what I now speak of is the depths of guilt, not its treatment. There is nowhere in Homer a case between relatives of deceit like that of Jacob, or of cruelty like that of his sons.

When we come to the Palestinian period, it would appear that the Israelites were subjected to a force and diversity of temptations, such as perhaps no people ever had to encounter. War stimulated their vindictive passions. Triumph everywhere waited on their arms. They were to esteem themselves the directly chosen ministers of God. They were likely to regard the heathen, among whom they came, with hatred and contempt. They passed from a life, wandering, uncertain and ill supplied, to settlement and abundance. The temples of seductive lust everywhere met their eyes, and the evil example, by which they were solicited in the mass and in detail, pretended to hallow itself by close association with religion. There is scarcely an evil passion that finds entrance into the human breast which was not powerfully stirred by the circumstances of the Israelitish conquest. We find in the sacred text indications of the severity of some of their temptations. Take, for instance, Deut. vi. 10-16; and again in xxxi. 20 it is written,

"For, when I shall have brought them into the land which I swear unto their fathers, that floweth with milk and honey; and they shall have eaten and filled themselves, and waxen fat; then will they turn unto other gods and serve them, and provoke me, and break my covenant."

The general indication seems to be a very great ethical superiority of the Hebrew line over the Asiatic nations in their neighborhood, as indeed it was from Asia that the extremes of corruption flowed into the Greek Peninsula in the earliest historic times. Yet the loveliest picture of womanhood in all the early sacred books is that of Ruth; and Ruth was of the children of Moab, who was the incestuous offspring of one of the daughters of Lot.\*

Humanity, or mercy, is certainly not the strong point of the Achaian Greeks. With them not only no sacredness, but little value, attached to human life; and the loss of it stirs no sympathy unless it be associated with beauty, valor, patriotism, or other esteemed characteristics. Yet here, again, the forms of evil are less extreme. We do not find, even in the stern, relentless vengeance of Odysseus on his enemies, or in the passionate wish of Achilles that nature would permit what it forbade, namely, to devour his hated foe, a form of cruelty and brutality so savage as is recorded in the case of the Levite with his wife and concubine at Gibeah, and of the war which followed it.†

The temptations of lust were even more formidable than those of cruelty and revenge. According to the sacred text, this danger was foreseen from the first; and the very earliest Mosaic legislation,‡ after that of the Commandments, begins to denounce a portion of the indescribable practices which were rife among the occupiers of the promised land. It was subsequently carried into further particulars, and we know that down the whole course of the historic period before the Captivity, the filthy idolatry not only encircled the chosen people, but at times so invaded it as to reduce to a remnant the true worshippers of God. Even pious monarchs were sometimes afraid to destroy its constituted, and in a perverse sense, consecrated emblems.

On the other hand, we must not view the case of the early Greeks in the spirit of optimism. War and its devastations were with them habitual and almost normal; property was little respected; cunning as well as skill was sometimes held in honor. Yet it remains a broad and indisputable truth that honor and truth as well as valor were prevailingly regarded, that

\* Genesis xix. 36-7.

† Judges xx., xxi.

‡ Exodus xxii. 10.

family ties were very sacred, that the law of nature was simply and profoundly revered, and that the extreme forms of vice and sin, the widest and most hopeless departures from the law of God, are nowhere to be found in any of their forms.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that we cannot claim as a thing demonstrable a great moral superiority for the Hebrew line generally over the whole of the historically-known contemporary races. I nevertheless cannot but believe that there was an interior circle, known to us by its fruits in the Psalter and the prophetic books, of morality and sanctity altogether superior to what was to be found elsewhere, and due rather to the pre-Mosaic, than to the Mosaic, religion of the race. But it remains to answer with reverence the question, Why, if not for a distinctly superior morality, nor as a full religious provision for the whole wants of man, *why* was the race chosen as a race to receive the promises, to guard the oracles, and to fulfil the hopes, of the great Redemption?

The answer may, I believe, be conveyed in moderate compass. The design of the Almighty, as we everywhere find, was to prepare the human race, by a varied and a prolonged education, for the arrival of the great Redemption. The immediate purposes of the Abrahamic selection may have been to appoint, for the task of preserving in the world the fundamental bases of religion, a race which possessed qualifications for that end decisively sur-

passing those of all other races. We may easily indicate two of these fundamental bases. The first was the belief in one God. The second was the knowledge that the race had departed from His laws; without which knowledge how should they welcome a Deliverer whose object it was to bring them back? It may be stated with confidence that among the dominant races of the world the belief in one God was speedily destroyed by polytheism, and the idea of sin faded gradually but utterly away. Is it audacious to say that what was wanted was a race so endowed with the qualities of masculine tenacity and persistency, as to hold over these all-important truths until that fulness of time, when, by and with them, the complete design of the Almighty would be revealed to the world? A long experience of trials beyond all example has proved since the Advent how the Jews, in this one essential quality, have surpassed every other people upon earth. A marvellous and glorious experience has shown how among their ancestors before the Advent were kept alive and in full vigor the doctrine of belief in one God, and the true idea of sin. These our Lord found ready to His hand, essential preconditions of His teaching. And in the exhibition of this great and unparalleled result of a most elaborate and peculiar discipline we may perhaps recognize, sufficiently for the present purpose, the office and work of the Old Testament.—*Good Words.*

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#### EARLY SUMMER AT THE CAPE.

BY WILLIAM GRESWELL.

It is hard to realize when June mornings are upon us how different Nature is on the other side of the world in the southern hemisphere, where our spring is their autumn, our summer their winter, our vernal their autumnal equinox. How dull and strange and altogether meaningless must the songs and raptures of our poets in the growing season of the year sound to the ears of Colonists living in subtropical climates, where the harvest has just been ingathered, and hymns of thanksgiving sung! Here in rural England we nurse tenderly during the bleak days of February or March the welcome vision of

the green blades of the wild arum, broadening slowly day by day in the land of winter desolation; we give a greeting to the humble celandine, and even to the plain dog's mercury as they peep timidly upon us from the hedgerows, and, when the sweet white violets and primroses look forth as modest children of the New Year from behind the drooping shields of the last year's bracken beds, we hymn our vernal odes. Not so abroad, and in such a climate as that of South Africa. There the skies seem alien, the plants strange, the climate different, and new stars look down night after night upon a new world,

and, when we have said good-by, regretfully perhaps, to *Ursus major* sinking slowly down upon the northern horizon, as the ship rushes southward, we have said good-by to northern seasons, northern climates, northern twilight, and all the indescribable associations of a northern life. Nature henceforth will wear a different livery, her face will wear a different smile.

To the lover of English rural life the change in the bird-life of the South will be most marked. England is pre-eminently the land of bird-song; while at the Cape, as in many subtropical countries, there is scarcely a bird-note worth listening to for a moment. There is the sweet twittering of the Cape canaries, pretty enough in its way; there is the cooing of the bush dove; there is the loud whistling challenge of the Fiscal or Butcher bird, and the call of the Bok-ma-kerie (an onomatopœic word), the substitute for our thrush, and the hoarse guttural note of the Loeri, heard in the recesses of a distant kloof or combe, but no music anywhere. The golden cuckoo is a small and beautiful bird, with green and silky plumage, but his name belies him; never have I heard at the Cape the double note of the cuckoo so dear to us. Swallows and swifts abound at the Cape, but both seem, like the sprees or starlings, to have lost their endearing ways and habits. Who, on a June night in England, does not listen with pleasure to the wild scream of ecstatic joy that comes from the swifts as they dive and sweep with incredible speed round an ancient tower or cliff where they have nested year after year? But the Cape swifts share not the summer madness and exhilaration. Perhaps there are no places for them to disport themselves such as they love, no towers or steeples, or "ancient solitary abodes," handed down from generation to generation as hereditary nesting-places. The house-marten and chimney swallow have forgotten in the South to be the confiding companions of man, and do not nest beneath the eaves and in the chimneys of straw-thatched cottages. As if a homing instinct had told them that the tender and remote North was the fitting place to build their nests after all, not here, where the Southern Cross holds sway. Well enough to spend a few summer months here, they might twitter to one another, but not for always! Even the Cape robin, which hops about on slender legs and peers

curiously about with its bright little eyes, much after the fashion of his northern cousin, is comparatively mute here. In England the robin sings all the year round, and in quiet still days in winter, when the sun is out, he sings, we know, as merrily almost as in the summer. Nor can the stranger follow at first, while the seasons are still new to him, the yearly migration of birds in South Africa. Such migrations are carried out yonder as regularly and punctually as in England, and we must believe that many of our English migrants come from winter quarters in South Africa, although the line of Continental migration does not yet appear very clearly marked along the length of the Dark Continent. It is a strange instinct that sends so many thousands of birds northward, ever northward, to bill and coo and nest in the cold latitudes. Once my heart failed me in South Africa when I shot a fern owl or night-jar as it flew dazed in the daylight from a rocky hiding-place—just such a hiding-place as he loves in England. Often had I in times past listened to his quaint purring and churring on the heather hills of the old country, and could this, I thought, really be an English born and bred bird after all, crossing innumerable rivers, lakes, and forests to this subtropical land?

In England the spring is marked almost to the day by the notes of migratory birds coming in their allotted order. It is often easier to detect our little visitors by hearing their first few warblings than by seeing them. Here in English meadows, when the palm is in bloom and the catkins hang along the hedges, who does not wait anxiously for the first sweet refrain of the chiff-chaff? He is one of our first visitors, even when March winds are blustering. In Kaffirland, where the natives have killed every small bird with knobkerries (sticks) and stones, there is an oppressive and monotonous silence at all seasons of the year. No bird is there to tell us how the seasons are progressing; there is no music in the woods, no warbling and fluttering among the green leaves. In England, after the chiff-chaffs and willow-wrens, there follow in their nightly hosts the countless warblers, till some day in April "the Wandering Voice" is heard, that voice that gave to Wordsworth at Laverna a gratulation even better than that of nightingale or thrush. Presently one

quiet night the fern owls will drop, wearied by their long sea-voyage, upon the green hill sides of England they have known before, and in the luscious gloaming of a May or June evening tell us summer has fully come. One after the other these little immigrants mark our spring calendar; but in South Africa the lover of country sights and sounds, landing in a world of fresh flora and fauna, will stare in blank bewilderment and astonishment. Robert Browning sings,

"Oh, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood  
sheaf  
Round the elm-hole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard  
bough  
In England now!  
And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the  
swallows."

But all this to a Colonist born and bred in the country must be meaningless when April marks with him the season of decay. To obtain the proper April associations, and realize that the "blossom of the almond-trees is April's gift to April's bees," he should change his nomenclature of the months, or read the seasons backward. "Come out, 'tis now September," would be a spring rather than an autumn invocation, where Christmas Day is sometimes the hottest of the whole year, and "the leafy month of June" a winter month.

With the seasons coming and going in this topsy-turvy fashion it is clear that the words, phrases, similes, and illustrations of our northern poetry must be read and interpreted among all English Colonists in the southern hemisphere rather by the light of a sympathetic imagination than by actual experience. All those appeals in spring and summer to familiar sights and sounds upon which so many of our poets' brightest fancies are built, can have little or no force below the Equator. Between us lie the Doldrums, and the strange regions of the southeast Trades, and the Roaring Forties, and the great barriers of space. Even along the same parallels, westward or eastward, the familiar species of birds will disappear, and others take their places. Mr. James Lowell, in his "Study Windows," writes a

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charming chapter on "My Garden Acquaintances," somewhat after the manner of Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," on which, in fact, he bases the reason for his essay. But, as we read, how alien is the scenery! how strange the nomenclature! Who, in a popular sense, can know or care in England for the bobolink, the cross-bills, cedar-birds, cat-birds, yellow-birds, whippoorwills, and others? They evoke no associations; they claim no sympathy. Virgil and Anacreon speak more plainly to us from the South than the American poets from the West. Spring comes up to us from the South and across the Mediterranean. The narcissus, violet, and jonquil, which we hear of as blooming along the Riviera, will presently bloom with us; and the spring notes of the Alps are, a little later on, our spring notes also. And when Horace alludes feelingly to the heat in the autumn of September hours, he alludes to a fact we all can appreciate. The songs of natural life and the music of nature vary according to latitude and longitude. More than any other poetry, that of England is strictly autochthonic, and smacks of the soil.

In the rendering of simple English and Scotch ballads the words often seem to lose their force abroad. In treeless, continental and somewhat barren spaces in Africa and Australia, the songs that tell of island scenery, rough seas, and a sailor's life, must be scarcely intelligible to the Colonist born and bred there. The "Brave old Oak" is simply the rendering of a pleasing fancy in music; and if a young lady appeals pathetically to the "Wind of the Western Seas," or to the "Swallows flying South," in a country like the Cape Colony, where even in mid-winter swallows skim and hawk over the pools, neither the fact nor sentiment is true. In poetical phraseology some words by their use and association belong only to England and to a northern country. In hot and sub-tropical zones can the English Colonist understand all that is meant by the word "mere," when used by Tennyson, "loch," by Scott, "fell," by Wordsworth, "combe," by a West Country poet, together with all the peculiar and characteristic local coloring implied in each, without first having seen the hills and valleys and plains of the mother country? To give the strongest impression and to store up the strongest associations,

the eye must have seen and the mind must have received on the spot. No skylark sings at the Cape in spring, and when the Colonist reads Shelley's masterpiece, with all its magic and descriptive rhythm, the words and phrasing may strike him as exquisitely musical, but the subtle sympathy with the poet from having seen as he has seen, and felt as he has felt, will be wanting. For the same reason, because he has never felt or known its breath coming softly and quietly one day after a frosty spell that has held earth enchained, Keats' "Ode to the West Wind" will fall flat. For the Colonist has never heard how :

"The azure sister of the spring shall blow  
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in  
air),

With living hues and odors, plain and hill,"  
or how the nightingale

"In some melodious plot  
Of beeches green, and shadows numberless,  
Singing of summer in full-throated ease."

So too the musk rose, "Mid-May's eldest child," and the "pastoral eglantine," and hawthorn are all strangers. True, it may be that there are other plants and other more magnificent flowers clustering in the wilderness, but no local name endears them, no sacred bard has sung of them. They perish in crowds like the common fighting men of Achilles' host, unsung and unknown. Izaak Walton and Gilbert White must prate to the Colonists of unknown streams, unknown woods and unknown birds and fishes. Between the home-born and colonial-born there must be some great gulf in literature fixed. A common citizenship will not give to the fullest extent a common poetry. The green turf of England, cared for and nurtured for centuries, watered by the dews and rains of our sky, cannot be reproduced abroad. The long lanky quick grass springs up instead, and the verdant and desert of the emigrant remain unreclaimed.

A patriotic love for old associations long outlasts the moments of expatriation and exile. Sir Francis Head, in his "Emigrant," a descriptive book of Canadian life, tells an extremely pathetic story of a poor emigrant, a cobbler, who took abroad with him an English skylark. The crew were shipwrecked, but the cobbler managed to save his lark and keep it for three days on the open sea in an old stocking. When the cobbler was settled in business

in the Colony, his constant companion was this little bird, which sang merrily in its wicker cage, and kept always a large audience spellbound to listen to his inspired note. And the effect of such a note upon the emigrant's ears can only be imagined by those who have known what homesickness means. The cobbler was offered three hundred dollars for his lark—once a poor Sussex carter offered him all he had in the world for it, but the cobbler was not to be tempted. When he died, Sir Francis Head bought his bird and kept it for some time, and, upon his leaving Canada, gave it to Daniel Orris, a faithful and loyal friend. Some time afterward the lark died, and Sir Francis Head had it stuffed and put in a case, with the inscription :—

"This lark, taken to Canada by a poor emigrant, was shipwrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and after singing at Toronto for nine years, died there on the 14th of March, 1843, universally regretted. Home ! Home ! sweet Home !"

So I have heard in the fore-castle of a Cape steamer on more than one occasion a poor captive thrush giving at intervals on the wild seas the notes we have heard so often along the hedgerows of old England. The association is very pathetic and touching, but after the first generation of Colonists have passed away, a generation that know not these things will arise, to whom the songs of English country life are, at the best, a mere echo and a pleasing wonder.

In the syllabus of subjects set for Colonial examinations, especially in the department of English poetry, one often wonders how the allusions to English spring and summer life are read by the imaginative Colonist. The scenery to them is, I think, the scenery of wonder and of fairyland ; the landscape is remote and dreamy ; the air soft, and redolent with old traditions ; our ivied walls and gray buttresses, covered with the mosses and lichens they have never seen, are viewed much in the same way as we look back here in England upon the pictures of men and things moving in a romantic and distant historical background. The Colonist has one perspective, we possess another. His is the glamour of distance, ours is the glamour of time. England, the mother country, lying in misty northern seas, where

the cold light struggles fitfully in spring-time upon the earth, dimly and gradually, not with the full burst of subtropical spring or summer, is nevertheless the Delphi of the race, the centre of all heroic and archæological lore. So from afar there is an idealization of all things English, even of the English spring. And doubtless idealization is a motive power of patriotism.

But the Cape early summer, although it cannot speak to us in the old familiar ways, nor birds sing, nor rivers murmur, is, nevertheless, very beautiful in certain places. Of all places in South Africa, whether you adventure to the Bluff in Natal, to the sweeping plains of the High Veldt, or, lower down, to the ridges of the Boschberg and the Zuurberg in the Cape Colony, and even to Worcester and Ceres farther west, or to the forest country of Knysna on the south, the Cape Peninsula, in this season especially, must carry off the palm. The most beautiful tree that South Africa can boast, the silver tree (*Leucodendron argentea*), is found only on and near this peninsula, and as far as concerns the flora of this tract, no place that I know of in Africa can surpass it. A mountain like Table Mountain, rising up straight from the sea for 3560 feet, as high as Snowdon, is presumably a guarantee of floral wealth in sub-tropical grandeur. Along its slopes and valleys and flat subsidences, off-lying spurs and shore buttresses, the actual number of rare and beautiful plants is perhaps not to be equalled in any similar place in the world. There are the quaint Proteas, with their broad stiff leaves and ribbed bark, looking like an ancient growth of a former age. One of the most peculiar kinds is the *Protea cynaroides*, growing close to the ground and having one large pink blossom. In Miss North's well-known gallery of typical flowers the *Protea mimetes* occupies a conspicuous place. Along the more level plans of the mountain the eye will be delighted with fields of the red and pink Watsonia, the lilac selago, the saffron marigold (really an arctote), and thousands of Cape everlastings growing as thick as daisies in an English meadow and of all hues, from the well-known pure white variety, which flourishes in huge clumps, to the rarer and more solitary straw-colored and red. In the more retired and fertile meadows and glades, the wild arum, grown so often in England, will flower in

profusion, lighting up the dark nooks with its pure white flower. Heaths are there in legion, the Cape Peninsula boasting of no less than sixty kinds, from the deep scarlet to the *Erica viridis*, the green and sticky kind. It is the very home of heaths. Among them will be found orchids of all descriptions, there being more than sixty varieties in the Cape Peninsula, many of which would be the pride and glory of an orchid house in England. There they grow along the peaty wind-swept depressions of Table Mountain, "born to blush unseen." There is a stream on the summit of Table Mountain known as the Disa stream, whose sides are covered with the glorious and delicately-veined blossom of the *Disa grandiflora*, a place to be carefully guarded and preserved as the natural home of one of the loveliest wild flowers in the world. Turn to the broken crags and ledges of this wonderful region, and hosts of the blue agapanthi will nod their welcome to you, and beneath them the thickly-bunched scarlet crassula blush deep and red. By the pools here and there, where the tall yellow trees maintain a struggling life (for the sacrilegious axe and the match of the forest incendiary have been here), the huge umbrella-shaped tree-ferns will stand in Druidical circles, making the dark recesses still more gloomy.

Among the humbler blossoms are the blue lobelias, the pale pink petals of the Droseræ or dew-plants, entrapping with their viscous substance the unwary flies, the oxalis, the yellow ixias, and last, not least, the silky blossoms of the twining mesanbryanthemum, gloriously expansive to the morning sun, but closing their eyes when evening comes on. The plant itself, of which there are thirty kinds, fulfils a most useful function in the level and depressed stretches of the Cape Peninsula along "the Flats" where the sea-breezes blow the sand from the shore. With its long and succulent arms it clasps the roving drifts and dunes and prevents their shifting from place to place, enveloping their white snowy-looking masses with deep green bunches. It loves especially to spread close to the water, and cover where it can the bare deformities of the barren rock. Among its roots the lizard and klip salamander hatch their eggs, and make their cosy homes, venturing forth from time to time upon the rock.



Time passes pleasantly on the first summer days, the sun being not yet too hot, and the atmosphere feeling especially bracing along the uplands. Evening comes upon you quickly, and the subtle fragrance of the *Abend bloem*, or night gladiolus, is distilled around as the sun reaches the horizon. There will be little or no twilight, and, in a short time, you may see, if you linger on the mountain paths, the long lines of phosphorescent waves breaking on the beach below. The botanical madness, when once it seizes its victims, can be cured by no Anticyra, nor will even the hellebore bring relief. Of physical difficulties by flood and field the Cape botanists have thought nothing while collecting the countless floral treasures. Thunberg, Sparrman and Burchell are all names which recall hard privations and almost marvellous exertions among the mountains and on the veldt of South Africa. Old Thunberg enumerates his perils by land and perils by water, as if his mission were a sacred one, but all was undergone, viz. the "*Alpes altos, præcipitia montium, sylvas inconditas et gentes feroces*," in order to advance in his own language the *amabilis scientia* which gives a *lingua Franca* and a common object to all. Still, however wonderful the display of botanical wealth on Table Mountain and elsewhere in South Africa, it lacks the one saving virtue of old association. Of those marvellously beautiful eyes that look up at you from the earth, there is no familiar one. There are no buttercups, daffodils, ragged robins, fox-gloves, white cuckoo-flower, dandelions, stitchwort and all the rest. Above all, there are no sweet-singing thrushes, mellow blackbirds, or tiny wrens, nightingales or chaffinches, only the Bok-ma-kerie.

Early summer at the Cape is short. As ambrosial night comes down quickly, so does ambrosial summer. Just in September and October there is an interval between the northwest gales prevalent in winter, and the regular southeast Trades. Later on in the summer the southeast, called the "*Capetown doctor*," is a particularly annoying and vexatious wind, raising clouds of red dust in the streets and suburbs. Along the green and sprouting hedges it soon works wild havoc. A single rough day will destroy all the tender and delicate bloom of spring, and wither up the foliage, the wind being

dry and thirsty. This wind comes when the skies are cloudless, and not the least extraordinary phenomenon to an English eye, accustomed to storms with driving mist and hail, will be a southeast gale, with a high barometer and a perfectly clear sky, the cerulean depths of which seem fathomless. The face of Table Mountain reflects faithfully the changes that succeed one another rapidly. First of all, the meadows at its base are green. Full of the leaves of the wild arum; next, the poplars grow green and in a wonderfully short space of time, along its slopes, the Kuerboem puts forth its sweet-scented flowers like a vetch. Ere this has blossomed the proteas enfolded in their outer cases will unroll themselves in hosts, and invite the green honey-birds to dip their long curved beaks into their cloying depths; the hedges of plumbago will look like bands of light blue, and presently the sloping vineyards planted in neat and orderly rows will sprout with tender shoots. In the midst of sloping fir-woods and the avenues of budding oak, these patches of cultivated plots will show clearly and distinctly in all their neatness from the heights of Table Mountain. So, little by little, the old mountain, from lowest spur to highest peak, surrenders to the advent of summer, and the line of green mounts higher every day.

Perhaps the most beautiful sight to be seen along the slopes is that of the silver tree, already noticed as the most rare and beautiful production of Table Mountain. Its flat, hard leaf, tapering beautifully to an apex, and covered with a soft silky down, is well known in England as an ornament and decoration. Its surface will take colors very easily, and on large specimens miniature paintings of Table Mountain can be depicted. The tree has a beautiful shape, with regular branching boughs on every side, and curious white thick ribbed bark creasing the trunk. Perhaps it is hardly to be dignified as a tree, its height and proportions being those of a shrub. The foliage is its particular glory. Each leaf is a quivering shaft of silver light, and radiates with a soft and creamy gloss when the African sun strikes upon it. The English white poplar, when the west wind turns its leaves to the sun, is a beautiful sight, but the silver tree is far more beautiful. Both sides of its leaf are equally bright, and as the trees stand in

groups and lines upon the-hill side, they flash like burnished shields of light. Their boughs that tinkle in the breeze are a fit sight to propitiate Proserpine.

We stand in other climes and watch the play of myriad life. Strange butterflies float across, winged beetles flash, and new coleoptera crawl lazily from leaf to leaf. Perhaps the freshly budding garden is not without its dangers, for puff-adders, sheep-stingers, night-adders, ringed snakes, asps and cobras, come from their winter abodes and glide in and out the stones, bright in the summer sun. The tree-snake clings like a green band around its branch, and the mole-snake hunts its prey in the sand. On the veldt the solemn long-legged secretary bird is peering into every bush for his prey, and high aloft, like the smallest specks in the heavens, the vultures or aasvogels swing in airy circles. There are a million conoscations of light out in the veldt, a checkered carpet of thousands of spring flowers, a glittering mirage along the surface, and in the air the hum of invisible wings. But while we see so much that is new and lustrous in this wild nature, we miss much. We miss the immemorial elm, the spreading oak, the hedge-rows neat and green, the may-blossoms, the horse-chestnuts, the running stream, the deep pastures, and the rich soft look of a real English summer day. But it is very beautiful here. There is the brill-

iancy of a clarior ether, the splash of the southern wave, and the aspect of the country, especially along the slopes of the Cape Peninsula, which suggest visions of classical Italy and Sicily. Yonder is the sloping vineyard, here the sweet whispering pines, close by the singing *cicada*, industriously chirping as of old in sleepy Morea or Calabria; out along the edge of the tide is poised the bending figure of an old and swarthy fisherman casting his line far out into the waves, the very counterpart of the picture on the embossed cup of Thyrsis, immortalized by Theocritus; just above us on the hills are a flock of goats climbing along the rocks on the sunny side of the hill, which the lizards love, butting and playing with one another as *petulci hirci* have from the beginning of all time, and, close by them, is the native goatherd or caprarius, lazily weaving a rushen mat or singing idly, a fit figure for the idyllic scene. It is the very land for Strephon and Menalcas. Presently, as evening falls, and you have finished your ramble, you will see him collect his wandering and vagrant flock, chiding them and rebuking them the while, each one by name, and fold them in the kraal or compound down below.

"Ite domum, venit Hesperus ite capellæ."

---Murray's Magazine.

#### BROUGHT BACK FROM ELYSIUM.

BY J. M. BARRIE.

SCENE.—*The Library of a Piccadilly club for high thinking and bad dinners; Time, midnight. Four eminent novelists of the day regarding each other self-consciously. They are (1) a Realist, (2) a Romancist, (3) an Elsmirian, (4) a Stylist. The clock strikes thirteen, and they all start.*

REALIST (*staring at the door and drawing back from it*).—I thought I heard—something?

STYLIST.—I—the—(*pauses to reflect on the best way of saying it was only the clock*).

(*A step is heard on the stair.*)

ELSMERIAN.—Hark! It must be him

and them. (*Stylist shudders.*) I knew he would not fail us.

ROMANCIST (*nervously*).—It may only be some member of the club.

ELSMERIAN.—The hall-porter said we would be safe from intrusion in the library.

REALIST.—I hear nothing now. (*His hand comes in contact with a bookcase.*) How cold and clammy to the touch these books are. A strange place, gentlemen, for an eerie interview. (*To Elsmirian.*) You really think they will come? You have no religious doubts about the existence of Elysian Fields?

ELSMERIAN.—I do not believe in Elysium, but I believe in him.

REALIST.—Still if—  
(*The door is shaken and the handle falls off.*)

ROMANCIIST.—Ah! Even I have never imagined anything so weird as this. See, the door opens!

(*Enter an American novelist.*)

OMNES.—Only you!

AMERICAN (*looking around him self-consciously*).—I had always suspected that there was a library, though I have only been a member for a few months. Why do you look at me so strangely?

ELSMERIAN (*after whispering with the others*).—We are agreed that since you have found your way here you should be permitted to stay; on the understanding, of course, that we still disapprove of your methods as profoundly as we despise each other.

AMERICAN.—But what are you doing here, when you might be asleep downstairs?

ELSMERIAN (*impressively*).—Have you never wished to hold converse with the mighty dead?

AMERICAN.—I don't know them.

ELSMERIAN.—I admit that the adjective was ill-chosen, but listen: the ghosts of Scott and some other novelists will join us presently. We are to talk with them about their work.

REALIST.—And ours.

ELSMERIAN.—And ours. They are being brought from the Grove of Bay-trees in the Elysian Fields.

AMERICAN.—But they are antiquated, played out; and, besides, they will not come.

ROMANCIIST.—You don't understand. Stanley has gone for them.

AMERICAN.—Stanley!

ELSMERIAN.—It was a chance not to be missed. (*Looks at his watch.*) They should have been here by this time; but on these occasions he is sometimes a little late.

(*Their mouths open as a voice rings through the club crying, "I cannot stop to argue with you; I'll find the way myself."*)

REALIST.—It is he, but he may be alone. Perhaps they declined to accompany him?

ELSMERIAN (*with conviction*).—He would bring them whether they wanted to come or not.

(*Enter Mr. Stanley with five Ghosts.*)

MR. STANLEY.—Here they are. I hope

the row below did not alarm you. The hall-porter wanted to know if I was a member, so I shot him. Waken me when you are ready to send them back.

(*Sits down and sleeps immediately.*)

FIRST GHOST.—I am Walter Scott.

SECOND GHOST.—I am Henry Fielding.

THIRD GHOST.—My name is Smollett.

FOURTH GHOST.—Mine is Dickens.

FIFTH GHOST.—They used to call me Thack.

ALL THE GHOSTS (*looking at the sleeper*).

—And we are a little out of breath.

AMERICAN (*to himself*).—There is too much plot in this for me.

ELSMERIAN (*to the visitors*).—Quite so. Now will you be so good as to stand in a row against that bookcase. (*They do so.*) Perhaps you have been wondering why we troubled to send for you?

SIR WALTER.—We—

ELSMERIAN.—You need not answer me, for it really doesn't matter. Since your days a great change has come over fiction—a kind of literature at which you all tried your hands—and it struck us that you might care to know how we moderns regard you.

REALIST.—And ourselves.

ELSMERIAN.—And ourselves. We had better begin with ourselves, as the night is already far advanced. You will be surprised to hear that fiction has become an art.

FIELDING.—I am glad we came, though the gentleman (*looking at the sleeper*) was perhaps a little peremptory. You are all novelists?

ROMANCIIST.—No, I am a Romancist, this gentleman is a Realist, that one is a Stylist, and—

ELSMERIAN.—We had better explain to you that the word novelist has gone out of fashion in our circles. We have left it behind us—

SIR WALTER.—I was always content with story-teller myself.

AMERICAN.—Story-teller! All the stories have been told.

SIR WALTER (*wistfully*).—How busy you must have been since my day.

ROMANCIIST.—We have, indeed, and not merely in writing stories—to use the language of the nursery. Now that fiction is an art, the work of its followers consists less in writing mere stories (to repeat a word that you will understand more readily than we) than in classifying our—

selves and (when we have time for it) classifying you.

THACKERAY.—But the term novelist satisfied us.

ELSMERIAN.—There is a difference, I hope, between then and now. I cannot avoid speaking plainly, though I allow that you are the seed from which the tree has grown. May I ask what was your first step toward becoming novelists.

SMOLLETT (*with foolish promptitude*).—We wrote a novel.

THACKERAY (*humbly*).—I am afraid I began by wanting to write a good story, and then wrote it to the best of my ability. Is there any other way?

STYLIST.—But how did you laboriously acquire your style?

THACKERAY.—I thought little about style. I suppose, such as it was, it came naturally.

STYLIST.—Pooh! Then there is no art in it.

ELSMERIAN.—And what was your aim?

THACKERAY.—Well, I had reason to believe that I would get something for it.

ELSMERIAN.—Alas! to you the world was not a sea of drowning souls, nor the novel a stone to fling to them, that they might float on it to a quiet haven. You had no aims, no methods, no religious doubts, and you neither analyzed your characters nor classified yourselves.

AMERICAN.—And you reflected so little about your art that you wrote story after story without realizing that all the stories had been told.

Sir WALTER.—But if all the stories are told, how can you write novels?

AMERICAN.—The story in a novel is of as little importance as the stone in a cherry. I have written three volumes about a lady and a gentleman who met on a car.

Sir WALTER.—Yes, what happened to them?

AMERICAN.—Nothing happened. That is the point of the story.

STYLIST.—Style is everything. The true novelist does nothing but think, think, think about his style, and then write, write, write about it. I dare say I am one of the most perfect stylists living. Oh, but the hours, the days, the years of introspection I have spent in acquiring my style!

THACKERAY (*sadly*).—If I had only

thought more of style! May I ask how many books you have written?

STYLIST.—Only one—and that I have withdrawn from circulation. Ah, sir, I am such a stylist that I dare not write anything. Yet I meditate a work.

Sir WALTER.—A story?

STYLIST.—No, an essay on style. I shall devote four years to it.

Sir WALTER.—And I wrote two novels in four months!

STYLIST.—Yes, that is still remembered against you. Well, you paid the penalty, for your books are still popular.

DICKENS.—But is not popularity nowadays a sign of merit?

STYLIST.—To be popular is to be damned.

Sir WALTER.—I can see from what you tell me that I was only a child. I thought little about how novels should be written. I only tried to write them, and as for style, I am afraid I merely used the words that came most readily. (*Stylist groans.*) I had such an interest in my characters (*American groans*), such a love for them (*Realist groans*), that they were like living beings to me. Action seemed to come naturally to them, and all I had to do was to run after them with my pen.

ROMANCIIST.—In the dark days you had not a cheap press, nor scores of magazines and reviews. Ah, we have many opportunities that were denied to you.

FIELDING.—We printed our stories in books.

ROMANCIIST.—I was not thinking of the mere stories. It is not our stories that we spend much time over, but the essays, and discussions and interviews about our art. Why, there is not a living man in this room, except the sleeper, who has not written as many articles and essays about how novels should be written as would stock a library.

SMOLLETT.—But we thought that the best way of showing how they should be written was to write them.

REALIST (*bitingly*).—And as a result, you cannot say at this moment whether you are a Realist, a Romancist, an American Analyst, a Stylist, or an Elsmesian! Your labors have been fruitless.

SMOLLETT.—What am I?

ROMANCIIST.—I refuse to include you among novelists at all, for your artistic views (which we have discovered for you)

are different from mine. You are a Realist. Therefore I blot you out.

Sir WALTER (*anxiously*).—I suppose I am a Romancist?

REALIST.—Yes, and therefore I cannot acknowledge you. Your work has to go.

AMERICAN.—It has gone. I never read it. Indeed, I can't stand any of you. In short, I am an American Analyst.

DICKENS (*dreamily*).—One of the most remarkable men in that country.

AMERICAN.—Yes, sir, I am one of its leading writers of fiction without a story—along with Silas K. Weekes, Thomas John Hillocks, William P. Crinkle, and many others whose fame must have reached the Grove of Bay-trees. We write even more essays about ourselves than they do in this old country.

ELSMERIAN.—Nevertheless, Romanticism, Realism, and Analysis are mere words, as empty as a drum. Religious doubt is the only subject for the novelist nowadays; and if he is such a poor creature as to have no religious doubts, he should leave fiction alone.

STYLIST.—Style is everything. I can scarcely sleep at nights for thinking of my style.

FIELDING.—This, of course, is very interesting to us who know so little, yet, except that it enables you to label yourselves, it does not seem to tell you much. After all, does it make a man a better novelist to know that other novelists pursue the wrong methods? You seem to despise each other cordially, while Smollett and I, for instance, can enjoy Sir Walter. We are content to judge him by results, and to consider him a great novelist because he wrote great novels.

ELSMERIAN.—You will never be able to reach our standpoint if you cannot put the mere novels themselves out of the question. The novelist should be considered quite apart from his stories.

REALIST.—It is nothing to me that I am a novelist, but I am proud of being a Realist. That is the great thing.

ROMANCIER.—Consider, Mr. Smollett, if you had thought and written about yourself as much as I have done about myself you might never have produced one of the works by which you are now known. That would be something to be proud of. You might have written romances, like mine and Sir Walter's.

ELSMERIAN.—Or have had religious doubts.

STYLIST.—Or have become a Stylist, and written nothing at all.

REALIST.—And you, Sir Walter, might have become one of us.

THACKERAY.—But why should we not have written simply in the manner that suited us best? If the result is good, who cares for the label?

ROMANCIER (*eyeing Sir Walter severely*).—No one has any right to be a Romancist unconsciously. Romance should be written with an effort—as I write it. I question, sir, if you ever defined romance? Sir WALTER (*weakly*).—I had a general idea of it, and I thought that perhaps my books might be allowed to speak for me.

ROMANCIER.—We have got beyond that stage. Romance (that is to say, fiction) has been defined by one of its followers as "not nature, it is not character, it is not imagined history; it is fallacy, poetic fallacy; a lie, if you like, a beautiful lie, a lie that is at once false and true—false to fact, true to faith."

(*The Ghosts look at each other apprehensively.*)

Sir WALTER.—Would you mind repeating that? (*Romancist repeats it.*) And are my novels all that? To think of their being that, and I never knew! I give you my word, sir, that when I wrote "Ivanhoe," for example, I merely wanted to—to tell a story.

REALIST.—Still, in your treatment of the Templar, you boldly cast off the chains of Romanticism and rise to Realism.

ELSMERIAN.—To do you justice, the Templar seems to have religious doubts.

STYLIST.—I once wrote a little paper on your probable reasons for using the word "wand" in circumstances that would perhaps have justified the use of "reed." I have not published it.

Sir WALTER.—This would be more gratifying to me if I thought that I deserved it.

AMERICAN.—I remember reading "Ivanhoe" before I knew any better; but even then I thought it poor stuff. There is no analysis in it worthy of the name. Why did Rowena drop her handkerchief? Instead of telling us that, you prance off after a band of archers. Do you really believe that intellectual men and women are interested in tournaments?

Sir WALTER.—You have grown so old since my day. Besides, I have admitted that the Waverley novels were written simply to entertain the public.

ELSMERIAN.—No one, I hope, reads my stories for entertainment. We have become serious now.

AMERICAN.—I have thought at times that I could have made something of "Ivanhoe." Yes, sir, if the theme had been left to me I would have worked it out in a manner quite different from yours. In my mind's eye I can see myself developing the character of the hero. I would have made him more like ourselves. The Rebecca, too, I would have reduced in size. Of course the plot would have had to go overboard, with Robin Hood and Richard, and we would have had no fighting. Yes, it might be done. I would call it, let me see, I would call it, "Wilfrid : a Study."

THACKERAY (*timidly*).—Have you found out what I am ?

AMERICAN.—You are intolerably provv.

STYLIST.—Some people called Philistines maintain that you are a Stylist ; but evidently you forgot yourself too frequently for that.

ROMANCIIST.—You were a cynic, which kills romanticism.

REALIST.—And men allow their wives to read you, so you don't belong to us.

AMERICAN (*testily*).—No, sir, you need not turn to me. You and I have nothing in common.

DICKENS.—I am a—?

REALIST.—It is true that you wrote about the poor ; but how did you treat them ? Are they all women of the street and brawling ruffians ? Instead of dwelling forever on their sordid misery, and gloating over their immorality, you positively regard them from a genial standpoint. I regret to have to say it, but you are a Romancist.

ROMANCIIST.—No, no, Mr. Dickens, do not cross to me. You wrote with a purpose, sir. Remember Dotheboys Hall.

ELSMERIAN.—A novel without a purpose is as a helmless ship.

DICKENS (*aghast*).—Then I am an Elsmesian ?

ELSMERIAN.—Alas ! you had no other purpose than to add to the material comforts of the people. Not one of your characters was troubled with religious doubts. Where does Mr. Pickwick pause

to ask himself why he should not be an atheist ? You cannot answer. In these days of earnest self-communion we find Mr. Pickwick painfully wanting. How can readers rise from his pages in distress of mind ? You never give them a chance.

THACKERAY.—No, there is nothing sickly about Pickwick.

ELSMERIAN.—Absolutely nothing. He is of a different world (I am forced to say this) from that in which my heroes move. Not, indeed, that they do move much. Give me a chair and a man with doubts, and I will give you a novel. He has only to sit on that chair—

STYLIST.—As I sit on mine, thinking, thinking, thinking about my style.

DICKENS.—Young people in love are out of fashion in novels nowadays, I suppose ?

ELSMERIAN.—Two souls in doubt may meet and pule as one.

THACKERAY.—As a novelist I had no loftier belief than this—that high art is high morality, and that the better the literature the more ennobling it must be.

REALIST.—And this man claimed to be one of us !

DICKENS.—I wrote for a wide public (*Stylist sighs*), whom I loved (*Realist sighs*). I loved my characters, too (*American sighs*), they seemed so real to me (*Romancist sighs*), and so I liked to leave them happy. I believe I wanted to see the whole world happy (*Elsmesian sighs*).

Sir WALTER.—I also had that ambition.

THACKERAY.—Do you even find Mr. Pickwick's humor offensive nowadays ?

ROMANCIIST.—To treat a character with humor is to lift him from his pedestal to the earth.

ELSMERIAN.—We have no patience with humor. In these days of anxious thought humor seems a trivial thing. The world has grown sadder since your time, and we novelists of to-day begin where you left off. Were I to write a continuation of "The Pickwick Papers," I could not treat the subject as Mr. Dickens did ; I really could not.

STYLIST.—Humor is vulgar.

AMERICAN.—Humor, sir, has been refined and chastened since the infancy of fiction, and I am certain that were my humorous characters to meet yours mine would be made quite uncomfortable. Mr. Pickwick could not possibly be received

in the drawing-room of Sara H. Finney, and Sam Weller would be turned out of her kitchen. I believe I am not overstating the case when I say that one can positively laugh at your humor.

DICKENS.—They used to laugh.

AMERICAN.—Ah, they never laugh at mine.

DICKENS.—But if I am not a Realist, nor a Romancist, nor an Elmerian, nor a St—  
AMERICAN.—Oh, we have placed you.

In Boston we could not live without placing everybody, and you are ticketed a caricaturist.

DICKENS (*sighing*).—I liked the old way best, of being simply a novelist.

AMERICAN.—That was too barbarous for Boston. We have analyzed your methods, and found them puerile. You have no subtle insight into character. You could not have written a novel about a lady's reasons for passing the cruet. Nay, more, we find that you never drew either a lady or a gentleman. Your subsidiary characters alone would rule you out of court. To us it is hard work to put all we have to say about a lady and gentleman who agree not to become engaged into three volumes. But you never send your hero twelve miles in a coach without adding another half-dozen characters to your list. There is no such lack of artistic barrenness in our school.

SMOLLETT (*enthusiastically*).—What novels you who think so much about the art must write nowadays! You will let us take away a few samples! (*The live novelists cough.*)

REALIST (*huskily*).—You—you have heard of our work in the Grove of Bay-trees!

Sir WALTER (*apologetically*).—You see we are not in the way of hearing—(*politely*). But we look forward to meeting you there some day.

THACKERAY.—And resuming this conversation. None of you happens to be the gentleman who is rewriting Shakespeare and Homer, I suppose? It is of no consequence; I—I only thought that if he had been here I would have liked to look at him. That is all.

FIELDING (*looking at the sleeper*).—He said he would take us back.  
(*The novelists shake Mr. Stanley timidly, but he sleeps on.*)

STYLIST (*with a happy inspiration*).—Emin—

Mr. STANLEY (*starting to his feet*).—You are ready? Fall in behind me. Quick march—

Sir WALTER.—You won't mind carrying these books for us? (*Gives Stanley samples of Realism, Elmerism, etc.*)

Mr. STANLEY.—Right. I shall give them to the first man we meet in Piccadilly to carry.

ROMANCIIST (*foolishly*).—He may refuse.

Mr. STANLEY (*grimly*).—I think not. Now then—

ELSMERIAN (*good-naturedly*).—A moment, sir. We have shown these gentlemen how the art of fiction has developed since their day, and now if they care to offer us a last word of advice—

Sir WALTER.—We could not presume.

THACKERAY.—As old-fashioned novelists of some repute at one time, we might say this: that perhaps if you thought and wrote less about your styles and methods and the aim of fiction, and, in short, forgot yourselves now and again in your stories, you might get on better with your work. Think it over.

Mr. STANLEY.—Quick march.  
(*The novelists are left looking at each other self consciously.*)

—*Contemporary Review.*

## CHARACTERISTICS OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

BY J. M.

It seems to me that above the dim portals of that vast and magic edifice already reared by Russian intellect to Russia's eternal glory, might be aptly inscribed Dante's fateful words, "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here." For verily

we are in a region of gloom, of sorrows so mysterious and profound, that our soul shrinks within us, and, overcome by anguish, we feel impelled to re-echo the despairing cry which recurs so frequently in Russian writings—What is to be done!

At least that is the impression made upon me by this sombre study, and I defy any one with sensitive nerves and a feeling heart to undertake with impunity a journey into this Inferno.

From the beginning of this century dates the sudden dawn and marvellous expansion of the singular literature which exerts over some minds so powerful a fascination. It requires very little insight to foresee that it is certain to exercise a still greater influence when all the significance of this manifestation of Russian thought is more generally felt and appreciated. To-day the Russians are our masters in a new school—we can sit at their feet and learn.

To many the name of Russia is associated only with crude ideas of Nihilism, of attempts to assassinate the Czar, of a people half-barbarous and plunged in utter ignorance, but of this Eastern giant slowly awakening to a consciousness of power, and destined perhaps to regenerate our old Europe by the divine gift of new ideas and a new religion, they know nothing. They may even peruse from curiosity some chance samples of this strange literature without seizing upon the sense of the mental and moral upheaval which either we ourselves or our children must witness. As yet, it is too early to prophesy events, we can only consider tendencies and study to some extent the men who, as depositaries of the sacred fire, have been preparing the way for mighty reforms. Among these I shall refer only to the great names which stand out as types, and resume in themselves the development of Russia during the last half-century. In them we shall find concentrated and sublimed the tears and aspirations and patient yearnings of a whole people. If their joys are bitterly ignored and remain unnoted, it is because in truth they cannot be said to exist.

Forced by circumstance, the Russians have raised the novel to the exalted position which it holds with us moderns as the faithful chronicle of the history of to-day. England can scarcely be called the initiator of this new departure, although to her is often attributed the honor. The English novel is more limited in scope and mainly domestic, whereas the Russian novel is national, in the broadest sense of the word, and whosoever wishes to construct in the future the history of Russia

during this eventful century will have to turn to its novels for documents. And the reason is very simple. In Russia, owing to the rigid and brutal censorship exercised over the press, there was no other channel in which could run the floods of daring and inspired thoughts that all at once swept over the country—it was the only channel not open to suspicion. Autocracies are proverbially stupid, and this one was no exception. Thus veiled, it allowed to pass unchallenged those barbed words which were to sting the conscience of a great and oppressed race deprived for centuries of its birthright, and arouse it to attention, but not to immediate action. Therein at present lies the weakness of the Slav temperament; with an immense capacity for reflection, Russians have as yet manifested but a limited power for action.

The Russian novel contains, therefore, within itself examples of poetry, history, and psychological studies such as the world has never seen equalled for minuteness, accuracy, and power. Mystical reveries, of infinite beauty and delicacy, satires so deadly true in their aim, so bitter in their hidden wrath, that the publication of one sufficed to overthrow the hideous anachronism of serfdom, an under-current of despair so subtle and profound that it manages to penetrate even our materialistic envelope, a probing into the mystery of existence with a persistency and intensity which are simply appalling in audacious conception; finally, the restless searching for an explanation to the cruel problem of life, the cry of the soul for a religion, for guidance, for peace. Nothing is sacred to these investigators, to these untiring searchers of the human heart, or rather all is sacred, but not beyond discussion; and these original minds, true products of a "virgin soil," have invested with new meaning all the old problems of existence.

The same adverse fate which, brooding over this unfortunate country, condemned it after a long and painful travail to give forth only the echoes of the anguish which tortures it, has, in like manner, inexorably maimed and shortened the lives of its most brilliant children. In no country could such a list of fatalities be enumerated, as overtaking contemporary talent almost as soon as their names began to be known, and to be carried from mouth to



mouth. To mention only some of these. Rykief was hanged as a conspirator in 1825; Pouschkine, Russia's greatest poet, was killed, at thirty-eight years of age, in a duel; Griboiedoff was assassinated at Teheran; Lermontoff, a well-known and most promising writer, was killed in a duel in the Caucasus at the age of thirty; Vénévitinoff died broken-hearted at twenty-two, his end hastened by the insults and outrages to which he was subjected; Koltzoff, at twenty-three, died of grief, caused him by his family; Belinsky fell a victim, at the age of thirty-five, to misery and hunger; Dostoievsky, after sentence of death, was sent, at the age of twenty-two, for a slight offence, to the mines of Siberia forever; and lastly Gogol, who committed suicide when only forty-three. If, as is said, there comes "Misfortune to those who stone their prophets," then we can understand in some measure why the misfortunes of Russia are darker and deeper than those of any other land.

Until the commencement of this century there was no such thing as a national literature in Russia—in fact, one could scarcely say that there was any national feeling. The mass of the nation was made up of voiceless slaves, whose unintelligible murmurs had never been interpreted; the upper or governing classes prided themselves on introducing customs and modes of thought borrowed from France and Germany, as little national as possible. Since even reflected light is preferable to the drear night of ignorance, the scanty education then offered at the universities to the youth of that epoch, evoked longings for something higher, and many left their country to steep themselves more fully in the metaphysics of Germany, or the humanitarian philosophy of the French Revolution. The germ was deposited; it had but to fructify and develop, not into a servile imitation of well-known models, but into that rare and powerful literary florescence which we are at present considering. At first, doubtless, even among those possessed of undeniable genius, the influence of Western thought was clearly manifest, and in the works of Pouschkine, the first poet of any eminence, the trace of Byron is unmistakable. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that, after the deceptions due to the unfulfilled hopes engendered

by the terrible years of 1789–91, a wave of reaction and despair swept over many souls of a similar bent, simultaneously, and with almost irresistible force. For instance, Goethe gave us *Werther* and *Faust*, than which there are no gloomier contributions to modern pessimism; Byron drew from his lyre morbid strains that were not wholly theatrical, but represented a state of mind common to many; in France, Chateaubriand took up the same theme, and these great men had many imitators. So late as the middle of this century, the reverberation of these painful chords still continued in the work of Alfred de Musset, and in some of the early work of Georges Sand; and for a long period we fail to find the joyful note which is the prelude of a brighter day. I will not here discuss the reasons of the disappointment which seemed suddenly to overwhelm mankind. We can destroy rapidly, but we can only build up by dint of infinite pains and patience, and it is a truth we too often forget in our haste to regenerate the world.

The Russians inaugurated the modern realistic or naturalistic form of novel, around which so many storms have raged, and it is they who, backward in all else, and indebted to the West for every intellectual stimulus, have produced and fashioned this marvellous instrument of culture and progress. Yet it must be noted, never have the Russians sullied their pages with the inartistic enormities which we owe to the pen of the French father of naturalism. Nothing in either French, German, or English literature can equal this particular product of the Russian soil. The novel with us Westerns has not had the same function to fulfil, and did not need to be at once an instrument of enlightenment, comfort, counsel, and reform. Simple amusement is not even taken into consideration. As a result, an immense country has been gradually revolutionized, educated, uplifted to such an extent, and in so short a space of time that it is impossible to forecast the splendid future of a race which can give birth to such sons and daughters under such conditions. In fact, in the enthusiastic opinion of some admirers, the *intellectual*, if not *material*, empire of the world will some day be divided between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slavonic races, two peoples as diverse in their aims and natures

as it is possible to conceive. The Russian, dreamy, poetical, subtle, wonderfully receptive, and naturally devoid of prejudice, absorbing all learning with ease, possessing talents of a highly artistic order, ardent, though indolent, profoundly melancholy and religious. The Anglo-Saxon, straightforward, practical, energetic, prejudiced; not given to dreams, much more materialistic than mystical, with a passion rather for justice than for ideal goodness; a dominating, aggressive race, with talents not running in the artistic direction, taking a joyous if somewhat limited view of existence, and little tormented by conceptions of the Infinite. It is true that these two races contrast with, and complete each other, and typify in themselves some of the best attributes of humanity. A mighty harmony would arise from their collaboration in the work of progress. But even if this forecast were correct, it must not be forgotten how greatly mankind is indebted to the Latin races for the grace, harmony, and lucidity of their productions, as well as to less widely-known but not less interesting peoples, for those unfamiliar but piquantly original flowers of genius which blossom among them occasionally. All that we can feel certain of, at present, is that, overburdened by the wealth of woe surrounding them, and preoccupied by the many wrongs to be redressed, the Russian poets and prophets have not said their last word. Their first is a thrilling one—it is, perhaps, best expressed by the word compassion. Noble and lovely word! "To pity" means "to help," and who knows where that new solidarity gradually growing up between nations as between members of groups may not conduct us! Even in Russia faint gleams of the Aurora which at length is to overspread her, may be discerned, and slight warnings of that terrible tempest which, before clearing the air, will cause thrones to shake, and scatter the sanctioned abuses of centuries far and wide. Russians will not, in that day, not far distant, forget their prophets and martyrs, their heroes and saints. They will not forget those who opened up glorious paths of difficulty and danger, who caught and fixed all the scattered gleams of light into one glowing focus, and stamped, with the unmistakable mark of genius, the nationality and aspirations of a great people. Among the lesser lights,

the illustrious names of Gogol, Pouschkin, Dostoïevsky, Tourgenief, Tolstoï—types of all the best and most characteristic of their peculiar qualities—will then receive the homage which is their due.

To Gogol belongs the honor of having the first gathered together and enshrined as only genius can, the most beautiful of the innumerable legends, tales, and folklore in which Russia abounds. He it was who first translated the vague complaint of the crushed millions, their pathetic poetry, their measureless patience, their dim longings. The whole extent of their wrongs he perceived better than they themselves could, and by such works as the "Revisor," a marvel of masterly sarcasm and irony, and "Dead Souls," he succeeded in overturning a system. Many abuses are still left, but some at least are dead or slowly dying. It is impossible for me, however tempted, in a short sketch like this, to enter into the method of treatment employed by the author in these two famous works. I must refer the student to the original. But, as evidence of his wonderful precision of detail, power of delineation and ironical sallies, it suffices only to observe that in Russia scores and scores of passages have become proverbial—as, for instance, the reproof administered by a corrupt official to an underling, "you rob too much for your grade," which excites roars of significant laughter in Russia, where the allusion—owing to the widespread red-tapeism and corruption—is full of savor. Here, of course, where jobbery, bribes, and misappropriation of public money are unknown, such a taunt would be pointless. When Gogol read his manuscript of the "Revisor" to Pouschkin this latter remarked—so great was the sense of desolation which overcame him—"God! what a sad country our Russia is!" That was fifty years ago—it is still a sad country, as witness one of the last productions of Tolstoï's, "What is to be done?" One arises from its perusal no longer English or Russian, but a human being only, profoundly troubled, conscience-stricken, asking, "Is it possible such misery exists?" When we thought we knew the depths we find there are still greater depths. Yes, what is to be done? Who will answer, who will shed a ray of light on this gloomy picture? To Tolstoï there is but one answer—sympathy, help, but

*intelligent* sympathy, *intelligent* help. I am sure any one who takes up this chapter of the Gospel of Despair and reads it, text by text, as I read it with the wind moaning among the firs on the mountain-tops and the rain flooding the mountain streams, amid the intense melancholy of Nature's most melancholy moods in the dark brooding of the silent night, will receive the same impression as I did, will absorb all the bitterness and yearning of Tolstoi's soul and will relinquish that little volume no longer astonished that he should exclaim, "What is to be done?" For the moment one feels inclined to welcome rather a thousand revolutions with blood running in streams and a thousand crimes of reprisal against oppressors sinning doubtless unknowingly in their crass obtuseness, than a continuance of such unmerited poverty and suffering. This is the attitude of mind which conducts us to what is vulgarly called active Nihilism, that is to say, to the stake or to Siberia. Tolstoi himself it has led to a voluntary renunciation of riches, but is his answer to the enigma the whole answer? In "What is to be done?" the author starts with bags of money to relieve the wretchedness with which he is being continually haunted in Moscow. It is not difficult to guess the result—deception—the misery not touched, nay, it is even intensified by his gifts. Then comes the harrowing pictures he knows so well how to draw—no mere artistic touches these, but true, profound, human, eternal. It is our brothers and sisters we see there before us, our own flesh and blood, palpitating, quivering, and most pitiful of all, uncomplaining. Unknown heroisms, unwept, obscure martyrdoms. What wonder if Russian ears catch only the burden of heavy days! How can it be otherwise? Whether Tolstoi has or has not discovered the true remedy for this terrible state of things is open to conjecture. Enough that he is satisfied, that his soul has found peace through universal charity and brotherhood in Christ. He has borne his part nobly, and has sown seed which will bear fruit.

I have passed, not without reason, from Gogol to Tolstoi, to instance the similarity of spirit but dissimilarity of method which unite these two natures so opposite in other respects. Both are distinguished by an intense love of country and a keen

appreciation of the causes which undermine and impair that country's greatness. I will here refrain from quoting those thrilling descriptions of Gogol illustrative of the limitless, vast plains of Russia, and of their beauty, so real, so perceptible to the Muscovite soul. Among so many gems, each one more wonderful than the other, how to choose? "Night in Ukraine," "Invocation to the Steppes," "To Russia," and many more! Love of country has perhaps beyond and above all else excited man's best endeavors and called forth his highest achievements. There is one theme only which lifts us higher, and that is the love of *humanity*, comprising as it does, the spiritual and material, a conception of which is impossible without intense devotion to man and to what some of us call God, others, high ideals.

No two masters can be more opposite in their styles and manner of proceeding than Tourgenief and Dostoievsky, whose names have been made familiar to all of us by means of French and English translations, more or less true to the original. And yet common to both is the same ardent desire to regenerate Russia and the same hopeless and helpless undercurrent of negation (of the utter vanity and nothingness of everything) which distinguishes all this group of writers. Nothing can be more suave, more poetical, more perfect than Tourgenief's descriptions of scenery. We have here neither the rugged strength of Tolstoi nor the brilliant and bitter sarcasms of Gogol, nor the tormented if inspired ravings of Dostoievsky. Tourgenief has caught something of the Western spirit of harmony and proportion. His work is, as we say, more artistic. None the less is there a deep purpose underlying it? He was the first to foresee, to define and describe Russia's modern malady, Nihilism or Anarchism. In order to understand fully the entire significance of these terms, we should recall the origin (as far as it can be traced back) of the Muscovite race, and reflect upon the result of the conversion to Christianity of a people naturally inclined by their Asiatic temperament to the more contemplative attitude of Buddhism and accepting not unwillingly here and hereafter a state of renunciation and annihilation. It is difficult to explain clearly in few words this fatalistic bent of the Russian mind.

Upon it has become grafted the religion of sacrifice and suffering, intermingled with the negations of to-day, the pessimism of Schopenhauer and his school, and the multiplicity of new ideas of which the seeds sown in the French Revolution have developed and expanded through the light of science during this wonderful nineteenth century into all those doctrines of progress with which we are so familiar, and from which some of us expect to be ushered in the reign of true happiness and peace. But it seems as if there will always be certain natures who, endowed with vivid imagination and highly-wrought sympathies, will continue to suffer from the contemplation of Nature's seeming eternal immorality, even when their own lot or the general lot of their country is ameliorated. They will continue to ask, why all this senseless suffering in the past, why these longings for unattainable perfection? They will probe and search—we shall always have such among us—and the result will forever be the same, pain and confusion and the last cry of bewildered humanity seeking guidance and comfort in hours of anguish, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Let those who think that material gratifications alone will satisfy the passionate eager soul of man keep their faith. It suits them, but those who hunger for the ideal and the difficult of attainment will, as heretofore, be torn and wounded in life's struggle, will bear their cross and wear their crown of thorns until they sleep in Death, and then, as Hamlet says, "the rest is silence."

To return to Tourgenief. He paints with rare skill the interesting physiognomies of his countrywomen. Gogol was perfectly incapable of portraying a woman. His women are mere shadows, none have the breath of life. But with what characters has not Tourgenief presented us! Indeed all critics concur in finding Tourgenief's heroines far superior to his male creations. They possess the courage, the determination, the fire, the practical ability wanting in these latter. They initiate and carry out the boldest designs without faltering, without repenting, without repining. And we should remember that these are not the mere creations of a poet's fancy—they are real, living portraits. These women, or others like them, lived, suffered, braved every-

thing for the cause they held sacred. The names of the martyrs of "the coming Russia" are household words; we are proud to claim them as of our sex, to class them with the Madame Rolands, the Charlotte Cordays, and all those generous, noble spirits who have helped to keep alight the ardent flame which serves to feed ever and anon our cooling enthusiasm for humanity.

Every question is discussed in all its aspects by these so-called Nihilists. Nothing is considered too sacred. Old prejudices are swept aside as cobwebs. We have only, over here, advanced timidly to the point of inquiring whether marriage, as an institution, may not be a failure. These audacious iconoclasts demand boldly (in Tourgenief's "Fathers and Sons") whether "Marriage is a folly or a crime?" Now, whether we like them or not, such mental shocks are beneficial, and dispose us to ask whether—although, of course, the English are the most moral and advanced people in the world—we may not have something to learn even of our savage neighbors, the Russians. And I warn those who may feel tempted, from curiosity, and for no deeper motive, to study this people and their literature, that unless they really desire to understand and to learn and to admire candidly, they will be continually out of harmony with their novel mode of thinking and of dealing with the eternal problems of existence. Dostoïevsky introduces us to yet another world, where all our preconceived notions of right and wrong become confused and disorganized, and where all social conventions are set at naught. The most prominent figures in "Crime and Punishment" are a murderer and a prostitute; in the "Idiot," all the interest of the story centres round an epileptic, and always the poor and the humble and the diseased and the simple and the criminal are exalted, pitied, and uncondemned. And do not think for a moment that the murderer is not an ordinary murderer, or the prostitute any exception to her class. By no means. But by the simple and sublime power of genius, the workings of these minds are laid bare before us, and, comprehending at last these abnormalities, we do for a moment what is not done in real life, we forgive. We are led to see how any one of us, if unprepared by previous training, if placed in certain circumstances may be led to commit certain actions

which we term immoral, just as we think every day certain thoughts which are immoral, but which, by force of will, habit, or fear, do not develop into actions. Whoever denies this neither understands human nature nor the laws which govern it. There is no abrupt line of demarcation between health and disease, between physiology and pathology, between right and wrong. Indeed, is it not certain that what is right in one instance may be wrong in another? This is the vast field of analysis of motive and action lying before the modern romancer. There is a physiognomy of the mind as of the countenance. When Raskolnikoff, the murderer, throws himself at the feet of the unfortunate who feeds her parents with the price paid for her degradation, she who has led Raskolnikoff to expiation and rehabilitation, he cries out when she wishes to raise him: "It is not before thee that I prostrate myself, but before all the suffering of humanity;" and these beautiful and touching words are the keynote to the whole of Dostoevsky's teachings: Dostoevsky, whose nerves had been shattered during those terrible moments when a youth of twenty-two, with breast bared and eyes bound, he stood awaiting the fatal bullet which was to end his existence. The death-sentence was remitted at the last moment, and long years of exile in Siberia replaced it. The fruit of those years' experience we have in these strange volumes. Be not astonished, therefore, at being introduced into an atmosphere of madness, incoherence, folly and crime. Dostoevsky never once complains of losing what the Russians affectionately denominate their "dear little liberty;" no, he accepts without murmuring his initiation into others' miseries which he strives to cure or to mitigate by boundless comprehension and compassion.

As for his opinions, here is a quotation which must serve as a sample of the rest.

"Socialism is the progeny of Romanism and of the Romanistic spirit and essence. But it and its brother Atheism proceed from Despair, from the inconsistency of Catholicism with moral sense, in order that it might replace in itself the best moral power of religion, in order to appease the spiritual thirst of parched humanity and save it, not by Christ, but by force. 'Do not dare to believe in God, do not dare to possess any individuality, any personality,' 'fraternity or death,' two million heads, you shall know them by their works, we are told. And we must not sup-

pose that all this is harmless and safe for ourselves. Oh, no, we must resist, we must fortify, and quickly, quickly. We must let our Christ shine forth upon the buttresses of the Western nations, our Christ whom *we* have preserved intact, and whom *they* have not so much as known. Not as slaves, allowing ourselves to be caught by the hooks of Jesuit anglers, but by carrying our religion to *them*. We must stand before them at the head of the Christian army."

And again—

"We Russians no sooner arrive at the brink of the water and realize that we are really at the brink, than we are so delighted with the outlook that in we plunge and swim to the furthest point we can perceive. Why is this? This Russian eccentricity of ours not only astonishes ourselves; all Europe wonders at our conduct on such occasions; for if one of us goes over to Roman Catholicism, he is sure to become a Jesuit at once, and a rabid one into the bargain; if one of us becomes an Atheist, he must needs begin to insist on the prohibition of faith in God by force, that is, by the sword. Why is this—why does he then exceed all bounds at once? Do you not know? It is because he has found land at last—land that he sought in vain before—and because his soul is rejoiced to find it. He has found land, and he throws himself upon it and kisses it. Oh, it is not from vanity alone, it is not from wretched feelings of vanity that Russians become Atheists and Jesuits; but from spiritual thirst, from anguish of longing after higher things, after dry, firm land, and anguish for the loss of foothold on their own *terra firma*, which they never believed in because they never knew it.

"It is so easy for a Russian to become an Atheist, far more so than for any other nationality in the world. And not only does a Russian 'become an Atheist,' but he actually *believes* in Atheism, just as though he had found a new faith, not perceiving that he has pinned his faith to *nil*. Such is our anguish of thirst. Whoso has no country has no God.

"But let these thirsty Russian souls find, like Columbus' discoverers, a new world; let them find the Russian world, let them search and discover all the gold and treasure that lies hidden in the bosom of their own land. Show them the restitution of lost humanity, in the future, by *Russian* thought alone, and by means of the God and of the Christ of our *Russian* faith, and you will see how mighty, and just, and wise, and good a giant will rise up before the eyes of the astonished and frightened world; astonished because they expect nothing but the sword-force from us, if anything, because they think they will get nothing out of us without a spice of barbarism. This has been the case up till now, and the longer matters go on as they are now proceeding, the more clear will be the truth of what I say."

These sentences exhibit better than any words of mine the exaltation of sentiment and expression habitual to Dostoevsky,

and apparently peculiar to the Slav temperament.

Tolstoi has given us his confession in the various works published by him from time to time. His "Peace and War" is a chapter from history palpitating with interest and actuality. The personality of Tolstoi, his thoughts, struggles, aims, can be traced throughout his writings, all and every one. "The Cossacks" is a wonderful study of the civilized man brought suddenly face to face with a more primitive but not ignoble race. In "Anna Karenina" we have Tolstoi's own particular views on marriage and divorce set forth. Marriage he regards as indissoluble, a sacrament. Anna Karenina, a noble and gentle nature, unable to support the burden of a false position, courts death as a release. Unfortunately, much of the asceticism of Tolstoi's teaching loses its value when we remember that he passed through the fiery period of youth, not without sundry scars and scorchings, and that, although we listen with reverence to the words of wisdom spoken by a master-mind, we are not obliged to believe that he is in absolute possession of the whole truth. Enough that he has taught us much, and raised, and helped to purify us.

To turn to two of the shining lights of the present moment, we shall be well repaid by a perusal of the works of Stepniak and Krapotkin. We shall then be able still more thoroughly to enter into those questions which are agitating Russia, and which more or less occupy—although less feverishly—much of the attention of other European nations.

Stepniak explains the working of the Russian "Mir" and dilates on the agricultural question. He has given us the pathetic sketches in "Underground Russia" with which we are all familiar. We shall also see that although the name of "Nihilism" was invented by Tourgenief, the party that he called Nihilist has nothing in common with the party which astonished Europe by its terrific deeds from 1878 to 1881.

Nihilism, as represented by Bazardoff in "Fathers and Sons," is roughly the negation of all supernaturalism, of all duty, religion or obligation, the absolute triumph of individual will. This positivist fanaticism exploded in Russia immediately after the enfranchisement of the

serfs. It was a great literary and philosophical movement, which made neither victims nor martyrs, but it destroyed the remnant of religious spirit in the upper classes of society, and contributed to the emancipation of women in that country. Toward 1871, the Socialistic movement began to spread. As the government of the Czar hesitated to pursue liberal reforms, Bakomine and Lawroff preached in favor of a revolution. The spectacle of the French Commune dazzled and excited all these revolutionaries. The most fervent members of the "International" were the young Russian exiles studying medicine at Zurich. These minds, destitute of faith, as we have already pointed out, were all the more ready to accept a new religion, whether of destruction or reconstruction. But the people remained deaf and the Government pitiless. Then we have the story of the memorable days of 1878, no arrests or punishments ever discouraging the ardent little band. In Stepniak's work we find the lives of the saints of Nihilism written with the devoted enthusiasm of a believer, or, should we say, of a fanatic? And, in spite of ourselves, in poring over these miracles of energy, patience and devotion, we forget the horrors of the crimes committed, in admiration of the heroism of the criminals. In order to judge of the moral strength of these Russian terrorists we need to be reminded that they had no hope of a future life, nor any desire of public recognition.

And now, a word on the Anarchism of Prince Krapotkin. Krapotkin believes that the awakening of the people is near, that a great revolution will soon renew the face of the earth, that everywhere States are trembling to their foundations, old governments breaking up, the age of capital nearly past, and that the result of this social cataclysm will surely be a community of goods and land, with no privileged classes. Liberties are no longer to be *given* with a grudging hand by governments, but *taken* by the people—that is to say, no government, no State, Anarchy pure and simple, and the reign of individual freedom, meaning in Prince Krapotkin's mind, we presume, the reign of love upon earth, and peace and good-will to all men—the millennium.

Here we probably look upon him as a mystical if not dangerous dreamer, but

some of the ideals he aims at are such as we are all fighting for—such of us at least who fight at all.

What is to be the future of Russia? Who shall solve that enigma? Strain our ears as we may, we can only catch faint sounds of the inevitable struggle. Russia is quietly preparing new forces, slowly undermining the work of ages, and the sudden crash of despotic institutions may elong startle us into the knowledge that the regeneration of a mighty empire has commenced.

I cannot conclude more fitly this inadequate sketch than by rendering Gogol's apostrophe to Russia, written when he was in Italy:

"Russia! Russia! from the beautiful country I inhabit I see thee, I see thee distinctly, oh my country! Nature has not been prodigal to thee. Thou hast nothing either to charm or to startle the eye. No, nothing in thee,

Russia, either splendid or marvellous. All is open, desert, flat. The little towns are scarcely perceptible. Nothing to seduce or to flatter the eyesight. What secret, mysterious force draws me then to thee? Why does thy sad, monotonous, troubled song—carried through all thy length and breadth, from one sea to another—sound forever in my ears? What is this song? Whence come those accents and those sobs re-echoing in my heart? What are those painful chords which penetrate my soul and awake remembrances? Russia, what wilt thou of me? What is this obscure, mysterious tie which binds us together? Why dost thou look at me thus? My lips are sealed in presence of thy immensity. From thy infinite vastness what is to be prophesied? Thou art the mother country of thoughts, the greatness of which cannot be measured. Thy unmeasured extent is powerfully reflected in my soul, and an unknown force penetrates into the depths of my being. What a dazzling future, what a grand, splendid mirage unknown to Earth, O Russia!"

—*Temple Bar.*

## THE GREAT EQUATORIAL FOREST OF AFRICA.

BY P. B. DU CHAILLU.

THE Great Forest of Equatorial Africa, after having faded away from public attention for a quarter of a century, has once more come to the front as a subject of the most widespread interest, in consequence of the heroic exploits of Mr. Stanley and of his followers.

I have been invited to give in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* some of my experiences of this extraordinary region at the time when I, the first white man who had ever penetrated its recesses, journeyed thither, and I do so with the more readiness in that my methods of exploration were, from the necessity of the case, entirely different from those of Mr. Stanley, and that my experiences consequently represent in some respects a different aspect of the many-sided problem from that which he gives us.

I cannot but allude—though it be but a passing allusion—to the bitter storm of incredulity and opposition which my narrative at that time called forth in some quarters—the cannibals, the dwarfs, the mountains, the gorillas, the very forest itself, were ridiculed as fictions, or even worse, of my own imagination. I felt all this very keenly at the time, and but for the stanchness and kindness of the many

friends who stood by me, and encouraged me through evil report and good report, I could not have faced it, and was content to reflect that the truth in the long run must prevail.

My experiences differed from those of Mr. Stanley chiefly in these respects. I was travelling alone, at my leisure, and at my own expense, accompanied only by native porters, who carried my stock of necessaries and my collections. I had no very large company to feed, and no immense stores of valuables to transport and to protect. I learned sufficient of the languages and dialects of the region to enable me to make friends with the natives among whom I resided. I was passed on from tribe to tribe as a friend, learning their customs, and—so far as was possible for a civilized man—living their life. I soon found that it was useless for me to attempt to force a way through the impenetrable jungle, and that in order to make progress it was necessary to follow the intricate and labyrinthine native tracks from village to village, and to abandon all hope of travelling in a straight line from point to point.

Mr. Stanley, on the other hand, at the head of what was practically a small army,

"tied to time," and hampered by the responsibilities of feeding his numerous followers, of transporting his valuable stores, and, above all, of fulfilling within a limited time his all-important mission, was compelled to force his way through obstacles which would have baffled a less strong man in a few days.

Once only during my explorations did I wish that I had a strong party, for then, when there was no other alternative, I would have made my way by force. While in the country of the dwarfs, the gun of one of my seven followers went off accidentally, and killed one man and the sister of the queen, and the natives naturally interpreted this as an attack, and retaliated so fiercely that we all, including myself, were wounded, and obliged to beat a retreat.

This vast difference in circumstances must of necessity be reflected in our reports on the country, but I think the comparison renders all the more striking the fact that Mr. Stanley has confirmed in all its main features, so far as the scenes of our expeditions coincided, my narrative of twenty-five years ago.

I will, without further preface, proceed to give some account of this great central African forest.

As the mariner approaches the western coast of Africa above the river Campo, situated 2° north of the equator, and sails southward along the land as far as the Gaboon estuary or river, the southern shores of which run in a parallel line with the equator and only a few miles north of it, he beholds all the way, reaching down to the water's edge, a dense unbroken forest, and far inland, several mountain ranges covered with trees to their very top. These mountains are known under the name of Sierra del Crystal. They are gradually lost to sight as one nears the Gaboon.

This immense wooded country, in which I passed several years (1856-1858) when but a lad, and which I again visited in 1863-65, forms the outskirts of the gigantic equatorial forest which I was the first to explore and which has been entered, and in part traversed further inland by the heroic Stanley. The outer or western limit of this belt of forest-clad region is the very sea itself, for the roots of its trees spread to the beach.

A grand and magnificent sight greets

the traveller as he finds himself in this woody wilderness. I was awed by the majesty of the scene and lost in admiration of the wonderful vegetation which is exhibited.

The silence of this forest, as one travels through it, is sometimes appalling. Mile after mile is traversed without even hearing the chatter of a monkey, the shrill cry of a parrot, the footstep of a gazelle or antelope. The falling of a leaf, the murmur of some hidden rivulet, the humming of insects, and here and there the solitary note of a bird, only come to give life and bring relief in the gloom of the vast solitude that surrounds you. The feeling which seizes you as you move along in the silent path is undescribable.

Once in a while the silence is broken by the heavy footstep of the elephant, the grunt of some wild boar, or the light footsteps of some other wild animals. Gigantic trees, rising to a height of two or three hundred feet and even more, tower over this sea of everlasting foliage like giants of the forest, ready to give the first warning of the coming tornado or tempest which is to break the tranquillity of their domain. Under these enormous trees other trees of less size grow, under these again others still smaller, of all sizes and shapes, and finally a thick jungle. What a jungle it is! Often the eye tries in vain to pierce through it even a yard or two. Lianas, like gigantic snakes, stretch in profusion from tree to tree, and twine themselves round the stems, or hang from their branches; thorny creepers, malacca-like canes, with their hook-like thorns resting on the edge of the leaves; grass with edges as sharp as razors cling to your clothes, or cut deep into the flesh if they chance to touch any exposed parts; or at times pineapples run wild are seen by the ten thousand—or aloes—while on the bark of trees hang in large festoons vast masses of orchids.

Trees covered with flowers, often of brilliant color and beautiful shape, relieve at certain seasons of the year the monotony of the dark green. Other trees and plants bear a bountiful crop of nuts, fruits and berries of various sizes, colors and shapes. The number of these fruit-bearing trees is very great; one of them specially presents a most beautiful sight when bearing; from its trunk hang large bunches of olive-shape fruits of the most



gorgeous red color, delicious to eat, though somewhat acid.

Ebony, bar-wood, and the india-rubber vine are found in abundance, specially the india-rubber; but unfortunately the latter is becoming rarer every day, owing to the reckless waste which takes place in tapping them. The native, in fact, says to himself, "If I do not take all I can, another will do it;" the vine dies from exhaustion. Ivory, beeswax, a little gum copal, bar-wood, ebony, a little palm oil, are the natural products found.

South of the equator the monotony of the forest is broken along the sea-shore, and sometimes inland, by open prairies, till they again give place to the vast unbroken jungle. Several rivers water the land; their banks by the sea-shore are low and swampy, and covered with mangrove trees as far as the brackish water goes.

I said in *Equatorial Africa* :—

"The explorer finds here a region so densely wooded that the whole country may be described as an impenetrable jungle, through which man pushes on only by hewing his way with the axe. The forests, which have been resting for ages in their gloomy solitude, seem unfavorable for the increase of beasts, which are their chief denizens."

I wrote also :—

"Some of the slaves of the Apingi are brought from a distance to the eastward, which they counted as twenty days' journey, and they invariably protested that the mountains in sight from their present home continued in an uninterrupted chain far beyond their own country."

I thought it probable that the impenetrable forests of this mountain range and its savage inhabitants formed an insurmountable barrier to the victorious southward advance of Mohammedan conquerors. South of the equator, at any rate in West Africa, they never penetrated.

Hunger and starvation were continually before me, but when young and enthusiastic these privations count for little. I had to feed on nuts and berries often for a long time together—once for eleven days—and the starvation ended by eating part of a leopard I had shot. Here I may observe that we had to depend for our food on our guns and the natural products of the forest. I carried no supplies of European provisions with me, but lived as the natives do from hand to mouth, for porters to carry provisions were generally

not obtainable. Besides starvation there was often a still greater impediment to my advance. I had more than fifty attacks of fever, taking more than fourteen ounces of quinine besides arsenic, to cure myself, and many a time I lay in the forest helpless under a tree with but a kind providence watching over me. When well again, all the past starvation, diseases, hardship, home-sickness, were forgotten—the African forest and its hidden treasure of natural history not yet discovered were once more smiling before me.

This forest, so rich in berries, nuts, and fruits, is well adapted for the home of the ape. There lives the most powerful of all apes—the gorilla—a giant of strength, who roams to and fro in the great solitude as the king of the forest. The male comes and attacks man fiercely and without fear when disturbed in its haunts. One of my hunters was killed by one of these monsters, which, in its rage, bent the barrel of his gun, and then left him in his gore.

Besides the gorilla there are other varieties of apes, or chimpanzees; among them the kooloo-kamba, the nshiego-mbouve, or bald-headed ape, the nshiego-kengo, and the nshiego, the latter being the well-known chimpanzee. One may form an idea of the age and continuity of this great forest when one reflects that such apes as are found there are only the survivors of numerous species of a far past age.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the sound of distant thunder along the sky, and fills the forest with its reverberations.

Neither the lion, zebra,gnu, rhinoceros, giraffe, nor ostrich, nor the great number and varieties of antelopes so common in other parts of the continent, are known here. There are no tame cattle, no horses, no donkeys; in fact, the only domesticated animals are goats and fowls and a species of sheep.

The insect world is very abundant, scorpions and centipedes, mosquitoes without number, and also a species of gnat, perhaps more troublesome than the mosquitoes. Among the terrible flies are the *ibolai*, twice as large as our common fly; the *nchouna*, which inserts its proboscis so gently that often it gets its fill of blood

before you know you are bitten. Presently, however, the itching begins, and lasts for several hours, varied at intervals by sudden sharp stabs of pain which often last the whole day. The *iboca*,—its bite is the most severe of all, and clothing is no protection from it; often the blood has run from my face or arm, so that one would think that a leech had been at work. The most dreaded of all is the *elomay*, a kind of wasp.

The butterflies are at times extremely numerous, flitting along the path; their flight is as still as the forest itself.

Of snakes there is great abundance; a few are harmless, but the bite of most of the species is deadly. There are tree, land and water snakes. I have often seen the latter coiled up and resting on the branches of trees under water. These vary in size and in poisonous venom. There are cases where the man bitten dies in a short time.

There are a great many species of ants, some of which are found in vast numbers. The most remarkable and most dreaded of all is the *bashikouay*, and is a most voracious creature, which carries nothing away, but eats its prey on the spot. It is the dread of all living animals of the forest,—the elephant, the leopard, the gorilla, and all the insect world—and man himself is compelled to flee before the advance of these marauders or to protect himself by fire and boiling water. It is the habit of the *bashikouay* to march through the forest in a long regular line—about two inches broad or more, and often miles in length. All along the line larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep the singular army in order. If they come to a place where are no trees to shelter them from the sun, the heat of which they cannot bear, they immediately burrow underground and form tunnels. It takes often more than twelve hours for one of these armies to pass.

When they grow hungry, at a certain command which seems to take place all along the line at the same time, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. All the other living inhabitants of the forest flee before it. I myself have had to run for my life. Their advent is known beforehand: the still forest be-

comes alive, the trampling of the elephant, the flight of the antelope or of the gazelle, of the leopard, of snakes, all the living world, in the same direction where the other animals are fleeing away.

I remember well the first time I met these *bashikouays* in their attacking raid. I knew not then what was in store for me. I was hunting by myself all alone, when suddenly the forest became alive in the manner I have described above; a sudden dread seized me; I did not know what all this meant. Some convulsion of nature was perhaps going to take place. I stood still in the hunting path, resting on my gun, when all at once, as if by magic, I was covered with them and bitten everywhere. I fled in haste for dear life in the same direction the animals had taken, and the middle of a stream became my refuge. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap, instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. They even ascend to the top of the trees for their prey. This ant seems to be animated by a kind of fury, which causes it entirely to disregard its own safety and seek only the conquest of its prey. Sometimes men condemned to death on account of witchcraft are made fast to a tree, and if an army of hungry *bashikouays* passes, in a short time only his bare skeleton remains to tell the tale.

The power and the knowledge of the white man extended but a few miles from the coast, and the interior was a *terra incognita*. To ascend the rivers, to acquaint myself with the superstitious customs and mode of life of the black tribes who had not hitherto been visited by white men, to hunt in the Great Forest, make natural history collections, to explore the country, were among the chief objects I had in view. In that Great Forest I travelled, always on foot, and in every direction, and unaccompanied by any white man, more than ten thousand miles; I shot, preserved, and brought home more than two thousand birds, many of which were new species; and more than two hundred quadrupeds—twenty of these were also new species; and more than eighty skeletons, and some hundred and twenty skulls. All these had to be carried on the backs of my followers and carefully packed and protected from the heavy rain.

What terrific weather and dangers often

attended us in our marches may be seen from the fact that the rainy season near the sea-shore lasted nearly nine months, and the mountains actually seemed to have been the home of rain. In October the fierce tornado began, making the mighty forest tremble to its base; and often the old giant trees, unable to stand its force, fell, carrying everything before them. The loud crash of a hundred trees upon which it fell filled the forest. The tornado is followed by terrific thunder and most vivid lightning, and many a time, for several consecutive hours, there was no cessation even of a few seconds, and torrents of rain incessantly descended till morning.

In the morning, at the dawn of daylight, we all got up, food was cooked, we took a scanty breakfast, walked or travelled till noon, rested or cooked our food for about an hour, and then on the march again until nearly sunset. When we halted for the night the first thing to be done was for the men and women to gather firewood, large leaves to roof our sheds, and cut sticks for the building of these sheds, for I had no tent with me, it being impossible to carry heavy baggage through the forest. All these were so plentiful in the forest, that all were generally collected in less than half an hour. Some running little rivulets were close by, so that we could get our water. Then we built great fires and made ourselves comfortable, and were always careful to build the fires in such a manner that the rains of the night would not extinguish them. A long part of the evening was generally spent by me in preparing the skins of birds and animals I had shot.

In order to explore the country my duty was first to make friends with the chief and people of the sea-coast, and to learn their language. Then after a while these people would take me to the people of the next tribe; here I would make friends again and try my way further and get new porters; one language or a dialect would carry me through three or four tribes, then I had to stop and learn another dialect. There are no beasts of burden; man, or woman rather, is the only beast of burden. Paths lead from one village to another, consequently from one tribe to another; sometimes some of these are little used on account of war and enmity between villages or tribes; then

they can hardly be seen and are almost at times quite lost in the jungle, so the utmost caution and all the skill of my men was necessary in order that we should not lose our way. In addition to these there are paths leading to plantations—which come to a sudden termination—and hunting tracks. Woe to the man who loses his way! Many of the villages are small and they are often far apart, so that no party of several hundred men could traverse the country without bringing famine, and finding themselves famished for want of procuring sufficient food; hence they would have to take the food by force, and their advance would be heralded by the war cries and the hostility of the natives as they made their appearance, and one bloody conflict after another would be sure to happen.

The advice of my old friend King Quengueza, of which I often proved the truth, ran thus:—

“Now listen to what I say—you will visit many strange tribes. If you see on the road or in the streets of a village a fine bunch of plantains with ground nuts lying by its side, do not touch them, leave the village at once; this is a tricky village, for the people are on the watch to see what you will do with them. If the people of any village tell you to go and catch fowls or goats, or cut plantains for yourself, say to them, ‘Strangers do not help themselves: it is the duty of the host to catch the goat or fowl and to cut the plantains, and bring the present to the house that has been given to the guest.’ When a house is given to you in any village, keep to that house, and go into no other; and if you see a seat do not sit upon it, for there are seats which none but the owners can sit upon. But, above all, beware of women! I tell you these things that you may journey in safety.”

The food of the country is maize, sweet potatoes, plantains, yams, cassava (manioc), pumpkins, and ground nuts. The two first do not go far inland. Man is comparatively scarce in this great wilderness; the population is divided into a great number of tribes; I have myself been among thirty-five of them. The tribes are subdivided into clans. The people in many parts of the country live in an almost permanent state of war.

Polygamy and slavery are well-established institutions; most men own slaves, but the slaves must belong to some other tribe; no raids are made upon villages for the single purpose of procuring slaves. The children of slaves are not slaves, but form a class of their own. Parents in

many cases, with the consent of their respective families, can sell their children.

The more powerful a man is, the more slaves and wives he possesses. Idol worship, the belief in good and evil spirits, in the power of fetiches, and of incantation, are prevalent everywhere. But there is a curse probably greater than slavery itself; it is the belief of the people in the power of witchcraft. Woe to the man who is believed to be a wizard, or to the woman who is supposed to be a witch; nothing but the ordeal of drinking the mboundou can expiate the crime, and fortunate indeed are those who pass safely through this ordeal, for this mboundou is a most powerful poison.

The most characteristic point about the negro tribes I have met is their great eagerness and love for trade. The fortunate or unfortunate man who kills an elephant and lives far inland has to wait a long time, often several years, before he gets goods in exchange for his ivory. The tusk either comes down the river or by the paths which lead from one village or tribe to another, and the journey takes a long time.

Trade is carried on by barter in the following manner:—The tribes along the sea-shore are succeeded by one tribe after another in the interior. Each of the tribes claims the right of way, and assumes to itself the privilege of acting as go-between or middle-man to those next to it, and charges a heavy commission for this office, and no infraction of this rule is permitted. The lucky owner of a tusk is obliged by the laws of trade to intrust it to some man he knows in the next tribe nearer the coast. This one in turn forwards or takes it to the next chief or friend. So the ivory often passes through a dozen hands or more before it reaches the coast. But this is only half the evil. Although the producer trusts his ivory, this trade is carried on entirely on credit, and no securities are given.

The ivory of the coast is said to be the finest obtained in Western Africa, and is or was very plentiful in the days I speak of, about 100,000 pounds coming from the Gaboon alone yearly. Many of the ivory tusks find their way from the interior to the sea-shore from a long distance.

Now when the last black fellow disposes of his tusk of ivory to the white merchant,

he retains, in the first place, a very liberal percentage of the return for his *valuable* services, and transfers the remainder of the goods to the next man or tribe in the series. He, in turn, takes a commission for his trouble in the transaction and passes on what is left, and so, finally, a very small remainder is handed to the fellow who killed the elephant, and the amount he receives is a very small one compared with the goods received on the coast. Slaves are sold in the same manner. Each man generally waits for the proceeds. The creditor in such case lives with the debtor; he is an honored guest, and while waiting, the host gives him one of his own wives—a hospitable custom in this part of Africa, which a man is always expected to observe toward his visitors. Whenever I entered a village, the chief always made haste to place a part, often all his wives, at my service. Time is literally of no account to an African. A friend's village is as jolly a place as any village of his own country, and perhaps in a few months his goods would come. So the days go on pleasantly.

Among the most curious tribes or people I discovered in that great forest were the cannibals and the dwarfs.

The cannibal tribes with which I came in contact were the Fans and the Oshebas. They are the finest, bravest-looking negroes I saw in the interior, and eating human flesh seems to agree with them, though I afterward saw other Fan tribes whose members had not the fine air of these mountaineers.

The strangest thing about the Fans is their constant encroachments upon the land westward. They were much lighter in color than any of the coast tribes, strong, tall, and well-made, and evidently active. The men were almost naked, and wore no cloth about the middle, but instead, the soft inside bark of a tree, over which in front was suspended the skin of some wild-cat or other animal. They had their teeth filed, which gives the face a ghastly and ferocious look, and some had their teeth blackened besides. All the Fans wore queues. Their hair or "wool" was drawn out into long, thin plaits; on the end of each stiff plait were strung some white beads, or copper or iron rings. Some wore feather caps, but others wore long queues made of their own wool and a kind of tow, dyed black and mixed with

it, and giving the wearer a strange appearance.

The women, who were even less dressed than the men, were much smaller than they, and, with the exception of the inhabitants of Fernando Po, who are called Boobies, I never saw such ugly women as these. These, too, had their teeth filed, and most had their bodies, like those of the men, painted red, by means of a dye obtained from the bar-wood. They carried their babies on their backs in a sling or rest made of some kind of tree-bark and fastened to the neck of the mother.

The king was a ferocious-looking fellow whose body was painted red, and whose face, chest, stomach, and back were tattooed in a rude but very effective manner.

The queue of *Ndiayai*, the king, was the biggest of all, and terminated in two tails, in which were strung brass rings, while the top was ornamented with white beads. Brass anklets jingled as he walked. The front of his middle-cloth was a fine piece of genetia-skin. His beard was plaited in several plaits, which also contained white beads, and stuck out stiffly from the face.

The queen was nearly naked, her only article of dress being a strip of the Fan cloth, dyed red, and about four inches wide. Her entire body was tattooed in the most fanciful manner; her skin, from long exposure, had become rough and knotty. She wore two enormous iron anklets—iron being a very precious metal with the Fan—and had in her ears a pair of copper ear-rings two inches in diameter, and very heavy. These had so weighed down the lobes of her ears that I could have put my little finger easily into the holes through which the rings were run.

All the Fan villages are strongly fenced or palisaded, and by night a careful watch is kept. They have also a little native dog, whose sharp bark is the signal of some one approaching from without. The villages are as a rule neat and clean, the streets being swept, and all garbage—except, indeed, the well-picked bones of their human victims—is thrown out.

Signs of cannibalism, in piles of human bones, mixed up with other offal, thrown at the sides of several houses, were seen everywhere.

The villages consisted mostly of a single street from 600 to 800 yards long, on each side of which were built the houses.

The latter were small, being only eight or ten feet long, five or six wide, and four or five in height, with slanting roofs. They were made of bark, and the roofs were of a kind of matting made of the leaves of a palm-tree. The doors run up to the eaves, about four feet high, and there were no windows.

As blacksmiths they very far surpass all the tribes of this region who have not come in contact with the whites. Their warlike habits have made iron a most necessary article to them; and though their tools are very simple, their patience is great, and they produce some very neat workmanship.

These cannibals have a great diversity of arms. I saw men armed with cross-bows, from which are shot either iron-headed arrows, or the little, but really most deadly, poisoned-tipped arrows. These are so light that they would blow away if simply laid in the groove of the bow. To prevent this they use a kind of sticky gum, a lump of which is kept on the under side of the bow, and with which a small spot in the groove is lightly rubbed. The handle of the bow is ingeniously split, and by a little peg, which acts as a trigger, the bow-string is disengaged, and, as the spring is very strong, sends the arrow to a great distance, and, light as it is, with great force. They are good marksmen with their bows, which require great strength to bend. They have to sit on their haunches, and apply both feet to the middle of the bow, while they pull with all their strength on the string to bend it back.

The larger arrows have an iron head, something like the sharp barbs of a harpoon. These are used for hunting wild beasts, and are about two feet long. But the more deadly weapon is the little insignificant stick, not more than twelve inches long, and simply sharpened at one end. This is the famed poison-arrow—a missile which bears death wherever it touches, if only it pricks a pin's-point of blood. The poison is made of the juices of a plant which was not shown me. They dip the sharp ends of the arrows several times in this sap, and let it get thoroughly dried into the wood. It gives the point a red color. The arrows are very carefully kept in a little bag, made neatly of the skin of some wild animal. They are much dreaded among the neigh-

boring tribes, as they can be thrown or projected with such power as to take effect at a distance of fifteen yards, and with such velocity that you cannot see them at all till they are spent.

Over their shoulders was suspended the huge country knife, and in their hands were spears and the great shield of elephant-hide, and about the necks and bodies of all was hung a variety of fetiches and greegrees, which rattled as they walked.

The Fan shield is made of the hide of an old elephant, and only of that part which lies across the back. This, when dried and smoked, is hard and almost as impenetrable as iron. The shield is about three feet long by two and a half wide.

Some bore on their shoulders the terrible war axe, one blow of which quite suffices to split a human skull. Some of these axes, as well as their spears and other iron-work, were beautifully ornamented with scroll-work, and wrought in graceful lines and curves which spoke well for their artisans.

The war-knife, which hangs by the side, is a terrible weapon for a hand-to-hand conflict, and, as they explained to me, is designed to thrust through the enemy's body; they are about three feet long. There is another huge knife also worn by some of the men. This is over a foot long, by about eight inches wide, and is used to cut down through the shoulders of an adversary.

Then there is a very singular pointed axe, which is thrown from a distance. When thrown it strikes with the *point* down, and inflicts a terrible wound. The object aimed at with this axe is the head, and they use it with great dexterity. The point penetrates to the brain, and kills the victim immediately; and then the round edge of the axe is employed to cut off the head, which is borne away by the victor as a trophy.

Many of the men wore a smaller knife—but rather unwieldy—which served the various offices of a jack-knife, a hatchet and a table-knife.

The spears, which are six to seven feet in length, are thrown with great force and great accuracy of aim. They make the long slender rod fairly whistle through the air. Most of them can throw a spear effectively to the distance of from twenty to thirty yards.

In the midst of this Great Forest I discovered, in the year 1885, some of the dwarf or pigmy tribes. I had heard of these people for the first time in the Apingi country, under the name of Ashoungas; among the Ashangos they are called, however, Obongos. From the loose and exaggerated descriptions I had heard, I had given no more credence to the report of the existence of these dwarf tribes than to that of men with tails, who had stools with a hole in them for their tails to be put through, or to the stories of the Sapadi, or cloven-footed men.

The first positive proof I had of the veracity of the natives in this part occurred in the following manner:—While I was traversing the wild forest of the Ashango country we came suddenly upon a cluster of most extraordinary diminutive huts, which I should have passed by, thinking them to be some kind of fetich-houses, if I had not been told by my guides that we might meet in this district with villages of a tribe of dwarf negroes, who are scattered about the Ishogo and Ashango countries and other parts farther east. The huts were of a low oval shape; the highest part—that nearest the entrance—was about four feet from the ground; the greatest breadth was about four feet also. On each side were three or four sticks for the man and woman to sleep upon. The huts were made of flexible branches of trees, bent almost into a circle with both ends fixed in the ground, the longest branches being in the middle, and the others successively shorter, the whole being covered with large leaves.

So far as my experience goes they are scattered through the Great Forest. At times several of these villages are situated near each other. Sometimes I could see that a village had just been abandoned, while others were inhabited, but the people were all out on hunting or fishing expeditions or excursions.

These dwarfs were afterward seen by the German explorer Schweinfurth—who kindly mentioned me as their discoverer—subsequently also by Dr. Junker, and lastly by Mr. Stanley.

The dwarfs were very shy with me, and I had great difficulty in approaching them; but on one occasion we suddenly came upon twelve huts of this strange tribe, in a retired nook in the forest, scattered without order, and covering alto-

gether only a very small space of ground. When we approached them no sign of a living creature was to be seen, and, in fact, we found them deserted.

Leaving the abandoned huts, we continued our way through the forest; and presently, within a distance of a quarter of a mile, we came on another village, composed, like the last, of about a dozen ill-constructed shelters. The dwellings had been newly made, for the branches of trees of which they were formed had still their leaves on them, quite fresh. We approached with the greatest caution, in order not to alarm the wild inmates, my Ashango guides holding up a bunch of beads in a friendly way, and shouting, "Do not run away, the Spirit has come with us to give you beads;" but all our care was fruitless, for the men, at least, were gone when we came up. Their flight was very hurried. We hastened to the huts, and luckily found three old women and one young man, who had not had time to run away, besides several children, the latter hidden in one of the huts.

The little holes which serve as doors to the huts were closed by fresh-gathered branches of trees stuck in the ground, showing that the owners were absent, and no one was permitted to enter.

The color of these people was a dirty yellow, much lighter than the Ashangos who surround them, and their eyes had an untamable wildness about them that struck me as very remarkable. In their whole appearance, physique, and color, and in their habitations, they are totally unlike the Ashangos or other tribes among whom they live. The Ashangos, indeed, are very anxious to disown kinship with them. They do not intermarry with them; but declare that the Obongos intermarry among themselves, sisters with brothers, doing this to keep the families together as much as they can. The smallness of their communities, and the isolation in which the wretched creatures live, must necessitate close interbreeding. Their foreheads are exceedingly low and narrow, and they have prominent cheekbones; but I did not notice any peculiarity in their hands or feet, or in the position of the toes, or in the relative length of their arms to the rest of their bodies; but their legs appeared to be rather short in proportion to their trunks; the palms of their hands seemed quite white. The hair

of their heads grows in very short curly tufts, like that of the bushmen of South Africa, to whom they seem closely related; this is the more remarkable as the Ashangos and neighboring tribes have rather long and thick hair on their heads, which enables them to dress it in various ways; with the Obongos the dressing of the hair in masses or plaits, as is done by the other tribes, is impossible. The only dress they wear consists of pieces of home-made cloth which they buy of the Ashangos, or which these latter give them out of pure kindness, for I observed that it was quite a custom of the Ashangos to give their own worn *denguis* to these poor Obongos.

The Ashangos and other tribes like the presence of this curious people near their villages because the Obongo men are very expert and nimble in trapping wild animals and fish in the streams, the surplus of which, after supplying their own wants, they sell to their neighbors in exchange for plantains, and also for iron implements, cooking utensils, water-jugs, and all manufactured articles of which they stand in need.

The woods near their villages are so full of traps and pitfalls that it is dangerous for any but trained woodsmen to wander about in them; I always took care not to walk back from their village by night.

The Obongos never remain long in one place. They are eminently a migratory people, moving from place to place whenever game becomes scarce. But they do not wander very far; that is, the Obongos who live within the Ashango territory do not go out of that territory—they are called the Obongos of the Ashangos—those who live among the Njavi are called Obongo Njavi—and the same with other tribes. Obongos are said to exist very far to the east, as far, in fact, as the Ashangos or their slaves have any knowledge. I was surprised at the kindness, almost the tenderness, shown by the Ashangos to their diminutive neighbors. The Obongo language is a mixture of what was their own original language and the languages of the various tribes among whom they have resided for many years or generations past. The tallest dwarf I saw was 5 feet and  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in height. The others varied from 4 feet  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch to 4 feet  $7\frac{1}{4}$  inches. I measured a woman 3 feet 9 inches, but this was a great exception. —*Fortnightly Review*.

## A SKETCH IN FIVE PHASES.

BY GARTH GIBBON.

## PHASE THE FIRST.

SHE never cared about him, but then she cared about no one else, except her own people and her father's house. She adored her father, who was a weak, unlucky, but adorable man, full of wit and humor and kindness—unembittered by failure, unelated by success.

So she married her lover—for he was good-natured enough, and fond of her in his aimless limp way. A country gentleman of large property, and beautiful to look at—a credit to any one to go about with. But, oh! so weak, so self-indulgent, so soulless, so hopelessly, so ineffably dull.

She was as bright as possible,—not pretty, but full of charm and *chic* and innocence all tumbled up together.

She thought how nice it would be to have a jolly home for the boys to come to, and a place of happy rest for the ruined father. It seemed just the best thing to do all round, and so she did it; for she had great confidence in her own judgment, and a certain sort of wish and determination to act wisely and without self-consideration at all times.

Well! Twenty-four hours after the marriage she began to feel what she had done. She had no one to talk to, nothing to do. She came of a bright, clever, active, merry family, and the quiet was awful. No jokes. No laughter. He understood nothing she thought, very little she said—in fact, she was bored to death.

It was better for a while when they got home, for then she was among her friends and her kindred again, and the new life and interest that surround a young married girl closed her eyes for a time.

I think she never felt like a girl again after she first saw him drunk. That shut the door on her youth, and filled her with a bitter sense of disgrace and humiliation that never left her.

It grew and grew and ate into her soul. Her tremendous spirits and good health, with her keen capacity for enjoyment, however, concealed well the mine that

was always ready to explode—the fox that was gnawing at her heart; and no human being guessed that the merry, laughing, amusing girl—the life and soul of every social gathering—was rapidly changing into a reckless, callous woman, chafing under the bondage that she felt was killing all that was good in her, and making impossible the fulfilment of all that she had longed and hoped to do with her life.

## PHASE THE SECOND.

Then came the baby, and brought with it the torrent of love that had been latent and unsuspected,—passionate, uncompromising love for the fine, healthy, commonplace child, growing stronger every day, till all disappointment, all sense of want, was lost or forgotten in the overwhelming enjoyment of the fulness of this love. His wants and wishes of all kinds filled every moment of her life, absorbed her thoughts, blinded her to every deficiency and to every other duty, and left no blank—for every aching void was filled.

Of course, as he grew older he occupied her more and more, as it became more and more possible to have him constantly with her. He slept in her room, and was rarely an hour away from her.

There was nothing particularly engaging about the child. He was a good, strong, upright, steady boy,—certainly for the first ten years of his life thinking his mother the most perfect creature in the world, enjoying her high spirits and her energy, confident in her love of him, and in his power to do just as he liked with the imperious, self-reliant little woman, of whom other people stood rather in awe.

She had long ceased to be anything but housekeeper and caretaker to her husband, and he just sank into a lazy, animal, self-indulgent life;—good-tempered, or rather easy-going, as long as no one interfered with him; but violent and insolent if she or any one else attempted to remonstrate with him.

He always spoke kindly to little Frank when he saw him, but certainly never gave himself either trouble or anxiety



about him, and was only cross and irritable if he were ill or in any way disturbed the arrangements of the house. Still, I think, down in his heart there was a jealousy of her passionate adoration of, and absorption in, the child.

So passed away ten years, till the time came for the boy to go to school.

She never hesitated where his good was concerned, and he was sent off—she smiling to the last. But, oh! that long lonely night, as she lay and thought of the small and great anxieties this separation meant. Was he warm? No one had kissed him “Good night.” Was he happy? Would he love her as much when he came home? One thing was certain—it would never be quite the same again. God only knows what she suffered that night,—ay, and many a night after! I fancy she got restless alone without the boy, and her contempt for her husband and his habits and associates made the home-life almost unbearable.

Her father had died; the brothers had drifted off into houses and interests of their own. She was not happy in the choice of her friends at that time, and she read exciting novels, both French and English; but had no fixed habits—did and read nothing to develop the good side of what might have been a noble character. The dreams of a useful life had certainly passed away, and she just lived to kill the time till Frank’s holidays came round. Her whole nature was hardening and deteriorating with a rapidity which perhaps any one who only saw the respectable, every-day, outside life of her home would have thought impossible.

Well, the holidays came, and with them the bright sunny-faced schoolboy, exuberant in his delight at being at home again; shouting with pride and joy at the bigger pony provided for him by her loving care; fondling the dog; shaking hands with the butler and gamekeeper, and all the men-servants, but very “stand-offish” with the women, for fear they should kiss him as they used to do; but glad, oh! very glad, to be cuddled and kissed by the proud and happy mother when they were quite alone. She put him to bed, “just like a little chap, you know, mummie dear.”

Those first holidays were glorious,—not a drawback, except every now and then the anxiety to get him up to bed before

his father came in, or to get him out of the way, lest he should see or suspect the shame and sorrow of her life and of his home. It was a happy time, however, in spite of this; but, oh! how short. Then came the wrench of parting again, and the boy went back to school, taking all her softness and sunlight with him, and leaving only coldness, loneliness, bitterness, and the growing callousness behind.

#### PHASE THE THIRD.

Of course as the boy grew older it became impossible to conceal from him the state of things at home. He said little—very little even to his mother—nothing to any one else; but he became quieter, and went more readily away from home to stay with friends. One day she said to him: “Frank, you might ask any one you like to stay here or come for the shooting; indeed I think you ought to ask those with whom you have been staying.”

“No, mummie; I can’t do that. I can’t have fellows staying here, you know: it wouldn’t do.”

She turned as white and cold as marble, and not a word more was said; but that night the last remnant of softness left her heart forever, and she cried aloud bitterly in her lonely chamber: “Shall he spoil and darken my boy’s life too, as he has darkened mine? Now God forbid. If God there be, where would His justice be in this?”

From that time, I think, the idea never ceased to recur: “How different our lives would be if he were not here, dragging us down—shaming my boy before his fellows, taking the brightness out of my darling’s face. It shall not be.” She drilled herself to think that her boy’s happiness ought to be her first care—her first duty.

The contempt for her husband turned to hatred. She grew to see in him only an obstruction between her boy and happiness,—a shadow over her son’s life, a cumbrer of the ground,—and her heart became as stone toward him.

Little by little, as Frank grew older, he too became contemptuous of his father: and although the good sturdy boy never spoke of him to any one but with respect, he was certainly anything but affectionate or conciliatory in his behavior or manner toward him. A mutual constraint and coolness grew up between them,—the son

in his heart despising and disliking his father; the father guessing but too truly the feelings of the son. She, who observed everything, soon saw how this feeling was growing—how the father, who only avoided Frank when he was sober, looked sullenly and even vindictively at him when he was otherwise; and a terror came into her heart, lest in some shape he should injure the lad, whose presence and demeanor were evidently becoming intolerable to him.

Alas! alas! everything was tending to strengthen the hard bitterness of her heart, and to ripen into action the love and the hate so strangely combined in her passionate, undisciplined nature.

At last one evening the father came home, very late, after much searching for, and anxiety, shared unfortunately by the lad, now fifteen years old. Came home, violent and unaccountable, a sad, degrading spectacle.

All but mother and son were asleep in the house, and there ensued one of those scenes which should never be described, but must and ought to be left to the imagination of those who do not know, fortunately for themselves. Frank remonstrated, not too respectfully, and in his anger the father said: "Not one sixpence of my money shall you have. I'll make a will leaving you without a penny, and so teach you who you are really dependent on." The mother heard the words, and all the fury of her pent-up anger broke forth within her. "Shall he indeed make my boy miserable in his life to leave him a beggar at his death?" she thought. "Nay, then, if God will not give him happiness and relief, I will seize them from him,—so shall my son have enjoyment and rest, and our home become like the home of others, where the sun shines, and who fear not daylight." When the anger died away, she recognized what had really been in her thoughts for years,—the resolution that had been growing slowly but surely for so long,—the wish that had been budding in her heart, but that the heat of this storm and threat had ripened suddenly into blossom, and which bore such deadly fruit.

A few months later the strong man lay sleeping in the vault,—quiet reigned in the home, and hope sprung again in the mother's heart.

She sat watching for her boy's return

from school, and thinking of the free happy time they would have together. No fear now of asking "the fellows"—nothing to prevent any in-coming or out-going; nothing to bring a cloud over her bonny boy's face. "Truly I have done wisely and well," she thought; "now will my son know the true nature of home, a place of peace."

#### PHASE THE FOURTH.

Did it all come to pass just as she expected and planned? I fancy not. True, the boy returned, but instead of bringing back with him the sunny face of his childhood, as she hoped and expected, she saw a graver, quieter expression there than had ever been there before. The shadow of Death had passed over him, and not all her love could take it away.

The child had left him and her forever! It seemed as if the darkness of the sin had left its shadow on the boy who knew nothing of it, and passed by the woman who had sinned, but whose natural spirits and callousness to all but one rode triumphantly over the cloud, and who seemed and felt just as quiet and calm as though Death had entered their house in his usual masterful way, against the prayers and wishes of the family, instead of being summoned there by her impatient and imperious hand.

The lad was self-reliant and self-willed, kind and respectful to her after his nature, but hardly confidential, more "grown up" than a boy of sixteen ought to be, and colder and more reserved than most boys are. He always spoke of his father with respect and affection when he spoke of him at all, which was very rarely. He showed himself quite conscious of the fact that he was now master. He took his pleasures for himself,—it was no longer her eager loving hand that provided them. In fact, he ruled and made his own life. He had passed from her guidance and planning into a world and a life of his own making.

Unconsciously she resented his self-reliance and his independence. He acted so discreetly, so wisely in all things, that there was nothing to find fault with. But, oh! how sore and disappointed she was.

He did not care about being petted: he was a reserved, manly lad, very much afraid of showing any feelings he had, and

I think particularly afraid of showing them to his mother, who was so demonstrative and excitable. He didn't like her high spirits, which were constitutional, and quite unaltered by circumstances. He didn't think they were dignified. Her active step and perfect health aggravated him. He fancied, somehow, that widows ought to be quiet, rather delicate women, who smiled kindly but sadly. He didn't approve of his mother joking and saying smart bright things, and making people laugh, "as if nothing had happened." He disliked her expression of unorthodox or peculiar opinions, and even went so far as to ask her not to express them, "even if she had the misfortune to feel them."

But not for a moment did she regret what she had done. On the contrary, she felt sometimes how wisely she had acted in putting power in the hands of this able, right-thinking young man.

It is not difficult to understand how two such opposite natures should drift further and further apart. Though neither could have told you why, there was no warmth of intercourse between them, and each lived the life they made for themselves. He with his friends, his duties, and his pleasures. His friends shallow, his duties narrow, and his pleasures discreet. She, in her loneliness and disappointment, reading, more wisely than earlier in her life, and philosophically accepting the results of her own act and character.

So the old house was dull and quiet enough, till he brought home a bright good English girl as his wife,—one of a large, happy, prosperous, commonplace family of boys and girls, who quite accepted Frank as one of themselves, and who laughed him out of his gravity, and chaffed him out of his priggishness, and the old place rang with the noise of innocent, healthy youth.

Frank himself whistled as he went about, and sang again as he used to do when he was a merry little boy, and when the sound of his laughter warmed the cold aching heart of his lonely desolate mother.

Only somehow the laughter was hushed and the whistling ceased when she came into the room, or joined the party out of doors. And the silence caused by her presence went like a knife into her heart; and though she never regretted nor repented having lifted the burden from her well-beloved's life, her soul writhed within her as she saw that she only brought cloud

and chill where others brought him light and warmth and happiness.

#### PHASE THE LAST.

Alone, always alone. Perhaps in her loneliness growing away from the sin—perhaps her unrepining, unselfish life expiating to a certain degree the fearful crime which in her wrong-headedness and cold-heartedness and self-confidence she had committed.

She soon left the Hall and the young people to themselves; and though a friendly interchange of hospitality was continued between the two houses, it was of a straggling intermittent kind, and had no real vitality in it. She spent her life in what is called "active well-doing," and brought into everything she undertook considerable talent, perfect unselfishness, and a vast deal of energy.

She lived much alone, but was cheerful and amusing in society, liked by many, feared by some, and respected by all. The people who really loved her were those who were quite dependent on her, and to those in suffering or distress her tenderness was irresistible, and her gentleness and softness complete.

But it was with babies and children that she altered entirely. Her love and sympathy with them was unbounded, her tenderness and patience inexhaustible, and their adoration of her complete. In every baby face she seemed to see the face of her own lost baby, in every sorrow and suffering of theirs the sorrow and suffering that might have been his, and she yearned and struggled for the happiness of the little street children with the same yearning and longing as she had done for his.

Indeed my own impression is that she was full of sympathy with all helplessness and pain of all kinds.

She worshipped happiness as the unattainable, the unknown Good, the thing most to be striven after—hopeless as the quest of the Holy Grail, but none the less for that, the only end worth working for. And if at times there came into her human heart a doubt or feeling that she had killed the happiness of one fellow-creature by destroying his life, she put it away from her, saying, "How much better every duty is performed by the living than ever it would have been by the dead."

In the midst of a life of usefulness, of complete unselfishness, and of the most

bitter disappointment—but with no trace of repentance, nor regret for a cruel crime, but believing to the end that this wrong was right—untouched by remorse, respected and loved, she passed quietly and peacefully away.

Mourned and regretted by all who were dependent on her, and who lived in close contact with her—but estranged from the child of her passionate love, and alone, always alone.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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"DISTINCTION."

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

"I HAVE been taken to task at great length and with great severity by the *Spectator* for having identified the "elect" with the "select;" and the *Guardian* has charged me, in terms not less profuse and energetic, with entertaining "flunkey" notions, not only of this life, but of the next. The *Spectator*, furthermore, denounces me as a person of singularly "savage" and "scornful" disposition. Now, as these are moral rather than literary censures, and as any one may, if he likes, consider that he is under obligation to defend his character publicly when it has been publicly impugned, I desire to say a few words in explanation of expressions and sentiments which I think that my judges have misinterpreted.

I confess frankly to a general preference for persons of "distinction," and even to believing that they are likely to have a better time of it hereafter than the undistinguished, but I humbly and sincerely protest to my monitors that I do not, as they assume, identify "distinction" with wealth, culture, and modern Conservative politics, though I do hold that in the absence of culture "distinction" rarely becomes apparent, just as, in the absence of polish, the tints and veins of a fine wood or marble, though they may be there, are little evident. In this world, at least, "de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio."

If we could see the soul of every man—as, indeed, we can, more or less, in his face, which is never much like the face of any other—we should see that every one is in some degree "distinguished." He is born "unique," and does not make himself so, though, by fidelity to himself and by walking steadily and persistently on his own line, his distinction can be indefinitely increased, as it can be indefinitely diminished by the contrary process,

until he may end in extinction; for, interiorly, man lives by contrast and harmonious opposition to others, and the communion of men upon earth as of saints in heaven abhors identity more than nature does a vacuum. Nothing so shocks and repels the living soul as a row of exactly similar things, whether it consists of modern houses or of modern people, and nothing so delights and edifies as "distinction."

It was said of a celebrated female saint that she did nothing but what was done by everybody else, but that she did all things as no one else did them. In manners and art, as in life, it signifies far less *what* is done or said than *how* it is done and said; for the unique personality, the alone truly interesting and excellent thing, the "distinction," comes out in the latter only.

I am old enough, and have been lucky enough—no doubt, through favor rather than through the manifestation of any distinction of my own—to have been occasionally present at small private gatherings of eminent statesmen and literary men, in times when such eminence usually savored of distinction; and I confess that I have had few experiences which so helped me to understand how pleasant a thing life might become under supernaturally favorable circumstances.

My friendly monitors of the *Guardian* and *Spectator* may, perhaps, discover further confirmation, in these words, of their impression that I am at once a "flunkey" and a "savage," and my confession may recall to their minds that other savage to whom the missionary sought in vain to convey any idea of Heaven until he compared it with a perpetual feast of buffalo-beef well masticated by a squaw. Well, difference, though it may not amount to distinction, is better

than dull uniformity; and I will go on my own way without nourishing ill-will toward my critics, and, I hope, without provoking it in them. There is so little distinction now, that I will not quarrel with anybody for not understanding me when I praise it. In English letters, for example, now that Matthew Arnold and William Barnes are gone, and Dr. Newman is silent, and Lord Tennyson's fascinating genius is taking a well-earned repose, distinction has nearly vanished. The few writers who have now a touch of it have been before the world for a quarter of a century or more.

The verse of Mr. William Morris, always masterly, is sometimes really distinguished, as in the prelude and some of the lyrics of *Love is Enough*. The distinction, too, of Mr. Swinburne's writing is occasionally unquestionable; but he allows himself to be troubled about many things, and would, I fancy, write more poetically, if less forcibly, were his patriotism not so feverish and his horror of the errors and wickedness of Popery more abstract, disinterested, and impersonal. He is wanting, I venture to think, in what Catholic moralists call "holy indifference." Distinction is also manifest in the prose of Mr. George Meredith when the cleverness is not too overwhelming to allow us to think of anything else; but, when the nose of epigram after epigram has no sooner reached the visual nerve than the tail has whisked away from it, so that we have had no time to take in the body, our wonder and bedazement make it sometimes impossible for us to distinguish the distinction, if it be there.

Democracy hates distinction, though it has a humble and pathetic regard for eminence and rank; and eminence and rank, by the way, never paid a more charming and delicate compliment to Democracy than when Lord Rosebery affirmed that the test of true literature, and its only justifiable *Imprimatur*, is "the thumb-mark of the artisan."

The ten or so superior and inexhaustibly fertile periodical writers who (with three or four fairly good novelists) now represent English literature, and are the arbiters and, for the most part, the monopolists of fame, share the dislike of their *clientèle* to "distinction," suppressing it, when it ventures to appear, with a "conspiracy of silence" more effective than the

guillotine, while they exalt the merit which they delight to honor by voices more overwhelming than the *plébiscite*. Witness the fate of William Barnes, who, though far from being the deepest or most powerful, was by far the most uniformly "distinguished" poet of our time. Mr. G. S. Venables said, perhaps, no more than the truth when he declared, as he did in my hearing, that there had been no poet of such peculiar perfection since Horace. Mr. F. T. Palgrave has also done him generous and courageous justice. But what effect have these voices had against the solid silence of non-recognition by our actual arbiters of fame? He is never named in the authentic schedules of modern English poets. I do not suppose that any one nearer to a Countess than his friend Mrs. Norton ever asked him to dinner, and there was not so much as an enthusiastic Dean to decree (upon his own respectable responsibility) the national honor of burial in Westminster Abbey to the poor classic. On the other hand, the approving voices of our literary and democratic Council of Ten or so are as tremendously effective as their silence. No such power of rewarding humble excellence ever before existed in the world. Mrs. Lynn Lynton, of her own knowledge, writes thus:—"Of a work, lately published, one man alone wrote sixteen reviews. The author was his friend, and in sixteen 'vehicles' he carried the flag of his friend's triumph." To compare good things with bad, this beneficent ventriloquism reminds one of Milton's description of the devil, in the persons of the priests of Baal, as "a liar in four hundred mouths."

I hope that I may further exonerate myself from the charge of a proclivity to "plush"—this, if I remember rightly, was the word used by the *Guardian*—and also from that of a "savage" disrespect for modern enlightenment, as authenticated by "the thumb-mark of the artisan," when I go on to say that, to my mind, there can be no "distinction," in life, art, or manners, worth speaking of, which is not the outcome of singular courage, integrity, and generosity, and, I need scarcely add, of intellectual vigor, which is usually the companion of those qualities habitually exercised. An accomplished distinction, as the sight of it gives the greatest delight to those who have it,

or are on the way to the attainment of it, so it is the greatest of terrors to the vulgar, whether of the gutter or in gilded chambers. Their assertion of their sordid selves it rebukes with a silence or a look of benevolent wonder, which they can never forgive, and which they always take for indications of intolerable pride, though it is nothing other than the fitting and inevitable demeanor, under the circumstances, of the "good man, in whose eyes," King David says, "a vile person is despised;" or that recommended by St. Augustine, who tells us that, if a man does not love the living truth of things, you should "let him be as dirt" to you; or by a still higher Authority, who directs you to treat such an one as a "sinner and a publican," or, in modern phrase, a "cad." Naturally, the average democrat—who has not yet learned to love the living truth of things—resents "distinction," and pathetically turns to Lord Rosebery and other such highly certificated judges of what is really excellent for consolation and reassurance; and naturally the leaders of democracy, in the House of Commons, or in the newspapers and magazines, are as jealous of distinction as the Roman democrats were of the man who presumed to roof his house with a pediment—which, perhaps, reminded them too disagreeably of a Temple.

The finest use of intercourse, whether personal or through books, with the minds of others is not so much to acquire their thoughts, feelings, and characters as to corroborate our own, by compelling these to "take aspect," and to derive fresh consciousness, form, and power to our proper and peculiar selves. Such intercourse not only brings latent "distinction" into life, but it increases it more and more; a beautiful and beloved opposition acting as the scientific toy called the "electric doubler," by which the opposite forces in the two juxtaposed disks may be accumulated almost without limit, and splendid coruscations of contrasting life evoked, where there apparently was mere inertness before. The best use of the supremely useful intercourse of man and woman is not the begetting of children, but the increase of contrasted personal consciousness.

All attraction and life are due to magnetic opposition, and a great individuality, appearing in any company, acts as a thun-

der-cloud, which brightens the circumjacent air by alluring to or repelling from itself all the dusty and inert particles which float so thickly in the air of ordinary companies. The Catholic Church, whose *forte*, I think, is psychological insight, is peculiarly sensible in this, that, instead of encouraging uniformity of thought and feeling, as all other churches do, she does her best, in the direction of souls, to develop as wide a distinction as is consistent with formal assent to her singularly few articles of obligatory faith. She requires consent to the letter of the doctrine, but welcomes as many and seemingly conflicting ways of viewing it as there are idiosyncrasies of character in men, recommending each not to force his inclination, but to seek such good in the doctrine as best suits him. Thus does she encourage the immense diversity with which the final vision of Truth shall be reflected in prismatic glories from the "Communion of the Saints."

In the world, as I have said, distinction can scarcely be manifested without a certain amount of culture, especially that part of culture which consists in simplicity, modesty, and veracity. But culture in the democracy is usually deficient in these characteristics, and is also wanting in that purity of manner and phraseology without which delicate distinctions of nature are, more or less, indecipherable. Plain speaking—sometimes very unpleasantly plain speaking—may be consistent with distinction; but, until Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Gladstone, for example, learn to leave off calling Tory spades sanguinary shovels, their eminent personalities must lack one fundamental condition of true self-manifestation. Persons who habitually express themselves so loosely must rest content, in this world, with something short of true distinction, though when they shall have attained to the Communion of Saints it may become unexpectedly conspicuous in them. So in art. In poetry, for instance, good and simple manners and language are not distinction, but distinction nowhere appears without them. The ordinary laws of language must be observed, or those small inflections of customary phrase, that "continual slight novelty," which is, as Aristotle, I think, says, the essential character of poetic language, and which is so because it is the true and nat-

ural expression of individuality, will be wanting. Even the genius and ardor of Dr. Furnivall must fail to disinter the soft pearl of distinction from the heaped potsherds and broken brickbats of a violent and self-imposed originality of diction, however great the natural and acquired faculties of the poet may be; yes, even though such faculties be far greater than those of others who may have added to their generally inferior abilities the art of "expressing *themselves*." Self must, however, be eliminated from a man's consciousness before the "how," which is the first essential in art, can make itself heard above the voice of the comparatively insignificant "what." To many persons this setting of the manner before the matter must appear almost immoral. Shall the virtues of eagerness and earnestness in pursuit of one's own true good and that of mankind be put after such a trifle as the mode of professing them? The truth, however, is that such eagerness and earnestness are not virtues, but rather proofs that virtue is not yet attained, just as the desire for praise is a proof that praise is not fully deserved. Kropotkin "marks the manners of the great," for it is the expression of a degree of attainment which makes all further attainment that is desired easy, sure, and unexciting, and of a modesty which refuses to regard self as the "hub of the universe," without which it cannot revolve, or indeed as in any way necessary to its existence and well-being, however much it may concern a man's own well-being that he should take his share, to the best of his abilities, in doing the good which will otherwise be done without him. The worst hindrance to distinction in nearly all the poetry of our generation is the warm interest and responsibility which the poets have felt in the improvement of mankind; as if—

"Whether a man serve God or his own whim,  
Much matters, in the end to any one but  
him!"

But, to recur again from Art to Life, the virtuous Democrat is always a little Atlas who goes stumbling along with his eye-balls bursting from his head under his self-assumed burden. Another obstacle to his distinction is his abhorrence of irrationality of all sorts. He dreams of no beauty or excellence beyond the colossal rationality of a Washington or a Franklin; whereas distinction has its root in

the irrational. The more lofty, living and spiritual the intellect and character become, the more is the need perceived for the sap of life which can only be sucked from the inscrutable and, to the wholly rational mind, repulsive ultimates of nature and instinct. The ideal nation of rational Democrats, so far from exemplifying the glory of distinctions, would find its similitude in a great library consisting entirely of duplicates, digests, and popular epitomes of the works of John Stuart Mill.

I confess, therefore, to a joyful satisfaction in my conviction that a real Democracy, such as ours, in which the voice of every untaught ninny or petty knave is as potential as that of the wisest and most cultivated, is so contrary to nature and order that it is necessarily self-destructive. In America there are already signs of the rise of an aristocracy which promises to be more exclusive, and may, in the end, make itself more predominant than any of the aristocracies of Europe; and our own Democracy, being entirely without bridle, can scarcely fail to come to an early, and probably a violent end. There are, however, uses for all things, and those who love justice enough not to care much should disaster to themselves be involved in its execution will look, not without complacency, on the formal and final ruin of superiorities which have not had sufficient care for their honor and their rights to induce them to make even a sincere parliamentary stand for their maintenance. "Superiorities," when they have reached this stage of decay, are only fit to nourish the fields of future civilization, as ancient civilizations, gone to rot, have so richly nourished ours; and when Democracy shall have done its temporary work of reducing them to available "mixture," Democracy, too, will disappear, and—after how many "dark ages" of mere anarchy and war and petty fluctuating tyrannies, who can tell?—there will come another period of ordered life and another harvest of "distinguished" men.

In the mean time, "genius" and "distinction" will become more and more identified with loudness; floods of vehement verbiage, without any sincere conviction, or indications of the character capable of arriving at one; inhuman humanitarianism; profanity, the poisoner of the roots of life; tolerance and even open

profession and adoption of ideas which Rochester and Little would have been ashamed even remotely to suggest; praise of any view of morals, provided it be an unprecedented one; faith in any foolish doctrine that sufficiently disclaims authority.

That such a writer as Walt Whitman should have attained to be thought a distinguished poet by many persons generally believed to have themselves claims to distinction surely more than justifies my forecast of what is coming. That amazing consummation is already come.

Being well satisfied that the world can get on in this, its destined course, without my help, I should not have broken my customary habit, in order to trouble it and myself with the expression of my views of "distinction" and its condition, culture, had it not been for the moral obligation, under which, as I have said, any one may, if he likes, consider himself, to write an *Apologia pro moribus suis*, when these have been publicly attacked. I do not trouble the public often, and have never done so about myself. I take silent and real comfort in the fatalism which teaches me to believe that, if, in spite of my best endeavors, I cannot write poetry, it is because poetry is not the thing which is wanted from me, and that, when wanted, it will come from somebody else. But to be stigmatized as a "flunkey" and a "savage," by writers eminent for gentleness and orthodox manners, is a different thing. Flunkeyism and savagery, though, as times go, they should be considered as vices condoned by custom, yet *are* vices; and for this and no other reason have I thought it right to explain the views, feelings, and expressions upon the misconception of which these charges have been founded.

But I have also to complain that there has been a certain amount of carelessness on the part of my accusers. I do not think that when the *Guardian* charges me with the sin of having said nothing in the *Angel in the House*, about the "Poor," the writer should have remembered the one famous line I have ever succeeded in writing, namely, that in which Mrs. Vaughan is represented as conveying

"A gift of wine to Widow Neale."

I put it in on purpose to show that my thoughts were *not* wholly occupied with

cultivated people, though I knew quite well when I did so that it must evoke from the Olympians—as a candid friend, who has access to the sacred Hill, assures me has been the case—thunders of inextinguishable laughter. Again, I am surprised and grieved that a journal, which so well represents and protects an Establishment in which primitive graces and doctrines have, of late, been revived in so gratifying a manner, should have accused me of carrying my flunkey notions into a future state, with no other proof alleged than my affirmation of the doctrine of the Intercession of Saints, when I say that sinners, through them, approach Divinity—

"With a reward and grace  
Unguess'd by the unwash'd boor who hails  
Him to his face."

Was it just to assume that by the "unwash'd boor" I meant only the artisan who had not put aside, for the Sunday, the materials with which he is accustomed to affix his *Imprimatur* to sound literature?

Again, I must say that the writer in the *Spectator*—whose hand is not easily to be mistaken for any but that of the kindest and most conscientious of editors—should not have denounced me as a person of eminently savage disposition, when he must, I think, have remembered that, the very last time I saw him, I protested to him how completely my feelings were in unison with the mild amenity of Dr. Newman, adding, by way of confirmation, from a poem of my own—

"O, that I were so gentle and so sweet,  
So I might deal fair Sion's foolish foes  
Such blows!"

He also neglects, I think, to put a fair interpretation upon what he calls my "hatred" and "scorn" of the People. Sir Thomas Browne, in a time when the People were much less disagreeable than they are become in this the day of their predominance, declared that they constituted the only entity which he could say with truth that he sincerely hated. Now Sir Thomas Browne was, as we know from his own assurance, among the sweetest-tempered and least savage of men—as, indeed, I believe that I myself am. Neither Sir Thomas nor I ever meant the least unkindness or affront to any individual. I have examined my conscience carefully, and I find myself in a state of universal charity. I condemn no one to



perdition ; I am willing to believe that, were we admitted to the secret recesses of their souls, we might discover some apprehension of the living truth of things in Mr. Gladstone, some conscience in Lord Rosebery of the limits which should be put to party complaisance, some candor in the editor of *Truth* ; and I am so far from "hating" these or any, in a wicked sense, that, though I cannot love them with the "love of complacency"—as I believe the schoolmen call it, in distinction to the "love of benevolence"—I love them so much with the latter kind of love that I desire heartily the very best that could happen for them, which would be that, for a moment, they should see themselves as they truly are. I cannot help adding—though I think the *tu quoque* rather vulgar—that, when this really excellent politician and critic said that I confounded the select with the elect, he himself was more or less confounding the elect with the electors.

Finally, had I really been a "flunkey"—I cannot get the sting of that word out of me—had I departed from my Darby and Joan notions to please the dainty with descriptions of abnormal forms of affection ; had I sought to conciliate the philosophic by insisting that no son can reasonably regard the chastity of his mother

as other than an open question ; had I endeavored to allure laughter by such easy combinations of profanity and *patois* as have won for so many a reputation for being vastly humorous ; had I, in compliment to abstainers from what is strong, diluted my modicum of spirit with ten times its bulk of the pure element ; had I paid even proper attention to the arbiters of fame, how much "earthlier happy" might I now have been ! As it is, whether my thoughts are "pinnacled diim in the intense inane" of the "Unknown Eros," or I proffer, in the *Angel in the House*, "a gift of wine to Widow Neale," the Council of Ten or so are alike unsympathetic ; in my declining years I have scarcely a Countess on whom I can rely for a dinner ; when I die there will be no discerning Dean to bury me, upon his own responsibility, in Westminster Abbey ; and on my obscure tombstone some virtuous and thoughtful democrat may very likely scribble, "Here lies the last of the Savages and Flunkies,"—notwithstanding all I have now said to prove that I am an unpretentious and sweet-tempered old gentleman, who is harmlessly and respectably preparing for a future state, in which he trusts that there will be neither tomahawk nor "plush."—*Fortnightly Review*.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE GREEK PANTHEON.

BY KARL BLIND.

### I.

OXFORD undergraduates must have felt a strong thrill of interest when Mr. Gladstone at the ripe age of eighty recently paid a visit, like a student, to his old University town, appearing before the audience in his doctor's gown for an address on "The Points of Contact between Assyrian Discovery and the Homeric Text." The object of his discourse was a startling one. From the reports given,\* we see that he exerted himself to disestablish the Homeric Pantheon and to lead its chief deities into Babylonian captivity.

"Plato," said Mr. Gladstone, "was

unjust in blaming Homer for misrepresenting the Gods. *They were not his Gods. They were the foreign intruding Gods. Homer evidently recoiled in disgust from the character of the corrupting goddess Aphroditè.* No doubt she was lovely, but she was not the Goddess of Beauty. See the speech of Penelope in *Odyssey* (20), where beauty and sense were given [to the orphan daughters of Pandareos] by Herè, while Aphroditè served them with cheese, honey, and wine. Where did he get his model for this deity whom he did not respect ? He found it in Ishtar. Now, of Ishtar, if he were to say that she was not better than she should be, he would describe her feebly."

\* Those of the *Oxford Review*, the *Times*, and the *Daily News* have been compared.

The rule being "Ladies first !" we must begin by dealing with the strange sugges-

tion that Aphroditê, in the Homeric conception, was not a Goddess of Beauty, but rather a kind of superior, if not inferior, waitress. It is not for the first time we have heard this.\* But with all due deference to Mr. Gladstone and his studies, I make bold to express a hope that English undergraduates understand their *Iliad* and their *Odyssey* a little better.

There is in ancient Hellenic mythology a most charming tale, though not specially recorded in the poems that pass under "Homer's" name; an omission perhaps to be accounted for from the fact of that myth being too well known. It is the tale of the wave-risen, foam-born Goddess, who first came up from the deep near the island of Kythera, and then stepped on shore in Cyprus. Roses and myrtles sprouted up under her feet. Eros and Himeros, representatives of the creative power and of longing love, accompanied her to the divine circle. The whole world uttered a rapt cry of delight when she rose from the sea. Now, can it be that Homer, or rather those who gradually wrought the floating and somewhat discordant ballads into an epic, have so utterly traduced the Hellenic Venus as Mr. Gladstone would make us believe?

Far from it! The Scripture texts of Greek heroic poetry show more chivalrous sentiments. Aphroditê Kypris, in Homer, is the ideal of female charms, the very Queen of Beauty. Her radiant eyes, her splendid neck and heaving bosom; her beautiful skin, her winning smile, her wondrous girdle of enchantment, in which all the fascinations of love are concentrated,† are dwelt upon by the singer in enthusiastic terms. Have we ever heard that such qualities go without beauty? The possessor of these magic charms is the darling child, the daughter dear, of Zeus and Dionê. She is the "golden Aphroditê" of the heavenly pair. Winsome works of wedding ("deeds of love and tender marriage ties," in Lord Derby's translation) are entrusted to her by the Hellenic Allfather,‡ who softly smiles upon his daughter when appointing her the presiding deity of the union of hearts.

Herê, the artful, when wishing to ensnare Zeus for her own purposes, goes to

the Goddess, from whom Homer is said by Mr. Gladstone to recoil in disgust, and entreats her thus:—

Give me the loveliness and power to charm,  
Whereby thou reign'st o'er Gods and men supreme!

Moved by this appeal, and by filial piety toward the high-throning Kronion, the Goddess of Beauty hands to Herê the girdle of universal enchantment, which enables the consort of Zeus to ensnare even the Ruler of Heaven. In Lord Derby's translation:—

Thus Venus spoke; and from her bosom loosed  
Her brodered cestus, wrought with many charms  
To win the heart. There Love; there young Desire;  
There fond Discourse, and there Persuasion dwelt,  
Which oft enthalls the mind of wisest men.  
"Take thou from me, and in thy bosom hide,  
This brodered cestus; and whate'er thy wish,  
Thou shalt not here ungratified return!"

Then, as a sign of the renewed union of hearts, a scene is enacted like the one at Aphroditê's rising from the waves. Zeus spreads a golden cloud around himself and his consort:—

Nor god, nor mortal, shall our joys behold,  
Shaded with clouds, and circumfused in gold.  
Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours  
Unbidden herbs, and voluntary flowers;  
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,  
And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,  
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,  
And flamy crocus made the mountains glow.  
Three golden clouds conceal the heavenly pair,  
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfused with air;  
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,  
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.\*

What a remarkable result of the Queen of Beauty's magic gift! These are some of the descriptions contained in Homer, who is alleged to have "recoiled in disgust" from what to him were "foreign intruding Gods." It is incomprehensible that Mr. Gladstone should quietly ignore such verses of supreme attractiveness. It is equally extraordinary that, going by a single passage in the *Odyssey*, he should have misunderstood even that one. In the *Odyssey*, too, it need scarcely be said, Aphroditê is described as the golden, the beautiful, the charming deity with the winsome smile, who makes Gods and men

\* Compare Mr. Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi*, p. 311.

† *Iliad*, xiv., 215.

‡ *Iliad*, v., 429.

\* *Iliad*, xiv.; Pope's translation.

captives with her powerful fetters.\* The passage quoted by Mr. Gladstone does not in the least detract from her high position. When Pandareos' daughters are helpless and orphaned, Aphroditê "fosters them well with cheese-cake and wine, and with aromatic honey." That was noble fare in the heroic age when Gods and men freely intermingled.

Mr. Gladstone renders τυρῶν by "cheese;" and it does not matter. In that "incomparable book," as he calls it, *Liddell and Scott*, he will, however, find the word translated as: "cheese-bread, a cheese cake, or cheese." For the sake of a lady who easily took the cake in heaven and on earth, he might have given her the benefit of *Liddell and Scott*. Still, goat-cheese, wine—even with an onion (oy your leave!) as a previous relish and stimulant for the drink—honey, and the meal of "sacred wheat," were held, in Homeric times, to be kingly, almost heavenly, food.† It is wrong, therefore, for Mr. Gladstone to speak disrespectfully of Aphroditê because she helped to bring up Pandareos' daughters in that way. It was rather kind and thoughtful of her.

Let it be noted, also, that the Hellenic bard, in mentioning the several female deities who formed and fashioned those orphaned girls into proper accomplishment, names the Goddess of Beauty first; and that then he makes her "ascend the high Olympos, where she prays Zeus to grant them the day of sweet nuptials." Here, again, Aphroditê is the presiding deity of marriage—the heaven-appointed match-maker, to put it shortly; no mean status, in truth.

The Goddess of Beauty may have had a deal to answer for in her mischievous life. But so have a number of other members of the Greek divine circle and of the mythology of various nations. Those creeds symbolize the forces of Nature. We have, therefore, not to look in them for an elaborate system of morality. That which is true of Aphroditê, is true also of the character of Goddesses of Beauty and Love from Hindustan to the Germanic North. Astoreth, Ishtar, Mylitta do not stand alone in this respect. There are fickle water-born deities of love everywhere. Lakshmi Sri, the Indian God-

dess of Beauty and Good Luck, rises from the Milky Ocean, even as Aphroditê Kypris did. Kama, the attendant Cupid of Lakshmi, who has a fish on a red ground for his symbol, is wave-risen too. Those countless Aphroditean nymphs in Indra's Heaven, the Apsaras, who are beaming with youth and beauty, show in their name their origin from water. What a long Leporello's list would have to be unfolded if the love-born adventures of those amorous deities, or of Krishna who is *facile princeps* and worst among them, had to be described!

If we turn to the ancient Teutonic creed, which resulted from a compromise between two cosmogonic systems—the Vanic and the Asic one—symbolizing respectively the origin of the world from Water or from Fire, we again come upon a Love Goddess connected with the fluid and fickle element. She is a Sea-God's daughter, Freyja by name. Shall her wayward character be given from the Eddic Banquet of Oegir, where the evil-tongued Loki did not mince matters? Or from the Song of Hyndla in the same Norse Scripture, where Freyja's giant sister spoke to her with the extraordinary freedom of an irate, and perhaps rival, lady?

## II.

Had Mr. Gladstone gone a little deeper into comparative mythology, he would have found that his Babylonian parallel, or parallels, can be found everywhere. No doubt Cyprus, where Aphroditê finally landed, had Phœnikian, Semitic settlements before the Hellenes arrived there. Nor is Babylonian influence wanting in that island. Aphroditê's Amathusian name, I may even add, apparently points to a Cyprian Hamath, corresponding to the Hamath of the opposite coast of Asia Minor, where Phœnikians dwelt. Recent research has, however, shown that the Phœnikians, on their part, were preceded in Cyprus by a Thracian race, kindred to the Teutonic stock.

This is the strongly expressed opinion of Mr. Max Ohnefalsch-Richter, who for ten years has made excavations in the island. It fully fits in with what Herodotos reports as to the vast Thracian race having been, according to the statement of Egyptian priests, the oldest and earliest in those regions—earlier even than the Egyptians themselves. Now, who will contend that

\* *Odyssey*, viii., 336.

† *Iliad*, xi., 630-641.

the Thrakians had not a Love Goddess of their own, which may afterward have become merged in a later imported Astoreth?

More than this: let it be kept in mind that, in Homer's statement, Aphroditê was the offspring of Zeus and of Dionê,\* the Epirote goddess. With Epirus, where the Dodonean Zeus had his temple, we at once come upon northern, upon Thrakian, ground. Rheia, the Kretan mother of Zeus, is herself connected with the same Thrakian stock, even as Kybele, into whose figure Rheia gradually slid. From Krete there was a migration to Asia Minor, which resulted in the foundation of Troy; and Troy, we know, was a settlement of Thrakians of the great Phrygian tribe.

Here, then, we have, in Homer himself, an Aphroditê, daughter of an Epirote, i.e., non-Semitic, Aryan, Thrakian Goddess—a Goddess of a race which, from classic passages, as well as from the Gothic historian Jornandes (not to speak of the views and the researches of men like Fiechart, Thurmayer, Lessing, Voss, Pinkerton, Grimm, Wirth, and George Rawlinson†), can be shown to have been of Getic, Gothic, Germanic kinship.

Let it further be noted that the journey of the wave-risen Aphroditê to Cyprus is, according to the Greek tale, one *from the West to the East*—not from East to West. Kythera was her first, Cyprus her second, station. This, if brought into connection with the Homeric statement of Aphroditê being the daughter of an Epirote mother, clearly shows that there is no exclusive Phœnikian or Babylonian origin of the Greek Goddess of Beauty. Again, where is there any indication, from the complexion, or from the color of the hair, of the Homeric Aphroditê, that she was looked upon as a dark daughter of the East? Was the golden darling of Zeus not presumably fair, even as some other gods and heroes of ancient Greece were?

The Hellenic Pantheon is certainly of a composite character. Thrakians, of yore an aboriginal race in Greece; Phœnikians, Egyptians, and other nations, have furnished their contingents to it, or helped in moulding its figures. The ancients themselves readily acknowledged that. From

Herodotos, from Aeschylus, from Platon, from Demosthenes, from Strabon, and not a few others, we have the plain and unvarnished confession. We see, in Herodotus,\* Hyperborean virgins from the North arriving at Delos with the images of Gods—with the Gods themselves (*αὐτοὶ τοῖσι θεοῖσι*), as he puts it. He mentions Thrakian and Pæonian (Pæonian is only a subdivision of Thrakian) sacrificial customs, and hymns composed for them by the Lyko-Thrakian bard, Olen. We have Strabon averring that Phrygians and other Thrakians, both of Europe and of Asia Minor, had the most powerful influence upon Greek religion and the cult of the Muses—that, in fact, the latter cult arose with the Thrakians who anciently held possession of Pieria, Olympos, Pimple, and Leibethron. Strabon† adds that the Athenians adopted many foreign rites, especially those of European Thrace and of race-kindred Phrygia. Grote‡ dwells on this modification of the religious cult of the Asiatic Greeks, and, through them, of the Greek world in general, by the Phrygian and Lydian Thrakians.

All this sufficiently shows that there is strong ground for the belief that the figure of Aphroditê is not of an exclusively non-Aryan origin, but that manifestly the West and the East have contributed to her formation; nay, that, at first, she was an exclusively Aryan Goddess of Beauty and Love.

In his *Juventus Mundi*, Mr. Gladstone himself had written, years ago:—

"Her (Aphroditê's) relation to Paris (*Iliad*, iii., 400-402) proves that she was in some manner acknowledged in Troas; and the taunt of Helen, respecting her supposed favorites in Maeonia and Phrygia, is to be taken as showing that she was also recognized as a deity in those regions. In effect she was an Asiatic deity."

Quite so. But were the Trojan, Maeonian, Phrygian Thrakians of Asia Minor perchance Semites? No; they were Aryan immigrants from the European East, kinsmen of the Germanic race! The very name of Asia (originally confined to Asia Minor) is provable, from Herodotos, to be a Thrakian one. It has manifest connection with the many Asic names on

\* *Iliad*, v., 370.

† Professor George Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, vol. i., p. 689; vol. iii., p. 213.

\* Book iv., 33-37.

† Book x., c. iiii., 17-18.

‡ *History of Greece*, iii. 39.

Teutonic ground, and with the Asa-Gods of the Germans and the Scandinavians. Hence the relation of Aphroditê, the daughter of Dionê, to Paris, clearly shows that this Aryan deity was worshipped from Epirus to Asia Minor by tribes which all belonged to the same vast Thrakian stock, kindred to Scandinavians and to Teutons in general.

### III.

In his Oxford lecture, Mr. Gladstone further says :—

"Then, as regarded the cosmogony in the Babylonian legend, water was the origin of the world. As Homer had the same conception, it could only have come to him from a foreign source. That was probably the case, for Homer exhibited great respect for Oceanus."

This is an opinion which will truly fill the students of comparative mythology with the utmost astonishment. Why, such origin of the Universe is traceable not only in Babylonian, but also in Vedic, Iranian, Hebrew, Greek, Roman, Germanic, and other creation-tales. All of them generally mention water, or a vast Ocean, as the original element, the generative fluid ; or, in enumerating the things that came out of the abysmal Void, they at any rate placed Water first.

Who that has studied this subject at all has not heard of that grand Vedic hymn (*Rig Veda*, x. 129\*) which speaks of a Time, or rather No-Time, when "Nor aught, nor nought existed—not Death, hence also nought Immortal," and when at last, from the darkness of Water's fathomless abyss, from an Ocean without light, this Universe arose, through a ray of Desire or Love shooting across it and bringing forth a germ. "The Gods themselves came later into being," says the hymn ; being in harmony, in this respect also, with many other cosmogonies, Greek as well as Germanic—to give but two instances. Similar passages are to be found in the Khandogya Upanishad and in the philosopher Kapila, who was a kind of Darwin of Hindoo antiquity.

Into dim Aryan antiquity the idea of an Aboriginal Sea can be traced, from which an Aboriginal Steer comes up as the pro-

totype of all Life. In Norse mythology, the Universe arises from a junction of Ice (Water) and Fire. So we learn from the Edda, in which the Odinic creed appears already as a compromise between the Neptunistic and the Plutonic theories of cosmogony. These contending creeds were held of yore by the Vana (Water) and the Asa (Fire) worshippers, who at one time fought out their differences in a tremendous battle.\*

Out of the junction of Ice and Fire, there arises, in the composite Eddic cosmogony, a sea-giant, Ymir, the representative of the Aboriginal Flood and of the elementary Chaos. His surname Brimir (the Brimming or Surging One) also connects him with the Ocean. Ymir was said to be the father of Oegir (the Ocean deity), of Logi (the Flame), and of Kari (the Wind). In this threefold Titanic offspring the later divine Trinity of Odin, Hönir, and Lodur is already foreshadowed ; for these three Gods also represent the Air or Wind, the Water, and the Flame.

Freyja and her brother Freyr, the children of the sea-God Niörd, occupy the largest possible place in the Odinic creed, though they were received into Asgard as representatives of the Vanic or Water religion. Freyr, in the Edda, is even said to be the best of all the Gods.† One of the strongest oaths once used in Scandinavia and Iceland was : "So help me Freyr and Niörd, and the almighty As !" (Odin, or Thor). Two deities, representing an ancient water-religion, are here put in the divine trinity ; and they are put first.

There is a perfectly bewildering mass of divine, semi-divine, and animal figures connected with the sea, the rivers, and the lakes among the Teutonic race, showing what a deep imprint the Vanic creed had made upon the Asic one. Odin himself, as Nikar, becomes a sea-god and a father of the Nixes. There is a Germanic flood-tale, too—even as there is a Hindoo one—which in Titanic times, before even the earth had arisen, makes Bergelmir and his wife save themselves in a boat.‡ Must we go to the blessed region of Mesopotamia to explain Bergelmir's or the Hindoo Manu Waiwaswata's adventures ?

The persistent strength of the Germanic

\* Comp. *Original Sanskrit Texts*, by John Mair (iv. 4) ; and Max Müller's *Sanskrit Literature*, p. 564.

\* *Völuspá*, 28. † *Oegisdrecca*, 35, 37.

‡ *Vafthrúdnismál*, 35 ; *Gylfaginning*, 7.

Vana or Water creed, which lies dimly in the background of the Asa or Fire religion, is shown in the Eddic Song of the Prophetess, in which the Teutonic Sibyl, after having announced the coming conflagration and downfall of the world, thus foretells its renewal from water :—

Then I see arise, a second time,  
Earth from Ocean in beauteous growth.

Intermixed with Thrakians from the earliest times, the Greeks were surrounded by them to the north and to the east. From the Babylonians the Greeks were shut off by the Thrakians of Asia Minor. Yet, Mr. Gladstone tries to account for Okeanos, in Homer, by a reference to the Babylonian creation-tale, in which Tiamat, the aboriginal Chaos or Water, is declared to be the producing mother of all. But is he not aware that Okeanos has his full counterpart in the world-encircling Teutonic Midgard Serpent which is the Ocean ?

There is classic evidence from which we gather that an earth-embracing Ocean—a notion at which Herodotos still smiled, but which to us is a clear geographical fact—was an early Skythian notion. Kinsmen of the Thrakians, and hence of the Teutons, the Skyths (whose very name, in Norse and German speech, marks them as that which they pre-eminently were, namely, as “shooters” with the bow) once dwelt from farther Asia to the north of Europe. From Asia the Skyths, in their stormy course, overran the countries as far as the Mediterranean, including Egypt.\* Might we not give them the benefit of the knowledge of an all-surrounding Ocean ?

It is over a great water, at the Fountain of the Past, that the Norse Yggdrasil, the Tree of Existence, which symbolizes the Universe, stands evergreen, according to the Edda (*staendr æ yfir groenn Urdhar brunn*). That water-born Tree of Existence has its counterpart in Persian and Indian creeds. In the Iranian account we hear of the tree All-Seed, which has grown up in the sea.† In Hindoo belief there is a vast tree standing near a lake, at an ageless stream—a Tree of Continuous Rejuvenescence, that bears all the fruits of the world. But these instances of water being

conceived as the source of things might be multiplied endlessly. Does not Thrakian philosophy, too, which so largely influenced Greek thought, explain the rise of the All from water, and from the elementary Hyle connected with it ?

What need, then, is there to go to Babylon, in order to understand the similar idea in Greek poems, some of the chief heroes of which, such as Agamemnon, were themselves of Thrakian, or Phrygian, descent, their grandfathers being foreigners, barbarians, to the Hellenes ?\*

The whole west and south of Asia Minor were once filled with the Thrakian race, which gave to Greece many warriors, poets, and philosophers. With a feeling of awe the Greeks pointed to the great houses, or graves, of the Phrygians who, as followers of Pelops, had preceded them in the Peloponnesus. Do we not know how much the Greeks owed to these Phrygians (whose name, according to classic testimony, signified “freemen,” a name explainable from the German word, *fri* or *fritg*, *frei*) in religion as well as in various arts ? A large substratum of the later Hellenic population of Greece was Phrygo-Thrakian. Why, then, not take any heed of the Skytho-Thrakian and Germanic idea of the world-encircling sea, or Midgard serpent, the Thrakians having issued from the Skythian stem ?

#### IV.

Mr. Gladstone further endeavors to trace the Homeric idea of a divine Triad, Zeus, Poseidon, Aïdoneus, to Babylon. Is he not aware that such triads, trilogies, or Trinities, occur in quite a number of religions—that of the Germanic race included, as has already been shown above ?

A trilogy of Gods shapes, in the Edda, the first human pair from figures standing with wood-like immobility on the seashore, into whom the Aesir instilled life. Three Vanic deities are received into the Asic circle, when the compromise before alluded to was concluded between contending religions or cosmogonic theories. Three is a sacred number, of which, from the Edda alone, a mass of remarkable instances might be given, not to speak of Germanic folklore which is the survival of the heathen creed. There are three Asa

\* Comp. *Die Skythen-Sagen die Urväter der Germanen*. Von Johannes Fressl. München, 1886.

† *Bundehesh*, ix., xviii.

\* Sophokles' *Aias*, act v., scene ii.; and Thukydides, i., 9.

Gods, who occur over and over again ; three Heavens ; three Giants, as well as a three-headed one ; three Norns, or Weird Sisters ; a triad of Valkyrs, or Battle Virgins ; three monster children of Loki ; three roots of Yggdrasil, the Tree of Existence ; three wells, or seas, placed near the roots of Yggdrasil, the oldest of those seas being the very Source of Being ; and so forth. Almost everything in the Edda goes by threes—if not by nines, twelves, or sevens, or sometimes by fours and fives.

It would truly lead too far to show how many religions contain a Trinity, and how widely distributed the sacred character of number Seven is, which Mr. Gladstone also wishes to derive from Babylonia into the Homeric poems. Has not India a "Trimurti" of Brahma, Shiva, and Vishnu ? Are not Teutonic mythology and folklore brimful of sacred sevens ?\*

Mr. Gladstone, in speaking of the Hellenic triad of Gods, says that Zeus had the air as his realm, "which, at the first blush, seemed a poor department." This casual remark shows a strange want of acquaintance with the ideas of early races. In truth, the rain-giving Air-Ocean was to the observant mind of primitive nations the most important department. More than this, the heavenly Air-Ocean and the waters of the earth were, to them, no contrasts. Hence water-nymphs dwell in the Indian Heaven. So also Freyja and Freyr, together with their father, Niörd, the Teutonic Neptune, dwelt high up in Asgard. Though residing in that Asic welkin castle, Frigg, the consort of Odin, has a Water Hall there as her abode. No wonder ; the sky being the great reservoir of water. So also Freia-Holda, the heavenly Goddess of Beauty among the Germans, resides in a lake, or bourne, as guardian deity of the Unborn, on a flowery meadow lying on the bottom of the water. This idea of a watery abode in celestial regions, from where mankind is ever renewed, is still contained in a Christianized German children's rhyme of heathen origin, in which the Virgin Mary is substituted for the Teutonic Goddess of Beauty.

Indra, the Ruler of the Air, once formed a trinity with Varuna and Agni, the Sun and Fire God. Zeus, Poseidaon, and

Hephaistos on the one hand ; Odin (Air), Hoenir (Water), and Loki (Fire), on the other, are Greek and Germanic counterparts. Odin, as ruler of the air, breathes the soul into the first pair of mankind. Is that, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, a very "poor department" ?

Again, why should Babylonia be requisitioned, as Mr. Gladstone does, for the explanation of Aïdoneus-Pluton as the "Pylartes," the keeper or fastener of the Gate of the Nether World ? Do we not know of other creeds in which the dwelling-place of the dead is fastened with gates ? Let us only look into the Younger Edda, that catechism of the Norse religion. There we have Hel's realm described as very large, with walls of strange height, and closed by huge gates.\* These gates are repeatedly mentioned in the Older Eddic poems.† When Thor quarrels with Loki, he says to him :—

Silence ! thou unclean wight, or else my hammer,

Miölnir, shall stop thy mouth.

Hrungnir's Destroyer shall send thee down to Hel

Behind the trellised Gate of the Dead.

(*Hrungnis bani mun hér í Hel koma*

*Fyr nágrindr nedhan.*)

When Brynhild orders her own and Sigurd's splendid fire-burial, she so provides for their common descent to the Nether World that "the ring-adorned Gates of the Hall of the Dead shall not clang against the heel of her beloved," but that with stately pomp they should both enter the realm of Hel.‡

I have shown on other occasions how many divine and heroic forms, as well as myths, which those not conversant with the details of ancient Greek tradition look upon as purely Hellenic, are in reality taken over from that vast Thracian race—a race of Scandinavian and German kinship—which in early times became intermixed with the Hellenic stock, and which for a long time afterward shut off the Greeks from the interior of Asia Minor. It is to this Thracian connection I would, with all respect, direct Mr. Gladstone's attention, when he once more approaches a subject which requires extensive study.

Of the difficulties lying in that way, I humbly confess myself fully aware. At

\* Comp. the Index of Simrock's *Edda*, and of Mannhardt's *Germanische Mythen*.

\* *Gylfaginning*, 34, 49.

† *Skirnismál*, 28 ; *Oegisdrecca*, 63.

‡ *Sigurdurkvidha Fífnisbana*, III., 66.

the same time, I trust that enough has been said and proved in these few pages to show that Mr. Gladstone's references to the easily accessible Homeric texts are, as regards the Greek Goddess of Beauty, most incomplete and incorrect, and that in his Babylonian comparisons he is strangely one sided, leaving out the most obvious parallels from Aryan creeds, with the

holders of which the Greeks had close and most intimate race contact. It is certainly not in such cursory way that important questions of the Science of Religion can be treated. And it is to be hoped that University undergraduates who mean to study these things will drink a little deeper at the Well of Knowledge.—*National Review*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

##### HEGEL ON RELIGION.

**STUDIES IN HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.**  
With a chapter on Christian Unity in America. By Y. McBride Sterrett, D.D., Professor of Ethics and Apologetics in the Seabury Divinity School. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The name of Hegel stands honored in German philosophy as second only to Kant in profundity of thinking, if, indeed, he is second to any. In deep influence on modern belief and on the great vital questions which agitate the public mind, Hegel is scarcely less a potent force than his direct antithesis, Schopenhauer, the philosopher of pessimism. The value of Hegel as a teacher and guide in the grave problems of religion and society has impressed itself more and more on men, and of recent years a recognition of his greatness has grown rapidly in countries outside of his own, where his philosophical genius has always been held in the deepest reverence.

It was for a long time customary for those who had not made a thorough study of his works to consider him as a Pantheist, as a most dangerous enemy of Christianity under the insidious garb of the advocate and supporter. This misapprehension has now pretty well disappeared, and such digests as that of Dr. Sterrett, now before us, have played a useful part in establishing the true position of the thinker, who contributes some of the most trenchant weapons to the armory of the large-minded, liberal, and progressive Christian. Dr. William Harris and the little school of philosophical students associated with him have also done much to make Hegel better understood in the United States. The difficulty of reading and understanding Hegel makes the work of the interpreter, such as Harris and Sterrett in this country and Dr. Caird in Scotland, of great use. Our own editor, whose

studies of the Hegelian philosophy as applied to religion are before us, says: "Hegel's own work is heavy, formal, scholastic, and removed from ordinary, unscientific conceptions of the revealed mysteries of the relations of God and man. But it contains the philosophical key to the heart of the matter. His whole work is to reconcile reason with religion, by finding reason in religion and religion in reason. It explicates in the form of the thought the content of religion which is ordinarily held in the form of feeling or metaphor, or at least in the form of faith or abbreviated knowledge."

Hegel defines the true field of religion in its relation to philosophy as follows:

"It is the realm where all enigmatical problems of the world are solved; where all contradictions of deep, musing thought are unveiled and all pangs of feeling soothed. It is the region of eternal truth, rest, and peace. . . . The whole manifold of human relations—activities, joys, everything that man values and esteems, wherein he seeks his happiness, his glory, and his pride—all find their final middle point in religion, in the thought, consciousness, and feeling of God. God is therefore the beginning and the end of everything. He is the centre, which animates, maintains, and inspires everything. By means of religion man is placed in relation to this centre, in which all his other relations converge, and is elevated to the realm of highest freedom, which is its own end and aim. This relation of freedom on the side of feeling is the joy which we call beatitude; . . . on the side of activity its sole office is to manifest the honor and to reveal the glory of God, so that man in this relation is no longer chiefly concerned with himself, his own interests and vanity, but rather with the absolute end and aim. All nations know that it is in their religious consciousness they possess truth, and they have always looked on re-



ligion as their chief worth and as the *Sunday* of their lives. Whatever causes us doubt and anxiety, all our sorrows and cares, all the narrow interests of temporal life, we leave behind us on the sands of time; and as, when we are standing on the highest point of a mountain, removed beyond all narrow, earthly sights, we may quietly view all the limits of the landscape and the world, so man, lifted above the hard actualities of life, looks upon it as a mere image, which this pure region mirrors in the beams of its spiritual sun, softening all its shades, contrasts, and lights. Here the dark shadows of life are softened into the image of a dream and transfigured into a mere frame for the radiance of the Eternal to fill. . . . This is the general view, sentiment, or consciousness of religion, whose nature it is the object of these lectures to observe, examine, and understand."

In this passage Hegel is almost poetical, and were all his writings like this, he would not need interpretation. But when he begins the serious task of transforming the terms of feeling and sentiment into terms of exact thinking, he is acute, logical, and sometimes transcendently obscure. The editor and commentator, in his digest of Hegel's views, shows great skill in elucidating complex and difficult statement, and makes a sufficiently plain exposition as to suffice for the man of ordinary intelligence, who may be interested in such discussion, if the man of ordinary intelligence ever is interested. It would be utterly impracticable to condense, within the possible limits of a notice in this department, even the driest abstract of Hegel's views of religion as formulated abstractly. Those who are drawn to the book, however, will be well rewarded in its strong exegesis. Dr. Sterrett closes with a chapter on Christian Unity in America, in which he applies the Hegelian principles to religious development in this country.

#### HOW TO BE AN AUTHOR.

THE ART OF AUTHORSHIP. LITERARY REMINISCENCES, METHODS OF WORK, AND ADVICE TO YOUNG BEGINNERS. Personally contributed by leading authors of the day. Compiled and edited by George Bainton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The editor of this entertaining and instructive book has compiled the confessions and statements of many of the leading writers of the language, and many more who are second-

class as to their own literary development, involving, of course, their notions of what constitutes good style and true art in composition. The responses quoted in the book are evidently answers to letters written by the editor, as they have too much freshness and genuineness for second hand, and certainly they are full of suggestiveness, as well as interesting for their own sake. All of the more judicious of these correspondents emphasize the great central truth, that the art of literary expression must be the outgrowth of some marked natural gift, and is infinitely differentiated by temperament even more than by intellect, by emotional force rather than by mere thinking power. Yet there is another fact no less salient, which is brought into prominence by these expert witnesses. Before any man can write well, he must have something worth saying which he has thought out lucidly to an end. Foggy thinking always means obscure writing, and possibly more than one author of repute can be explained on this theory as relates to those things in his books which are hard to understand. He does not himself know, but is chasing his own ideas through jungly paths. Lucid thinkers always write clearly and strongly. The first advice, then, to the would-be author is to be a master of his own thoughts. But mere simplicity and clearness of expression do not make a great style. A certain subtle sense of harmony, an insight into the hidden force of words, a gift for that exquisite fitness of sense and form which marries them into a perfect union—this is a natural dower, and no teaching or practice can bestow it.

Professor Huxley's contribution to the book expresses the whole thing admirably—"The business of a young writer is not to ape Addison or Defoe, Hobbes or Gibbon, but to make his style himself, as they made their style themselves. They were great writers, in the first place, because by dint of learning and thinking they had acquired clear and vivid conceptions about one or other of the many aspects of men and things. In the second place, because they took infinite pains to embody these conceptions in language exactly adapted to convey them to other minds. In the third place, because they possessed that purely artistic sense of rhythm and proportion which enabled them to add grace to force, and while loyal to truth, made exactness subservient to beauty. . . . If there is any merit in my English now it is due to the fact

that I have by degrees come awake to the importance of the three conditions of good writing which I have mentioned. I have learned to spare no labor on the process of acquiring clear ideas—to think nothing of writing a page four or five times over, if nothing less will bring the words which express all that I mean and nothing more than I mean; and to regard rhetorical verbosity as the deadliest and most degrading of literary sins. Any one who possesses a tolerably clear head and a decent conscience should be able, if he will give himself the necessary trouble, thus to fulfil the first two conditions of a good style. The carrying out of the third depends neither on labor nor honesty, but in that sense which is inborn in the literary artist, and can by no means be given to one who has it not as his birth-right."

We think in these words Professor Huxley sums up the whole question, and his brother authors sing the same song in variations. It may, therefore, be accepted as the result of the best criticism and experience. The young writer will find this book one of value for the richness and wisdom of its hints, and it is scarcely needful to say thoroughly readable.

#### A ROMAN TRAGEDY.

MESSALINA. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Algernon Sydney Logan, author of "Saul," "A Feather from the World's Wing," "Jesus in Modern Life," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

This closet tragedy, for it is scarcely adapted for the stage, deals with the much-worn subject of the imperial adulteress whose name has become a type of sensual infamy and wickedness. Of course the background of the theme is dramatic, but it has been shorn of much of its literary attractiveness by the fact that it has become threadbare. It might be objected, too, that a personality so repulsive, a character which historically has little or no good even in its most crude and incipient form to modify its monstrous depravity, is not one to yield the best results to the poet. Vice and wickedness may often be picturesque in the highest sense, but only when they exist in contrast with elements of good, either moral or intellectual, in the character composite. For example, Cæsar Borgia was probably one of the most wicked and unscrupulous men that ever lived. But with his colossal wickedness were conjoined a brilliant intellectuality hardly less startling, large-minded stateaman-

ship, and the power of magnanimity. In a personality which is marked only by a tremendous appetite for physical pleasure, when the brain lies entirely behind the ears, a maximum of appetite yoked with a minimum of mind, we detect but little more to appeal to the imagination than in some sleek and graceful beast. Agrippina, the successor to Messalina as the imperial consort of Claudius, a woman scarcely less wicked, is far more attractive as a theme for the dramatic poet, by virtue of a more complex and powerful nature.

Mr. Logan has painted the excesses and final ruin of Messalina with some imaginative vigor and sense of dramatic fitness, and in his use of blank verse displays traces of trained skill. There is, however, nothing in the poem which one is tempted to commend as making it salient among a score of similar efforts. The best features of the work are the pictures of Claudius the Emperor and of Narcissus the freedman. These are sketched with a firm grasp, and stand forth with characteristic quality. We can hardly fancy the literary reputation of Mr. Logan as materially benefited by this last effort.

#### A STRONG NOVEL.

JOOST AVELINGH. A Dutch Story. (Town and Country Library.) By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This issue of the Town and Country Library is one of the best of its recent numbers. The story is powerfully conceived, the conditions under which the story is made to evolve singularly fresh, the motive a noble appeal to all that is best and most aspiring in the reader's nature. Joost Avelingh, an unworldly and high-minded youth, has been the ward of his uncle, the master of high rank and great estate, but has been treated by the latter with a certain acerbity and harshness growing out of the memory of the *mésalliance* of his sister, the mother of Joost. The uncle dies under peculiar circumstances, and though there is nothing at the time to direct the suspicion of guilt to Joost, who becomes the heir, he is finally tried for murder at the instigation of another relative of his uncle, who is prompted by the discovery that the old baron had been on the eve of making a will in his favor instead of that of Joost Avelingh. Joost is acquitted, but a passionate remorse, bred in his soul by the memory of the fact that he might have saved his uncle's life had he loosened his cravat during that fatal fit of apoplexy, coupled

with the revelation of the old baron's purpose of endowing the rival with the estate, causes him to deed over the great property to the other and retire, with his lovely young wife, to another city on a meagre pittance. His self-abnegation is fully abetted by the devoted woman, and the moral elevation and dignity of the act are powerfully emphasized by the manifold conditions which lead up to it. The story is told in a style of great simplicity and strength, and the different people that figure in this strong drama, where so many conflicting emotions are made to clash and strike fire on lines genuinely true to nature, are sketched with great breadth and skill of insight. The novel departs widely from the conventional story, and distinctly appeals to the better class of readers. It has also that merit common to portraits of the highest order. One may never have seen the subject, but says instinctively, "Here are life and truth." This picture of life in Holland among the better classes of Dutch society impresses the reader in the same fashion as a representation no less truthful than vivid.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. FRANCIS RIVINGTON—who, since the withdrawal of his brother last year, has been the sole representative of the well known publishing firm of Rivingtons—has now himself resolved to retire. The business has been purchased, as from July 1st, by Messrs. Longmans, who will supply all the books in Messrs. Rivingtons' catalogue at their house in Paternoster Row. An historic interest attaches to this transfer, for the names of Rivington and Longman may be found side by side on a large proportion of the books that were published in London during the last century. Rivingtons is slightly the older firm of the two, having been founded as early as 1719, whereas Thomas Longman first commenced business seven years later.

MR. H. M. STANLEY spent his last evening before leaving London for the relief of Emin Pasha with Sir John Pender, and on parting the latter gave Mr. Stanley a miniature edition of Burns's poems published by Messrs. Bryce, of Glasgow. This the great explorer said he would carry wherever he went. Sir John Pender, in recently writing to Mr. Bryce, says :

"When I met Stanley in Egypt in the spring

I had not been in conversation with him many minutes before he reminded me of the little copy of Burns's poems, and he said it had been a great source of comfort to him ; he had read it many times over, and he believed there was no better-thumbed book in existence than that little volume. He said that Burns was such a child of nature, and that he was so much in sympathy with him, that many times he was not only deeply touched but greatly encouraged by the perusal of the poems."

THE first two volumes of "Lothar Bucher's Leben und Werke," edited by Ritter von Poschinger, are expected to be published very shortly. Herr Bucher, who was called "the right hand of Bismarck," had a remarkable career, and very few German journalists equalled him in elegance of style. The time of his political exile he mostly spent in London. Later on he became a member of the Bismarck ministry, from which he retired in 1886.

THE correspondence between Maximilian II. of Bavaria and the philosopher Schelling will shortly be issued under the editorship of the learned archivists Leist and Trost. The work is intended to form part of a documentary history of the king's reign, written by the editors of the correspondence.

A MOVEMENT has been started to buy Dove Cottage and the orchard garden where Wordsworth lived, and which remain almost untouched as they were in his time. It is proposed to put the place in trust, and to keep it as a memorial of Wordsworth's work. The whole may be acquired for 650*l.*, and an additional sum would set up a museum. A full account and other reasons for the purchase are given in a little book by Mr. Stopford A. Brooke, called "Dove Cottage," and published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., to whom communications and subscriptions may be addressed.

"OPPOSITES," the volume which Messrs. Blackwood are going to publish, by an author who assumes the pseudonym of Lewis Thornton, consists of essays dealing to a considerable extent with theological subjects. Such titles as "Philosophy, Religious Thought, and the Bible," "Evolution," "Atheistic Christianity," "The Christ of Scripture," and "Theology," indicate the nature of the subjects discussed. The author, who by his own confession is far from orthodox, remarks : "Theology and religion may often be quite separate ; and if history shows anything, I

think it shows that they have usually been so. Therefore any remarks which may be felt obnoxious to theology, need not on that account be thought injurious to religion." He profess- edly takes the unpopular side on popular ques- tions, and prefixes as his motto the lines of La Fontaine :

L'homme est de feu pour le mensonge,  
Il est de glace aux vérités.

A STATUTE has been proposed at Oxford ad- mitting women to the examinations in law and in music. Theology, medicine, and Oriental languages will then be the only schools con- fined to men.

MR. EDWARD T. COOK—author of "A Popu- lar Handbook to the National Gallery," of which an enlarged edition will shortly be is- sued by Messrs. Macmillan—has just finished a new work, entitled "Studies in Ruskin." The first part will expound "the gospel ac- cording to Ruskin," applying his principles of art to practical life ; the second part will de- scribe some aspects of his work—at Oxford and the drawing school he founded there, at the Workingmen's College, in connection with the St. George's Guild, May Queens, and various industrial experiments—with a special chapter on his relations with the booksellers. In an Appendix will be given notes on Mr. Ruskin's Oxford lectures in 1877 and 1884. The vol- ume will contain twelve wood cuts, including Sir J. E. Boehm's portrait-bust. There will also be a large paper edition, extra illustrated with fifteen autotypes of original drawings by Mr. Ruskin, presented by him to the Drawing School at Oxford, and now reproduced for the first time.

THE report on public instruction in Bengal for the year 1888-89 shows a very marked ex- pansion of higher education, but little or no progress in the diffusion of elementary knowl- edge. The total number of pupils under in- struction in the province was 1,482,150, being about thirty thousand more than in the pre- vious year. The spread of education among the upper classes is said to be due not so much to any increase of Government expenditure as to the efforts of the people themselves. It is estimated that only one boy in four is on the rolls of some school, and one girl in fifty- seven. The system of controlling public in- struction by district boards, which has been in force now for two years, is reported to be working favorably.

THE demand for university education is to a marked extent on the increase in the North- western Provinces of India. During the last five years the number of pupils in the college classes has increased by nearly forty per cent, and close on the whole increase is contributed by students who are independent of Govern- ment support. This class of students has doubled during the last four years. The su- perior popularity of the literary as compared with the scientific course for the B.A. degree is remarkable. In the last year 81 students presented themselves for the former, and only 17 for the latter.

THE report on public instruction in Bombay for the year 1888-89 is a record of continued progress throughout the year in almost every branch of education. There are now in the presidency 582,853 pupils under instruction in 11,732 institutions, public and private.

Public institutions number 8642, with 507,- 752 pupils ; private institutions, 3090, with 75,- 101 pupils. Out of the total number of those who are of an age to go to school 28 per cent of the boys and 3 per cent of the girls are under instruction. The total expenditure of the Bombay educational department during the year was 5,453,328 rupees.

THE collected works of the distinguished theologian, Dr. Karl Hase, whose death we recently announced, will be issued at Leipzig in twelve volumes. The collection will con- tain several posthumous writings, chiefly re- lating to ecclesiastical history and to the au- thor's own life. The publication of them is expected to be completed in three years.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN, of Orpington, has pub- lished the posthumous poems of Charles Mac- kay, LL.D., under the title of "Gossamer and Snowdrift." An introduction by his son, Mr. Eric Mackay, will be prefixed.

It is reported that Mr. Stanley's forthcom- ing book has for preface an open letter ad- dressed to "Dear Sir William" (Mackinnon), in which Mr. Stanley repeats his determina- tion to testify to the hand of God before the eyes of men. He speaks, it is said, in some- what contemptuous terms of Emin Pasha's vacillation.

"THE defeat of the Copyright Bill in the United States Congress," says the *Athenæum*, "will not cause much stir in this country, as it was generally expected that it would be

thrown out. Its warmest supporters were far from sanguine. It is obvious that no measures of the kind can be expected to pass until a change comes over the ideas of the American people as to rights of foreign authors."

MR. JOSEPH HATTON, the English novelist, writes to the *Athenæum* complaining of Mr. Lovell's publication in America of the novel, "By Order of the Czar," without his authorization, and stating that this piracy had prevented him from selling to another American publisher. Whereupon a Mr. Balestier, speaking for Mr. Lovell, reminds the irate novelist that the latter had granted to Mr. Tillotson, of Bolton (presumably for pounds, shillings and pence), several years since full authority to negotiate the American sale of his novels in book form. Lovell & Co., it seems, purchased of Mr. Bolton. It would be curious to discover, if possible, how many of the English complaints of a similar sort would simmer down into just such causeless vamping, if fully investigated.

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MISCELLANY.

**HYPNOTISM AS AN ANÆSTHETIC.**—The *British Medical Journal* prints a long account of proceedings the other day at the rooms of Messrs. Carter Brothers & Turner, dental surgeons, Leeds, where upward of sixty of the leading medical men and dentists of the district witnessed a series of surgical and dental operations performed under hypnotic influence induced by Dr. Milne Bramwell, of Goole, Yorkshire, who is described as quite a master of the art of hypnotism as applied to medicine and surgery, and is shortly to publish a work of considerable importance on the subject. The object of the meeting (says a local correspondent of our contemporary) was to show the power of hypnotism to produce absolute anæsthesia in very painful and severe operations. A woman, aged twenty-five, was hypnotized at a word by Dr. Bramwell. She was told she was to submit to three teeth being extracted, without pain, at the hands of Mr. Thomas Carter; and further, that she was to do anything that Mr. Carter asked her to do. This was perfectly successful. There was no expression of pain in the face, no cry, and when told to awake she said she had not the least pain in the gums, nor had she felt the operation. Dr. Bramwell then hypnotized her, and ordered her to leave the room and go upstairs to the waiting-room. This she did as

a complete somnambulist. The next case was that of a servant-girl, M. A. W., aged nineteen, on whom, under the hypnotic influence induced by Dr. Bramwell, Mr. Hewetson had a fortnight previously opened and scraped freely, without knowledge or pain, a large lachrymal abscess extending into the cheek. Furthermore, the dressing had been daily performed and the cavity freely syringed under hypnotic anæsthesia, the "healing suggestions" being daily given to the patient, to which Dr. Bramwell in a great measure attributes the very rapid healing, which took place in ten days—a remarkably short space of time in a girl by no means in a good state of health. She was put to sleep by the following letter from Dr. Bramwell addressed to Mr. Turner:—"Burlington Crescent, Goole, Yorks.—Dear Mr. Turner,—I send you a patient with enclosed order. When you give it her she will fall asleep at once and obey your commands.—J. MILNE BRAMWELL." "Order.—Go to sleep at once, by order of Dr. Bramwell, and obey Mr. Turner's commands.—J. MILNE BRAMWELL." This experiment answered perfectly. Sleep was induced at once by reading the note, and was so profound that, at the end of a lengthy operation in which sixteen stumps were removed, she awoke smiling, and insisted that she had felt no pain, and, what was remarkable, there was no pain in her mouth. She was found after some time, when unobserved, reading the *Graphic* in the waiting-room as if nothing had happened. During the whole time she did everything which Mr. Turner suggested, but it was observed that there was a diminished flow of saliva, and that the corneal reflexes were absent, the breathing more noisy than ordinarily, and the pulse slower. Dr. Bramwell took occasion to explain that the next case, a boy aged eight, was a severe test, and would probably not succeed, partly because the patient was so young, and chiefly because he had not attempted to produce hypnotic anæsthesia earlier than two days before. He also explained that patients require training in this form of anæsthesia, the time of training, or preparation, varying with each individual. However, he was so far hypnotized that he allowed Mr. Mayo Robson to operate on the great toe, removing a bony growth and part of the first phalanx with no more than a few cries toward the close of the operation, and with the result that, when questioned afterward, he appeared to know very little of what had been done.



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### THE LATEST DISCOVERIES IN HYPNOTISM.

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#### THE PRESENT STATE OF THE SUBJECT.

##### I.

THE history of hypnotism forms part of the history of the marvellous in human existence. Any one may satisfy himself of this by reading the special books on the subject; the scope of this article does not allow me to lay any further stress upon it. In reality, hypnotism is found under different names at all periods of history, from the incantations of the ancient Egyptian magicians down to the fascinations of Mesmer and the investigations of Braid. These two persons began to separate the wheat from the chaff, and went far to show what there was that was real and truly scientific in that series of fanciful practices, bordering on witchcraft, which, under the most varied aspects,

have troubled the minds of the credulous who are always prone to swallow marvels.

Modern hypnotism owes its name and its appearance in the realm of science to the investigations made by Braid. He is its true creator; he made it what it is; and above all, he gave emphasis to the experimental truth by means of which he proved that, when hypnotic phenomena are called into play, they are wholly independent of any supposed influence of the hypnotist upon the hypnotized, and that the hypnotized person simply reacts upon himself by reason of latent capacities in him which are artificially developed.

Braid demonstrated that, in this series of remarkable phenomena, hypnotism, acting upon a human subject as upon a fallow field, merely set in motion a string of silent faculties which only needed its assistance to reach their development.

Here we obviously have a new idea and a phenomenon of the first importance, which constitutes one of the most interesting axioms of the question.

In this field of new research Braid had further the opportunity of evincing his clear-sightedness in many other particulars, and it may be said of him that from the outset he foresaw the different stages of hypnotism, just as they have been since defined in France. He perceived their different manifestations, and he thus laid the first foundation of the structure which has been so fortunately developed by workers in different countries, and which for the future constitutes an entirely new chapter in general neurology.

In order to produce these new conditions which have attracted attention in so unexpected a manner, Braid conceived the idea of physical action upon the eye, producing, by the use of some bright material held at a distance of ten to sixteen inches off, a definite condition of fatigue in the retina and the ocular muscles; and this fatigue of itself induces a kind of pseudo-sleep, marked by peculiar characteristics which make up the different phases of hypnotism. By the help of this simple process, applied to suitable persons, Braid managed to evolve a series of nerve phenomena which, though isolated and disconnected, nevertheless constitute the fundamental types, so admirably arranged and thoroughly understood, which we now have. Moreover, he had a vague conception that they had something to do with an evolutionary process. "Hypnotism," he says, "does not comprise only one condition, it is rather a series of different points, capable of infinite variety, extending from the lightest dreams, in which the natural functions are intensified, to the profoundest state of coma, from which the conscience and the will are completely absent." In another place he speaks with more detail about hypnotic coma. We are right, therefore, in saying that he foresaw and described the different phases of hypnotic phenomena, both the lethargy, which he calls coma, and the state of catalepsy and of somnambulism, which he has described in very clear language. He also perceived the infinitesimal effect of a current of air passed over the surface of the skin of persons experimented upon during the period of catalepsy, and their gradual passage from a state of somnambulism to

a state of awakening. Moreover he points out that by tickling the subject—the equivalent in his mind of passing a current of air over the skin—he succeeded in causing the underlying muscles to move, and that by this means he could make a person bend his hand or lift his arm; and then, by influencing the opposite muscles, make him stretch out his hand and fingers and drop his arm. He also made the discovery of the remarkable fact, that when one set of muscles has been set in motion by a given influence, and has remained for some lapse of time in the same posture, the application of apparently the same exciting cause will produce the opposite result. "If a muscle is at rest, it moves; if it is moving, it becomes inactive, and that, too, when the same cause is applied." This is a fact which is well known to any one of us in daily practice, when, for instance, by a slight touch applied to the surface of the forearm, and the help of a gleam of light from a piece of gold or silver, we cause the subjacent primary muscles of a hypnotized patient to contract. Thus, too, as experience increases, we find out that a contraction caused by a piece of gold is not destroyed by the presentation of a piece of silver to the opposite muscles, and that the exciting cause which acts specifically in producing the contraction must be of the same nature in order to release it.

The question of "suggestions," which, thanks to the labors of Bernheim, has recently played so important a part in France, had also a considerable amount of attention from Braid. He recognized the co-existence of dissimilar conditions in the different states of hypnotism, from complete insensibility and catalepsy up to the most delicate sensitiveness. "Some of these changes," he writes, "may be reproduced by suggestions of sound or of touch, for the patients display an exaggerated sensitiveness or insensibility, an incredible muscular strength or the utter loss of their will, according to the impressions produced upon them at the moment. These impressions are produced as the result of suggestions of sound conveyed through a person's voice. Such patients can be played upon as if they were a musical instrument, and can be made to take the dreams of their imagination for solid reality. They are full of such ideas; they are possessed by them, and act in accord-

ance with them, however wild they may be." We shall see how nearly this view of "suggestion" approaches our own conception of it, and how this distinguished man embraced within the circle of his studies the greater part of the phenomena which modern observers have collected, and which they have clothed in their own livery and paraded as their own inventions.

There is one more point to which Braid directed his mind in a special degree, namely, the adaptation of his own discoveries in neurology, not only to the healing of nerve diseases, but further of a whole group of different diseases in which the nerves play a more or less visible part, and to which he usefully applied his new processes. This is one of many points of similarity in which I am pleased to find myself at one with him.

I am anxious, therefore, to introduce the English public to the deeply interesting labors of an original thinker whose discoveries have been widely followed up in France and in Europe generally. It is a pleasure to me to pay this tribute to his memory, to point out the part of initiator which Braid took in this new realm of neurology, and to show how large a portion in the general work belongs to him. His sudden death, in 1860, deprived him of the satisfaction of witnessing the triumph of his discoveries. Public opinion in England was ill prepared to receive him; people were indifferent, and even uneasy when they saw the investigations of scientists penetrate into the inmost recesses of personal feeling, and for a time remained silent and sceptical. Yet one ray of light had illumined the field of neurology, and this ray, in its turn, had inspired across the Channel a certain number of chosen spirits who had perceived the truth and the originality of Braid. They, in their turn, were able to keep the spark alive, and to kindle from it, as we shall see further on, a sacred fire which produced many new scientific discoveries. The impetus had been given and, thanks to the combined action of certain curious minds that did not shrink from confronting the scepticism and the dulness of their contemporaries, the domain of hypnotic studies was rapidly enlarged and enriched by theoretical and practical discoveries. Thus, too, in France, the labors of Azam, Broca, Volpeau, Damarquais, and more recently of the Salpêtrière school and the

school of Nancy, have contributed to popularize these discoveries. Braid's work was indeed especially prized in France, thanks to the action of Professor Charcot, who made a profound study of these interesting problems. He had the honor of establishing and of defining by indisputable marks the different phases of hypnotism, by assigning to them a special science of their symptoms and distinguishing them sharply from each other. Thanks to his powerful influence investigation has gone on continuously; and when we look at discovery after discovery, when we see the boundaries of hypnotism extended more and more widely in the region of internal pathology properly so called, and the number of subjects subordinate to hypnotism increasing from day to day, we may well wonder at what point the limits of its expanding force will be reached.

All the labors of which I have spoken have combined to make up what is known as the higher hypnotism, such as it is actually described in France and, above all, in Paris. But the matter does not stop there. In this special realm we have seen ideas not yet made public, and new phenomena arise which bear a genuine family likeness to those of the higher hypnotism, but still are distinguished from it by peculiar tokens which show them to be really original. I refer to those mixed or compound conditions known as fascinations which have often been exemplified of late years by the interesting writings of Dr. Brèmand.

#### THE GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF HYPNOTIC PHENOMENA.

Great surprise is caused in the study of the phenomena of hypnotism, on the one hand by the rapidity of its manifestations and on the other by the sudden disturbances which supervene on many activities of the nervous system, by reason of which we see them fade away before our eyes, disappear, and rise again elsewhere. Thus, if we remark that sensitiveness disappears at a given moment—in the lethargic stage—from the surface of the skin and the mucous membranes, we see that by a sort of compensation the optic nerves become extremely sensitive, while muscular development presents phenomena of extraordinary hyper-excitability. In the region of psychical action properly so called, if



the operations of conscious activity are annihilated, the manifestations on the other hand of the emotional region rise to a pitch of marvellous intensity. We say then that the chief characteristic of a state of hypnotism is that the nerve currents lose their normal equilibrium. Just when the nervous forces appear to be extinct they spring up elsewhere with an extra-physiological intensity, and the experimentalist develops thereby new conditions and unwonted relations between the different regions of the nervous system, and reduces the patient to a condition which is known as the extra-physiologically morbid.

With regard to the instantaneousness of hypnotic manifestations nothing is more striking than that which occurs daily in our hospitals when the patients are sufficiently overcome. A patient arrives full of life, in complete contact with the external world: he talks and laughs gaily; but if we only make him fix his eye on a definite object, lay our fingers lightly on the balls of his eyes, gently press the lobe of his ear, and make him hear a slight noise, we at once bring him to a state of utter annihilation both as regards his faculties and his motive power. He falls on the floor in a state of coma, thunder-struck, so to speak, and simply lies there like an inert, flabby, senseless mass, utterly dead to the touch of the external world. He is no longer his own master and is at the mercy of the hypnotizer who controls him. This is perhaps the most striking picture which comes across us in these studies and which proves the genuineness of the manifestations.

To proceed: let me now point out how the nerve currents lose their equilibrium. What will happen to this patient whom we have just seen stricken down in an utter lethargy? We open his eyelids, we cause a flashing light to penetrate right into his eyes; the light passes into his brain and proceeds to cause special kinds of activity and to illuminate certain special departments of the brain. A new condition is now produced, the condition of catalepsy. This condition is marked by the pre-eminence of optical impressions which exercise absolute sway over all those activities of the nervous system which are aroused. The patient's eyes are wide open, fixed and motionless; the pupil is especially affected. His excessive power

of sight reaches such an extraordinary pitch of acuteness that if we cover his eyelids with a layer of cotton wool and then put a newspaper in front of his eyes, we are amazed to see that he can read it, no doubt through some tiny cracks imperceptible to us. Suppose we show to him, behind a wooden screen one-fifth of an inch thick, balls of colored glass, calculated by their colors to arouse in him different emotions; the usual faculty is so super-perceptive that the patient feels through the screen the different vibrations of light and reacts correlatively. Show him, for example, behind this screen a blue ball, he will exhibit signs of sadness; show him a yellow one, and he will be all gayety and hilarity, and so on. And at the same time with this extra-physiological development of his optic nerves, we remark that the movements of the cutaneous teguments and of the mucous membranes are utterly paralyzed. On the one side we have riches, on the other poverty and complete loss of balance, experimentally produced in the distribution of sensitive nerve currents under the influence of hypnotization. If we carry our investigations into the region of psychical action we find again disturbances of the same kind, the exaltation of certain faculties on the one side, and their extinction on the other. The same laws of repression and expansion which govern the evolution of these phenomena are to be found everywhere. In the period of catalepsy which follows the foregoing stage, if the sensitive nerves of the skin are in a state of absolute anæsthesia, on the other hand the emotional regions are proportionately liable to extraordinary excitement under the influence of various causes. If the patient sees a sketch of a merry face, he assumes a look of merriment, his features expand and he laughs heartily. If he sees a gloomy picture, he becomes gloomy and sullen and even bursts into tears. Colored rays of light produce different kinds of feelings; so too do different substances when brought into contact with certain superficial nerves: and by this we recognize that some persons, endowed with a peculiar sensitiveness, are liable to develop in the sensorium emotional activities of a special kind, the principal types of which I have already reproduced by the help of photographs, in one of my works.

The somnambulist phase which follows

the two preceding presents again the same phenomena of loss of balance. In this condition, by the aid of a mechanical artifice, the patient has had the faculty of hearing bestowed upon him. So he speaks, he answers questions; his eyes being open, he appears to be in his normal condition; and yet here, too, he is utterly off his balance. While the realm of his consciousness and of his psychic personality is still torpid and dulled, other portions of his mental activity which we are accustomed to regard as the most characteristic sign of the presence of the mind—the faculty of speech, of reply, of converse with one's equals—reach a pitch of exaggerated exaltation. Memory and imagination display a wealth which no one ever suspected in the patient while in his normal condition. I once heard a young married lady who had listened to one of my lectures repeat the lecture several months afterward in a state of somnambulism with the utmost accuracy, reproducing like a phonograph the very tones of my voice, using every gesture that I used, and adapting, too, in a remarkable way, her words to her subject. A year afterward this lady had still the same capacity, and displayed it every time she was put into a state of somnambulism. And, extraordinary as it may seem, when once awakened she was utterly unable to repeat to me a single word of the lecture. She said she did not listen to it, she understood not a word of it, and could not say a single line.

Again, as a very curious fact in these hypnotic conditions, we may note the utter oblivion, the absolute lack of consciousness which the patients exhibit on awakening. They have not felt anything of the shock that has been given to their nervous system; and though they may have remained in the most tiring positions during the cataleptic period, though they have been made to take part as principals in robberies, murders, or arson, though all kinds of troublous feelings have been aroused in them, though they have been made to write, to give all sorts of fictitious presents, to make wills, sell goods, etc.—once they recover consciousness they have no recollection of what has gone by. Their consciousness has been absolutely arrested, and all that they have done has been simply the result of automatic action.

#### OF THE SEQUENCE OF HYPNOTIC STATES.

Our next inquiry is as to the order in which the phenomena of hypnotism are arranged. Must they be regarded as bare conditions of the nervous system with no union or cohesion between them? or, on the other hand, as a succession of physiological acts that follow each other methodically? The special inquiries that have been made in this branch lead to the adoption of the latter hypothesis, and thus these phenomena are looked upon as a series of connected acts, and as forming part of a genuine process in evolution. In reality, hypnotism effects a double movement. In the one, its evolution may be compared to a man going straight down a deep mine, gradually leaving the outside world, and reaching, at a greater or less depth, the bottom of the mine—that is, at the lethargic period which represents the most complete condition of utter exhaustion. In the other movement which the patient goes through, he may be regarded as performing an opposite process, tending to climb up again toward the light, and to come back to the point that he started from—the condition of waking. Thus the patient who leaves the outside world, and reaches the period of lethargy which is the real zenith and perfection of unconsciousness, and afterward is restored to the world, traverses a perfect circle, since he touches during his ascent one after another at the very same halting-places where he stopped in his descent. In the latter process he first experiences a slight slumber, while the outside world becomes misty to him. By degrees this mistiness becomes more complete, and he passes to the somnambulistic stage, preserving at first his faculty of hearing and of speech: we call this the period of lucid somnambulism. Next, his faculties are overwhelmed, his articulating capacities disappear, while his power of sight alone continues. This is the beginning of the cataleptic stage. At last, in the third stage, this power also disappears in its turn, and the patient in the lethargy, with all his sensorial motors anesthetized, becomes an inert mass, absolutely cut off from any influences of the world around him. He is now in the profoundest period of annihilation that a human being can be in, and by the withdrawal of the life of the brain, he merely lives by the

automatic activities of his spinal marrow, which still go on providing for the play of his chief organic functions—breathing and the circulation of the blood.

In the second half of the circle, the hypnotized person goes through the opposite phases. He advances slowly toward a period of awakening by recovering at each halting-place the faculties which have been temporarily suspended. Thus, by raising the eyelids the vibrations of light are brought to the retina—this or that portion of the brain is illuminated. The catalepsy of re-awakening is then developing. Presently, by means of a slight friction applied to the forehead, we develop a reflexive action, which, by acting on certain subjacent parts of the brain, awakens the faculty of hearing, and after that the faculty of speech. The period of the somnambulism of awakening is now arrived at. A slight current of air on the eyes soon sets a new reflexive action in operation, and this releases and sets in motion the regions of conscious perception of the external world.

In this general outline we have the really physiological manner in which the phenomena of hypnotism are understood to act. These phases of somnambulism, catalepsy, and lethargy being only different degrees of intensity of the same process, they are the result of degrees of partial somnolence which successively affect the brain, and bring about different conditions which are strictly connected with each other. Their various manifestations and their apparent divergencies, as a rule, depend only on the strength or the weakness of certain peculiarities; but, on the whole, my opinion is, that we may now regard them as representing a true chain of actions successively disposed along a curve, with a starting point, a culminating point, and a final goal, and that their apparent manifestations are based upon the natural laws of the physiology of the brain. I may now give the following definition of hypnotism:—

“Hypnotism is an experimental extra-physiological condition of the nervous system, a pseudo-sleep into which a patient with an aptitude for it can be made to fall, and during which he loses for the time being all consciousness of his individual existence and of the external world.”

#### GENERAL ETIOLOGICAL SYMPTOMS.

*Frequency. Predisposition.* The frequency of tendencies to hypnotism is one of the most obscure points of these studies, inasmuch as we are not yet furnished with sufficiently precise statistics. Judging from the progress already made, and with the help of the new methods which we have before us, it is probable that in a given population the number of hypnotic patients may go on increasing in direct ratio with the variety and the efficacy of the new means and processes brought into operation. To quote only one instance, I had in my service a young hospital nurse whom I had no reason to suspect of being liable to hypnotism; nothing in her ways, her manners, or her character disclosed latent capacity; imagine then my surprise, while attending to a sick patient, when I saw this nurse, who was moving to and fro in the room, suddenly stop as though transfixed, and remain motionless in a complete catalepsy. In a list of thirty young female patients from the ages of eighteen to thirty years, I found fourteen liable to be fascinated, and of these fourteen, after two or three sésances, five exhibited in perfect distinctness the phenomena of genuine hypnotism. Last year out of thirty-one male patients, suffering from different diseases, and ranging from seventeen to sixty years of age, I found eleven liable to fascination, and after a few sittings two of them were found able to present all the symptoms of genuine hypnotism. Sex, therefore, may be taken to exert a marked influence; in fact, it is among women that most of the subjects liable to fascination are found, though practice shows us that the number of males gifted with the same capacities is larger than is generally supposed. I know several young men who live in the ordinary fashion, earn their livelihood by honest toil, and have all the external symptoms of clear-headedness, and still have within them a fundamental modification of their nervous system, by reason of which they are liable to be fascinated even by a simple glance or a gesture of command. Age must also be taken into consideration. Most subjects of hypnotism are found between eighteen and thirty years of age. We have no accurate documentary evidence as regards the aptitude of young persons under the age of eighteen; in the

adult period hypnotization and, above all, fascination, are liable to be evoked, principally in persons whose nervous system is already troubled by organic injuries. For instance, I had in my service a patient fifty-five years of age, who was paraplegic, and a woman forty eight years of age who was hemiplegic, who could be very easily fascinated by the use of revolving mirrors. They found themselves greatly relieved, and, thanks to this system of cure, they recovered the power of natural sleep.

Heredity also plays a conspicuous part in the development of aptitudes for hypnotism. In one word, hypnotics inherit from their parents a special neuropathic tendency, and it is this condition which makes them simply like a fallow field only awaiting the influence from without which is to affect them. Thus, by the study of the mental condition of the parents of hypnotic patients, we discover in the father or the mother unusual brain conditions. Sometimes the mother has transmitted to her children an excessive impressionability to which she was herself subject; sometimes the source of the mischief is found on the father's side; possibly the father is alcoholized or paralytic, or irregular in his mental capacity, or perhaps one of the parents has had a puny or stunted constitution. As an instance of hereditary influence, I have just received a visit from a mother and her daughter. The daughter is actually cured of her hystero epileptic fits, which have been successfully treated by repeated hypnotizations; she comes regularly once or twice a month to undergo hypnotization in order to keep up her cure, and, strange to say, her mother, who is a humble working-woman, earning her livelihood very honorably by hard work, comes to be hypnotized together with her daughter in order to soothe a condition of nervous excitability which is part of her normal constitution and, so to speak, an inherited patrimony.

#### THE PROCESSES EMPLOYED TO PRODUCE HYPNOTISM.

Since the discoveries of Braid, who exercised the power of hypnotization by the help of a bright substance presented to the eyes, all subsequent authors have in greater or less degree followed the same lines. They have all dealt with the sensitiveness

of the optic nerve, either by tiring it with a dazzling light, or by compressing it by a slight pressure upon the ball of the eye. Attempt has also been made to act upon the region of hearing; some patients are sent off into a state of hypnotism by a regular striking of the notes of the scale.

The sensitiveness of certain special nerves can also be laid under contribution. For instance, in certain hysterical persons who possess hysteria-producing nerves, one needs only to apply a slight touch to one of these nerves in order to induce a hypnotic state which usually is that of lethargy. In fact, we need only pinch lightly the lobe of the ear or the breast with our fingers, and we shall see the patients straightway stop talking, close their eyes, and sink back exhausted in a state of lethargy.

A suggestion made to one perfectly awake is also a process commonly employed in dealing with persons who have a tendency to hypnotism; the experimenter says to the patient, "You and I will count together up to six, and when we reach four you will be asleep." The effect follows the cause, and the experiment, if carefully managed, always succeeds. When the number four is reached the patient closes his eyes, sinks back on his chair, and falls into a state of lethargy. All these methods can be indifferently applied when we have to do with persons who are overpowered, and are especially disposed to yield to the experiments of hypnotism, for it cannot be too frequently repeated that hypnotism does not control every one; on the part of the patient to be treated there must be a special receptivity and a particular condition of his nervous system to allow him to undergo the treatment which is applied to him. Above all, he must yield readily, and submit voluntarily to the treatment of the experimenter.

*My own Process.*—In view of the uncertainty and the frequent failures which accompany the use of brilliant substances, and particularly, too, of the sustained attention and the fatigue required to develop hypnotism in new patients, I conceived the idea of presenting the brilliant substance mechanically, instead of holding it in my own hands, giving it at the same time a rotatory motion in order to increase its influence. A patient required to keep his eyes fixed on bright particles which

are revolving before him feels a sense of weariness after one or two minutes ; he is insensibly fascinated, and to one's surprise one sees him gradually close his eyes and lie back in his chair, like a person falling fast asleep ; he is then in the state of lethargy. Since I took to using revolving mirrors in order to produce hypnotic sleep I have never failed to be satisfied with the results. After two or three minutes patients of either sex who are operated on show themselves equally quick in feeling the effect, the young and the old alike. It can also be shown that this sleep mechanically produced is not, as might be expected, a natural sleep, but, on the contrary, it is a peculiar kind of sleep, for which I suggest the term mechanical sleep. It brings about in the nervous system a very special condition, which is distinguished by a general anæsthesia of the integuments, a catalepsy of the muscles, and a tendency to act upon any suggestions made. The importance of the practical results of this new method, which brings about hypnotization without fatigue and of prolonged duration, while it also enables one to subject several patients at once to the influence of hypnotism, is easily comprehended. Every day by its application I can have eight or ten patients in my laboratory, who are all hypnotized together by the influence of a single revolving mirror placed in the centre of them. There is also an extremely interesting point to be deduced from the use of this method, viz., that by being thus able to produce without difficulty a state of trance in a number of patients, the patients are brought to a special condition of the nerves, by means of which they become ready to accept other influences and to undergo therapeutic influence. By this means I have been enabled to bring about a series of valuable practical results, such as the stopping of sharp pains, the restoration of sleep to persons tortured by prolonged insomnia, the renewal of the powers of locomotion in paralytics, and in short, a number of improvements of very distinct character and of long duration. Besides, I may say this in favor of the new methods which I have adopted, that out of two hundred patients actually brought under my notice, I have never observed a single accident. The process, therefore, is perfectly harmless, and when employed with skill and prudence, I am thoroughly con-

vinced that it can produce no harmful effects in the persons experimented upon.

#### METHODS FOR PUTTING AN END TO A STATE OF HYPNOTISM.

It is not always easy to awaken patients at the right moment. Indeed, to know how to do this is one of the most delicate portions of the science, and at the present time inexperienced persons often find themselves in grave perplexity. It is absolutely necessary to know whether the patient at the close of an experiment is restored to his senses without the hypnotist being aware that he is not perfectly conscious of what he is doing, for the patient might run the risk of finding himself amenable to the law. If indeed the patient only half awakened is sent back in this condition to his daily life, he has only a half consciousness of the nature of his acts. He may walk straight on without knowing where he is going, or collide with persons passing by, he may knock them down, steal articles exposed in shops, commit all kinds of offences, even outrages on decency, and this unconscious person, whom the public and the magistrates regard as in possession of all his senses, may find himself the object of undeserved punishment. I cannot therefore too earnestly warn young experimenters against the serious consequences of an incompletely effected awakening. Usually, a slight puff of air upon the opened eyes of the patient is enough ; for, once the reflex action on the brain is set up, he rubs his eyelids just like a person awakening from real sleep. He looks around him, he takes in surrounding circumstances, and the tone of his voice also resumes its ordinary character. He says that he knows where he is, and mentions the name of the person to whom he is speaking. Personally I do not approve of this practice. I think it best not to act hastily, and to use for the purpose of awakening the patient methods which are more physiological ; for instance, such as saying to the patient, by way of suggestion, " You will be awake in a minute." The verbal impulse thus fixed in his brain works slowly and calmly, and to the surprise of many the patient opens his eyes quite naturally at the end of the minute and regains consciousness of his surroundings. When this is accomplished, then by way of verifying his

condition, you ask, "Where are you? Do you recognize me?" And if he replies correctly to these two questions you may be sure that he is conscious and perfectly awake.

There is another very important point of practice that concerns hypnotic persons, and above all that class of persons who are easily put into a trance simply by holding up one's finger before their eyes. It is this: Before waking them you should suggest to them not to allow themselves to be sent to sleep by any one except by yourself or by some other doctor selected by you. This is a really kindly measure which I beg all experimenters to keep in their mind, in order to save these easily entranced persons from being sent off to sleep by any casual operator who wishes to abuse their condition. This kind of suggestion is, as a rule, quite successful.

These preliminaries being established, I pass on to set out briefly the principal conditions of the higher hypnotism, lethargy, catalepsy, and somnambulism. Afterward I will touch on minor hypnotism or the state of trance. Finally, I will refer to those points of medical jurisprudence which raise interesting problems, and in conclusion I will explain the new therapeutic uses which these new discoveries may offer to the science of nerve disease.

#### LETHARGY.

Lethargy is the most clearly defined phase of all the hypnotic states; it is equivalent to a complete annihilation of all organic sensitiveness, together with an utter darkening of the mental faculties. The individual in a period of lethargy is utterly unstrung, his muscular forces are absolutely powerless, his integuments and mucous membranes are completely anesthetized, and he lies there an inert flaccid mass, incapable of resistance or of reaction: it is simply a state of experimental coma. Let us now consider the physiological peculiarities which the patient presents to the observer. One fact at the outset strikes us, the utter disarrangement of the balance of the nerve forces which has been already alluded to. Annihilated in certain regions, they are over-excited in others, and exhibit a mixture of anesthesia with hyperæsthesia, of torpidity and over-excitement combined. The patient in this state feels absolutely nothing; you may test the

sensitiveness of his skin with a pin, a needle, or a pair of pincers, and you will find no movement on his part. It is the same with his mucous membranes—in the nose, for instance, in which you can make incisions with impunity. In most patients the loss of sensitiveness to touch, to tickling, to pain, or to an electric shock is immediate and complete, and curiously enough this abolition of the faculties of sense is brought about in a moment, the instant that the person experimented on has been reduced to the state of lethargy. If we pass now to examine phenomena of the intensifying of other nerve centres, we again find remarkably interesting revelations. In one of my female patients when in complete lethargy and in a state of general anesthesia, the capacity of feeling was preserved and concentrated in the expansion of the optic nerve to such an extent that when I placed before her closed eyes an ordinary cork cut into strips with a wooden screen one-fifth of an inch in thickness between the cork and her eyes, she felt the vibration of light, and at once she was seen to open her eyes enormously wide with a startled look, not uttering a word, like a person in a state of violent terror; the removal of the cork restored her to calmness, and sent her back to her state of lethargy. Does this imply a transposition of the nervous activities passing from certain parts to the eyes? Are the currents that disappear from one part of the system directed elsewhere in it? I must leave the consideration of such points to those who will follow up the inquiry. Hypnotized patients, once placed in a lethargic state, have their muscular system completely unstrung; you lift their arm and it falls lifeless at their side; their legs are equally powerless. If the patient is seated he has a tendency to slip down; throughout we find the same condition of flaccidity and of strengthlessness in the muscles. But side by side with this complete nervelessness a new phenomenon appears which may be regarded as the genuine test of the lethargic state, and this phenomenon, of which Professor Charcot has made a special study under the name of *nervo-muscular hyper-excitability*, exhibits itself especially in certain groups of muscles, for instance, in those of the forearm. If you just graze lightly the skin of the forearm in a patient in the lethargic state, or lightly squeeze the cubital nerve

where it joins the elbow, you see the hand move immediately, the arm begin to bend, and that too with a dynamic force which must be felt to be appreciated. The forearm is so powerfully bent that it cannot be unbent without dragging with it the whole body of the patient; an absolute dynamo-producer has been roused in these muscles by the fact of the transition to the lethargic stage. To convince oneself of this, the following experiment is applied: Before hypnotizing the patient, his arm is bent and a dynamometer attached to his wrist, when you find that it requires a force of twenty-two to twenty-five pounds to unbend the forearm. If the patient is in a lethargy, an extraordinary phenomenon is then to be seen, a sudden genuine dislodging of muscular strength, which is, so to speak, doubled on the spot, inasmuch as by the help of a force of fifty-five pounds the muscles cannot be released from their contraction. Further, these powerful contractions can be instantly destroyed, not, as might be supposed, by making use of an increasing strain, but by infinitesimal forces judiciously applied; in fact, a slight friction of the muscles of the opposite parts of the extensors of the arm and of the forearm will make this muscular spasm cease at once and restore the flaccid state of the limb. These facts have been found out by pure experiment; nor is there any satisfactory explanation of their physiological causes. Still, for diagnosing the state of lethargy they are of indisputable value. Besides, these phenomena of muscular hyper-excitability are spread over all the muscles of the organism; they can be evoked in all the muscles of the lower extremities. The diaphragm can be separately dealt with, and its experimental contraction is proved by the sudden swelling of the stomach and the prominence of the intestinal organs. All the facial muscles can be made to acquire an over-activity and to contract under the influence either of a light touch on the skin, or of breathing, or of an exceedingly slight current of air. With some patients feelings of joy and of sorrow are thus brought into play at will, according as this or that muscular group is set in motion. In others, I have under certain circumstances been enabled to develop very palpable movements in certain groups of muscles which probably are never contracted at all in human beings—I mean

certain muscles in the ear whose rise and fall I have shown plainly to persons who were watching my experiments.

In the sphere of mental activity it is curious to note that these phenomena of disarrangement of the balance of nervous forces, the reality of which has been already pointed out, reappear with the same symptoms. While we see lethargic persons utterly lose consciousness of the external world, and remark that the psychical elements are in a state of suspension, during which the personality is asleep, we see on the other side other departments flash with unwonted brilliance and acquire new energy and intensity by the hypnotic impulse. Under these circumstances the emotional elements rise above their ordinary condition, and compensate by their excitable activity for the temporary overclouding of the consciousness. This new exaltation of the emotional faculties may be brought to light in an absolutely automatic manner by the presence of material agents of different kinds—by the luminous vibrations of different colors, by the magnetic attraction of a loadstone, and by solid, liquid, or gaseous substances held before them in tubes and placed in contact with the skin of the patients experimented on.

The lethargic patient being thus in a period of abandonment and general anaesthesia, if we set before him glass balls of various colors we see the strange spectacle of the man apparently dead coming suddenly back to life; he opens his eyes, and if the ball placed before him has a color which pleases him he exhibits an appropriate recognition of it: his eyes dilate, his face expands, he becomes animated, and by his general demeanor displays the satisfaction of his whole being. If the ball is of a color which produces an unpleasant effect upon him his physiognomy darkens, his general demeanor becomes repellent, and his whole being shows that painful emotions are passing through him. The scope of this article does not allow me to sufficiently develop the question of arousing emotions in patients who are hypnotized by means of different substances placed in tubes, and I must refer the reader to my special examination of this subject in other writings.

The period of lethargy may be of long or short duration; its length is not yet

accurately determined. I have had one patient who declared that she remained for thirty-three days in a state of lethargy, and that during all this time she was artificially fed by injection; on awakening she had no consciousness of the treatment which she had undergone. I have experimentally kept a young hysterical woman in a state of lethargy for twenty-four hours; she awoke of her own accord, as the result of an internal chill, though I had taken care to place bowls of hot water around her while asleep. This indeed is what ordinarily happens in proportion as the lethargic state is prolonged; the circulation slackens, the arterial pulsations become slower, the respiratory action is less frequent, and the patient gradually loses his color. This state, therefore, if left to itself can last for a variable time, according to the character of the patients; they wake of their own accord, and usually complain of a sensation of intense cold. In order to put an end to the lethargic state, and to awaken the patient, the proper course is to produce the cataleptic condition which borders upon it. All that need be done is to lift up the patient's upper eyelids. The light catches the retina and, acting on the brain, effects an instantaneous change in the nervous activities. Then follows the cataleptic stage, which I will now describe with its various phases.

#### CATALEPSY.

This stage touches on the one side the state of lethargy, on the other the state of somnambulism. In the series of halting-places through which the subject passes in order to get back to the state of awakening, the cataleptic stage marks the first efforts of the organism to emerge from the profound darkness into which it had sunk during the lethargic period. The essential characteristics of catalepsy are a special motionlessness of the muscles and a rigidity of posture. If, for instance, you take the arm of a cataleptic patient and lift it up it remains for an indefinite time in the position in which it has been placed. If you bend the body in this or that direction it remains bent. The muscles raised are flexible and easy; they arrange themselves harmoniously in any attitude assigned to them. The face, too, has a peculiar aspect; the eyes are wide open and set, and the features are moveless; the

whole physiognomy is thus peculiarly impassive and silent. The skin and the mucous membranes are alike impervious to sensation. This condition can be produced at the outset by any sharp impression, a shock striking on the auditory nerves; for instance, the blow of a gong, a shrill whistle, or even by the monotonous tick of a watch, or, again, by the presence of a bright light, a ray of sun caught in a mirror, or especially by rotatory mirrors which I have arranged for this purpose. An electric discharge, a clap of thunder, has often brought about catalepsy in patients caught in a storm. It is a well known fact that numbers of persons who have been struck by lightning have been found in attitudes expressive of catalepsy, which came on them at the moment they were struck. It can also be brought about by a suggestion made to the patient. If he is in the state of somnambulism, you tell him to pass into the cataleptic stage, and he passes of his own accord by some mysterious action of which we do not possess the physiological explanation.

In the series of phenomena of the higher hypnotism, catalepsy follows the state of lethargy. To produce it one has only to throw a ray of light on to the retina while raising the eyelids; the light passes thence to the brain, and the new condition known as catalepsy follows. At this stage a very interesting and delicate experiment may be made, which shows how it is possible to double the nerve-unit throughout the organism. The patient being, for example, in a state of lethargy, instead of opening both his eyelids at once, suppose that we lift up only one eyelid, the effect of the light introduced will then only reach one side of the brain, and we observe that the patient is not the same on the left side as on the right. On the one side the raised arm maintains the cataleptic posture and remains elevated, while on the other, which has not been affected by the rays of light, it remains in the lethargic stage, and this can also be demonstrated by the persistence of the nervo-muscular over-excitability on this side. These conditions are termed hemi-catalepsy and hemi-lethargy.

In the cataleptic stage appear certain clearly-marked manifestations which make it the best defined of all hypnotic processes. It is specially marked by peculiar



mannerisms which arise in the muscular movements and by a correspondingly excessive exaltation of the organs of sight. Thus the muscles maintain, just like the limbs of a puppet, the poses given to them. The arms remain folded, the hands outstretched, the patient may be bent in any direction, and remains motionless in that position; he has no sensation, and his face shows no sign of fatigue. The faculty of balancing is raised to an extraordinary pitch of exaltation. Stand him on one leg, bend his body forward or backward, his equilibrium still maintains itself. Bend his spinal column while making him throw his head back and his stomach forward, and still he maintains his equilibrium. Finally, there is one decisive experiment, namely, to lift the patient up horizontally and place his head on the back of one chair and his feet on the back of another. He is still as stiff as a plank of wood, and he remains in that horizontal posture, supported by his extremities. The dynamic force of his muscles is so great that a heavy weight can be placed on his body without overcoming their resistance. This extraordinary muscular contraction, which no one can produce in his natural condition, can be maintained for several consecutive minutes; and if the muscular system of a cataleptic person is set in motion it develops extraordinary force. In fact, the man becomes a machine with springs wound up to produce any kind of movement, and, once started, he may be seen to repeat a series of actions connected with his ordinary habits. Thus, to a patient who is accustomed to knit, without saying a word, you hand the needles and the ball of worsted, and he sets to work at once like a genuine machine, and knits without stopping for a moment, and without the slightest distraction, and can go on in the same way for six hours consecutively, even forgetting the times for meals. By reason of the same mechanical force, the cataleptic patient goes through a whole series of acts which he accomplishes unconsciously, but with perfect regularity. Give him a knife and a piece of bread, he cuts the bread; an umbrella, he opens it; a ladder, he climbs up it; a comb, he raises it to his head and combs his hair; a cigar and a match, and he strikes the match to light the cigar.

Besides the influence of touch, the in-

fluence of light and of sound is equally calculated to bring about acts which the patient repeats as by an irresistible impulse without any sign of fatigue. Thus, if you place yourself in the patient's line of vision and go through a performance of raising and lowering your arm, he repeats the same motion at once; if you twist your arms one around the other he replies similarly, being carried away by an irresistible impulse like a turning machine which it is impossible to stop. This stage of catalepsy also presents from the psychical point of view some interesting phenomena which show how the emotions are brought into play in a manner that is perfectly methodical. Here, too, we can trace modifications of the nervous system analogous to those which have been noticed in lethargy. We have the insensibility of the integuments, that is, the torpidity of the personal consciousness displayed in an extraordinary degree, while the optic nerves and the emotional faculties are marvelously developed in power. The patient may be handled like soft wax and allows his limbs to be put into any posture without reaction on his part; in fact, he is absolutely impassive; while on the other hand some faculties are in a state of peculiar excitement, and his emotional capacity is like an electrical apparatus ready to discharge its electricity whenever required to do so. Hence we can produce all manner of different emotions in him by the medium of sight, of hearing, of the state of muscular fibre, or of various chemical substances which have a special tendency to produce this or that emotion in a patient. He can be made glad or melancholy without a word by simply putting in his line of vision a sketch of happy faces; the patient grasps the subject, he fixes it in his brain, he is saturated with it, his features expand, a smile overspreads them, and by degrees the hilarity goes on increasing until he breaks out into a loud laugh. Conversely, a sketch of gloomy-looking persons fills him with sadness, and he will go so far as to burst into sobs. Similarly, too, colored rays of different hue produce different states of emotion in the cataleptic. A white light reflected on a polished glass or a silvered reflecting mirror keeps a cataleptic patient in a state of misty darkness; blue raises emotions of sorrow and gestures of eager repulsion; yellow or red excites joy and delight;

green and orange, which are intermediate tints, have different effects varying according to the receptivity of the patient. In practical experiments, I generally use colored glass balls of the size of an orange. I show them in rapid succession to the patient and produce in rapid succession the emotions peculiar to each color. Further, we have this curious fact, that the reagent emotions are in direct proportion to the amount of the surface of these balls which is shown to the patient. A yellow ball as big as an orange produces moderate satisfaction, but one of the same color, as large as a melon, for instance, produces hilarity and extreme jubilation with appropriate signs of approval. Again, while a cataleptic may be deaf to questions put to him and may merely repeat like an echo the words that strike his ear, his sense of hearing being then dull on one side, on the other it will be extremely curious to note how susceptible he is to certain other noises, and how some central regions seem to catch musical sounds and to develop emotions appropriate to them. If you produce to a cataleptic patient chords of music of various characters, some joyful, others gloomy, the very man who cannot reply to a question addressed to him will display a remarkable power of distinguishing the waves of sound, and his sensorium will vibrate in harmony with them. If he hears a rapid movement played in perfect time, a waltz tune for instance, he begins to stand up, to turn round alone in rhythmic dance with a smile on his face; a funeral march with its notes of sorrow casts him down into a profound melancholy. One patient whom I saw myself settled his face and behaved just as if he were taking part in the funeral. The sound of the *Marseillaise* played directly after the funeral march caused an altogether different state of things; the patient felt himself a new man; he strode about, and by an expressive pantomime showed plainly that he was eager to march boldly to the front. The emotional faculties may also be developed by special conditions, applied experimentally to the muscular system. In one's ordinary state emotions are shown by certain sympathetic external movements: irritation or passion is seen in the arm outstretched with the fist clenched. An affectionate sentiment may be known by the hand touching the lips and wafting a kiss. So there is a pre-

established harmony between the emotion in the brain and the gesture that expresses it. This is a centrifugal action of the nerves. In the state of lethargy the same harmonious actions can be set in motion and united by an inverse method of procedure. If the patient is at rest, you take his arm, clench his fist, say not a word but put his fist in a threatening posture, and little by little, by a centripetal reaction, the emotional faculties set themselves automatically in harmony and an expression of anger follows. So if one takes a patient's right hand and puts it in the attitude of throwing a kiss, one sees his face express delight and pleasure: thus various emotions have been artificially produced in him.

Besides these manifestations I must not omit to treat of the peculiar phenomenon which is known everywhere by the term *prise du regard*. The sensitiveness of the optic nerves is, as we have seen, raised to an extraordinary pitch in a state of catalepsy. If then the patient's eye catches yours, there is straightway a bond of sympathetic union formed between you and him; he looks fixedly at you and wherever you move he follows you just as a needle follows a magnet. You turn your head and he turns his in the same way so as not to lose sight of your eyes; and if you put your hands like a screen in front of your eyes he pulls them down with an extraordinary energy, in order to catch your eyes, which he is yearning to behold. The human eye, however, is not alone in being able to produce these phenomena of fascination in cataleptic patients; any bright object, a metal button or a colored rosette, may exercise the same fascination, and I have seen persons remain with their eyes fixed on some such object for more than 10 or 15 minutes. To put an end to this fixity of gaze you need only place your fingers over the patient's eyes and direct his look up to the ceiling. He follows your fingers and remains motionless with his eyes looking straight upward. The action of a magnet or of other metals often produces upon cataleptic persons a peculiar receptivity whereby phenomena of attraction or repulsion, of contraction or expansion of different nerves are to be seen in them. In my experiments with magnets and metals I used at first a tiny magnetic bar capable of lifting only a weight of 2 dwts.,

and afterward a rectilinear bar 8 inches in length, able to hold a weight of 9 or 10 ounces, finally large magnets with double ends like a horseshoe, of considerably greater capacity. Usually I have noticed that patients in a state of hypnotism have a tendency to show the influence of a magnet to an extraordinary degree of susceptibility, although in their normal state it has no effect. Thus, with a screen of wood before the patient's eyes, I placed the tiny magnet at a distance of 12 yards in front of his forearm and at once saw the muscles begin to contract. I caused these muscles to fall just in the same way as in the lethargic state by acting on the opposite muscles at the same distance. Again, this magnetic influence displayed itself at twice the distance off. Gold, silver, and non-magnetic iron I have seen produce similar effects, bringing about specific contractions of muscles at distances of 10 to 12 yards, with this special feature that the contraction caused by each can only be got rid of by operating with the same agent on the opposite muscles. These are perfectly new phenomena, and their connection with physical laws is very obscure, varying as it does according to the receptive capacity of each patient. I am merely pointing out the principal points which are to be noticed in the study of hypnotism. The larger magnetic bars have more powerful and more speedy effects on the patient. Placing before him the same screen of wood to prevent him seeing the magnet, after a few seconds he would open his eyes, get up from his seat, and, if the magnet were some distance from him, he would slowly step forward toward it. If, at this moment, an assistant takes another magnet and holds it behind the patient, carefully presenting to him the pole opposite to that of the first magnet, the patient, between these two antagonistic forces, remains motionless and ceases to advance, and then if the first magnet is removed, he remains under the influence of the second, which draws him backward and forces him to sit down again in the place he has just left, exactly like the toys that children draw about on water by the use of a magnet. The use of large magnets with five ends produces phenomena of the same kind with varied effects, provided that the patient has first gone through a magnetization. For instance, if a patient is first put into a state of lethargy

and a magnet with five ends is placed near him, no apparent effect is at first produced, but this curious phenomenon is witnessed: the patient becomes gradually magnetized, he becomes charged with the magnetic influence like a Leyden jar being charged with electricity. If the magnet is unexpectedly removed and carefully concealed in a room close by under several coverings, the patient who has passed to the cataleptic stage retains the traces of this magnetic influence with a tenacity that is inconceivable. He opens his eyes widely, rises without uttering a word, and step by step moves on, tracking the magnet with absolute precision until he reaches the place where it has been placed. If obstacles are put in his way, if a person stands in front of him, he pushes him violently away; if you close a door he forces it open, and once in the room he walks in the direction where the magnet is and throws aside all that covers it. Once he sights it, he either remains in dumb contemplation of it in front of its two poles, which possibly have some strange light for him which others cannot see, or else he lays his hands on both of the poles with a kind of profound satisfaction. Usually contact with a magnet produces contractions in the muscles of the arms; these contractions spread over the system and the patients fall back quite stiff and sink into the period of lethargy. These experiments with magnets seem to tire the patients excessively and bring about a state of exhaustion, the effects of which are felt as soon as they wake. Magnetic influence also assists in producing what is known as the "transfer" of conditions, that is, the transferring of a posture or of a muscular condition from one side to the other of the patient. The patient being in a state of catalepsy, you lift his arm up and set a large magnet by his side, and after a few seconds his arm drops and the other arm rises in the air. That is the transfer of an attitude or posture. A number of variations of this power of transfer can be produced, but space forbids me to treat of them at present.

#### SOMNAMBULISM.

In the natural sequence of hypnotic phenomena the somnambulist stage is the last effort that the human organism makes to get back to the waking state. It comes

therefore in the ascending scale between the cataleptic stage and the awakening. When the patient is in a state of catalepsy, in order to produce the state of somnambulism in him he need only be lightly touched on the forehead, or on the upper portion of the head. A reflex action then takes place in the network of the sympathetic nerves which unite the circulation of the hair-covered skin with that of the underlying region of the brain, a circulatory modification of infinitesimal amount is thus produced, and the patient assumes the appearance of one just waking from a profound slumber, he opens his eyes and begins to talk either spontaneously or in answer to questions. This is the somnambulist stage. It can also be produced by the action of revolving mirrors; it then exists conjointly with the state of entrancement of which it becomes one of the component parts.

The previous stages as described have only dealt with silent phenomena, proceeding like the movement of a mechanical apparatus that works without the slightest noise from any of its parts. The patient could not catch the sounds of the voice; he did not respond to words spoken; he was dumb because he was deaf. In somnambulism, quite a different series of phenomena appears. This is life, or at any rate, life manipulated by speech. Memory exists, with a certain amount of imagination which comes automatically into play, and gives to the lucid somnambulist his unusual and positively surprising appearance. With eyes open, words on his lips, and accurate gestures, the patient reproduces in a striking manner the gestures and the language of his normal state. A moment ago he was a dumb statue in motion; now the same statue takes life and thinks and seems to be in his natural relations with his surroundings. A further distinction between this and the other stages of hypnotism is that it lends itself to the artificial reproduction of phenomena that belong to mental pathology. Somnambulism, in fact, is a thoroughly prepared soil in which we can call up hallucinations and illusions of the senses, and of the muscles, crazy fancies and fixed ideas which become irresistible, and which may last even until the state of awakening. Once in the somnambulist period, the patient, who is as it were born again to physiological activity,

experiences the necessity of expending his stores of nerve force. He talks and expresses his feelings, and if the slightest indication is given to him, he follows the point of departure and accepts all that is said to him. He is found to be in a state of utter credulity toward everything that is suggested to him. He accepts without the slightest reflection the most absurd phrases addressed to him; his courteousness is perfect. If we say to him, "You must be thirsty, or hungry," and touch his hand and say, "Here is a glass of water, drink it; here is some bread, eat it," he accepts what we say, and makes pretence to drink or to eat his imaginary water or bread. If I say to him some absurd phrase like this, "Look at me, I have a silver nose," he looks at me, appears to think, and after a few seconds he agrees, and says, "Your nose is very pretty, it shines brightly." I say to him, "It is very cold to-day." "Yes," he says, "I want a fur cloak." Immediately after, I say, "It is frightfully hot, I am stifling," and he replies, "It is hot; I will change my clothes, and put on a summer suit." I point to the floor and say, "Look, look, there is a stream of water." "Oh, I'll take care not to get wet," he says, and he steps across the imaginary stream. In this there is an absolute, sincere and profound acquiescence on the part of the somnambulist patient who thus accepts the different scenes which the experimenter causes to pass before him one after the other. His brain is in a sort of plastic condition, by reason of which he agrees without hesitation or surprise to the most extravagant things laid before him. He is imbued with them, and appears to have lost the sense of the ridiculous. In considering this condition of utter credulity, this malleability of the mind, we naturally recognize in such docility and acquiescence something like the special condition of the muscular fibres in catalepsy, when also every movement that is given to the patient, even though extra-physiological, is accepted with absolute docility and without the expression of any discomfort or dislike. This somnambulist credulity is therefore a psychological fact of the highest interest. To characterize this state of peculiar malleability of mind, which is only the ordinary credulousness carried to an extra-physiological pitch, the term *crédibilité* has been invent-

ed. It is a principal characteristic of the somnambulistic stage.

There are other disturbances of the ordinary faculties which occur in this stage, and it is of the highest value to examine these which tend to make us advance a step or two in the obscure region of mental power. Take first the sense of sight, and let us see what happens. The patient certainly has his eyes open; his attitude, his replies, even his physiognomy, certainly express the state of an ordinary person, and yet this is not really the case. For note, if he has his eyes open for the perception of material things, if he has a special aptitude for the effect of rays of light, he has all the same lost his *mental vision*, this special faculty which associates with a special object a series of old memories. He does not see what surrounds him. Ask him where he is, he cannot reply. Ask him who it is who is speaking to him, whom he knows perfectly well, he is wholly unable to say, and yet if you tell him he is in a drawing-room, or a garden, he will agree. Hand him a penholder and ask him what it is, he does not know; tell him it is barley sugar and he will put it in his mouth. Hand him a looking-glass, he cannot recognize his own face in it: he has lost the notion of his own personality, he has forgotten his acquired ideas of the reflection of light, and believing that there is another person behind the glass, he begins to converse with him. The same phenomena occur in relation to the sense of hearing. The somnambulist hears all sounds very distinctly, even delicate tones at a distance from his ear. He answers questions plainly, but all this is purely physical hearing; mental hearing is absolutely extinct. Put to him a simple question which calls up old recollections, and you find he cannot answer it. Ask him if he knows the questioner's voice, and he will tell you yes, but only as a sound without conscious recollection of the speaker; he absolutely cannot say to whom it belongs. Thus, the phonetic links which exist between old memories and his conscious personality are destroyed by the phenomenon of hypnotism. Simply because this consciousness is silent and put to sleep, the patient has in a moment lost all connection with it and has utterly forgotten its existence. He is no longer himself, nor connected with any of his old ties; he is released from his past and

dissevered from his surroundings; he passively submits to any external impulses and willingly accepts the most utter absurdities. He will even abdicate his own personality and clothe himself in the borrowed personality of any person just as the experimenter bids him; he may be told that he is no longer himself, that he has changed his sex, that he is transformed into a general, a priest, a professor, or any kind of creature, and, extraordinary as it may seem, and contrary to our notions of psychology, he submits to all, agrees with a good grace, however absurd the statements, adapts himself to the new situation imposed on him, and takes in real earnest his borrowed character, and expresses it by appropriate gestures. These are new phenomena, described daily in hypnology under the term of *Tendency to change one's personality*. But it is not peculiar to hypnotism; it is to be found either permanently or in a transitory condition in the annals of mental pathology. In fact, all specialists in lunacy know that many of their patients are influenced by the same kind of delusion, and believe that their personality has undergone new transformations; persons with paralyzed brains imagine themselves important personages, emperors, kings, presidents of a republic, and completely forget their previous life.

The bodily peculiarities which are found in lucid somnambulism are also exhibited in the region of sensitiveness and of movement. The peculiarities of sensitiveness, a complete anæsthesia, reappear in a consistent fashion. You can stick a pin with impunity into the skin of the patient, nip him with pincers, burn him with a hot cauterizer, and still he has no sensation and remains utterly unaware of what is going on. He continues to talk if questions are put to him. His mucous membranes are similarly deadened. This general lack of sensation is a physical symptom of the highest importance for distinguishing the state of somnambulism in a person who speaks fluently, has his eyes open, and appears to be in his ordinary condition—for instance, in a person summoned before a magistrate. One has merely to pinch his arm or flesh anywhere to find out if he is in a state of somnambulism or awake.

The states of nervo-muscular over-excitability which we have seen in lethargy reappear in somnambulism, and though less

distinct, are still perfectly similar to those which we have already described. You touch lightly the surface of the patient's forearm, in order to produce a contraction of the underlying muscles. Thus you can render motionless the hand of a patient when lying on a table, by causing a contraction of the muscles of the forearm with a slight breath of air on its surface. The patient can be left motionless on the floor by applying the same process to the muscles of the lower limbs. Strange scenes are thus produced. The patient's hand is laid on the arm of a person who is present; with a slight breath of wind the hand of the patient gradually contracts on the other person's arm and grips it tighter and tighter until it is impossible to release it. This is a purely automatic process which the patient cannot prevent; he remains contracted in the place where his hand was laid, and a slight touch or breath of wind on the opposing muscles will put an end to this state of violent contraction.

This state of muscular over-excitability is of such a character that in certain patients it can be aroused by the most infinitesimal provocation. I have known it produced by a slight breath of wind ten yards away. There is also a peculiar symptom in this over-excitability, which makes it impossible to be stimulated, and allows us to recognize the genuineness of the somnambulist stage. The changes effected in the patient's tone of voice are also important signs of the somnambulist stage. His speech is very plainly modified; it comes out clumsily, inasmuch as the mental hearing which governs its variations has disappeared. Besides, as the

patient does not know the person to whom he is speaking, he usually addresses him with the familiar "thou." Finally an examination of the state of the eye supplies accurate information for one diagnosing the somnambulist stage. The modifications of the circulation at the base of the eye are almost the same as in the cataleptic stage. The red of the pupil is less marked than in the preceding stage, but it is always more intense than in the normal state of the patient.

The experimental somnambulist period may be prolonged for an indefinite time by taking care to keep before the patient a constantly operating agent; for instance, rays of light, continuous sounds, a weak magnet, any active substance contained in a tube and applied to the skin of the patient, etc. As for the spontaneous somnambulism, which is developed in certain patients who have a predisposition toward it, we have no data wherewith to fix with accuracy its commencement and its end.

Obviously these periods of unconsciousness must give rise in many persons to a number of acts which come within the province of medical jurisprudence, acts in which the patient's responsibility must clearly be regarded as nil. The termination of the somnambulist state is brought about by the return to the waking state. To produce this transition, a puff of air on the patient's eyes suffices, or better still the awakening of the patient by suggestion, saying to him in a whisper: "In a minute you will wake up."—*Fortnightly Review*.

(To be continued.)

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## MUTE WITNESSES OF THE REVOLUTION.

### A WALK THROUGH THE HISTORICAL EXHIBITION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD.

THE Society for promoting Historical Research into the Revolution and its Causes, have sought in their Exhibition to correct, by a series of visible objects, the written accounts of that event. Truth, and nothing but the truth, was their aim. To get at the whole truth was impossible. Their belief in the salutary nature of that great event, or series of events, moved

them to receive every kind of evidence which bore upon the Revolution. The imagery expressing the enthusiasm which the sweeping movement called out, the caricatures which were meant to sting and injure those who held the handle of the besom, the touching relics of the Temple prison, the picture of the Dauphin in the ill condition in which the cobbler Simon

kept him, are all impartially displayed. Louis XVI., the Girondins and Jacobins, the Mountain and Plain, Danton and Robespierre, Charlotte Corday and Marat, are equally in view. This exhibition, arranged with chronological sequence, shows first the precursors, and then the actors, in the period embraced between the opening of the States-General in 1789 and the creation in 1804 of the Empire, which arose in tawdry showiness and ended in depletion and national disaster.

Everything is full of suggestion in the material evidence thus collected and classified. One sees what the Monarchy was before the storm burst which brought it down, the rapidity of its fall, and the spontaneously evolved agencies which forced France into a Republic. That the Revolution was to be, and could not but be, is the conclusion forced upon the thoughtful visitor who has been prepared by previous study to seize the points furnished by the mute witnesses of which I speak. Human design had but a small part in directing the general current of events, which imparted to commonplace men and women who took part in them an astonishing grandeur. Others of the actors, who had evil passions, became prodigiously terrible. Most were as if under the influence of possession. Some were possessed by noble, some by ferocious spirits, and all, consciously or unconsciously, aided in transforming the oldest and most powerful Monarchy of Europe into a Republic. It is shown in the hall devoted to the precursors of the Revolution that the tempest had its birthplace in North America, and that Washington, not less than Voltaire and Rousseau, helped to furnish the momentum.

Montgolfier the balloonist, and Galvani, are classed as precursors, though the scientists had but a small place among those who prepared the way for the Revolution. Galvani in reanimating dead frogs and Franklin in flying his kite had an intuition that much was to come of what they were doing. But they could not have known that they were beginning to give a nervous system to the planet.

Irony was the great intellectual power of the eighteenth century. Its reign began in England, having its origin as far back as the reign of Charles II.; and that reign was extended through Voltaire to Paris and Berlin, where Frederick sought

in it an intellectual pastime. The wits were masters of the age. Kibaldry and raillery filled its literature, and held the first place in letters and in the conversation of the great. Voltaire towered above them all, because he had a burning hatred of injustice and of those legal iniquities which were giants in his time. What wit before him ever elected to be an exile for the best part of his life rather than cease attacking inhuman laws and customs? There was no such reforming purpose in Bolingbroke, Sterne, or Fielding, whatever there may have been by fits and starts in Swift.

It is therefore due to Voltaire to place his bust by Houdon at the entrance to the hall of the precursors. Rousseau's faces it. The one came to destroy through intellectual action, the other to set right the world, which he found out of joint, through the action of the heart and sensibilities. Rousseau was the father of Socialism, and found his gospel in the New Testament. It was brought home to him by a life of misery too great for words to utter. Louis Blanc was his descendant in the spiritual order, and Lassalle, Karl Marx and the German Socialists borrowed largely of Louis Blanc. Rousseau was the teacher of the blessings of inwardness. His effigy is indicative of painful chronic disease, from the misery of which he could only escape by retiring to a dreamland within himself. There he found the eloquence which enabled him to give old truths the freshness of a spring bloom. His eyes, as if drawn in from behind, have the look which we find in a cholera patient who is past recovery. There is also a querulous expression which, if it robs the head of dignity, testifies to the sculptor's veracity.

On a panel facing the door kept by these two illustrious janitors, we find proof that tradespeople made use of the events of the Revolution to make business hits. A piece of printed Jouy cotton is stretched on the panel; the prints are in red, brown, and gray, on a white ground, and illustrate the rejoicings at the fall of the Bastille. That prison fortress is all but demolished, and the rubbish is being cleared away. No cotton printer of our time would pack such a variety of designs into a space of a few yards square. Parties of pleasure visit the ruins, cross a drawbridge, unfurl flags, dance, embrace, drink coffee, and read gazettes at little tables. Elegantly dressed

ladies wheel rubbish away in barrows. A fever of demolition has taken hold of men who tear down walls. Costumes mark the date 1790. The Marie Antoinette style is not yet out, but it is going, going, and soon will be gone.

This Jouy cotton was intended as a substitute for tapestry. A treaty of commerce was concluded between France and England a few years before the Revolution. The competition of English cottons and pottery had already put the French upon their mettle. It was complained that, while France bought largely these wares of England, England bought but little Sèvres, Bourg la Reine, Nevers, or Rouen porcelain and faience, because they were too dear. A means of taking the wind out of the English sails was hit upon by French potters in the Revolution. It was to give the interest of actuality to vessels in coarse clays, which would be within the reach of persons of small means. They carried out their idea, and a great number of pictorial plates, dishes, salad-bowls and barber's dishes frame the square of Jouy cotton, and help to illustrate episodes of the Revolution. They belong to the famous Champfleury collection.

Voltaire and Rousseau occupy the largest space in Precursors' Hall. Both great men are in many subject-pictures. Fancy has no part in those of Voltaire, who often gave hospitality to artists. One of them did for him from life a picture of the Colas family, which is here. But imagination runs riot in most of the subject-pictures about Rousseau. There are cursory sketches of Voltaire in pen and ink worth close study. Obviously they were also done from life, and perhaps he was not aware when the artists' pencil was busy setting down his traits that he was being sketched. His visage is worn away, his mouth sunken from want of teeth, and the body attenuated and bent. A few lines mark the contour of jaw, strong cheek-bones, nose, forehead, and goggle eyes, which are still watchful, bright, and eager, and, it may surprise many to hear, strangely and beautifully soft. Indeed, all the harshness lies around the mouth. In another sketch he is writing, and looks as though he knew that vitriol flowed from his pen. A portrait of him in pastels of singular charm was done when he was a young man. The limner caught and fixed a bright fugitive expression. Another in

the same style, done by La Tour as a study for a portrait in oils, brings Voltaire at the age of forty-two vividly before us. He must have been then a man of rare fascination, and had the beauty of an interesting and highly intellectual physiognomy. The smile has not yet become the harsh rictus with which we are familiar, and shows amiability. Joseph Vernet's pencil enables us to form a lively idea of Voltaire's reception at the Academy a few days before his death, and that of Moreau the Younger, of the ovation given him at the Théâtre Français (now the Odéon) on March 16, 1778.

"Irène" has just been played, and the drop-curtain lifted. All the company are on the stage, the actors dressed as Kemble used to be in "Coriolanus," and the actresses in long-waisted stomachers and wide hooped skirts, highly ornate in their trimmings. They advance with interminable garlands, to twine them round the pedestal on which Voltaire's bust stands, and by their pretty gestures, and their glances, try in vain to divert some attention to themselves from the lion of the evening. The whole house (and what a brilliant house it is!) gaze in a state of rapture on the stage-box in the second tier. An old man, in a furred dressing-gown and wig, leans over, and salutes with hand and head. Madame Denis, his niece (la bonne et la belle), and the Villettes, whom he adopted, are behind him. The mortal illness which brought the message that his soul was required of him, came on the following day.

Of Madame Denis there is a delightful oil portrait. She was châtelaine of her uncle's house at Ferney, and dispensed hospitality with affable composure. Certain lines and dimples near her mouth are Voltairean: otherwise, she is unlike her uncle. She has not much of a nose, but what there is, is straight, and must have been pretty in youth. Her attentive and reading brown eyes do not peer; the neatly-turned back hair is powdered, and a point-lace cap, not high or elaborate, is placed on it. A pearl necklace, applied on a ribbon, encircles a short, plump neck, and a posey is stuck in a semi-low corsage. Madame Denis was a *maitresse femme*, and ruled her uncle—for his good.

One realizes well at this exhibition how the eighteenth century *felt* Rousseau, and how he opened French eyes to a percep-



tion of nature. Woods and forests, infested with wolves and robbers, were objects of horror to our remote forefathers. The dislike became hereditary. Then, the country was not a place to wear elegant clothes in, or high-heeled shoes. It was very well at a distance, seen through the eyes of Watteau and Boucher, who were by no means realists, for outside Holland and Hogarth's studio there were then no realistic artists. People were astonished to find from Rousseau that nature was so lovely. He called forth a different sort of admiration from that commanded by Voltaire, and it extended over a far wider sphere. Cheap woodcuts of him—the art lisplings of an epoch that was coming in—were issued in a constant flow. From the continuity and artlessness, we may infer the demand in the lower strata of the bourgeois class. Connoisseurs would have scorned such pictorial effusions. Nevertheless, this cult was an answering of deep to deep. Rousseau appealed to the heart and sensibilities of his time, and exalted natural duties. An affectionate response came back to him from all who could read his works. Women pitied and loved him, and to fall in with his ideas began (when they were *ladies*) to nurse their children. Good portraits of Rousseau are few, and there are many bad ones. But the subject-pictures establish that, as he got older and poorer, his reputation rose, and he was held in greater and more general affection. It may be said of him that he was the first national idol who did not occupy the throne of France. Modern criticism has shown that he never had children to send to the Foundling Hospital.

Of Rousseau's industry as a copyist of music, the specimens exhibited are as easy to read as print. Here is a part of the manuscript score of his "Devin du Village." The autographs of Voltaire and Rousseau comprise specimens of their penmanship from their prime to old age. Voltaire's in early life was plain and well formed, with decided down strokes, and singularly bold terminal tails and turned-in d's. A change came over it from the day of Madame de Chatillon's death, when it got scratchy, and so remained. Rousseau's hand is fairly strong, flowing, refined, and that of a man who writes a great deal. His MSS. have few erasures or even interlineations. Obviously, the pen ran on at a good pace. Yet he com-

plained of the extreme trouble it gave him to shape his thoughts, when engaged in authorship. Perhaps this was because he was more emotional than thoughtful, and so preferred copying music to literary work, when it became a labor.

There are two authentic busts and three portraits of Diderot at this Exhibition. The most life-like is in pastels. It gives him a strong aquiline nose and a coarse, heavy under face. In the oil-painting he has the visage of a well-fed and epicurean canon. To study these portraits aids one to understand Diderot's writings. He blazed up high and freely, but, like bituminous coal, gave out as much smoke as flame. The "go" which the other encyclopædists wanted, Diderot supplied; in trying to reform the world he took it as he found it, and died a pensioner of the Empress Catherine. Her munificent patronage was granted with a delicacy of feeling that bound him to her, even after he had refused, though poor, to be her pensioner. She heard he wanted to sell his library—bought it, and begged of him to be her librarian, for a salary which she named. How refuse? Diderot accepted. His books are now at the Hermitage Palace. He must have had devoted lady-friends, to judge from the knick-knacks they gave him. Among these objects we find a portfolio with vellum leaves within, and green silk without. A miniature of himself of rare beauty, too, is painted on one of the leaves. *Sauvage pinxit*. A garland of flowers serves to frame the head: they are in the trim style of the day, by Madame Vallayer Coster, the donor. The Precursors of the Revolution owed much to the sympathy of women.

Cagliostro ranks as a Precursor. He was certainly a dissolving ferment in French society just before the Revolution, and strikes one as a powerfully blatant impostor. Cagliostro was the Mirabeau of charlatanism. His portrait is like Mirabeau's.

Lafayette is handed down to us in an engraving by Paon, "war painter to his Highness the Prince of Condé," as he may have wished himself to be shown to posterity, and as the *bourgeoisie* of Paris expected to see him when he was "camp marshal to the king, and commander of the national guard." Lafayette, a finical, natty person, stands before a neighing war-horse (which is held by a negro man-

servant) in an American Volunteer uniform and the feathered hat of a French nobleman. His wide brim is thatched all round with ostrich feathers, the ends of which droop over the brim. The general points toward an army which marches in the direction of a bay filled with transport-vessels, but his eyes look in an opposite direction. The letterpress tells us that—

“ L'Amérique était asservie  
Ce héros vint briser ses fers  
Son succès au delà des mers  
Presageait ceux de la Patrie.”

Near to Lafayette is a picture of the last *lit* (i.e., lecture or reading) of justice. (Carlyle, by-the-by, translates *lit de justice*, “bed of justice,” as he translated *serviettes*—i.e., portfolios of the judges and councillors of the Parliament of Paris—“towels.”) Louis is perched up on a throne in a corner, on a lofty, and, to modern eyes, grotesque scaffolding covered with *fleur-de-lys* cloth. There is no access, save from behind, to his perch. One of his brothers sits on a step at the edge of the scaffolding. The position is an uneasy one, there being no baluster, and the top of the last step being, perhaps, seven feet from the ground. The Duc d'Orléans protests, with the judges, against the king's order to register what has been read in his name. They are drawing down thunderbolts upon themselves and on the monarchy with light hearts, not knowing what they do.

And so we come to Washington as a young colonel of the United States Militia, and also as a soldier under Braddock in the service of King George, whose weakness he learned when serving him against the French in Ohio. I deem it a piece of good luck to have had my former impressions of Washington corrected by this portrait. By the time he was raised to the dignity of Father of his Country, his countenance was spoiled by an ill-fitting set of false teeth (American dentistry not yet existing). We have him among the mute witnesses in a large oval water-color miniature, done on rough paper, and in the French style of the time. Washington, under Braddock, took a good many French prisoners. It is possible that there was one among them who knew how to paint a good portrait. The American patriot in this miniature is a young man, and ought to be a man of strong impulses and passions, held well in hand.

There is no constrained set expression in the under part of the face, and there is manly beauty and dignity in the whole head. You get at once into sympathetic feeling with the Colonel, who must be as courageous as he is thoughtful and judicious. The hazel eyes, accustomed to watch for ambushes of French and Indians in a wild country, have an eagle glance that scours the horizon. Washington was an eager as well as a judicious man. He shrank from no responsibility when once he saw his way to do a daring thing which it was well to venture upon. The hair is less carefully brushed than in most of Washington's portraits, and grows from the scalp, though young men wore wigs when he was sent to Fort Ohio. There is a slight dust of powder on it. George, the founder of the United States, followed the gentlemanly modes of his time at a distance. Possibly he might have evolved into George the First of the Kingdom of America, if about the time he sat for this sketchy likeness he had not been jilted. We may assume that his lady-love was insensible to those qualities which make him to our eyes the greatest political man of his century and the idol of the Americans. Mrs. Martha Custis, when he married her, had gone through a sobering experience of life, and learned wisdom in that school. Her head was as solid as her husband's, and she was appreciative of the quiet happiness of her lot as the wife of a Virginian planter of mental and moral worth, and in the enjoyment of a fair opulence. We do not hear enough of Mrs. Washington. No vestige of her is to be found among the relics with which I deal.

Franklin, according to Greuze, is also widely different from the prosaic patriarch of the United States postage-stamps and from most of his other portraits. In him and Washington there is a characteristic expression that I do not find in a single great Frenchman of their time. They were both weighted by a sense of their responsibilities, purposeful, patient, and self-reliant, and Washington was high hearted. All this told in their physiognomies. Madame Roland truly said that the tyranny of the Monarchy for eleven centuries left no place for steadfastness in the French character. Wit and quick apprehension were the paramount qualities, and wit too often was degraded to ribaldry. She attributed the crimes of the Revolution to

want of moral courage. The upper classes lacked backbone. Franklin, as he looked to Greuze, had an interesting and strong countenance. A thoughtful habit is shown in deep-set, brown eyes. His face explains better than his writings why he was so successful a negotiator, and made his way so far in a society which, if corrupt and light-headed, was quick to perceive and penetrate.

"Scenes from the War of Independence," in another square piece of Jouy cotton, are placed near a grisaille representing a marble bust of Washington as Father of his Country. The bust is supported by a spread eagle, and belonged to Lafayette. The scenes are fanciful, but give insight into French consciousness on the subject of America. It was then pictured as a tropical paradise, inhabited by planters, elegant ladies, and joyous negro slaves, all of whom Lafayette and his troops released from British tyranny.

How far away in the past seems a letter of the Marquis de Dreux Brézé, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, who drew down with flippant levity the first thunderbolt which fell upon the monarchy. This document relates to the ceremonial to be observed at the Assembly of Notables, held in the Palace of Versailles in 1787 and in 1788. Discontent was fast rising in the provinces in those years. Side by side with Dreux Brézé's letter, a seditious placard hangs on the wall. It was stuck on a pillar of the wheat-market at Parniers, on December 5, 1787, to stir up that burg to revolt against capitalists and high officials accused of being engaged in forestalling operations in cereals (a *pacte de famine*). Paris was in a similar mood, and a mob burned the guard-house of the Place Dauphine. Ladies' fans in that year were turned into arms against the Court, and hinted at the revelations of Madame de la Motte which had come out in London. There is a fan decorated with a too-transparent allegory, making the Queen out to be the associate of a gang of knaves engaged in the diamond-necklace swindle. Truth absolves Cardinal de Rohan of complicity in robbing the jewellers Boemer and Bossange. How tongues must have dealt in *scan. mag.* when that fan was dilted! Pictorial squibs, more or less ribald, are to be found in the hall of the Precursors of the Revolution. Some are clever, some far-fetch-

ed, some stupid, and all done on coarse paper. Voltaire and Rousseau are exalted, and the episcopacy, whose members are wealthy and corrupt, are lampooned, but with constraint, for fear of consequences. There is a wide difference between the turgid allusions of the lampoons of 1787 and the straight hits of Marat's *l'Ami du Peuple* of three years later, or the direct hammering of *le Père Duchêne*, whose editor had studied the vices of the aristocracy as a valet. In one of the "precursor" squibs, "La sottise humaine est citée au tribunal de Démocrite par l'ennemi du sang et l'ami du bon sens." Another is, "Une Allégorie de la Raison représentant la grande guerre contre les aréopotites [the clergy] ou les marchands de l'air qui sacrifient le Dieu de la Nature au Dieu de l'École. Voltaire et Rousseau, grands Évangélistes de la Religion éternelle, qui, suivant Jésus lui-même, consiste dans l'amour de Dieu et des hommes, voyant l'Église bati sur la pointe d'une aiguille la poussent de leurs plumes et la font chanceler." Later on there is a consultation between a bishop and a notary; the bishop, in return for some millions that he wants to enjoy, offers a mortgage on an estate in another world. "C'est une garantie insuffisante," says the notary; "I must advise my clients not to lend the money."

Mrs. Partington keeping out the tide with a mop was hardly more unreasonable than the Lady Artists of Paris, who, in the hope of covering the public deficit, carried their trinkets and silver spoons to the Altar of the Country, or, in plain language, to the Bureau of the National Assembly. Les Dames Artistes are in elegant apparel. Some of them mount the bureau with their offerings. Deputies on the floor hasten to set armchairs on which the ladies may sit while the President harangues them: the galleries are packed with spectators, who applaud. The gifts are childish in their slenderness, and perhaps merely an occasion for the givers to win a little prominence. All seem to play a part in an elegant comedy. The Furies had not yet banished Thalia from the scene.

We mount the stairs, and find at the top Mirabeau on an "Altar of the Country." Altars of the country sprang up in the public places between 1789 and 1794, when the Revolutionary tide began to ebb.

Mirabeau appears as he was, a blusterer of genius and an arrant posturer. He was only ballasted by love of money. His clumsily-shaped body was the incarnation of the tempest. When he was popular, his roughly blocked-out head was made to serve for decorating pottery statuettes, and busts of him were made in Sèvres biscuit, plaster, bronze, marble, Rouen delf and terra cotta. These objects are displayed on the Altar of the Country. The cast (there also) of his seamed face, taken after death, was regarded as a sacred object, but, on the discovery of his "grand treason," was flung aside as recalling one whose memory deserved to rot. I know of nothing in pictorial art so bombastic as "The Death of Mirabeau," which is too elaborately engraved not to have been intended for rich *bourgeois*. I assume it was for them, because the aristocracy did not like bombast. There is a perfect Olympus of Allegorical figures which are not trusted to explain themselves. This is what is said for them :—

"La France" (who wears a royal crown and a mantle studded with fleurs de lys) "en pleurs témoigne ses regrets, et semble faire des efforts pour arracher au tripes l'homme célèbre qu'on voit représenté sur le lit de mort" (a flag on the top of steps), "mais l'heure fatale est sonnée et la Parque obéit au Destin. Mirabeau indique en mourant les coupables auteurs des troubles qui agitent le royaume, et la vérité, soulevant un coin du voile laisse apercevoir une horde de factieux se disputant les débris du Trône qu'ils s'efforcent de renverser ; mais la foudre éclate et vient frapper les perfides ennemis des lois et de la félicité publique." Death is behind weeping France : Fame wipes away a tear and prepares to blow her trumpet. Time crowned with stars points to a tablet which is as if about to fall from Mirabeau's hands. Thereon is written his declaration, made when he had taken a bribe from the Court :—"Je combattrai les factieux de quelque parti qu'ils soient, de quelque côté qu'ils se trouvent." Amoretti weep as this resonant phrase falls from the orator's mouth.

Mirabeau's was the first of a series of political funerals carried on through a period of a hundred years. This kind of apotheosis was unknown in France before his death. David, then struggling up, was the initiator of the grand theatrical

funeral for which the streets of Paris have so often served as a stage.

A triumphant Liberty, belonging to the Rheims Museum, overshadows the Altar of the Country. The room next to the lobby is devoted to the royal victims offered thereupon—namely, Louis XVI. and his family. Of these royal personages there is a variety of portraits, autographs, and other relics. Nearly every one has seen busts of Marie Antoinette. A particular one at this Exhibition betrays just a touch of silliness which I have not noticed in any other. Yet, what nobility in her mien ! Her husband's bust is idealized ; but one feels as if really in his presence when one stands before a portrait of him by Greuze, who makes him obese, homely, kindly, with pale-blue eyes (in the corner of which there is the ghost of a sly twinkle), and gives him a vast expanse of sunburned fleshy face. A brown print, in which he wears a red cap of liberty and a cockade excites pity—he is so resigned and good-natured. "Monsieur," his brother, wearing the Order of the Holy Ghost, is of a cynical countenance. His sister, Madame Elizabeth, whose stiffly-erect and slender neck is to pass under the axe of the guillotine, has the duck-bill retroussé nose of her grandmother, Marie Leczenska, and generally resembles her, but on a small pattern. She is upright in carriage, and of an ordinary intellect, but is about the most heroic character of the Revolution, and certainly the most simple in her submission to duty, and to the dictates of sisterly affection. The hair of this princess is dressed high. Madame Royale, a girl of nine, and the image of her mother (who treated her with severity), is in the family group. Later in life, her contour took an expression of masculine harshness, and her voice became a rough and deep bass. A toy-house, built in dark-gray cardboard, and having windows of wire net-work, stands nearer, and suggests prison gloom. The King and Dauphin made it for the amusement of the latter when they were virtual prisoners at the Tuileries. The ladies beguiled the tedium of their captivity with needlework. Elizabeth was expert with her needle, and taught her niece, of whose handiwork there is a specimen in a bit of feather-stitch embroidery. Yon miniature of the guillotine, which stands beside a model of the Bastille, cut

out of a stone of that State-prison, is no toy, but a model, by Schmidt, submitted by Doctor Guillotin, "physician in ordinary to the King," to Louis, who improved its mechanism by changing the shape of the blade.

Guillotin himself, as well as his machine, was a good deal pictured on cheap delf. A miniature of him has come down with the other flotsam and jetsam of the Revolution. It gives us the idea of a correct, judicious practitioner with the half-closed eye of one who is mentally thinking out some problem. He was always improving his surgical instruments in order to abridge pain by rapidity in operating, and thought to minimize it at capital executions. The principle of equality was to be demonstrated by the guillotine, since king, nobles, and *sans culottes* were to lose their heads by Dr. Guillotin's process. His small model of his head-lobbing machine is near his miniature, and "is quite equal to cutting off a man's finger"—a policeman says who works it to oblige visitors. Samson, the public executioner, we find, took snuff. His snuff-box, of plain brass, is on view also. Further on are gruesome relics, such, for instance, as a handkerchief steeped in Marie Antoinette's blood. Instruments of torture, which fell into disuse forever at the Revolution, are grouped round the guillotine, which perhaps was used as much as it was by the Revolutionists because it was a novelty. It killed in the twinkling of an eye. Finishing off the King and Queen gave it prestige, and made it the rage as a gratis spectacle. An old evil is most dangerous in a new form.

Of poor little Louis XVII. there is a heartrending portrait taken when he was under Simon's care; a blight has come over him, making his features pinched and peaky, and sinking his eyes, which have grown furtive, in their sockets. The lids are scorbutic. A frill, in too much need of the laundress, falls over his black jacket, on which his trousers are buttoned. But a short time ago he was painted sitting on a mossy bank beneath a wild-rose thicket in the Trianon Park, and Madame de Polignac, his governess, cutting roses to throw them into his uplifted hands. An artless fellow-painting shows the queen elegantly dressed, with her children and her Italian greyhound, in her Trianon farm-yard, watching a maid milk a

cow, and surrounded by a cock, hens, geese, goslings, and milk-pails. In no memoirs have we read that the ill-starred queen was fond of dogs, but in these pictorial relics we see many testimonies that she was. A spaniel enters charmingly into a family group, also in the Trianon Park, and is the only being in it that is really free from a simpering affectation of simplicity. Her Majesty, sitting on a knoll at the foot of a gnarled oak, holds with one hand her boy on her knee, and passes the other round the neck of the king, who reclines beside her. An infant—the child who was doomed to perish in the Temple—casts bread-crumbs to a flock of goslings, which may have been purposely separated from the parent goose and gander, which are not to be seen; and an elegant lady, with head on shoulder, looks-on in ecstasies. The juvenile princess royal dances a measure, with toe far pointed out, for the amusement of the spaniel, which frisks about her. Rousseau, badly assimilated, underlies the composition. Artists, to be in fashion, Rousseau-ized the pictures ordered of them by august and illustrious patrons. Madame Vigée Le Brun was one of the few persons in relations with the Court who was not bitten by the mania, and preferred *la science du chiffon* to sham rusticities. An engraving, fine as a vignette, of the fiction-founded-upon-fact character, and dedicated by permission to the queen, gives her seated on a rock facing the Trianon gate. She rests her arm languidly on the stump of a tree. A gentleman behind her—not the king—leans forward in a sentimental attitude. Courtiers are grouped round; a few of the ladies sit on the grass: gentlemen, fanning them, talk into their ears. The queen is *attendré* either by what is said to her, or by the performance of the strolling company of Savoyards and their dogs and monkeys on the gravel sweep at the gate. The realism of the strollers jars with the sentimentality of the Court. Beneath the varnish of Rousseau-ism one truth is perceptible—namely, that flirtation was the grand pastime at the Trianon, where the king only came by special invitation.

The Princess de Lamballe, *née* Princess de Savoy Carignan, and great-aunt of Victor Emmanuel, in a degree belongs to "the Royal Family," and is the most poetized martyr of the Revolution. Maria Theresa objected to her intimate companionship

with the queen, because of her hypersensibility, which made her faint when, one day boating at Choisy with Marie Antoinette, a man fell out of their boat into the Seine and was drowned. The German Empress (who be it remembered urged Marie Antoinette to be friendly to Madame du Barri when the latter was the Sultana of Louis XV.) thought it disgraceful to faint when a drowning man was to be rescued. Presence of mind would have been noble, whereas the over-mastery of head by nerves was contemptible. We must get rid of the idea of the Princess de Lamballe's beauty, fostered by the photographs of her sold in Paris printshops. A mute witness in the form of a large oval portrait, colored in chalks, establishes that she was plain, and had a complexion to match with sandy hair, and was of the Savoy Carignan, or House of Italy, type. Though her features are ordinary, she has not a vulgar face. In this portrait there is bitterness beneath her smile, and a spice of primness in her bearing. A stiffly-garlanded hat is set on the side of her high-dressed, powdered hair. When she found herself supplanted by the Duchess de Polignac in the queen's favor, she wept till she thought the source of her tears dried up. Her grievance might have been fresh when those flowers were being woven into the wreath for her hat. The wierd she had to dree was one of heart-bitterness, ending in gruesome tragedy. Married to the heir of the richest nobleman in France, she was a widow at the age of eighteen. Her husband, who was not much her senior, died of debauchery. All her affections were then vested in the queen, of whom she became, during several years, the confidante and daily companion. The poor princess, when the royal family were prisoners, came back from a place of safety abroad, to see how she could serve them. Her head was for the last time seen by her royal mistress, held up on a pike before a window in the Temple.

As a set-off against the Temple relics, comprising a model of that prison-like castle made in dark cardboard by the Dauphin, there are other objects which at one time set blood boiling in France. They are the tools made by Latude, and the ladder, manufactured out of his bed-clothes, by means of which he escaped from the Bastille. A deep window-niche

is given up to documents relating to the taking of that fortress prison, to padlocks of cells made by clumsy smiths who thought ponderousness a guarantee for security. Turgot's great-grandson lent the portrait of that economist and administrator, who foresaw that a grinding *fisc* would be as ruinous to the French Monarchy as it was to the Roman Empire. What is so remarkable in Turgot as here portrayed is that he looks not the business man whom we conceive him, but a man of imagination. Is it possible, without the imagination which enables one to put one's self in the place of others, to be an earnest and eager reformer?

Events came and went so fast between the opening of the States-General and the seizure of the king and queen in their palace, as to keep on the alert all who wanted to chronicle them with pen or pencil. They had to hit their birds on the wing. Camille Desmoulins wrote a legible and even hand before the Revolution. But in the hot haste in which he had later to jot down his impressions it appears to have got disjointed, snagged, and scratchy. We are enabled to see what manner of countenance he had. Well, he was a *beau laid*, sallow, lantern-jawed, and wide-mouthed, but with a glorious pair of black eyes, though one of them slightly squinted. Camille was one of the three or four who, in 1789, thought of and hoped for a Republic. His classical books which he used at school are scored with pen and ink, in passages relating to the grandeur of Republican Rome. A deputy's order for the sitting of the Assembly on October 5, 1789, at Versailles, is signed by Dr. Guillotin. We see in other wreckage thrown up by the sea of oblivion how the Revolution struck those who watched its course. At the start, there was much aiming at effect and staginess. Trifles connected with points of etiquette were thought of prime importance by the Court, which snubbed and teased the deputies of the people rather than oppressed them. A pattern mantle, which the Grand Chamberlain insisted on their adopting for their official costume, is in coarse, black serge, and resembles a pinafore worn behind instead of before. Quite a gallery of likenesses in black and white bring down to us the faces of the men who were emerging from obscurity into public life. "The Tennis Court Oath," depicted at the time,

does not impress one with a high idea of the sincerity of those who took it. They attitudinize too much to be really in earnest. Did they mean it to divert from the palace the anger of the crowd that raged in the streets outside? Probably.

We obtain a glimpse of the social condition of France, as the Monarchy was toppling, by scanning the sumptuary relics. Gentlemen dressed in richer stuffs and in as bright colors as ladies. The lay figures clad in the coats and waistcoats of men of rank have to our eye a fancy-ball character. One effect of the Revolution was to plunge the manhood of the civilized world into black. Muscadins and Incroyables reacted against this in a spirit of levity, and Napoleon, as Emperor, in the spirit of a snob. His Imperial trappings are now absurd, and in his own time must have excited the derision of men like Talleyrand.

Louis XVI., so long as he was thought favorable to constitutional and fiscal reform, was simply adored by his subjects. Here he is on a medallion of biscuit porcelain—"the father of his people, the restorer of French liberties" (when did they ever exist?); "the protector of trades and handicrafts, the Whitesmith King, and the godfather of the American Republic." He is lauded for having set an example of respect for labor in having the Dauphin taught the use of carpenter's tools and of a turning lathe. The poor boy's little plane and bench are among the wreckage collected in this Exhibition. I note, as I read the time-stained laudations of Louis XVI., that his wife's name does not appear in them. But "Madame Veto" is always coupled with him from the moment loyalty to the king cools and the suspicion arises of his playing a double game. The railing and ribald spirit of the eighteenth century is then especially directed against the queen. A Carruthers Gould, of 1791, illustrates a popular song, having for its burden their alleged plan to escape abroad. The king's head is on a cock's body, the queen's on a hen's. The royal pair are Monsieur et Madame Coco. She thus advises him:

*Air—"Oui, Oui."*

"Coco prends ta lunette,  
Ne vois tu pas, dis moi,  
L'orage qui s'apprête,  
Et qui grande sur toi.  
Abandonnons Paris,

Et gagnons du Pays  
Mettons notre ménage  
A l'abri de l'orage  
Dans un petit village  
Ou dans quelque hameau.  
Coco! Coco!

"Sauvons nous plutôt,  
Je vous serre les nippes;  
Toi, gère le magot.  
Des charges municipales  
Laissons le tripot.  
Quittons notre Palais,  
Et tous nos grands laquais  
Abandonnons encore,  
L'écharpe tricolore,  
Que si bien te décore,  
Et ton petit manteau.  
Coco! Coco!"

Enthusiasm for the States-General is felt chiefly by the bourgeoisie in Paris. Pictorial artists are quick to take advantage of this feeling. They work in the spirit which inspired the pedantic engraving of the death of Mirabeau. Two of their colored engravings depict two cars four tiers in height. Representatives of the nobility of Paris and of the Ile de France are seated on one of the vehicles, and the deputies of the commons on the other. The nobles, in their gala dresses, which they wore for the last time in 1789, are drawn by a team of lions. D'Orleans acts as coachman. He and his fellow-aristocrats have feathered hats and gorgeous clothing. Here the lions are supposed to symbolize the warlike character of the aristocracy, who were so soon to run away from France, and to be called "émigrés" instead of poltroons. Bulls and lambs draw the deputies of the people. Hope stands on the footboard behind. Fame flies before the car, blowing her trumpet. Minerva, looking like a Parisian grisette at a fancy-ball, is seated at a cloud, smiling at the deputies. The association of the bulls and lambs has now a funny effect, which it was far from producing a hundred years ago.

It is pretty certain that if the deputies and the allegory-and-rhetoric-loving bourgeoisie had not had behind them a volcanic populace, the Court would have got the better of the National Assembly. There is much in this collection which speaks of the promptness of the plebs to act at critical turning-points. Their intervention saved the Revolution from failure. A rude art sprang up during the events of which Paris was the theatre between 1789 and 1795. Its object was to do what is

now accomplished by the halfpenny newspaper. Few plebeians then knew how to read. The favorite pictures of the events of the day were typical in their character. Each contained a group of human beings, working with furious ardor at some revolutionary or patriotic task. The figures were outlined, next embossed, and then colored. I never saw more speaking pictures. They are all inspired by the events they seek to represent, very impressionist, and though rude and crude have the spirit of an epic poem. Every figure has a distinct physiognomy. Gaiety is mingled with the popular *furia*. In no case is there a seeking after effect; but effect is never missed, because there is such a strong desire to picture things as the artist saw them. The actors in this historical imagery are nearly all sans culottes (or trousers-wearers as distinguished from wearers of shorts), or fishwomen and other lower-stratum females. An etching touched up with colors, which I should think is a very truthful representation, gives the famous charge of Prince de Lambesc's cavalry at the gate of the Tuileries gardens. There is nothing heroic on either side. German (their faces show their nationality) dragoons slash scared and rather cowardly bourgeois, who have come for a Sunday outing. There are paterfamilias, his stout and somewhat vulgar-looking wife, their grown-up daughter, whom they have taken to the Promenade, and many prosaic individuals in Sunday clothes. The elderly persons have the fat, loose-built figures given by good eating and sedentary habits. Most of them are panic-stricken. But an old lady furiously faces round toward a dragoon to give him a piece of her mind. He does not seem to understand her invective. We are shown in other artless embossed prints how nuns took the decree releasing them from their vows and secularizing their convents; how Paris wrought for national defence committees, and how its plebeian women behaved in their march on Versailles. One John Wells followed them, noting their acts and deeds with a quick and graphic pencil. Who can he have been? The few sketches he made are so good that one is surprised at his having been swallowed up in oblivion. He and his fellow-limners give on the whole a favorable impression of the women who went out against Versailles to fetch the Royal family as hostages back to Paris.

As Madame Campan remarked, they are neatly dressed, but mannish and haggard from want. One word describes their mental and moral state—desperation. We know that they were driven forward to risk the gallows by the cries of their children for bread.

Wells and many other artists quite unknown to fame, though worthy of renown, give the triumphant return of the women and the Paris crowd and National Guards which followed them to Versailles. The episodes of the march back are very funny and very awful. Not a sign of respect is shown for the Crown. Indeed, the whole thing looks like a mirthful saturnalia, though the forest of pikes, scythes, and reaping-hooks is enough to make the flesh creep. Those rural implements suggest an influx of country folks into Paris, the immediate suburbs of which were quite in the country.

Beaunarchais should be among the precursors, but is classed with the actors in events which took place after the Assembly came to Paris. He comes down to us, according to Lepécie, as a wide-awake boy, and as an adult according to Greuze. "The child," in his case, is plainly "the father of the man." In an autograph letter to Bailly he protests against the slanders of which he is the butt. There is a Talleyrand at the age of twenty, in an abbé's robe and bands—baby-faced, fair, refined, intriguing, and saucy.

Skipping much precious matter, we glance at a letter of Louis XVI., dated August 10, 1792, and penned in the logographs' (read "reporters'") gallery at the Assembly. This is his last act of authority. The letter is addressed to a Captain Durier, whom the king orders to cease to defend the Tuileries. As to the handwriting, it is that of a placid, painstaking schoolboy. Though pictorial "interviewers," as we find from sketches taken of the Royal prisoners, followed them into the box, and a decisive step on the road toward the guillotine was being taken, one may examine this State paper with a magnifying glass and find no trace of nervous tremor. Temple relics come after the letters. A night-shirt which was made for the king's prisoners has the Government stamp of "Louis Rex." Louis Capet slept in this garment the night before his execution. The Dauphin, when he went to the Temple, had on a pretty little silken



suit of a quaint cut : the coat is green and white, the waistcoat pink and white, and the knee breeches are lavender-gray with steel figured buttons. His stockings and shoes are elegant, though not particularly expensive. The stitching of the clothes betrays an inexperienced seamstress. The Queen and her sister-in-law, it is stated in a letter of Clery, the King's faithful valet, made this suit, which was not greatly worn before the young Prince had to change it for a plainer one given for winter use by the Commune of Paris. When he was under Simon the cobbler bonds were issued in the name of Louis XVII. by "the Catholic Army, payable when monarchy is restored." They circulated in the west of France, where the assignats of the Republic did not run. These debentures for the first time are exhumed. Historians who plead extenuating circumstances for the harsh usage the ill-starred Dauphin met with should not forget the bonds of the Catholic Army.

The activity of the guillotine in the Reign of Terror and in the Thermidor reaction comes home to one in looking over quite a gallery of black and white portraits of men of the Revolution. The word *decapité* is written under the greater number. Savants are among the few exceptions. Defeated generals have no choice between flight and decapitation. The will of the beheaded king was taken from the Temple to the national archives, whence the organizers of the Exhibition obtained a loan of it. There are tear stains on the yellow letter paper on which it is drawn up, and the handwriting is shaky where the dis-crowned testator asks pardon of his wife for any offence he may have given her, as he forgives her what pain she ever caused him. The speech of his counsel Desèze lies with the will. It was published by order of the Convention—a plucky act. Belonging to this set of papers is a decree of the Convention in the names of Liberty, Equality, and Justice (no Fraternity), decreeing the execution of Louis Capet. One is horror-struck in glancing over the surrounding objects. "Louis mounts the scaffold," "Louis is shown to the people," "Food for reflection, dedicated to the crowned heads of the world." This "food" is the holding up by a coarse masculine hand, which grasps a pigtail, of the freshly decapitated head. An awful picture truly ! How describe it without

being a naturalist ? The ex-sanguine face is the color of a calf's-head at the butcher's. Infinite suffering and resignation are still expressed, though life has fled, in the region of the eyes. In all that deals with civic, or republican, or revolutionary sentiment there is force. Whatever was done in Paris, so far as we can ascertain from the relics in this Exhibition, shows that Royalist art was feeble. The artists at the service of the Monarchy ran into poor conceits. Puzzle pictures of an elegiac nature of king, queen, and royal children met the taste of their partisans. But, contrasting with these affectations, is an intercepted letter of Marie Antoinette to the Comte de Provence, enclosing him the signet-ring of her husband. Grief was never expressed in more pathetically lovely and simple terms.

Robespierre and Marat are enigmatical characters. Their deeds were horrible ; but the casts of their heads taken after death are of ineffable sweetness. In both the cerebral development is poor, particularly in the coronal region. The skulls, each of which goes up into a point, may have pressed there on the brains. Phrenological developments, or lack of development, taken with facial traits, betoken ill-balanced minds. Marat's face, in David's portrait of him, is in all but complexion that of a Red Indian. Robespierre's sister, on the other hand, is sweet, serene, pensive, and of a lovely purity of expression.

Charlotte Corday, according to Dan-loux, one of her portraitists, was a rather good-looking young woman, more the peasant than the lady. She had a hard, quick, wilful glance. Tallien was another ill-balanced creature. He had the profile of an Egyptian dog-god. Carnot, the one noble character of the Directory, looks sweet and shrewd. His watch, a plain "turnip," and bunch of seals, have little intrinsic value. Two gold medals granted him by the Academy of Dijon belong to the relics, lent by his son's widow. His spectacles have heavy steel rims, his ink-stand is in plain bronze, and his snuff-box of the same metal has on the lid a gouache portrait of himself. Carnot's Director's sword bears on one side a motto which he proposed as the rule of conduct of the Directory : "Unity to restore peace."

But his love of peace and his contentment with a slender income did not suit

the men and women who rose to the top in Thermidor. To escape banishment to Cayenne, he had at the Coup d'État of Fructidor to fly to Switzerland, and was obliged to remain a long time in exile. The principle of corruption which was at work originated greatly in the temptations to plunder which were held out to common people by the sweeping confiscations and the guillotining of rich aristocrats, and especially by the army of Italy being invited to plunder by Bonaparte. Mechanics who were dishonest presidents of sections, were as if fixed in amber by the artists who did the embossed pictures for the vulgar. Those who got rich on plunder began to fear the return of the Bourbons, and went with a rush to Napoleon. Pleasure and financial speculation absorbed the newly enriched class. The streets were as a fancy-ball. Prints of the period show women chanting, as amazons, war songs in the streets. "Bals masqués at Paphos," are now subjects on ladies' fans. Civilians wearing corkscrew curls, and having a mincing air, plot for monarchy. Theatrical costumes are invented for old men, who look like Druids. Churches are transformed into temples of sentiment. Josephine Beauharnais becomes a society queen, and intrigues with Barras for Louis XVIII. She writes good English, an accomplishment that later served her in wheedling English agents, when Bonaparte was hemmed in at Acre. She was a luxurious being. Her scent-bottles and pocket-handkerchiefs retained her first husband's coronet until she became Empress of the French. The gay world of the Directory flocked to her house

in the Rue Chantierine. Lucien Bonaparte engaged the pictorial journals to puff his brother. He came out in their cartoons as "Bonaparte the Clemente," "Bonaparte pointing on a map of Germany at Rastadt," "Bonaparte, Pacifier of Europe," "Bonaparte contemplating the Pyramids," "Bonaparte braving the plague at Jaffa." Nobody thought of the other generals. Bonaparte is made to "question the Sphinx on his destiny." She says, "Make haste to touch again native soil." Though crushed on the Nile, he came back as if a victor. The Revolutionary Museum ends in a show of Imperial frippery worthy of Tussaud's, and in savage caricatures of Napoleon and Josephine by Gilray.

The caricaturist had no conception of the physical grace and refinement of Josephine. He heard of her as a middle-aged woman, the mother of two nearly grown-up children, and as being twice married, and assumed her to be a staringly dressed blowzy materfamilias who, though good-natured, is puffed up. In Marie Antoinette's dressing-room she is quite the handmaid who is heir to her mistress. In one of his caricatures, Gilray saw farther than most men of his day. Nelson, with a following of Nile crocodiles, Prussia, Russia, and Napoleon are busy carving at a plum-pudding which represents the globe. The other Powers scarcely count. John Bull is willing to let the three Continental Powers have a free hand if he be allowed right of passage in the Mediterranean, and Egypt as a road to India and to undiscovered lands in Africa.—*Contemporary Review*.

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### CAN WOMEN COMBINE?

BY E. P. WYLDE.

It is doubtless a wise and beneficent arrangement that the great body of living creatures upon this earth should be devoid of the power of acting in combination. Were mere brute force capable of self-organization and co-operative action man must long since have succumbed to the superior might of some of the so-called lower animals. But this incapacity is not limited to the brute creation. The lowest savages, though they may fight, or hunt,

or live in communities, have always a tendency to fly apart, to form new and smaller communities; the tie binding any individual to the corporate body is easily snapped by some bait to personal cupidity, or vanity, or love of ease. It was not to the want of individual skill or valor on the part of his enemies that Cæsar attributed the success of his invasion of Britain, but to their inability to combine against him.

Civilized races have of course always

possessed some measure of the power of acting in concert, and among these the most intelligent have undoubtedly been those who possessed this power in the highest degree. It is the same with individuals composing nations. *Esprit de corps* is better understood and has a more binding effect upon the educated and intelligent classes than it has upon the lower orders in a community. When the struggle for existence presses sorely the natural man is apt to snatch what personal advantage comes in his way, without any consideration of the consequences to his fellows. Nor is this to be deplored. Men living in these circumstances cannot possibly judge wisely even for their own class; yet their overwhelming numbers in every civilized community would enable them, if combined, to crush out of existence the chosen few by whom and for whose sake they are saved from extinction, to utterly destroy the salt of the earth which serves to keep the huge carcase of humanity from putrefaction.

But many of the lowest classes are in these days learning the secret of combined action, or are having it thrust upon them by professional agitators, politicians, and philanthropists; and men who are not intelligent enough to see the ultimate result of their action, have acquired sufficient command over their merely individual propensities to face want and physical misery in obedience to the order of the leaders of an organization. It may be urged that the possession of so much self-control as is required to do this argues that the possessors of it no longer belong to the lowest classes, and are therefore not unfitted to judge of what is best for themselves and their fellows. This might in some measure be admitted, did the tendency to combine grow up naturally. But we know this is not so with our lowest classes. We know that it is only by a judicious mingling of cajolery with menace that a very large portion of the working classes is forced into organized action—a form of cajolery and menace, moreover, not by any means addressed to the higher intelligence or the better feelings of mankind. Almost any human animal can appreciate the personal pleasure of doing a half-day's work for a whole-day's wage, or of living in a house without paying any rent for it. Almost every creature can understand the misery of being waylaid and beaten by

half a dozen of one's fellows, as well as of being shunned and tabooed at the public-house and other places of common resort. Yet it is by the admixture of this kind of pleasing promises with savage threats that most of the combinations formed among the working-classes have in these days succeeded.

These are, however, men—all men! Women have hitherto generally stood aloof from combined effort. But now an attempt is being made, as spasmodic attempts have before been made, to organize female labor, female talent, female energy. Like all movements which originate without a body, and are artificial instead of spontaneous, these efforts have in the main failed, and will it may safely be predicted in the immediate future continue to fail. But why, it may be asked, should that which has succeeded where men are concerned fail when applied to women? Before attempting to reply to this question let me ask another. Have the Trades Unions and their outcome the strikes, succeeded—that is to say, have they permanently benefited the men they were intended to benefit? Is the condition of the laboring poor in these countries better, and not worse, since the workers have combined against their employers? It would be idle, perhaps, at the present time to expect any but one answer to this question. The British public has scarcely yet recovered from the fit of feverish enthusiasm (to periodical attacks of which, as we all know, it is subject) into which it was thrown last autumn by the great strike of the dock laborers in London. We took a side in that struggle between Capital and Labor, and our side gained the day, or seemed to do so, and we were well pleased.\* It would be unpleasant to acknowledge that we had no reason to congratulate ourselves upon that occasion, as we should have to do were we to admit that the combination of workers in general against their employers has not been of any real benefit to our laboring classes. Let us defer answering this question therefore, and continue to congratulate ourselves upon the fine spirit that was shown by many of the

\* The action of the women in a recent strike in an East-End shirt factory is an interesting example of the peculiar disposition of the sex. The women struck, not on their own behalf, but to help the men who were employed in the factory.

laborers, the sympathy and kindly feeling manifested by society at large during the whole period of the strike. In ten or fifteen years we shall be better able to judge of the value of that victory of Labor.

It is hardly likely that our labor-market will be affected to any serious extent by the conclusions of the Berlin Conference. Were it possible to establish any kind of international legislation on the subject of labor there would still remain numberless difficulties arising from the different habits of different nations, the unequal cost of living in various countries, etc. The poor Polish or German Jew counts himself well off on the pittance that would barely keep an Englishman alive. Until our working-classes have learned some of the thrifty and industrious habits of Continental nations they will never be able to compete with them in certain branches of production.

The thrifty Scot and the potato-eating North Irishman have largely benefited by the strikes in the London ship-building trade, and the policy that silenced the sound of the hammer on the Thames has awakened it on the banks of the Clyde and the shores of Belfast Lough. Well—these are our fellow-countrymen—we may be glad for them to reap the benefit. But was this result intended or foreseen by the men who brought it about? It is seldom, too, that a trade forsaking any body of British subjects remains in these countries. Far oftener it is the foreigner who is the only gainer by our internal dissensions. The printers of London are, perhaps, the best organized body of workmen in the kingdom, and no doubt the trade of printer is still a good one even in England. But how many English printers are there in proportion to our population and the amount of printed matter required by us? In this, as in almost every trade not demanding the actual presence of the worker in this country, the frugal-living, thrifty, industrious German takes a very large slice from the bread that should go to feed our own children. The German printer is found able to compete with the English printer even in the special department of the latter; and, in spite of being handicapped by the cost of transit, succeeds in driving him in many cases from the field. How far foreign competition in the printing trade may extend, it is hard to say. It would, for example, be inter-

esting and instructive to ascertain what proportion of the Christmas and New Year's cards sold during the months of December and January have borne the stamp, *Printed in Germany*; of those that have come under the writer's notice about ninety per cent were from the Fatherland.

But there is no need, alas! to multiply instances of the decline of our trade. While we were rocking ourselves to sleep in happy security that we were the Heaven-ordained manufacturers and traders of the world, other nations were awake and straining every nerve to teach us under what a delusion we labored. Their efforts have been crowned with success. Not only has our trade in a great measure been wrested from us, but foreign artisans and laborers of every sort are rapidly pushing their British rivals aside. A few years since France saw the rank and file employed in one of her great public works entirely composed of foreigners—a strange and sorry sight for any country! Some persons who have an intimate acquaintance with the British workman think it not impossible that the experience of our neighbor may be our own before long, and that our next great metropolitan or national piece of work may fall into the hands of French, or German, or Italian workingmen. It is well known that a number of Italian workmen were employed in the construction of the new Forth Bridge. What, one would like to know, was the reason of this?

Still, so far as the men of the working classes, in general, are concerned, foreign competition has its limits. Living in Germany and France is in some respects dearer than in England, though the habits of the people enable them to be comfortable upon what is often wasted by the same class in these countries. The great drain upon the male population by the military system of the Continent also tends to increase the price of men's labor, so that although the population of Germany, especially among the working classes, increases rapidly, the strain of this is not felt by them as it is here. Since three years are taken out of every workman's life by the military authorities, the actual working population is considerably reduced on the Continent; this must affect the cost of production there, and, as a consequence, the extent to which foreign competition is to be dreaded by English workers.

But with regard to both home and foreign competition women are in a much worse position, a position moreover not likely to be favorably affected by any international regulations. Workingwomen, like workingmen, fall naturally into the two great classes of skilled and unskilled laborers. In the existing condition of the former there is little to cause anxiety, except its numerical weakness. Parents in these countries are unfortunately rather negligent of their duty toward their daughters; few girls are subjected to the discipline, or afforded the training that is in almost every rank given to their brothers. Odd jobs in the lowest classes, and a little amateur sewing and housework in the classes rather higher in the social scale, fill up the years that ought to be employed in giving a girl some kind of practical outfit with which to start in life. Even when taught a trade, such as millinery or dressmaking, the laws which bind the apprentice to her employer are too lax to make it worth while for the latter to concern herself greatly with the girl's training. Much of her day is passed in going on errands, and, although this may be a healthful arrangement, it scarcely adds to her knowledge or skill. In the workroom, she is often too careless and ignorant to be entrusted with anything but the most elementary part of her trade. Not unfrequently, when her time is served, she knows little more than when she entered upon her apprenticeship. But even this modicum of training is valuable, and the girl who has enjoyed it is in a fairly independent position, provided she remain unmarried, for the rest of her life. Skilled manual labor among women, as among men, is highly prized and well paid for at the present day, as may be seen by the continuous demand for dressmakers and milliners in the advertising columns of the daily papers. And this is so without any organization whatsoever. Competent seamstresses, mantle-cutters, fitters, bodice-hands, bonnet-trimmers, are all able to command a fair price for their labor, and their employers have chiefly to complain that the supply is so limited. Indeed, such is the price demanded at the present time for all this kind of work, that a new branch of feminine industry has been created by it. A school for imparting instruction in the art of clothing the female form divine, with due regard to fashion if

not to beauty, has sent its teachers into almost every town of the kingdom, and almost every middle-class family boasts at least one *couturière* among its daughters. This is the natural result of the high prices asked by professional dressmakers; for woman, like the ratepayer, is generally poor, and her time is of little monetary value. Nevertheless, were a union of workwomen, who understand their business and can really work, considered desirable, the dressmaking and kindred trades could probably bear it for many years.

There are always numbers of women that have either no necessity, or no inclination, or no time to make their clothes, and clever workers are pretty sure of having their services well paid by these. The same remark holds good of domestic servants. The really competent cook, or housemaid, or general servant, is in England one of the most independent and best paid of workingwomen. Even the incompetent servant fares comparatively well, and a mistress after taking the trouble of teaching and training a young woman finds herself merely in the position of the tenant who is called on to pay an increased rent for the improvements he himself has made.

And why should this be? Because domestic service is the one employment which is most universally objected to. Perhaps it is not wholly unreasonable that women, who are emotional creatures, should object to making their homes in the houses, and passing their lives in the services of people with whom, however intimately connected, they are expected to have nothing in common. A girl naturally looks for companions, for sympathy, for some "life," while she is young, and the enjoyment of these is seldom compatible with the discharge of her duties as a domestic servant. So long as Englishwomen are ashamed or unable to do the work of their homes themselves—so long must the women who are willing to adopt domestic service as a profession be rewarded and decently treated. No strong combination of female servants could, at the present time, be resisted, though it is pretty certain it would eventually force a new class of workers into this employment, and might finally bring us back to the patriarchal mode of living, in which a very large share of the household labor was not

only organized and overlooked, but actually done by the mistress of an establishment. But that time is still a long way off and, as remarked, servants, if combined as a Trades Union, could in these days almost dictate their own terms to their employers. Such a union has, however, scarcely ever been prophesied. It is not necessary, people say, and fail to perceive that precisely in the proportion in which combination is unnecessary is it likely to be successful.

Who dreams of a Trades Union for daily and resident governesses, for the ladies who advertise, as part of their stock-in-trade, the fact that they are the daughters of a naval officer or the sisters of a clergyman? It is well known that if all the private governesses in the kingdom were to strike work to-morrow, the agitation would scarcely cause a flutter in a single household, and would certainly not improve the condition of the strikers. And why? Because the supply of governesses is far in excess of the demand, and is becoming more and more disproportionate every year; not because these ladies are entirely unfitted for the task of education, but merely because they are numerous. The best trained teachers in general seek places in public and other large schools; but such openings are few in comparison with the numbers desiring them. The ranks of private teachers have long been over-full, yet every year new recruits press in, while every year the great educational mill of the Continent turns out a fresh batch of teachers on our shores. The effect of this plethora of teaching stuff bears hardly upon thousands of honest industrious Englishwomen; yet no one supposes that either a strike or any other result of combination would be of service to them. But why do ladies admit this in the case of governesses and deny it in the case of other workwomen?

The truth is, ladies understand the facts of the case in this matter. Benevolent women, whose hearts are deeply touched with pity for the unhappy victims of Capital in another class than their own, are the first to recognize the truth where ladies are concerned. "My dear, half of the girls at the present day are superfluous," is a not uncommon remark; and then, with a little sigh, you are told that governesses in general belong, in the opinion of the gentle speaker, to the great,

melancholy army whose badge bears the inscription, *Not Wanted*.

"How did you manage to pick up such a charming and accomplished girl as that governess of yours?" an acquaintance of mine asked a friend. "Oh, very easily," was the reply. "I chose her simply because she was willing to come for no salary, and I could have had crowds of others, I believe, on much the same terms." "I am so tired," said a slender, delicate-faced, young creature to me one evening, as I bade her good-night. "I have been scrubbing Mrs. —'s floor," she added, by way of explanation; "the soot came down the chimney and made the room so dirty that Mrs. — could not sleep in it, so I had to clean it, for, of course, we could not ask any of the servants to do such work at this hour." This girl was the daughter of a professional man, and was employed as governess in a house in which I was visiting lately; it was nearly midnight and she had been at work from soon after seven in the morning.

If, then, it be true that, even in the case of persons possessing a moderate degree of skill in their trade or profession, numbers suffice to reduce the workers to a position little better than that of serfdom, how much more likely is this to be so when these are totally unskilled, as is the case of the unhappy women at the East End of London? Yet these are the women whom it is now sought to combine for their own protection in a kind of Trades Union. The intention is no doubt excellent, but the execution is fraught with difficulties, and the result, even if it could be managed, far from likely to benefit the majority of the workers.

Any organization of female labor must inevitably become either a small union of skilled workers, who do not specially require combination in order to get a fair wage, or else sink into a mere Charitable Society. This is true of women's work in a way in which it is not true of men's. A very large proportion of the most miserable workers in this country are married women or widows. This implies, in the first place, that they probably have not always been entirely dependent upon their own labor for their support; and, secondly, that they have not pursued any one calling uninterruptedly.

By those who oppose the opening of

certain trades and professions to women, it is often said: "The competition of women will inevitably lower the remuneration of the workers all round, and this will bear more hardly on men than on the opposite sex. What will support a woman decently will not support a man, who, in addition to being a more expensive animal, is expected to maintain a wife and a family of children." In the lowest classes this is only partially true; most of the women belonging to them are expected to do something toward filling the common purse. But a woman who has children and attends to them, who keeps her little home clean, washes for the family, sews and cooks for them, can do little other work. It is true that she is obliged to neglect many of these duties in order to eke out the pittance her husband provides her with; but some of them she cannot shirk, and these are sufficient to prevent her from pursuing any form of labor systematically, as well as from attempting any kind of higher work. The making of cardboard and match-boxes is one of the worst paid trades in this country; because it is one that can easily be learned, does not require great cleanliness of person or surroundings, and her children can assist the worker in her labor from an early age. Consequently if we were to organize all the match-box makers of the East End tomorrow, it would avail nothing. A new troop of workers would rapidly spring up to take the place of the old, since the work is simple, and there are always women wanting an employment to save them from the stern discipline of the poor-house. Even should all the poor women of these countries join this union, the result would only be that the entire trade of match-box making would fall into the hands of foreigners. A part of the trade has already indeed left the country, and it is greatly to be feared that the present agitation will sweep away the remainder. The British match-box maker will receive for her labor a small fraction beyond the remuneration that would suffice to support life in the cheapest towns and villages of the European Continent. If she accept this, she will in all probability be chosen rather than a foreigner to do the work; but if she refuse it, then there is little doubt that the trade will take flight, and leave the unhappy creatures at present earning some kind of livelihood by it in still worse

plight than they are. Once let it become the settled industry of such a community as is to be found in many a Swedish hamlet or German forest-village, and it is gone from our people forever. The foreigner, working under healthier conditions, inured to poverty and of thrifty habits, will acquire such dexterity as to leave the London rival far behind, and make it easy for the trader to gain his profit without being held up to execration by the majority of his countrymen.

This holds good too of a higher order of labor. The "finishers" of mantles and jackets form another class of ill-paid workers. But they are working under much the same conditions as the match-box makers. Many of them are only eking out a subsistence and could take no regular daily employment, or they have not been trained to do good work. A woman, when her family becomes too numerous for her husband to support, or the latter falls ill, loses work, or takes to drinking, is forced to make some shift to keep a roof over her head. Machine-work readily suggests itself in such circumstances. The machine is probably bought on the hire-system and a little instruction soon makes the purchaser able to use it. She applies for work and, if she is fortunate enough to receive it, devotes all the time to it she can spare from attending to her husband and children, cleaning, washing and cooking. But work done under these conditions is not likely to be first-rate work. Few people would care to give good material to a person in this position, with whom it is liable to be crushed, soiled, or otherwise injured in the small and crowded home in which a married woman of the working classes is almost certain to live. Knowing this, the employer is sure to entrust such a person with only the cheapest class of work, and it is, in fact, only such work that is done by these women.\*

And here may be noted one or two points in which woman's work differs from man's, and places her at a disadvantage,

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\* It is not meant here to assert that only married women, or women with families, or those whose time cannot be wholly given to their work, are employed in poorly paid trades; but that such women, being always glad to take any work requiring no great nicety and that can be done at home, must handicap the others.

when any form of combination is attempted.

The laws of Trades Unions are framed in the interests of the mediocre worker, and the best as well as the worst workman must consequently suffer from them. A really clever and conscientious man is deprived by them of the power of showing his superiority, and of obtaining the reward which is due to his talents and character. The inferior worker, on the other hand, is often a still greater sufferer. He is readily seen to be worth less than his fellows, yet he may not accept the small wage which is the just reward of his inferior labor, and he is therefore driven out of regular employment down into a lower class, where his intrusion helps to make life a little harder for the poor unskilled laborer earning a haphazard livelihood by picking up any chance work that may fall in his way. But the nature of women will never submit to such treatment as this. Women are far too strongly individual to allow themselves to be boiled down in the common female-labor caldron to a kind of feminine hodge-podge. The best workwoman is generally she who has few social ties and few pleasures in life. The joys of the public-house, the race-course, and the gambling-table are denied to the decent working girl, and she is forced to find an outlet for her affections in the products of her labor. Her work becomes dear to her, a part of herself, and she could no more bear the thought of having it rated with work which she considers inferior, than a mother could bear to have her children classed with the children of other people whom she despises.

And even if this were not true, women's work is subjected to another disadvantage, which scarcely affects many of the trades engaged in by men. Trades Unions succeed in keeping up the price of labor in certain trades because the workmen as yet are practically limited to persons residing in these countries. Masons, carpenters, plumbers, plasterers, painters, etc., are all obliged to live at least for a time in the country in which they work. Now, these trades are not acquired readily, or without considerable training and experience. But it is only the comparatively well-to-do parents in England who have their sons taught a trade. Consequently, if a strike take place in any of

these trades, the employers are in a great measure at the mercy of the employed, for their places cannot readily be filled up. Good artisans, when unable to find employment at home, emigrate or adopt some other calling, so that there is never a large standing army of qualified workmen ready to supply the defection of a large body of actual workers. Hitherto it has been counted unadvisable to import artisans in large numbers from abroad; even if their work were superior, their ignorance of the language and of the peculiarities of the English branch of their trade must lessen the value of their services. The gradual introduction of foreigners would be of no assistance to employers. Being obliged to reside in this country, the foreigner would soon acquire the ways of his English fellow-workers and would certainly throw in his lot with them in any struggle between Capital and Labor. The German is generally very humble in his demands when he comes as a stranger to this country seeking work; but once he has got a footing, there is no Briton who sets a higher value on his services.

On the other hand, in the worst paid trades in which women are employed their presence in a certain district or country is not essential. This causes foreign competition to bear with peculiar hardness on them. If they work less well than women abroad, or demand a much higher price for their work, it is sure to fall into the hands of foreigners. This is in effect what has happened. The needlewomen at the East End are not highly skilled workers; those at the West End ask too high prices to give the trader enough profit for his risk and labor; and therefore the best part of the trade has left the country.

A lady, looking over the stock in a wholesale mantle warehouse lately, remarked to the young man who was showing the goods to her that they seemed chiefly to be of German manufacture. "Oh, yes," he replied, "we get all our best work from Germany; we could get nothing like this done here." It is not to be supposed that the women of these countries cannot do what their Teutonic sisters can, but that the price asked for good work here is such as practically to put it in the hands of the latter. All this may appear very cruel and unfair in the eyes of many amiable persons, and may



lead them to say hard things of traders and employers of labor. But these well-meaning people must bear in mind that even for traders existence is a terrible struggle. The competition among the trading classes is rapidly reducing the profit of each individual to the lowest point at which it would be worth while to invest capital. No doubt, there are many traders at the present time making a large profit out of badly paid labor, but no interference on the part of the public would remedy this condition of things. Were it possible arbitrarily to raise the price of labor and diminish the trader's profit, the result would be far from desirable. The small capitalists and retail dealers would be unable to support themselves on the merely fractional profit that would suffice to keep large traders afloat. The former would inevitably be driven out of the ranks of capitalists and would pass down into a lower social stratum, there to swell the numbers of the already too numerous working classes. The larger traders, being able to endure until the pressure of competition should be somewhat slackened, would be the real gainers; eventually they would secure their old profits by a return to high prices, and this would of course react unfavorably upon the labor market, by lessening the demand for the goods furnished by labor. Meantime we should be back to past conditions, to a time when high prices must be paid by the nation at large for articles in the production of which it has probably received but a very small portion of the wages spent. This state of matters would bear with peculiar hardness upon the poor. The work done by the lowest class of workers does not benefit people in comfortable so much as it does those in narrow circumstances. The ulsters and other mantles sewn by the East End women for such meagre remuneration are not worn by women who can afford to pay much for clothes, but by women only a little better off in worldly circumstances than the workers themselves. What, then, would be the condition of the working classes, and the poor generally in this country, if clothing and other necessities of civilized life were expensive, while the demand for their labor was gradually diminishing? A cry for Protection would of course be raised, and the protection of manufacturers must be followed by the protection of other interests, notably those

of the farmer and cattle-raiser. But would the country be prepared to return to Protection? And if it were, what would it gain in the long run by it? This is not the place to argue the merits of the case of Free Trade *versus* Protection; the country has decided in favor of the former, and there seems little likelihood of its reversing its judgment.

What, then, it may be asked, is to be done? Are we to leave these wretched victims of our modern civilization to be bled at pleasure by their luckier fellows? Are we to suffer people who happen to be born in poverty to be treated as worse than criminals, and driven down to the lowest point at which existence can be maintained? It would require a stout heart indeed in these days, as well as a cold one, to answer such a question in the affirmative. Let us hope this will never be required of us. Something may no doubt be done toward the amelioration of the lot of these poor sisters; but any great or radical change in their condition is scarcely to be expected, so long as women are plentiful and their labor of no great value. That the establishment of Trades Unions among the poorer female workers would fail to accomplish the desired end, nay, that Trades Unionism itself will never succeed among women, it has been the endeavor of this article to show. At the risk of being tedious, however, it may be well to recapitulate the reasons for such statements. Briefly then, Trades Unionism among the poorest classes of working-women will never succeed, because (1) the trade of most women is only a part of their business, not always the most important part; consequently a class feeling can scarcely exist as it would in the case of men. (2) Many of these workers are only eking out a living, and the low wage paid for their work does not bear very hardly upon them. (3) Others are only obliged to work at intervals, when some special necessity forces them to unusual exertion; they may therefore leave the ranks of these workers any day, and are not likely to make sacrifices for a class to which they only occasionally belong. (4) Work done at home may be taken by persons belonging to very different classes in society, and women who are glad to increase their little incomes, even by the addition of a few pence, would scorn the idea of identifying themselves with the great

mass of their fellow-workers. (5) In many cases it could never be ascertained at what rate women were paid for their work. (6) If all other difficulties were overcome, and women succeeded in forcing up the price of this kind of work by combination, the higher prices could not long be maintained, for they would only succeed in attracting a larger number of workers into the field, or in driving the work out of the country.

We might as well shut our eyes to the law of gravitation and reckon upon an apple remaining unsupported in the air, provided its doing so would benefit many persons known to us, as deny by word or action that competition must influence the labor market, and that when women are superabundant their work is necessarily

cheap. What may be done toward helping these unfortunate persons we cannot now stop to enquire. The object of the present writer is merely to lift a voice of warning against raising hopes that can never be fulfilled, and forcing organizations into existence calculated to have a most injurious effect, not upon one class alone, but upon the country at large. Let benevolent people remember that Nature is not a philanthropist after the modern idea of philanthropy. The great laws by which the Author of all things has caused our world to be governed have been framed for the welfare of mankind, not for any one order or body; and all attempts to interfere with their really beneficent operation must inevitably end in disaster—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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## NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.

BY WILFRID WARD.

WE hear a good deal in the present day of the love of truth which animates the explorers of physical or historical science, and those who do not unreservedly sympathize with them are said to be indifferent to truth—or even to be its enemies. It is perhaps worth while to remind ourselves that truths may be lost as well as gained; that there are old truths to preserve as well as new truths to learn; that scientific discovery is concerned only with new truth; that though all truth is intrinsically consistent, it may not always appear so in the course of its attainment; and that at a given stage a too exclusive concentration on steps toward new truth may obscure for the individual mind its perception of truths already possessed. The truest discoveries may come upon an individual, or even upon a nation, accompanied by all the peculiarities of a new fashion; and it is of the essence of the new fashion to neglect and undervalue the old; to develop a pet tendency out of due proportion; to pass over as of no account that which is out of harmony with itself; to absorb the attention of its votaries for the moment as though it were all-sufficient; to discourage and expel by its sneer that which is unlike itself. These are the characteristics of all fashions, intellectual or social, artistic or religious. The ques-

tion, then, may be asked whether qualified sympathy with a particular scientific movement may not sometimes be due to suspicion of its form as a fashion, its surroundings and exaggerations, rather than to want of love for the truth to which it is leading; to an attachment to old truth rather than indifference to new—nay, to love of truth itself measured by the quantity and importance of the knowledge preserved rather than by its novelty alone.

That great intellectual movements have in the past had the characteristic of exaggerating for the moment their own importance, and expelling and discrediting much that was really valuable, needs no proof. The *littérateurs* of the Renaissance despised the Bible. The deep and subtle intellects of the mediæval scholastics were in so little repute at the time of the Reformation that the popular nickname for the remnant who read the works of Duns Scotus furnished for our own day the word "dunce."\* Or, to take an instance of scientific discovery proper, Bacon's doctrine of induction, in insisting on the value of observation, so undervalued the deductive method of the older logic, which was required for its fruitful exercise, that

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\* See Trench, *Study of Words*; 19th edition, p. 144.

while he bequeathed to us the greatest instrument of discovery we possess, his system as he expounded it was almost useless.\*

Fashions reign intolerant and imperious; but fashions die and truth lives. Though obscured or lost for a season it prevails in the end. Time prunes the excrescences of novelty. Lovers of Horace do not now despise the literary features of the Bible. No one in our own day denies the subtlety of the scholastic intellect; no one hopes for discovery without deduction from hypothesis. But, learning from past experience, those who love old truths and wish to preserve them in their own generation will do well to wait till discoveries are mellow, and have lost the dangerous characteristics of new fashion, and can rest peacefully in company with all that is true in our inheritance from the past, before they finally estimate their bearing on the universe of knowledge. There are old truths whose knowledge is of vital importance to each individual, and he cannot afford to lose them, even though his grandson should eventually regain them. Let him then be chary of allowing the raw exaggerations which accompany new discoveries to mutilate or destroy his inheritance. Let the two be kept apart until the new is ripe for assimilation with the old. "No man seweth a piece of raw cloth to an old garment, otherwise the new piecing taketh away from the old, and there is made a greater rent: and no man putteth new wine into old bottles; otherwise the wine will burst the bottles, and both the wine will be spilled and the bottles will be lost."†

These remarks are suggested by recent attempts, to which public attention has been drawn, to find a *modus vivendi* between Christian faith and advancing science. We have in the first place the scheme of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, as set forth in the manifesto to which Dr. Martineau's subscription has given a weight which it could not otherwise have had.‡ The tone and spirit, however, of the manifesto are the tone and spirit of *Robert Elsmere* and not of Dr. Martineau. The peculiar vividness with which Dr.

Martineau realizes the bearing and importance of the dogmas to which he adheres—definite Theism, the life of prayer, personal immortality—and which makes him far more in sympathy ethically with Mr. Hutton, or the late Mr. F. D. Maurice, than with any school of negative criticism, is entirely absent from the manifesto, which brings us rather into the vague and enervating atmosphere of *Robert Elsmere* than the bracing oxygen of *A Study of Religion*. Read in the light of its origin and with *Robert Elsmere* as its commentary, it is so complete and melancholy an illustration of my theme, that its discussion need not detain me long. "Hope in God and love of man," this is the meagre remnant of the old truth which Mrs. Ward's scheme, as explained in her preface to the manifesto, aims at preserving and fostering. The study of biblical criticism and of comparative religion is to be one main instrument of increasing the spiritual stature of the neo-Christians, and we know from *Robert Elsmere* the manner in which this is conceived;—the latest theories in criticism accepted bodily, not as steps, as hypotheses with more or less of plausibility, to be examined and re-examined, to be tested as to their unconscious and unproved assumptions, and the views of human nature and of the supernatural which these presuppose; but to be swallowed wholesale, and judged to be final by a mysterious "historical sense" without appeal. The natural exaggerations of a discoverer, the tendency of novelty, of which I have spoken, to assume for the time the undue preponderance of a fashion, the tentative character of the proofs themselves, are entirely ignored. If the Tübingen school were in fashion, its conclusions would be interwoven as integral parts of the new gospel. The general acceptance of any suggestion of an able critic as a proved fact, has eviscerated natural religion itself. Theism has become a manifestation of a divine something in good men; immortality has ceased to be a certain hope. If Reuss and his friends share the fate of Baur and Volkmar, the articles of belief must undergo a corresponding change. Were the scheme to last, its gospel would have to be considerably remodelled every ten years at least, and a formula for retraction should in common prudence be provided in the new liturgy.

\* This is brought out in a very interesting manner by Jevons (*Logic*, p. 255). See also the Dean of St. Paul's *Bacon*, p. 244.

† St. Mark ii. 21.

‡ See *Pull Mall Gazette*, March 10.

But more than this, the inspiring ideal of Christ's character, which is to be the animating principle of its philanthropic work, may well cease to inspire when criticism has been allowed to rove freely, with no better rudder or compass than the scheme furnishes. M. Renan will not be excluded from the programme, and to many minds his conclusions will be far from satisfying. The "frightful accessions of enthusiasm" which he describes, the acquiescence in pious frauds which he postulates in his account of the central figure of the Gospels, may temper the enthusiasm of some, and will hopelessly bewilder more. The figure which is supposed to be one of ideal perfection may in the end appear to combine the very unstimulating mass of contradictions which it conveyed to Bishop Alexander :—

Divinely gentle yet a sombre giant,  
Divinely perfect yet imperfect man,  
Divinely calm yet recklessly defiant,  
Divinely true yet half a charlatan.

Enough has been said. In such a plan there is no *modus vivendi*, no recognition of the independent claims and basis of old truth. New methods, new exaggerations, new fashions have been swallowed with a wholesale timidity, and in defiance of all the lessons history teaches as to the advancing tide of truth, with the constant incidental errors, which, like the backdraw of each wave in a flowing tide, are its normal accompaniment. We may sympathize with the kindness and philanthropy in the practical aim of such a plan, but of stable intellectual basis it has none. The new wine has been poured bodily into the old bottles, and the bottles have burst forthwith. The scheme preserves only a few of their fragments.

But a much more serious and important attempt at the *modus vivendi* to which I have referred is contained in the collection of Essays entitled *Lux Mundi*, which has been recently published by some influential members of the High Church party.

To many the special interest of the volume will arise from the mode and motive of its composition. It is not the work of a number of men airing pet theories on the relations between science and religion ; but it arose, as we gather from the work itself, from the practical experience of a few able and thoughtful tutors and clergymen in the University of Oxford, as to the necessity of reconciling apparent contra-

dictions between current Christianity and current biblical criticism and other scientific movements, for the sake of their own faith and peace of mind, and that of their friends. It is this actuality of the problem it attempts to solve, and the accompanying sense which many readers will have that that problem is a very real one for themselves, which raises the discussion from the rank of mere abstract speculation, and gives it an interest for the general reader as well as the professed theologian. The two deep feelings which inspire the writers are a devotion to many elements in traditional Catholic Christianity and belief in its essence (as they conceive it) on the one hand, and on the other a sense of the discrepancy between modern research, physical and critical, and certain features in the current Anglican teaching. This discrepancy has doubtless been forced on the writers with peculiar vividness by the difficulties they have witnessed in the minds of young men, at an age when the logical powers are keen, and a sense of inconsistency the more urgent because the experience which life brings of the many puzzles and enigmas which the finite mind must patiently bear with to the end is yet to come. On the other hand, men of the old school whose minds have been formed, and whose associations have been welded together, before the problems raised by the theory of evolution and modern biblical criticism became pressing, fail to realize the vividness with which these theories and their apparent consequences press on those who are in process of educating their intellectual nature and shaping and arranging their convictions. Such men see no difficulty because they see no reality (as it has been expressed) in a series of hypotheses or scientific proofs which have come before them after their capacity for assimilating new ideas and principles as active and determining forces has in the course of nature become dulled.

Thus Archdeacon Denison writes of this book—a book, be it observed, prompted apparently by the motive of saving the faith of many who are in danger of losing it—as "the most grievous specimen of defence of truth of all those I have had to contend against, and the most ruinous under all the circumstances of its production, a blow *ab intra* without parallel." And other divines of influence are known to entertain similar feelings.

It is not to my purpose to discuss the problems raised by *Lux Mundi*: the work of writers of so much weight and ability would call for fuller treatment than my limits allow. But, looking at the opposite attitudes of Mr. Gore and Archdeacon Denison in the light of the opening remarks of this essay, an important question suggests itself. If Mr. Gore finds that those who seek his sympathy or guidance are hard-pressed by the apparent inconsistency between the outlook suggested by science at the moment and the religion they have been taught, is he not bound to make some such attempt as *Lux Mundi* to solve the problem, if only to help men to hold by their faith? On the other hand, if what I said at starting is true, that scientific advance, in the rawness, inaccuracy, and imperfection of its different stages, is far more exacting in its demands for sacrifice of traditional interpretations than truth requires, may not Archdeacon Denison be right in discouraging a *modus vivendi*? Does not *Lux Mundi* tend to the rashness of pouring new wine into old bottles? Still the retort will be that young men cannot be influenced by advice which appears to ignore the march of science, and will not listen to conservatives who tend to think that the distinctive glory of their age is an idle boast.

The fact is that the problem is a double one: truth is to be guarded, and individual consciences are to be protected, and the matter cannot be dealt with satisfactorily unless this is recognized. The young man cannot practically, in the present day, be simply told not to believe in scientific progress. Such a course would put his faith in opposition to his common sense. On the other hand, the ever-growing, ever-changing forms of scientific opinion may not be in such a state that the Church can commit herself to them, or condescend to revise and guard her statements to suit what may be a temporary phase of opinion. Such a thought suggests an explanation of the mode of action often pursued in the Catholic Church in these matters, though her application of the same principle is, as we shall see, naturally somewhat different in different ages.

The question formed a theme of interesting discussion at the International Scientific Congress of Catholics at Paris, which I attended in company with the late

Father Perry, S. J., in 1888, and which is to hold its second session next year. And I rather choose that Congress as furnishing a sort of text to my remarks as it partook of the actuality and practicalness which, as I have said, lends such interest to *Lux Mundi*. It was no authoritative meeting in its form, but an assembly which included many very distinguished and eminent Catholics, who met to discuss scientific and critical questions, and who made use of the opportunity for comparing notes as to how practically an individual could and should stand with reference to the modern speculations to which I have referred.

Let me, as indicating a line of thought which I found to be a common one among the congressists, make a citation from the introductory address of the organizer of the Congress, Monseigneur d'Hulst, rector of the Catholic University of Paris.

Il a toujours existé, il existera toujours des dissensions parmi nous sur les points que l'autorité de l'Eglise n'a pas tranchés. Les occasions de rencontre sont nombreuses entre la science et la foi. Si la foi est immobile, la science ne l'est pas. C'est la gloire de la parole divine d'être toujours semblable à elle-même. C'est l'honneur de la pensée humaine de n'être jamais contente d'elle-même et de reculer sans cesse les bornes toujours étroites de ses connaissances. Mais entre deux termes contigus, dont l'un est en repos, l'autre en mouvement, il est inévitable que les points de contact se déplacent. Si le déplacement se faisait toujours au nom d'une certitude absolue, l'accord serait facile entre croyants; car autant ils sont convaincus qu'une proposition révélée n'a rien à craindre des constatations scientifiques, autant ils sont prêts à affirmer qu'une proposition démontrée n'encourra jamais le démenti autorisé des juges de la croyance. Ces deux axiomes représentent les deux faces d'une même vérité enseignée en termes exprès par le Concile du Vatican et par toute une série d'actes pontificaux, et qu'on peut résumer en cette formule: *le dogme catholique ne saurait être pris en défaut par les faits*. Mais le problème est moins simple que cela dans la pratique.

La science, en effet, arrive rarement d'un bond à la certitude. Elle procède par l'hypothèse, s'essaye aux vérifications expérimentales et s'achemine à travers des probabilités grandissantes vers le terme désiré de l'évidence discursive. Encore si cette marche était régulière et constante! Mais non. Il y a des tâtonnements et de fausses manœuvres; il y a des chevauchées hors de la route: *magni passus, sed extra viam*; il y a des hypothèses qui jouissent longtemps d'une certaine faveur et que de nouvelles recherches obligent d'abandonner. Tant que dure leur crédit provisoire, bon nombre d'esprits trop prompts

à conclure les confondent avec les dires absolus de la science, et pendant ce temps-là on se demande comment les mettre d'accord avec l'enseignement chrétien.

Les uns disent : "Le désaccord est manifeste, c'est l'hypothèse qui a tort." Les autres répondent : "L'hypothèse est bien appuyée, c'est vous qui interprétez mal la croyance. Ce que vous prenez pour l'enseignement catholique n'est qu'une façon d'entendre cet enseignement, façon bien naturelle tant qu'on n'avait pas de raisons d'en chercher une autre, mais qu'il faut abandonner à la demande de l'expérience." Sans doute, si l'autorité suprême intervient pour fixer le sens indéfini du dogme, le dissentiment fait place à l'unanimité. Mais il est rare que cette autorité se mêle ainsi aux virements de bord de la science. Gardienne prudente de la parole sacrée, protectrice bienveillante de l'activité humaine, elle attend d'ordinaire, se contentant de surveiller le mouvement et de condamner les excès de part et d'autre. Pendant ce temps-là, deux tendances se manifestent parmi les catholiques : celle des hardis, qui sont parfois téméraires ; celles des timides, qui sont parfois arriérés. Et là encore la situation se complique et les reproches se croisent. Les hardis prétendent que ce sont eux qui sont prudents, parce qu'ils réservent l'avenir et épargnent aux théologiens la nécessité de s'infliger plus tard à eux-mêmes un désaveu. Les timides répondent que ce sont eux qui méritent la louange décernée aux braves, parce qu'ils témoignent moins d'appréhensions devant les attaques de la science, plus de confiance dans la victoire finale de la conception traditionnelle.

Encore une fois, Messieurs, ces divergences sont inévitables, et vouloir les prévenir serait interdire aux croyants de penser. Aussi bien, le danger n'est pas dans ces discussions loyales et fraternelles, un peu vives parfois, mais toujours placées sous la double garantie du respect réciproque et d'une commune docilité envers l'Eglise. Le péril commencerait le jour où l'on prétendrait engager l'Eglise elle-même dans l'expression d'opinions particulières.

Et ce péril croîtrait si cette imprudence était le fait non plus d'un écrivain ou d'un groupe, mais d'une assemblée nombreuse et accréditée par le mérite individuel de ses membres, par l'éclat de leurs travaux et de leurs services ; si une telle assemblée usurpait sans autorité le rôle d'un concile.

This passage brings into special relief the help which the constitution of the Catholic Church may give in dealing with the double aspect of the problem to which I have already referred. Where there is no clear distinction between the individual teachers and the final living authority of the Church, the immediate skirmishes called for by each fresh scientific hypothesis, which has for a time a hold on public opinion, seem to commit the whole faith

of a Christian to the counter movement which is made on the spur of the moment. An undergraduate comes to his tutor full of Baur's theory as to the dates of the Gospels in the days when Baur reigned supreme, or looking on Darwin's account of the origin of the moral sense as finally proved, and his adviser tells him that though not in keeping with traditional Anglicanism both may be accepted. In many cases Baur's theory, as discrediting all approach to contemporary evidence of Apostolic Christianity, has, as we know, been found to weaken or destroy all belief in the received Christian history ; to commend the "myth" hypothesis ; and even to lead to Agnosticism. And the evolution theory of conscience has often had a parallel result. Years pass on : the exaggerations of the Tübingen school become discredited, and Wallace brings his great authority on purely scientific grounds to destroy the urgency of the young man's original difficulty as to the moral faculties of mankind. The tutor sees that a little patience would have saved his pupil. Or suppose he has taken the opposite course, which Archdeacon Denison would perhaps prefer, and has said, "You cannot accept Baur or Darwin," the young man, overcome by the tide of popular opinion and the tyranny of the Zeitgeist, refuses to retain belief in a religion so antiquated and unable to keep pace with the times. Years pass ; irreligious habits are formed, and by the time that scientific teachers have modified their decision he is incurably a godless man of the world.

I do not deny that want of tact on the part of a Catholic teacher might issue in a similar result. But I want to point out the vital importance of the third alternative which obviously suggests itself in the case of a Catholic. He may simply be told, as Monseigneur d'Hulst reminded his hearers, that the Church has not contemplated what is new, and has not pronounced on it ; and he may be reminded that neither has science pronounced fully and finally. The lesson appropriate to the situation is that of prudence and patience. There stand the corresponding principles of scientific progress and development of Christian doctrines ; and the limits of their application, so far as the trials *hic et nunc* to individual faith go, have to be decided to the best of the Catholic tutor's or adviser's ability. The double guid-

ance attainable from the Church's general principles and decisions, and from their application to a new case, is parallel to the double action of preacher and confessor. The preacher preaches in general terms the principles of Christian morality and duty. The confessor listens to his penitent's account of his special case; judges as best he can as to his circumstances and disposition, and decides which of the principles, universally true in themselves, apply to the particular instance. Further knowledge may modify his decision in the confessional; nothing can change the principles of morality he preaches from the pulpit. One is a statement of absolute and abstract truth; the other is concrete and relative. It is a system for dealing with each case as it arises, with the half-knowledge of facts and circumstances, which is possible at the moment, liable to reconsideration, capable of addition, capable even of absolute contradiction in presence of new discoveries as to antecedents, surroundings, and character; yet all the while it is the application of the same eternal principles of right and wrong.

So the individual teacher looks at the analogies in Church history and at the general principles laid down by theologians, and to their treatment of similar cases, and decides to the best of his power what is tenable by a Catholic with respect to a new scientific hypothesis; but he does not and cannot commit the Church to the conclusion he draws except so far as he may say he thinks it is the true conclusion. He understands to the best of his power the real bearing of the hypothesis on dogma; endeavors to distinguish the traditional interpretation of a Christian belief from its essence, and decides as he can for the individual conscience he is helping. But his knowledge and his applications of it are liable to error. His acquaintance with theological precedents may be one-sided and incomplete. His apprehension of the scientific hypothesis may be so wrong as to make him miss its true bearing. And a change in his opinion and counsel as science advances, or as his knowledge is corrected, is quite as consistent with the Church's truthfulness as the confessor's change is with the changeless moral law.

But this is not all. While individual Catholics often have what may be called a certain provisional power of reconsidera-

tion\* where the Church has not decided authoritatively, we may also see in the Church a power of assimilation and of ultimate consolidation of her teaching in its relations to assured scientific advance, or well-examined and tenable hypotheses. While her caution protects her against those whims of the *Zeitgeist* which prematurely claim the title of discoveries, the activity of her life enables her *in the end* to find a *modus vivendi* with what is really valuable in intellectual movements, or really true in scientific achievement. This is a special prerogative of a living authoritative tribunal which, from the nature of the case, cannot be clearly asserted by any ruling power whose nature is documentary. And the Church has, on occasion, exhibited this principle of progressive assimilation in a marked manner.

It is perhaps instructive to note the illustration the principle in question receives from cases which often seem at first sight instances of unmixed narrowness and bigotry on the part of ecclesiastical authority. In days when the temper of the age, as shown in all religious parties, was less sympathetic and tolerant than at present, when every school of religious thought asserted its claims by more or less stringent persecution of its opponents, the slowness of the Church to commit herself prematurely to any novel form of thought which seemed at first sight at variance with traditional teaching, naturally led to intolerance on the part of the teachers or officers of the Church. There was in this as in other matters less of individualism than at present; and a new opinion to which the Church refused to commit herself was often not tolerated in private persons, as a matter of discipline. There was probably less need for toleration for the sake of individual consciences, as scientific discovery had not yet got so firm a foothold as to be in many cases a living source of difficulty;

\* St. Thomas expresses this power, so far as the interpretation of Scripture texts is concerned, as follows: "Since the divine Scripture may be expounded in many ways, it is not right to attach oneself so strictly to any one opinion as still to maintain it after sure reason has proved the statement supposed to be contained in Scripture false; lest on this account Scripture be derided by infidels and the way to faith closed against them." This passage is cited in the very interesting article on Creation in the Catholic Dictionary as bearing on the interpretation of the account of Creation in *Genesis*.

and the greater simplicity of thought in these matters made especially true Cardinal Newman's saying, "Novelty is often error to those who are unprepared for it from the refraction with which it enters into their conceptions." The immediate danger to conscience and faith may generally have come rather from the admission of startling novelty, than from over-severe repression of individual opinion. We can, perhaps, see in this fact the reason why, though some might suffer unfairly from such a policy, ecclesiastical authority tended to be more chary then than now of allowing—apart from infallible decisions, and as a matter of practical guidance—new opinions, not absolutely proved, and which at first sight shook dogmatic beliefs, whose traditional interpretation had from the temper of the age become for many indistinguishable from their essence. That very duty of protecting the Christian's conscience which, as I have said, is the motive of the immediate action of the Christian teacher as distinguished from the final decision of the Church herself, would, in many cases at all events, lead to an opposite policy in circumstances so different. The over-subtle mind of the present day, readily grasping the real weight of evidence for a new scientific discovery, more readily than formerly distinguishing between the essence and the traditional interpretation of dogmatic belief, has more to fear from the temporary denial of what may prove true, and less to fear from the readjustment of explanations of dogma. Whereas the bulk of medieval Catholics would feel less the weight of scientific proof, and more the shock of novelty in expression, now the proportions are reversed. Just as the simple Silas Marner believed in God's justice and in its unfailing expression in the decision by lot, and to find the lots unfair was for him to find that there was no just God; so when thought was ruder and education rarer there was greater danger of identifying a religious truth with its popular forms of expression. To invalidate the latter was to shake belief in the former. Perhaps then of the two alternatives our teachers would now be more ready to allow provisional freedom, as a concession to a puzzled intellect, where the will seems to have no disposition to indocility, while formerly independent thought, as arguing disobedience in spirit and having less *prima facie*

claim to genuineness and simplicity, would be checked; the double change of circumstances bringing the further excuse for a change of policy, that the novelty, which is now more quickly interwoven with a modified expression of dogma, would formerly have seemed inevitably to contradict it. But doubtless an individual in advance of his generation was liable in days of old to suffer from a rule of action suited to the many. The condemnation of Galileo may be considered to be an instance of this by those who think that he himself was hardly used by ecclesiastical authority. The primary duty of protecting religious belief in the mass of Christian souls may have called for a check on the propagation of an imperfectly ascertained discovery for which the minds of the faithful were unprepared and which seemed to impugn the authority of Holy Scripture. This is the view of the matter indicated by Cardinal Newman in his preface to the new edition of the *Via Media*.

Be this as it may, a marked instance of the earlier method of procedure—of the condemnation on grounds of prudence of a system which was ultimately assimilated with Catholic teaching—was the case of the peripatetic philosophy. Though, of course, unconnected with discovery properly so called, it assumed in the twelfth century, as Schlegel has pointed out, very much the position of "advanced thought" at the present day. When it came over to the West, from the hands of the Arabian revivalists, whom the era of Haroun al Raschid had first forgotten, it was looked upon as the daring, enterprising philosophy which appealed to the highly cultured intellect. Some of the Stagira's logical works had gained a footing a few years earlier, and his dialectical method had attracted some of the most brilliant minds of the Western Church. The new philosophy was the "rationalism" of the day. The most celebrated of the early advocates of the Aristotelian dialectic was the famous Abelard, who applied it to theology in the Western as John Damascene had already done in the Eastern Church. It is not to my purpose to dwell fully on its history. We all remember the historic conflict between St. Bernard the Abbot of Clairvaux and Abelard. St. Bernard saw that the scholastic method as it stood exalted reason at the expense of faith. That mystical and mysterious side



of religion which must ever remain only seen in part—through a glass darkly—was exposed to the pretence of full analysis, and to a shallow confidence in the all-sufficiency of syllogistic deductions. The tendency which he saw was that expressed by another saint, who beheld in a vision a theologian attempting with his measuring tape to ascertain the height of the gates of heaven. “Posuit in cœlo os suum,” said St. Bernard of Abelard indignantly, “et scrutavit alta Dei.” They met for a public disputation, but Abelard’s courage, it is said, failed him; and he refused to defend his own doctrines. Abelard, the prince of Western scholastics, was condemned in Rome. Nor did this sense of the dangers of the new method quickly pass away. Seventy years later Aristotle’s metaphysical works were burnt by order of a council at Paris, and a papal legate, by direction of Innocent the Third, forbade their use to the faithful.

Here we have an extreme case of the first side of the principle to which I am referring. The rationalistic spirit was the danger of the times. It was the danger from which the conscience and faith of the multitude were to be protected; and ecclesiastical teachers, in the rough and summary manner which was the custom of the day, put their hand down upon the cause of the evil and checked it. Whatever was good or bad, true or false, in Aristotle, here was a practical danger. The province of faith was being ignored, and a secular and rationalistic spirit propagated. As the summariness of a court-martial provides less accurately than a civil trial for just treatment of the individual, and yet is called for by the danger to larger interests, so St. Bernard and pope Innocent, leaving nice distinctions for a less critical juncture, checked the new philosophy with prompt energy.

All the more remarkable, in remembrance of this, is the fact of which Catholics have been specially reminded of late years by Leo the Thirteenth. It would have been a strange vision alike to St. Bernard and to Abelard could they have seen the Encyclical “Æterni Patris” in which a few years back the present pope traced the lineal descent of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas from Leo, Gregory, and Augustine; and could they have turned to the volumes in which it was contained, and found the Aristotelian dialectic and

Metaphysics adopted into its very essence.

And yet this fact is but the other term of the Church’s double attitude, which shows itself in a jealousy of hasty and dangerous submission to novel doctrines—which is, nevertheless, compatible with her assimilation in the end of however much they contain which is true or intellectually valuable. In the reign of Innocent the Third a system fraught with the associations of the paganism of Aristotle and the pantheism of Averroes, the Arabian commentator, which had not yet found place for faith, and advocated the autonomy of the reason, was claiming acceptance in the name of the intellect of the day. This intemperate claim had simply to be met by a decisive check. In St. Thomas’s time all was changed. Years had passed, and the details of Aristotelianism had been discussed and weighed in the academic circles of the *Schola Theologorum*. Albert the Great and Alexander of Hales had adopted such of its principles as were consistent with Christianity, and interwoven them with the ethics of the Fathers, texts of Holy Scripture, and the decisions of Church authority. In this new garb and surrounded with these new associations and safeguards, the condemned *Metaphysics* lost their terrible character. The dialectical method was held in check by the faith and sanctity of St. Thomas, and the insistence on the mystical side of religion which we find in his great scholastic contemporary, St. Bonaventura. The danger of exalting reason and destroying faith had passed away under these altered circumstances. Time had been allowed; and the contemptuous sneer of the hasty rationalist of the twelfth century, that Catholic faith was irreconcilable with the best products of the human reason and the great thoughts of the philosophy of Grecian antiquity, was falsified. The saying “Roma patiens quia æterna” received a fresh illustration, which succeeding ages, which take such close note of the temporary conflict between secular science and religion, will do well to note.

Now to point as briefly as may be the moral with which I set out. The principle of double treatment which the Church has variously applied at different times seems to have peculiar importance in view of the circumstances of our day; and the constitution of the Church undoubtedly

offers certain facilities for its application. Outside the Church a decision for the immediate guidance of Christians tends to become final. A book with the weight attaching to *Luz Mundi*, from the ability and position of its writers, is as near an approach to an *ex cathedra* decision as to what are within the limits of Anglican orthodoxy as the case admits. On such a subject there is no effective court to revise its declarations. The case of *Essays and Reviews* has shown (if it needed showing) that, so far as the State Church is concerned, the utmost freedom in dogmatic matters is compatible with retaining official status as a member of the Church of England; while for persons who consider that those only are true Anglicans who retain those traditional dogmas which they deem the Anglican Church's inheritance, disowning, as they generally do, the Privy Council and Crown as a final court of appeal, and accepting in practice no living authority as dogmatically supreme, the opinion of a weighty section of their number as to what is compatible with their position is in a sense final. There will always be a certain number to follow suit, and there is no machinery to check either the increase of adherents to such views, or their further development in the direction of free thought. Thus we find a recent critic styling this book the Manifesto of the High Church party.\*

On the other hand a Catholic book on similar lines would be necessarily tentative, and would be liable to many hierarchical grades of revision and reconsideration. It might be condemned as dangerous or inopportune, yet much of it might be ultimately adopted as true. It might be (as in a recent case in France) approved by an ecclesiastical superior, and then censured by a more authoritative tribunal. And yet such a double fact need not prevent much of the substance of a book from being finally declared consistent with Catholic doctrine. Or, on the other hand, in view of the harm done by too much public discussion, or of the intrinsic unimportance of the work, it may be left unnoticed, and yet the points it raises may receive in due time and place more or less authoritative treatment, limiting the degree to which it can safely be accepted. A work of this kind, if expressly dealt with, is

weighed by an authority which considers in its different functions what it is wise to say, what is possible, what is probable, what is calculated to produce a false impression, what, though creating a true impression in itself, will jar with some article of belief which has not yet been fully explained, as well as what is in itself absolutely true or absolutely false. And this last, in religion as in science, is a matter on which infinite caution and slowness are natural and necessary. Fénelon's *Maximes des Saints* was condemned as objectively containing false doctrine, but the pope refused to condemn the author's own meaning (*in sensu ab auctore intento*), which he subsequently set forth, though his enemies pressed for such a condemnation. The famous congregation *de Auxiliis* left uncondemned the extremely opposite doctrines of Thomism and Molinism, contenting itself with condemning only such conclusions on either side as struck at the morality of the active Catholic life. A common form of decision in Rome, where a difficult principle is involved, in an individual case for decision as to a person's lawfully continuing in a certain course, is "that he is not to be disquieted" (*non esse inquietandum*), a purely personal precept involving the refusal to decide on the principle. The authority does not attempt to enunciate there and then a general principle which is to apply to all possible cases, and yet desires in the interests of the individual to give him the practical rule which his case demands.

Many steps, then, are possible toward supplying materials (so to speak) for the Church's ultimate decision and guiding individuals provisionally, which yet do not commit the Church finally and fully one way or another. And this likewise leaves time for another important factor in the progress of universal truth—the further development and analysis and proof of scientific hypotheses themselves. Thus when finally the truth emerges with scientific certainty, a double office has been performed—minds have been familiarized with an hypothesis, and prepared for its reconciliation with Christian teaching should it prove true, and at the same time positive assent on the part of the Church herself has been withheld to what may after all prove to some extent false. It is hardly worth while to recall the application of such a principle to the innumerable

\* See *Academy*, March 8.

varieties on purely scientific grounds which our own day has witnessed in Darwinism—the numerous and partially conflicting theories of physiological selection, sexual selection, development and atrophy by use and disuse, and the very different limits assigned to the operation of natural selection itself by Wallace and Darwin; facts which, however, do not affect the belief most of us have that Darwin discovered a *causa vera*, whose exact operation and limitations it will take many generations to determine. But Darwinism is a signal instance in both departments of what has just been said. Not only do we see the very considerable modifications which it is gradually undergoing at the hands of men of science, but within the Church its tenability, and the degree and form in which it is tenable, and the precedents and means for its reconciliation with Scripture, have within the last twenty years been discussed to an extent amounting almost to a literature.

I will observe, finally, that the *modus agendi* I have described—though doubtless many will consider that the immovable limits set to its operation in the Church by past decisions of an infallible authority prevent its being adequate to the requirements of the case—seems, as a principle of action, to be only an extension of that philosophic temper of mind which, in their own departments, all great natural philosophers, the Darwins and the Newtons of history, have enjoined. It combines readiness to consider the working of every possible hypothesis with great slowness in ultimate decision on its limits or on its truth at all. We remember how Newton for sixteen years refused to consider the principle of gravitation established because of a very slight discrepancy between the time he calculated to be taken by the moon to fall through space and by a stone at the same height. “Most men,” writes a competent authority,\* “would have considered the approach to coincidence as a proof of his theory.” Sixteen years later more accurate calculations as to the moon’s distance removed the apparent discrepancy. And then he finally declared his hypothesis to be proved. Again, few of us have failed to contrast the slowness and accurate measurement by Darwin and Wallace of conclusions drawn with any certainty as to the details of evolution with the sweeping

generalizations of their second rate followers. Darwin and Newton have at once the greatest instinctive confidence that they are on the road to truth, the greatest quickness in noting the possible significance of phenomena, and the greatest slowness in finally stating what conclusions are ascertained beyond doubt.

In the absence of a living and final authority and of such a system as we have been considering, a religious body tends, as I have said, to become identified (without any internal principle of recovery) with the momentary conclusions of its members in view of contemporary controversy. Thus I see no inherent principle in the High Church party which would prevent its gradual development into a ritual system with dogma almost entirely eliminated; nor do I see any principle in the scheme of Mrs. Humphry Ward which would prevent such views as Renan’s from suddenly finding themselves in the ascendant.

With this suggestion I bring my imperfect sketch to a close. My purpose has not been polemical, and my sympathy with the aim of the authors of *Lux Mundi*, so far as it is the outcome of the real *crux* of all thinking Christians, is very deep. But I think a principle is to some extent lost sight of in these controversies which has been exhibited by the Church even where its application may be open to criticism, and in times of corruption and tyranny. Two interests are, as I have said, at stake—individual faith and conscience, and abstract truth. A provisional concession to a school of criticism,\* which may at the moment enjoy undue ascendancy, may be needed for individual consciences, and yet it would be very unwise to commit the Church finally to such a concession: and conversely the general and public inculcation of new and startling views, wholesale, may be dangerous, even though they should ultimately prove to be in great measure true. The discoveries of science are among the acknowledged *criteria* used by the Church in the explanation of Scripture; but the time is probably far distant when we shall be able to appraise with confidence many of the tentative conclusions of Reuss and Welhausen.\*—*Nineteenth Century*.

\* I may be allowed to refer the reader to the last chapter of the second edition of my work, *W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement* (Macmillan), in which one or two of the lines of thought suggested in this essay are more fully developed.

\* Professor Jevons.

## THE AFRICAN PYGMIES.

BY A. WERNER.

Nor the least interesting of the discoveries made by Mr. Stanley on his latest expedition is that of the Wambatti—the dwarf tribe living between the Upper Aruhwimi and the Nepoko. It has long been a well-known fact that the Pygmies of Homer, Herodotus, and Ktesias—those of whom Pliny speaks as “dwelling among the marshes where the Nile rises”<sup>\*</sup>—are something more than mere mythical beings; and almost every exploration of any importance undertaken of late years has thrown fresh light on the existence of a primitive African race, of whom the Wambatti, Akkas, Obongo, Watwa, and Bushmen are, in all probability, scattered fragments.

A glance at the accompanying rough map will show how numerous are the tribes—usually designated dwarfs or pygmies—whose marked resemblance to each other, and marked difference from the people among whom they are scattered, are recognized facts. The physical characteristics in which, broadly speaking, they all agree, are their small stature, their light yellow or reddish-brown color, and the peculiar character of the hair, which is woolly, but, instead of being, as in the negro, evenly distributed over the scalp, grows in small tufts—“cheveux plantés en pinceaux de brosse,” as Emin Pasha puts it in speaking of the Akkas.<sup>†</sup> This appearance, according to Professor Virchow, is not due to the fact that the hair grows on some spots and not on others, but to a peculiarity in the texture of the hair itself, which causes it to roll naturally into closely-curved spiral locks, leaving the intervening pieces of scalp bare. Be this as it may, this growth is the surest and most permanent characteristic of the Pygmy, or, as some prefer to call them, the Hottentot-Bushman race.<sup>‡</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> *Hist. Nat.*, VI. 35.

<sup>†</sup> *Transactions of the Berlin Anthropological Society* for 1886.

<sup>‡</sup> Professor Flower, however, thinks that differences between the Akkas and Bushmen are so radical as to preclude the possibility of regarding them as members of the same race. He lays special stress on the yellow complexion and “peculiar oblong form of the skull,” which is especially distinguished from that of

The name of dwarfs, applied by some to these people, has been objected to as implying deformity or arrested growth, and therefore conveying a wrong impression. Nothing of the kind can be said of the African Pygmies, who, though of short stature, are well-shaped people of perfectly normal formation. It is true that the Hottentots and Bushmen show certain strange anatomical peculiarities; but these may be said to be more or less accidental, being, in part at least, the result of special and unfavorable conditions of life.

The Pygmies are nomadic in their habits,<sup>\*</sup> and neither keep cattle nor till the ground, but live by hunting and snaring wild animals and birds, or, under the most unfavorable circumstances, on wild fruits, roots, and berries. Their weapons are always bows and arrows, the latter usually poisoned—the resource of the weak. They have no fixed abode, and, if they build shelters at all, only construct rude huts of branches. They have no government, nor do they form regular communities; they usually wander about, like our gypsies, in hordes composed of a few families each. This, however, depends on the nature of the country—in the parched deserts of the south they are not even united to this extent. Sometimes they are to a certain extent dependent on more powerful tribes, who afford them protec-

the Akkas by the absence of prognathism; also on the “special anatomical characters” alluded to later on. But it seems to be the case that modern research tends to show that environment and conditions of life, etc., may act far more quickly in the production of racial peculiarities than was formerly supposed. There are instances, e.g., on record of the children of white, or at most tawny parents, born in a hot, damp locality (to which the latter had migrated from a dry one) being positively black. The Bushmen have been isolated to such a degree from their more northern congeners, and the struggle for existence has been in their case so severe, that they may well have developed striking differences. It should be noted that their habitat is dry, while that of the Akkas is extremely hot and damp.

<sup>\*</sup> Les Akkas ne forment point un peuple compact; il n’y a pas un pays aux Akkas; comme les volées des oiseaux, ils sont un peu partout.—*Emin Pasha*.

tion in return for certain services. Their notions of the Unseen, when they have any, would appear to be of the very crudest. Their languages seem to be distinct from others, related among themselves, and very peculiar. This is a point to which I shall revert later on.

Leaving aside the classical writers,\* the earliest reference to the Pygmies occurs in the narrative of Andrew Battell,† who spent three years in the kingdom of Loango during the first decade of the seventeenth century. He says :

To the north-east of Mani Kesock are a kind of little people called Matimbos, which are no bigger than Boyes of twelve yeares olde, but veris thicke, and live onely upon fleshe, which they kill in the woods with their Bowes and Darts. They pay tribute to Mani Kesock, and bring all their Elephants' teeth and tayles to him. They will not enter into any of the Marombos' houses, nor will suffer any to come where they dwell. And if by chance any Maroubo, or people of Loango passe where they dwell, then they will forsake that place and go to another. The Women carry Bow and Arrowes as well as the men. And one of these will walk in the Woods alone, and kill the Pongo with their poisoned Arrowes.

The Flemish geographer Dapper, writing in the seventeenth century, refers to the Pygmies in the following passage :

Before the King's cloth sit some Dwarfs, with their backs toward him ; Pigmyes indeed in stature, but with heads of a prodigious bigness ; for the more exact deforming whereof they wear the skin of some Beast tied round about them. The Blacks say there is a Wilderness where reside none but men of such a stature, who shoot those Gigantick Creatures, the Elephants. The common name of these dwarfs is Bakke-Bakke ; but they are also called Mimo's.‡

These Bakke-Bakke (whose name reminds us of Akkas, Tikki Tikki, and Wambatti, and possibly Batwa) seem at first sight to come under the heading of true dwarfs, or natural malformations ; but the disproportioned heads may be an accidental mistake magnified by report.

\* An excellent summary of what is said by these, and also of modern discoveries up to 1871, is given in an article, " Ueber Zwergvölker in Africa " (to which I have been greatly indebted in the preparation of this paper), in *Petermann's Mittheilungen* for that year.

† *Purchas*, Vol. II., p. 983.

‡ " Description of the Kingdom of Lovango, or the Countrey of the Bramas in Nether Ethiopia." (*Africa : Collected and translated from most authentick Authors*. By John Ogilby, Esq. 1670.)

The other items of the account tally with the descriptions of Battell and others—the skins of beasts, worn " for the more exact deforming of the head," are probably the leopard and monkey-skin caps worn among many of the Congo tribes at the present day.

De Commerson, who accompanied Bougainville on his voyage round the world, and visited Madagascar in 1771, heard of a small race in the interior of that island, called Kimos or Quimos, and actually saw one woman—a slave in the household of the Governor of the French settlement, the Comte de Modave. De Modave collected all the information he could about the Quimos from native chiefs, but never succeeded in reaching the valleys where they were said to live, or meeting with any, except the slave-woman before mentioned, who may or may not have been a typical specimen. Ellis and other missionaries, in later times, heard of these people under the name of Vazimba, but never appear to have seen them ; and it may be doubted whether any of them exist at the present day. The native statements preserved by De Commerson and De Modave would, if true, show the Quimos to have been in some respects physiologically different to the rest of mankind ; but these statements—and rightly so, in the absence of further evidence—are treated by both gentlemen with extreme caution. For the rest, the description of the Comte de Modave's Quino slave might very well stand for the portrait of the average Bushwoman.

Captain Boteler, who was on the East Coast of Africa between the years 1821 and 1826, heard of a tribe of small people, living in the interior, called Waberikimo ; and reports of these seem at different times to have reached Zanzibar. The native information on this point was somewhat vague ; but from all accounts they would appear to be the same as the Doko, of whom Dr. Krapf received a description in 1840 from a slave of the name of Dilbo, a native of Enarea. The Doko were said to live in the Galla country ; they were small in stature, and of a dark olive color. They lived on fruits, roots, mice, and wild honey, and were unacquainted with the use of fire. They had neither weapons, houses, nor temples, nor even, like the Gallas, sacred trees. Yet they had some notion of a Supreme Being, to whom, un-

der the name of *Yer*, they sometimes addressed prayers, "in moments of sadness and terror," said Dilbo. There is a certain pathos in what follows; but we must remember that it was filtered through the imagination—perhaps elicited by the leading questions—of a kind-hearted German with a touch of poetic mysticism about him. "In their prayer they say: 'Yer, if Thou dost really exist, why dost Thou let us be slain! We ask Thee not for food or clothing, for we only live on snakes, ants, and mice. Thou hast made us, why dost Thou let us be trodden down?'"

The Doko had neither chiefs nor laws; they "lived in the woods, climbing trees for fruit, like monkeys;" but diseases were unknown among them, and they were much liked as slaves in Enarea, being docile and obedient.

Dr. Krapf again heard of the Doko in Ukanbani and at Barawa, and at the latter place even saw a slave corresponding to Dilbo's description. Father Léon des Avanchers, a French Roman Catholic missionary, heard of them from the Somalis in 1858, under the name of "Tchin-Tchellé" (which is, being interpreted, "*Quel miracle!*"). In 1864 he saw some of them for himself in the kingdom of Gera (north of Kaffa, in Abyssinia), and described them in a letter to M. d'Abbadie, published in the *Bulletin* of the Paris Geographical Society. The word Doko may be another form of the Swahili *mdogo* (= small), but this has been disputed.

Proceeding in geographical rather than in chronological order, we come next to the Akkas, with whom Colonel Long's Tikki Tikki\* would seem to be identical. They were first heard of, vaguely, by Petherick, in 1854; but the first real announcement of their existence to the civilized world was made by Dr. Schweinfurth in 1871. They live in the Monbuttu country, which lies south of the Bahr-el-Gazal and west of the Equatorial Province of Egypt. Dr. Schweinfurth's account has been ably supplemented by Dr. Felkin and Emin Pasha, the latter of whom enjoyed ample opportunities for studying them during the twelve years he spent in Central Africa, and, in 1886, communi-

cated to the Berlin *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* a very valuable and interesting paper on the subject, accompanied by detailed measurements. He insists on the distinction between the Akkas and real dwarfs (i.e., persons whose growth has been arrested by pathological or other causes), of whom he saw several at Mtesa's court. "Tout au contraire, les Akkas sont une race qui n'offrent aucun signe pathologique, mais qui, formés à point, déprécieraient bien vivement les épithètes de 'race déchuë,' de peuplade vouée à l'extinction, dont on a bien voulu les gratifier." They live in bands composed of a few families each, putting up the rough shelters of reeds and branches which form their temporary camp in the woods, near some running stream, and usually within reach of a Monbuttu or Moinvu village. They are good marksmen, and kill even elephants and buffaloes, bartering with the villagers the meat they do not require for themselves, in return for grain, oil, native beer, and other necessities. The Monbuttu, moreover, obtain from them all the skins and feathers used by them for clothing and ornament; and any chief who should refuse hospitality to the Akkas would not only forfeit these supplies, but draw down the speedy vengeance of the little people the first time he or any of his tribe ventured into the forest alone. The Akkas are cannibals, and make no secret of the fact; those personally known to Dr. Schnitzer "savaient parfaitement me dire quelle part du corps humain soit la plus savoureuse."† The average height of some thirty individuals measured by the Pasha was 1.36 mètre. They are usually of a lighter brown than the Monbuttu, but the difference of coloring is rather in the *tone* than in the *shade*—in other words, the Akkas are of a *red* brown, the Monbuttu of a *yellow* brown.‡ Their hair is black-brown or quite black, growing in tufts, as already described, short and very woolly, and too scanty to be made into the ornamental coiffures so much in vogue

\* Thus differing from Winwood Reade's *Fan* acquaintance, who assured him that, considered as a dish, man was "all alike good."

† "Tandis que les Akkas appartiennent aux peuples nègres dont le fond du noir est *rouge*, les Mombouttous montrent un brun ou noir au fond *jaune*." This appears to contradict the general tenor of what has been said about the Pygmy races, but it is probable that no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down as to color.

\* *Central Africa*. By Col. C. Chaillé-Long. London, 1876. Pp. 263 sqq.

among the Africans. There is an abundant growth of hair all over the body, and "it cannot be denied that the mouth resembles that of certain apes." This is noteworthy when contrasted with Dr. Wolf's remark on the Batwa, "Irgend welche pithecoide Merkmale waren nicht vorhanden." The Monbuttu frequently intermarry with the Akkas, and half-breeds are far from uncommon. Two Akkas were sent to Italy by Signor Miani, one of whom, we believe, is still living at Verona.

The Wambatti, first made known to the world by Mr. Stanley's narrative, live farther west than the Akkas, from whom they do not appear to differ materially—unless it be in the "spiteful and venomous" disposition evinced by their unprovoked attacks on the expedition; whereas the Akkas, though dangerous on provocation, are tolerably peaceable when well treated.

Within the great horseshoe bend of the Congo, and apparently ranging over a vast extent of country, dwell the Watwa or Batwa. Mr. Stanley first heard of them in 1876, from Rumanika of Karragwé, and, later on, at Nyangwé, from Abed bin Jumah, who, in a singularly picturesque and graphic narrative, recounted the tragic history of Sheikh Mtagamoyo, the cruel and dauntless—how he fitted out a strong caravan for the country of the dwarfs, expecting to make his fortune in ivory, and went back poorer than he came.\* Stanley did not himself come in contact with these Watwa, except in the person of a single individual who was brought in by his men at Ikundu, on the Upper Congo or Lualaba River.† He measured 3 feet 6½ inches in height, was "light chocolate" in complexion, and carried a bow and poisoned arrows.

Mr. H. H. Johnston,‡ in 1883, saw two slaves among the Bayansi, near the Kwà river, who probably belonged to this race. More extended observations were made in 1885 by the late Dr. Ludwig Wolf, who accompanied Lieutenant Wissmann's expedition, and spent some time in the Kasai region. He says that the Batwa in some places live side by side with the Bakuba—in others they have settlements of their own, hidden away in the dense forest. They are most numerous about the parallel of 5° S. Each sub-chief of the Ba-

kuba has a Batwa village assigned to him, whose inhabitants supply him with palm-wine and game. The independent Batwa of the forest sometimes offer dried meat in exchange for *manioc* or maize to the Bakuba, at periodical markets held on neutral ground. Dr. Wolf experienced some difficulty in obtaining accurate measurements; but the first series of those he was able to record gave 1.44\* mètre as a maximum, and 1.40 m. as a minimum. On a later occasion, he found that the heights obtained ranged between 1.30 m. and 1.35 m.—which last figure is somewhat less than that given for Stanley's dwarf.

Dr. Wolf was disposed to think that there is, in this respect, little if any difference between the Batwa and the Bushmen. For the rest, he says that they were in general tolerably well-formed, "und machten durchaus den Eindruck des Normalen." The skull was not markedly prognathous, and no ape-like peculiarities were noticeable. They followed no particular custom in the disposal of their dead, and were, like other Africans, firm believers in witchcraft.†

According to Major Wissmann, these Batwa hunt with dogs, and, indeed, possess a superior breed of greyhounds.

Mr. C. S. Latrobe Bateman, in "Under the Lone Star," speaks of two nomadic tribes—the "Batwa Bankonko" and the "Batwa Basingi"—the former of whom were the terror of the Bakete, who, to obtain protection from them, became tributary to the Bakuba. He makes no mention, however, of their racial peculiarities.

The Obongo, discovered by du Chaillu in 1865, inhabit the Ashango country, in the mountains south of the Ogowé. They were "stoutly built, like chimpanzees," with broad chests and muscular limbs; some of them were not more than 4 feet in height, others from 4 feet 2 inches to 4 feet 7 inches. They were "of a dirty yellow color," with hair growing in tufts; and lived in the same sort of relation to the Ashangos as the Batwa to the Bakuba. A full description of their settlement and its little circular huts made of branches may be found in Du Chaillu's "Ashango-Land."‡

The same people were seen by Dr. Lenz,

\* *Through the Dark Continent*, pp. 390-393.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 435, 436.

‡ *The River Congo*, p. 215.

\* About 4 feet 9½ inches.

† *Trans. Berlin Anthropol. Soc.*, 1886.

‡ Pp. 315 sqq.

when he ascended the Okanda (a tributary of the Ogowé) in 1874. He found that they were called "Babongo," and also "Vambuta" (Wambatti?), though their real name appeared to be Bari or Bali. As he did not penetrate further than 12° E., he did not reach their actual dwelling-places, which were said to be a fortnight's journey beyond that point, though he saw and measured a considerable number of individuals. His measurements range between 1.32 and 1.42 metre, and he particularly notices the contrast between their round huts and the rectangular style of architecture prevailing in the district.\*

Somewhere to the north of these, perhaps, may be placed the Kenkob and Betsan, of whom Dr. Koelle, the learned author of the "Polyglotta Africana" (1854), heard at Sierra Leone. He obtained his information from two liberated slaves, one of whom, a man named Yon, was a native of a country called Bayon, supposed to lie about 5° N. and between 12° and 13° E. This man declared that four days' journey eastward from his home there was a great lake called Liba, on whose banks lived the Lufum tribe, "tall, strong, and warlike; clad in black monkey-skins, and fighting with spears and arrows. Near Lufum," the account continues, "and also on the shores of the Liba, is another people, called Kenkob, only three or four feet high, but very stout, and the most excellent marksmen. They are peaceful, live on the produce of the chase, and are so liberal that if, e.g., one has killed an elephant he would give the whole of it away."

Another man, whose home was to the northwestward of Bayon, gave Dr. Koelle a very similar account of a tribe called "Betsan," living "on the river Riba,† which comes from Bansa and goes to Bambongo." These, too, are successful hunters, and are also said to make bark cloth for themselves, whereas Du Chaillu's Obongo wore nothing but the cast-off grass cloths of the Ashangos. The Betsan sometimes exchange their venison for millet, etc., in the Rufum country. "They do not cultivate the ground, but are con-

stantly on the move, changing their abode every six or twelve months. Their houses can be easily built, taken down, and even carried along with them, consisting, as they do, of the bark of a large tree. The Betsan hunt monkeys, baboons, wild hogs, deer, elephants, etc."\*

I can suggest no affinity for the names here given to the Pygmies, unless Kenkob contains a possible reminiscence of "Khoi-Khoi," or "Koi Koib," the tribal name used by the Hottentots among themselves. It is utterly unlike a Bantu word, and may be a relic of the language originally common to all the Pygmy tribes, which many of them seem to be losing. Bambongo, on the other hand, distinctly suggests Obongo, and may have originated the latter name (which, as the variant *Babongo* shows, seems to be Bantu)—the Kenkob adopting it from the district where they had sojourned. Or, again, it may be a tribal name, reported to Dr. Koelle's informant as that of a district.

Turning to Southwestern Africa, we find that Major Serpa Pinto,† in 1878, met with a tribe called "Mucassequeres," living in the forests between the Cubango and Cuando, while the open country is occupied by the Ambuellas. These people have "eyes very small and out of the right line, cheek-bones very far apart and high, nose flat to the face, and nostrils disproportionately wide." Their hair is crisp and woolly, growing in *separate patches*, and thickest on the top of the head. Unlike the Obongo, they build no kind of shelter, but, like them, are skilled in the use of bows and arrows, and live on roots, honey, and game. In color they are "a dirty yellow, like the Hottentots, while the Ambuellas are black, though of a Caucasian type of feature."

Further south, near the borders of the Kalahari Desert, Serpa Pinto found a tribe similar in most respects to the Mucassequeres, but deep black, and known by the name of Massaruas. These (who are less savage than the Mucassequeres) are probably a tribe of Bushmen, very much resembling, if not identical with, the M'Kabba, or N'Tchabba, brought by Signor Farini from the Kalahari Desert. These last were carefully examined by Professor Virchow, and described by him

\* See *Petermann's Mittheilungen* for 1877 (p. 108). Also Dr. Lenz's paper in the *Transactions of the Berlin Geographical Society*.

† Evidently the same as Liba; as Rufum = Lufum.

\* *Polyglotta Africana*, p. 12.

† *How I Crossed Africa*, Vol. II., pp. 320 sqq.



in a paper read before the Berlin Anthropological Society, March 20, 1886.

We have now to notice the section of the Pygmy race with which Europeans have come most in contact—the Hottentots and Bushmen. The Hottentots (as they are now known to us, their real name for themselves being “Khoi-Khoi”\*) represent probably the highest development of the race, and differ notably from its other members in being a pastoral people. When Van Riebeeck landed at the Cape, in 1652, they existed in great numbers, roaming the country with large herds of cattle. Kafir wars and Dutch “commandoes,” with other causes, have so far thinned them out that few, if any, genuine “Cape Hottentots” now exist, their place being taken by the Griquas and other tribes of mixed race. Two cognate tribes, the Korannas† and Namaquas, still exist, but in diminished numbers.

That keen observer, Moffat, as long ago as the first decade of this century, noticed the distinct and peculiar characteristics of the Hottentots, and recognized their racial identity with the Bushmen. He speaks of “that nation, which includes Hottentots, Korannas, Namaquas, and Bushmen,” and describes them, as a whole, as “not swarthy or black, but rather of a sallow color, and in some cases so light that a tinge of red in the cheek is perceptible, especially among the Bushmen. They are generally smaller in stature than their neighbors of the interior; their visage and form very distinct, and in general the top of the head broad and flat; their faces tapering to the chin, with high cheek-bones, flat nose, and large lips.” He further notes that the first three speak languages which are mutually intelligible, while that of the Bushmen, though cognate, is quite distinct. Writing (after his return to England) in 1842, when as yet the Akkas and Batwa were unknown to science, he suggests that, “when the sons of Ham entered Africa by Egypt, and the Arabians by the

Red Sea, the Hottentot progenitors took the lead, and gradually advanced, as they were forced forward by an increasing population in their rear, until they reached the ends of the earth.” He further remarks: “It may also be easily conceived by those acquainted with the emigration of tribes that, during their progress to the south, parties remained behind in the more sequestered and isolated spots where they had located, while the nation moved onward, and research may yet prove that that remarkable people originally came from Egypt.” In corroboration of this theory, he mentions having heard from a Syrian, who had lived in Egypt, of slaves in the Cairo market, brought from a great distance in the interior, who spoke a language similar to that of the Hottentots, and were not nearly so dark-colored as negroes in general. These must certainly have been Akkas.\*

As for the Bushmen, we have pretty full accounts of them from various sources. Moffat has much to say about them—too much to quote in full—which may be found in the first and fourth chapters of his “Missionary Labors in South Africa,” and is supplemented by Livingstone in the “Missionary Travels.”

Mr. Alfred J. Bethell (in a letter to the *Standard* which appeared on April 26, 1889) says that the Bushmen proper are now “nearly if not quite extinct,” the people now so called being outcasts from the Matabele, Bamangwato, and other Bantu communities. Mr. A. A. Anderson,† however, who extended his journeys far beyond the northern limits of the Transvaal, makes frequent mention of them, and discriminates four distinct types, noticing especially a very light-colored variety, only found in the Drakensberg Mountains and the ranges west of them. There seems to be a tradition of hostility between the Bushmen and Hottentots; and the difference between them in pursuits and habits has always been sharply marked; but the fact of their affinity has seldom or never been ques-

\* Or Koi-koib (“men of men”) according to Dr. Cust. The Kafirs call them “Lawi.” “Hottentot” is merely a nickname given by the early Dutch settlers, who declared the natives spoke an unintelligible language, consisting only of sounds like *hot* and *tot*.

† Some ethnologists are inclined to look on the Koranna tribe as a cross between Hottentots and Bushmen.

\* Winwood Reade’s remark (*African Sketch Book*, Vol. II., p. 528), written in 1873 or earlier, is worth notice. “His (Du Chaillu’s) discovery of the Dwarfs (*who are certainly Bushmen*) is an important contribution to the ethnology of Africa.”

† *Twenty-five years in a Wagon in South Africa*, Vol. I., pp. 235, 282, etc.; Vol. II., p. 74.

tioned. Moffat distinctly states his belief (supported by the analogy of the Balala, or outcast Bechuanas) that they are the descendants of Hottentots driven by want and the hostility of stronger neighbors into the desert. Generations of perpetual living on the edge of starvation have made of them the gauntest and skinniest of shapes—seemingly designed by nature to show what human beings can endure in that line, and live—and developed in them, in spite, or because of their physical weakness and insignificance, a cunning and an intimate knowledge of nature that to the savage mind seems little short of superhuman. Some of the Kafirs believe that the Bushmen can understand the language of the baboons; and countless instances of their skill in tracking game and finding water are on record. They possess a wonderful gift of mimicry, can imitate to the life the action of any man or animal, and have a passionate love of music. They can evolve from their primitive instruments—the “gorah,” with its catgut and quill, or the hollow gourd-shell, with strings stretched across it—plaintive melodies of a surprising sweetness, very different from the hideous *tintamarre* of horns and tom-toms which delights the heart of the average African. Moreover, having a quick ear and a retentive memory, they will pick up and repeat any civilized tune once heard—whether the *Chorales* of the German mission, or the more secular ditty sung by the wandering traders. Their poisoned arrows, and their noiseless, furtive ways of coming and going, inspire the stronger races with a vague dread of them—strengthened, no doubt, by that uncanny something which, as Mr. F. Boyle remarks, “makes a Bush-boy resemble a bird the more, the more he shows a simian intelligence.”

We have thus, in a hasty and imperfect manner, surveyed the known fragments of the aboriginal African race. We have seen that they resemble each other to a great extent in physical conformation and in manners and customs; the differences being for the most part due (like the extremely poor development and degraded way of life of the Bushmen) to differences in habitat and environment. The Hottentot and Sān or Saab (Bushman) languages we have seen to be related, though distinct; and they are radically different

from every known Bantu tongue. Some have even denied that they are articulate speech at all. The peculiarity of the “clicks” has often been insisted on;\* another distinguishing characteristic is the existence (at least in the Hottentot language) of grammatical gender—a feature wholly absent from the Bantu tongues. The Bushman language is said to be monosyllabic. The Hottentots, however, now mostly speak Dutch—or that variety of it to be heard at the Cape—and probably both languages are on the way to extinction. It is said that “a missionary, being invited by the Government to send books in the Korā dialect to be printed, remarked that his experience was that it was easier to teach the young to read Dutch, and that the old could not learn at all.”†

An examination of the list of Batwa words collected by Dr. Wolf, as compared with his Baluba and Bakuba vocabularies, and the Congo and Swahili languages, has convinced me that the Batwa, if they have not adopted and modified the speech of their neighbors, have at any rate adopted a great many Bantu words into their own. The numbers up to ten, for instance, are identical (with slight differences of pronunciation) in the Batwa and Baluba languages. But as yet the materials for comparison are too scanty for any definite statement to be made. The few words elicited from the dwarf met by Stanley were, as Mr. Johnston points out, decidedly Bantu; but we need not conclude from this that the Pygmy race consists merely of outcast and degenerate Bantus. What more likely than that a small and isolated tribe, who, like the Batwa, frequently had friendly intercourse with surrounding and more powerful tribes, should, to a certain extent, adopt the language of the latter?

Surveying the Pygmy race as a whole, we find them—shorn of the mythical and magical glamour with which distance and mystery had invested them—not so very different, after all, from other human beings, but still sufficiently interesting. There is a shock of disillusion in passing

\* Some of the Kafir languages possess these clicks, but they have undoubtedly been borrowed.

† Spoken on the Orange River.

‡ *Modern Languages of Africa*. By R. N. Cust.

from the elves and trolls of a past age—not to mention Alberic of the Nibelung's Hoard—to the worthy but prosaic Lapps of the present day; and the "little people" of whom Bwana Abed entertained such a vivid and unpleasant recollection were doubtless minimized in stature by the retrospective imagination. No well-authenticated adult Mtwa, Akka, or Mbatti seems to be much less than 4 feet 6 inches; while Dr. Petermann thinks that the Pygmies on the whole, run about a head shorter than the average negro. This may be disappointing to those who are ever on the look-out for the marvellous—by which they mean the abnormal—but the facts as they stand present quite sufficient food for thought to a more rational frame of mind.

I cannot attempt to deal with the origin of the Pygmy race, or its relationship to the Andamanese and the Veddahs of Ceylon, who are said to have some characteristics in common with them. But it seems clear that they were once spread over a great part, if not the whole, of the continent; that they were broken up and partially exterminated by the advent of the stronger dark races; and that, as a race, they are passing away. It is interesting to look at an analogous case in Europe. A race of small stature, slight frame, and comparatively low type, scarcely, if at all, advanced beyond the hunter stage, occupied the British Islands and the northwestern part of the Continent. They were partly massacred or enslaved, partly driven into the mountains, by their Celtic conquerors; and in the lonely recesses of the hills and woods—what with their weakness and their strength, their cunning and their skill in metals, their music, and their underground dwellings and their strange, uncanny wisdom—a growth of legend and poetry sprang up about them, till they were no longer known save as elves, gnomes, trolls, or "Good People," whom one dared not name.

It is somewhat suggestive, as bearing on the question of the original immigration into Africa, to note that there was, as late as the sixteenth century, a Pygmy tribe living in Arabia, who may well have been a detachment left behind when the main body crossed the Isthmus of Suez. So far as I am aware, the only authority

for this fact is Lodovico di Bartema, otherwise known as Ludovicus Wertomannus, whose narrative of a visit to Mecca (about 1500) is contained in Vol. IV. of "Hakluyt's Voyages." This account runs thus:

In the space of eyght dayes we came to a mountayne which conteyneth in circuit ten or twelve myles. This is inhabited with Jewes to the number of fyve thousand or thereabout. They are very-little of stature, as of the hyght of five or sixe spannes, and some muche lesse. They have small voyces like women, and of blacke colour, yet some blacker than other. They feede of none other meate than goates' fleshe. They are circumcised, and deny not themselves to be Jewes.

This last sentence, apparently, contains the evidence for their Judaism. It is now well known that the rite in question is commonly practised in Africa, and by the Hottentots, among others. What has become of these "Jewes" does not appear. Probably they have gone the way of nearly all the Bushmen. Will the Akkas and the rest follow them? As a race they are doomed to pass away; yet this need not imply—we hope it does not—that they are to be massacred, or starved out of existence. It was long believed that the Celtic Britons had been utterly exterminated (except in Wales and Cornwall) by the Teutonic invaders, whom the older school histories taught us to consider as our exclusive ancestors. When the existence of the older, dwarfish, Euskarran or Neolithic race was discovered, it was at first supposed that they had in like manner been made a clean sweep of by the Celts. Recent researches have made it probable that this was by no means the case; indeed, Mr. Grant Allen thinks that there is a considerable Euskarran element in the English population of to-day. The black-haired aborigines—what was left of them—gradually amalgamated with the light-haired and blue-eyed Celts; and these were, in turn, absorbed by the English properly so called. And we have seen that the Griquas and other mixed races exist in Cape Colony, some, at least, of whom have shown themselves capable of being respectable and useful in their generation; and it is at least possible that these mixed races may survive, and in time amalgamate with the Bantu.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"But if it be a girl?"

"Lord of my life, it cannot be. I have prayed for so many nights, and sent gifts to Sheikh Badl's shrine so often, that I know God will give us a son—a man-child that shall grow into a man. Think of this and be glad. My mother shall be his mother till I can take him again, and the mullah of the Pattan mosque shall cast his nativity—God send he be born in an auspicious hour!—and then, and then thou wilt never weary of me, thy slave."

"Since when hast thou been a slave, my queen?"

"Since the beginning—till this mercy came to me. How could I be sure of thy love when I knew that I had been bought with silver?"

"Nay, that was the dowry. I paid it to thy mother."

"And she has buried it, and sits upon it all day long like a hen. What talk is yours of dower! I was bought as though I had been a Lucknow dancing-girl instead of a child."

"Art thou sorry for the sale?"

"I have sorrowed; but to-day I am glad. Thou wilt never cease to love me now?—answer, my king."

"Never—never. No."

"Not even though the *mem-log*—the white women of thy own blood—love thee? And remember, I have watched them driving in the evening; they are very fair."

"I have seen fire-balloons by the hundred. I have seen the moon, and—then I saw no more fire-balloons."

Ameera clapped her hands and laughed. "Very good talk," she said. Then with an assumption of great stateliness: "It is enough. Thou hast my permission to depart,—if thou wilt."

The man did not move. He was sitting on a low red-lacquered couch in a room furnished only with a blue and white floor-cloth, some rugs, and a very complete collection of native cushions. At his feet sat a woman of sixteen, and she was all but all the world in his eyes. By every rule and law she should have been otherwise, for he was an Englishman, and

she a Mussulman's daughter bought two years before from her mother, who, being left without money, would have sold Ameera shrieking to the Prince of Darkness if the price had been sufficient.

It was a contract entered into with a light heart; but even before the girl had reached her bloom she came to fill the greater portion of John Holden's life. For her, and the withered hag her mother, he had taken a little house overlooking the great red-walled city, and found,—when the marigolds had sprung up by the well in the courtyard, and Ameera had established herself according to her own ideas of comfort, and her mother had ceased grumbling at the inadequacy of the cooking-places, the distance from the daily market, and at matters of housekeeping in general,—that the house was to him his home. Any one could enter his bachelor's bungalow by day or night, and the life that he led there was an unlovely one. In the house in the city his feet only could pass beyond the outer courtyard to the women's rooms; and when the big wooden gate was bolted behind him he was king in his own territory, with Ameera for queen. And there was going to be added to this kingdom a third person whose arrival Holden felt inclined to resent. It interfered with his perfect happiness. It disarranged the orderly peace of the house that was his own. But Ameera was wild with delight at the thought of it, and her mother not less so. The love of a man, and particularly a white man, was at the best an inconstant affair, but it might, both women argued, be held fast by a baby's hands. "And then," Ameera would always say, "then he will never care for the white *mem-log*. I hate them all—I hate them all."

"He will go back to his own people in time," said the mother; "but by the blessing of God that time is yet afar off."

Holden sat silent on the couch thinking of the future, and his thoughts were not pleasant. The drawbacks of a double life are manifold. The Government, with singular care, had ordered him out of the station for a fortnight on special duty in the place of a man who was watching by

the bedside of a sick wife. The verbal notification of the transfer had been edged by a cheerful remark that Holden ought to think himself lucky in being a bachelor and a free man. He came to break the news to Ameera.

"It is not good," she said slowly, "but it is not all bad. There is my mother here, and no harm will come to me—unless indeed I die of pure joy. Go thou to thy work and think no troublesome thoughts. When the days are done I believe . . . nay, I am sure. And— and then I shall lay *him* in thy arms, and thou wilt love me forever. The train goes to-night, at midnight is it not? Go now, and do not let thy heart be heavy by cause of me. But thou wilt not delay in returning? Thou wilt not stay on the road to talk to the bold white *mem-log*. Come back to me swiftly, my life."

As he left the courtyard to reach his horse that was tethered to the gate-post, Holden spoke to the white-haired old watchman who guarded the house, and bade him under certain contingencies despatch the filled-up telegraph-form that Holden gave him. It was all that could be done, and with the sensations of a man who has attended his own funeral Holden went away by the night-mail to his exile. Every hour of the day he dreaded the arrival of the telegram, and every hour of the night he pictured to himself the death of Ameera. In consequence his work for the State was not of first-rate quality, nor was his temper toward his colleagues of the most amiable. The fortnight ended without a sign from his home, and, torn to pieces by his anxieties, Holden returned to be swallowed up for two precious hours by a dinner at the club, wherein he heard, as a man hears in a swoon, voices telling him how execrably he had performed the other man's duties, and how he had endeared himself to all his associates. Then he fled on horseback through the night with his heart in his mouth. There was no answer at first to his blows on the gate, and he had just wheeled his horse round to kick it in when Pir Khan appeared with a lantern and held his stirrup.

"Has aught occurred?" said Holden.

"The news does not come from my mouth, Protector of the Poor, but—" He held out his shaking hand as befitted the bearer of good news who is entitled to a reward.

Holden hurried through the courtyard. A light burned in the upper room. His horse neighed in the gateway and he heard a shrill little wail that sent all the blood into the apple of his throat. It was a new voice, but it did not prove that Ameera was alive.

"Who is there?" he called up the narrow brick staircase.

There was a cry of delight from Ameera, and then the voice of the mother, tremulous with old age and pride—"We be two women and—the—man—thy—son."

On the threshold of the room Holden stepped on a naked dagger, that was laid there to avert ill-luck, and it broke at the hilt under his impatient heel.

"God is great!" cooed Ameera in the half-light. "Thou hast taken his misfortunes on thy head."

"Ay, but how is it with thee, life of my life? Old woman, how is it with her?"

"She has forgotten her sufferings for joy that the child is born. There is no harm; but speak softly," said the mother.

"It only needed thy presence to make me all well," said Ameera. "My king, thou hast been very long away. What gifts hast thou for me? Ah, ah! It is I that bring gifts this time. Look, my life, look. Was there ever such a babe? Nay, I am too weak even to clear my arm from him."

"Rest then, and do not talk. I am here, *bachari* (little woman)."

"Well said, for there is a bond and a heel-rope (*peecharree*) between us now that nothing can break. Look—canst thou see in this light? He is without spot or blemish. Never was such a man-child. *Ya illah!* he shall be a pundit—no, a trooper of the Queen. And, my life, dost thou love me as well as ever, though I am faint and sick and worn? Answer truly."

"Yea. I love as I have loved, with all my soul. Lie still, pearl, and rest."

"Then do not go. Sit by my side here—so. Mother, the lord of this house needs a cushion. Bring it." There was an almost imperceptible movement on the part of the new life that lay in the hollow of Ameera's arm. "Aho!" she said, her voice breaking with love. "The babe is a champion from his birth. He is kick-

ing me in the side with mighty kicks. Was there ever such a babe ! And he is ours to us—thine and mine. Put thy hand on his head, but carefully, for he is very young, and men are unskilled in such matters.”

Very cautiously Holden touched with the tips of his fingers the downy head.

“He is of the Faith,” said Ameera ; “for lying here in the night-watches I whispered the call to prayer and the profession of faith into his ears. And it is most marvellous that he was born upon a Friday, as I was born. Be careful of him, my life ; but he can almost grip with his hands.”

Holden found one helpless little hand that closed feebly on his finger. And the clutch ran through his limbs till it settled about his heart. Till then his sole thought had been for Ameera. He began to realize that there was some one else in the world, but he could not feel that it was a veritable son with a soul. He sat down to think, and Ameera dozed lightly.

“Get hence, *sahib*,” said her mother under her breath. “It is not good that she should find you here on waking. She must be still.”

“I go,” said Holden submissively. “Here be rupees. See that my *baba* gets fat and finds all that he needs.”

The chink of the silver roused Ameera. “I am his mother, and no hireling,” she said weakly. “Shall I look to him more or less for the sake of money ? Mother, give it back. I have borne my lord a son.”

The deep sleep of weakness came upon her almost before the sentence was completed. Holden went down to the courtyard very softly with his heart at ease. Pir Khan, the old watchman, was chuckling with delight. “This house is now complete,” he said, and without further comment thrust into Holden’s hands the hilt of a sabre worn many years ago when he, Pir Khan, served the Queen in the police. The bleat of a tethered goat came from the well-kerb.

“There be two,” said Pir Khan, “two goats of the best. I bought them, and they cost much money ; and since there is no birth-party assembled their flesh will be all mine. Strike craftily, *sahib* ! ’Tis an ill-balanced sabre at the best. Wait till they raise their heads from cropping the marigolds.”

“And why ?” said Holden, bewildered.

“For the birth-sacrifice. What else ? Otherwise the child being unguarded from fate may die. The Protector of the Poor knows the fitting words to be said.”

Holden had learned them once with little thought that he would ever speak them in earnest. The touch of the cold sabrehilt in his palm turned suddenly to the clinging grip of the child upstairs—the child that was his own son—and a dread of loss filled him.

“Strike !” said Pir Khan. “Never life came into the world but life was paid for it. See, the goats have raised their heads. Now ! With a drawing cut !”

Hardly knowing what he did Holden cut twice as he muttered the Mohammedan prayer that runs :—“Almighty ! In place of this my son I offer life for life, blood for blood, head for head, bone for bone, hair for hair. *ekin* for skin.” The waiting horse snorted and bounded in his pickets at the smell of the raw blood that spirted over Holden’s riding-boots.

“Well smitten !” said Pir Khan wiping the sabre. “A swordsman was lost in thee. Go with a light heart, Heaven-born. I am thy servant, and the servant of thy son. May the Presence live a thousand years and . . . the flesh of the goats is all mine !” Pir Khan drew back richer by a month’s pay. Holden swung himself into the saddle and rode off through the low hanging wood-smoke of the evening. He was full of riotous exultation, alternating with a vast vague tenderness directed toward no particular object, that made him choke as he bent over the neck of his uneasy horse. “I never felt like this in my life,” he thought. “I’ll go to the club and pull myself together.”

A game of pool was beginning, and the room was full of men. Holden entered, eager to get to the light and the company of his fellows, singing at the top of his voice :

In Baltimore a-walking, a lady I did meet !

“Did you ?” said the club-secretary from his corner. “Did she happen to tell you that your boots were wringing wet ? Great goodness, man, it’s blood !”

“Bosh !” said Holden, picking his cue from the rack. “May I cut in ? It’s due. I’ve been riding through high

cropps. My faith ! my boots are in a mess though !”

And if it be a girl she shall wear a wedding ring.

And if it be a boy he shall fight for his king,  
With his dirk, and his cap, and his little  
jacket blue,

He shall walk the quarter-deck—”

“ Yellow on blue—green next player,”  
said the marker monotonously.

“ *He shall walk the quarter deck,—am I green, marker ? He shall walk the quarter-deck,—eh ! that’s a bad shot,—as his daddy used to do !*”

“ I don’t see that you have anything to crow about,” said a zealous junior civilian acidly. “ The Government is not exactly pleased with your work when you relieved Sanders.”

“ Does that mean a wiggling from headquarters ?” said Holden with an abstracted smile. “ I think I can stand it.”

The talk beat up round the ever-fresh subject of each man’s work, and steadied Holden till it was time to go to his dark empty bungalow, where his butler received him as one who knew all his affairs. Holden remained awake for the greater part of the night, and his dreams were pleasant ones.

## II.

“ How old is he now ?”

“ *Ya illah !* What a man’s question ! He is all but six weeks old ; and on this night I go up to the house-top with thee, my life, to count the stars. For that is auspicious. And he was born on a Friday under the sign of the sun, and it has been told to me that he will outlive us both and get wealth. Can we wish for aught better, beloved ?”

“ There is nothing better. Let us go up to the roof, and thou shalt count the stars—but a few only, for the sky is heavy with cloud.”

“ The winter rains are late, and maybe they come out of season. Come, before all the stars are hid. I have put on my richest jewels.”

“ Thou has forgotten the best of all.”

“ *Ai !* Ours. He comes also. He has never yet seen the skies.”

Ameera climbed the narrow staircase that led to the flat roof. The child, placid and unwinking, lay in the hollow of her right arm, gorgeous in silver-fringed muslin with a small skull-cap on his head.

Ameera wore all that she valued most. The diamond nose-stud that takes the place of the Western patch in drawing attention to the curve of the nostril, the gold ornament in the centre of the forehead studded with tallow-drop emeralds and flawed rubies, the heavy circlet of beaten gold that was fastened round her neck by the softness of the pure metal, and the chinking curb-patterned silver anklets hanging low over the rosy ankle-bone. She was dressed in jade green muslin as befitted a daughter of the Faith, and from shoulder to elbow and elbow to wrist ran bracelets of silver tied with floss silk, frail glass bangles slipped over the wrist in proof of the slenderness of the hand, and certain heavy gold bracelets that had no part in her country’s ornaments but, since they were Holden’s gift and fastened with a cunning European snap, delighted her immensely.

They sat down by the low white parapet of the roof, overlooking the city and its lights.

“ They are happy down there,” said Ameera. “ But I do not think that they are as happy as we. Nor do I think the white *mem-log* are as happy. And thou ?”

“ I know they are not.”

“ How dost thou know ?”

“ They give their children over to the nurses.”

“ I have never seen that,” said Ameera with a sigh, “ nor do I wish to see. *Ahi !*”—she dropped her head on Holden’s shoulder,—“ I have counted forty stars, and I am tired. Look at the child, love of my life, he is counting too.”

The baby was staring with round eyes at the dark of the heavens. Ameera placed him in Holden’s arms, and he lay there without a cry.

“ What shall we call him among ourselves ?” she said. “ Look ! Art thou ever tired of looking ? He carries thy very eyes. But the mouth—”

“ Is thine, most dear. Who should know better than I ?”

“ Tis such a feeble mouth. Oh, so small ! And yet it holds my heart between its lips. Give him to me now. He has been too long away.”

“ Nay, let him lie ; he has not yet begun to cry.”

“ When he cries thou wilt give him back—eh ! What a man of mankind thou

art ! If he cried he were only the dearer to me. But, my life, what little name shall we give him ?”

The small body lay close to Holden's heart. It was utterly helpless and very soft. He scarcely dared to breathe for fear of crushing it. The caged green parrot that is regarded as a sort of guardian spirit in most native households moved on its perch and fluttered a drowsy wing.

“There is the answer,” said Holden. “Mian Mittu has spoken. He shall be the parrot. When he is ready he will talk mightily and run about. Mian Mittu is the parrot in thy—in the Mussulman tongue, is it not ?”

“Why put me so far off ?” said Ameera fretfully. “Let it be like unto some English name—but not wholly. For he is mine.”

“Then call him Tota, for that is likest English.”

“Ay, Tota, and that is still the parrot. Forgive me, my lord, for a minute ago, but in truth he is too little to wear all the weight of Mian Mittu for name. He shall be Tota—our Tota to us. Hearest thou, oh, small one ? Littlest, thou art Tota.” She touched the child's cheek, and he wailing wailed, and it was necessary to return him to his mother, who soothed him with the wonderful rhyme of *Aré koko, Ja ré koko !* which says :

Oh, crow ! Go crow ! Baby's sleeping sound,  
And the wild plums grow in the jungle, only  
a penny a pound.  
Only a penny a pound, *baba*, only a penny a pound.

Reassured many times as to the price of those plums, Tota cuddled himself down to sleep. The two sleek, white well bullocks in the courtyard were steadily chewing the cud of their evening meal ; old Pir Khan squatted at the head of Holden's horse, his police sabre across his knees, pulling drowsily at a big water-pipe that croaked like a bull-frog in a pond. Ameera's mother sat spinning in the lower veranda, and the wooden gate was shut and barred. The music of a marriage procession came to the roof above the gentle hum of the city, and a string of flying-foxes crossed the face of the low moon.

“I have prayed,” said Ameera after a long pause, “I have prayed for two things. First, that I may die in thy stead if thy death is demanded, and in the second that I may die in the place of the

child. I have prayed to the Prophet and to Beebee Miriam [the Virgin Mary]. Thinkest thou either will hear ?”

“From thy lips who would not hear the lightest word ?”

“I asked for straight talk, and thou hast given me sweet talk. Will my prayers be heard ?”

“How can I say ? God is very good.”

“Of that I am not sure. Listen now. When I die, or the child dies, what is thy fate ? Living, thou wilt return to the bold white *mem-log*, for kind calls to kind.”

“Not always.”

“With a woman, no ; with a man it is otherwise. Thou wilt in this life, later on, go back to thine own folk. That I could almost endure, for I should be dead. But in thy very death thou wilt be taken away to a strange place and a paradise that I do not know.”

“Will it be paradise ?”

“Surely, for who would harm thee ? But we two—I and the child—shall be elsewhere, and we cannot come to thee, nor canst thou come to us. In the old days, before the child was born, I did not think of these things ; but now I think of them always. It is very hard talk.”

“It will fall as it will fall. To-morrow we do not know, but to-day and love we know well. Surely we are happy now.”

“So happy that it were well to make our happiness assured. And thy Beubee Miriam should listen to me ; for she is also a woman. But then she would envy me ! It is not seemly for men to worship a woman.”

Holden laughed aloud at Ameera's little spasm of jealousy.

“Is it not seemly ? Why didst thou not turn me from worship of thee, then ?”

“Thou a worshipper ! And of me ! My king, for all thy sweet words, well I know that I am thy servant and thy slave, and the dust under thy feet. And I would not have it otherwise. See !”

Before Holden could prevent her she stooped forward and touched his feet ; recovering herself with a little laugh she hugged Tota closer to her bosom. Then, almost savagely—

“Is it true that the bold white *mem-log* live for three times the length of my life ? Is it true that they make their marriages not before they are old women ?”



"They marry as do others—when they are women."

"That I know, but they wed when they are twenty-five. Is that true?"

"That is true."

"*Ya illah!* At twenty-five! Who would of his own will take a wife even of eighteen? She is a woman—ageing every hour. Twenty-five! I shall be an old woman at that age, and— Those *mem-log* remain young forever. How I hate them!"

"What have they to do with us?"

"I cannot tell. I know only that there may now be alive on this earth a woman ten years older than I who may come to thee and take thy love ten years after I am an old woman, gray headed, and the nurse of Tota's son. That is unjust and evil. They should die too."

"Now, for all thy years thou art a child, and shalt be picked up and carried down the staircase."

"Tota! Have a care for Tota, my lord! Thou at least art as foolish as any babe!" Ameera tucked Tota out of harm's way in the hollow of her neck, and was carried down stairs laughing in Holden's arms, while Tota opened his eyes and smiled after the manner of the lesser angels.

He was a silent infant, and, almost before Holden could realize that he was in the world, developed into a small gold-colored little god and unquestioned despot of the house overlooking the city. Those were months of absolute happiness to Holden and Ameera—happiness withdrawn from the world, shut in behind the wooden gate that Pir Khan guarded. By day Holden did his work with an immense pity for such as were not so fortunate as himself, and a sympathy for small children that amazed and amused many mothers at the little station-gatherings. At nightfall he returned to Ameera—Ameera full of the wondrous doings of Tota, how he had been seen to clap his hands together and move his fingers with intention and purpose—which was manifestly a miracle—how later, he had of his own initiative crawled out of his low bedstead on to the floor and swayed on both feet for the space of three breaths.

"And they were long breaths, for my heart stood still with delight," said Ameera.

Then he took the beasts into his coun-

cils—the well-bullocks, the little gray squirrels, the mongoose that lived in a hole near the well, and especially Mian Mittu, the parrot, whose tail he grievously pulled, and Mian Mittu screamed till Ameera and Holden arrived.

"Oh, villain! Child of strength! This to thy brother on the house-top! *Tobah, tobah!* Fie! Fie! But I know a charm to make him wise as Suleiman and Aflatoun [Solomon and Plato]. Now look," said Ameera. She drew from an embroidered bag a handful of almonds. "See! we count seven. In the name of God!"

She placed Mian Mittu, very angry and ruffled, on the top of his cage, and seating herself between the babe and the bird she cracked and peeled an almond less white than her teeth. "This is a true charm, my life, and do not laugh. See! I give the parrot one half and Tota the other." Mian Mittu with careful beak took his share from between Ameera's lips, and she kissed the other half into the mouth of the child, who ate it slowly with wondering eyes. "This I will do each day of seven, and without doubt he who is ours will be a bold speaker and wise. Eh, Tota, what wilt thou be when thou art a man and I am gray-headed?" Tota tucked his fat legs into adorable creases. He could crawl, but he was not going to waste the spring of his youth in idle speech. He wanted Mian Mittu's tail to tweak.

When he was advanced to the dignity of a silver belt—which, with a magic-square engraved on silver and hung round his neck, made up the greater part of his clothing—he staggered on a perilous journey down the garden to Pir Khan and proffered him all his jewels in exchange for one little ride on Holden's horse, having seen his mother's mother chaffering with pedlers in the veranda. Pir Khan wept and set the untried feet on his own gray head in sign of fealty, and brought the bold adventurer to his mother's arms, vowing that Tota would be a leader of men ere his beard was grown.

One hot evening while he sat on the roof between his father and mother watching the never-ending warfare of the kites, that the city boys flew, he demanded a kite of his own with Pir Khan to fly it, because he had a fear of dealing with anything larger than himself, and when Hol-

den called him a "spark," he rose to his feet and answered slowly in defence of his new-found individuality: "*Hum' park nahin hai. Hom admi hai.* (I am no spark, but a man.)"

The protest made Holden choke and devote himself very seriously to a consideration of Tota's future. He need hardly have taken the trouble. The delight of that life was too perfect to endure. Therefore it was taken away as many things are taken away in India—suddenly and without warning. The little lord of the house, as Pir Khan called him, grew sorrowful and complained of pains who had never known the meaning of pain. Ameera, wild with terror, watched him through the night, and in the dawning of the second day the life was shaken out of him by fever—the seasonal autumn fever. It seemed altogether impossible that he could die, and neither Ameera nor Holden at first believed the evidence of the little body on the bedstead. Then Ameera beat her head against the wall and would have flung herself down the well in the garden had Holden not restrained her by main force.

One mercy only was granted to Holden. He rode to his office in broad daylight and found waiting him an unusually heavy mail that demanded concentrated attention and hard work. He was not, however, alive to this kindness of the gods.

### III.

THE first shock of a bullet is no more than a brisk pinch. The wrecked body does not send in its protest to the soul till ten or fifteen seconds later. Holden realized his pain slowly, exactly as he had realized his happiness, and with the same imperious necessity for hiding all trace of it. In the beginning he only felt that there had been a loss, and that Ameera needed comforting, where she sat with her head on her knees shivering as Mian Mitu from the house-top called, *Tota! Tota! Tota!* Later all his world and the daily life of it rose up to hurt him. It was an outrage that any one of the children at the band-stand in the evening should be alive and clamorous, when his own child lay dead. It was more than mere pain when one of them touched him, and stories told by over-fond fathers of their children's latest performances cut him to the quick. He could not declare

his pain. He had neither help, comfort, nor sympathy; and Ameera at the end of each weary day would lead him through the hell of self-questioning reproach which is reserved for those who have lost a child, and believe that with a little—just a little more care—it might have been saved.

"Perhaps," Ameera would say, "I did not take sufficient heed. Did I, or did I not? The sun on the roof that day when he played so long alone and I was—*ahi!* braiding my hair—it may be that the sun then bred the fever. If I had warned him from the sun he might have lived. But, oh my life, say that I am guiltless! Thou knowest that I loved him as I love thee. Say that there is no blame on me, or I shall die—I shall die!"

"There is no blame—before God, none. It was written and how could we do aught to save? What has been, has been. Let it go, beloved."

"He was all my heart to me. How can I let the thought go when my arm tells me every night that he is not here? *Ahi! Ahi!* Oh Tota, come back to me—come back again, and let us be all together as it was before!"

"Peace, peace! For thine own sake, and for mine also, if thou lovest me—rest."

"By this I know thou dost not care; and how shouldst thou? The white men have hearts of stone and souls of iron. Oh that I had married a man of mine own people—though he beat me, and had never eaten the bread of an alien!"

"Am I an alien—mother of my son?"

"What else—*sahib?* . . . Oh forgive me—forgive! The death has driven me mad. Thou art the life of my heart, and the light of my eyes, and the breath of my life, and—and I have put thee from me though it was but for a moment. If thou goest away to whom shall I look for help? Do not be angry. Indeed, it was the pain that spoke and not thy slave."

"I know, I know. We be two who were three. The greater need therefore that we should be one."

They were sitting on the roof as of custom. The night was a warm one in early spring, and sheet-lightning was dancing on the horizon to a broken tune played by far-off thunder. Ameera settled herself in Holden's arms.

"The dry earth is lowing like a cow for the rain, and I—I am afraid. It was not like this when we counted the stars. But

thou lovest me as much as before, though a bond is taken away? Answer!"

"I love more because a new bond has come out of the sorrow that we have eaten together, and that thou knowest."

"Yea, I knew," said Ameera in a very small whisper. "But it is good to hear thee say so, my life, who art so strong to help. I will be a child no more, but a woman and an aid to thee. Listen! Give me my *sitar* and I will sing bravely."

She took the light silver-studded *sitar* and began a song of the great hero Rajah Rasalu. The hand failed on the strings, the tune halted, checked, and at a low note turned off to the poor little nursery-rhyme about the wicked crow:

And the wild plums grow in the jungle, only  
a penny a pound.  
Only a penny a pound, *baba*—only . . .

Then came the tears, and the piteous rebellion against fate till she slept, moaning a little in her sleep, with the right arm thrown clear of the body as though it protected something that was not there. It was after this night that life became a little easier for Holden. The ever-present pain of loss drove him into his work, and the work repaid him by filling up his mind for eight or nine hours a day. Ameera sat alone in the house and brooded, but grew happier when she understood that Holden was more at ease, according to the custom of women. They touched happiness again, but this time with caution.

"It was because we loved Tota that he died. The jealousy of God was upon us," said Ameera. "I have hung up a large black jar before our window to turn the evil eye from us, and we must make no protestations of delight but go softly underneath the stars, lest God find us out. Is that not good talk, worthless one?"

She had shifted the accent on the word that means "beloved," in proof of the sincerity of her purpose. But the kiss that followed the new christening was a thing that any deity might have envied. They went about henceforward saying, "It is naught, it is naught;" and hoping that all the Powers heard.

The Powers were busy on other things. They had allowed thirty million people four years of plenty wherein men fed well and the crops were certain and the birth-rate rose year by year: the districts reported a purely agricultural population varying from nine hundred to two thousand

to the square mile of the overburdened earth; and the Member for Lower Tooting, wandering about India in top-hat and frock-coat talked largely of the benefits of British rule, and suggested as the one thing needful the establishment of a duly qualified electoral system and a general bestowal of the franchise. His long suffering hosts smiled and made him welcome, and when he paused to admire, with pretty picked words, the blossom of the blood-red *dhak* tree that had flowered untimely for a sign of what was coming, they smiled more than ever.

It was the Deputy Commissioner of Kot Kumharsen, staying at the club for a day, who lightly told a tale that made Holden's blood run cold as he overheard the end.

"He won't bother any one any more. Never saw a man so astonished in my life. By Jove, I thought he meant to ask a question in the House about it. Fellow-passenger in his ship—dined next him—bowled over by cholera and died in eighteen hours. You needn't laugh, you fellows. The Member for Lower Tooting is awfully angry about it; but he's more scared. I think he's going to take his enlightened self out of India."

"I'd give a good deal if he were knocked over. It might keep a few vestrymen of his kidney to their own parish. But what's this about cholera? It's full early for anything of that kind," said a warden of an unprofitable salt-lick.

"Don't know," said the Deputy Commissioner reflectively. "We've got locusts with us. There's sporadic cholera all along the north—at least we're calling it sporadic for decency's sake. The spring crops are short in five districts, and nobody seems to know where the rains are. It's nearly March now. I don't want to scare anybody, but it seems to me that Nature's going to audit her accounts with a big red pencil this summer."

"Just when I wanted to take leave, too!" said a voice across the room.

"There won't be much leave this year, but there ought to be a great deal of promotion. I've come in to persuade the Government to put my pet canal on the list of famine relief-works. It's an ill-wind that blows no good. I shall get that canal finished at last."

"Is it the old programme then," said Holden; "famine, fever, and cholera?"

"Oh no. Only local scarcity and an unusual prevalence of seasonal sickness. You'll find it all in the reports if you live till next year. You're a lucky chap. You haven't got a wife to put out of harm's way. The hill-stations ought to be full of women this year."

"I think you're inclined to exaggerate the talk in the *bazaars*," said a young civilian in the Secretariat. "Now I have observed—"

"I dare say you have," said the Deputy Commissioner, "but you've a great deal more to observe, my son. In the meantime, I wish to observe to you—" and he drew him aside to discuss the construction of the canal that was so dear to his heart. Holden went to his bungalow and began to understand that he was not alone in the world, and also that he was afraid for the sake of another,—which is the most soul-satisfying fear known to man.

Two months later, as the Deputy had foretold, Nature began to audit her accounts with a red pencil. On the heels of the spring-reapings came a cry for bread, and the Government, which had decreed that no man should die of want, sent wheat. Then came the cholera from all four quarters of the compass. It struck a pilgrim-gathering of half a million at a sacred shrine. Many died at the feet of their god; the others broke and ran over the face of the land carrying the pestilence with them. It smote a walled city and killed two hundred a day. The people crowded the trains, hanging on to the foot-boards and squatting on the roofs of the carriages, and the cholera followed them, for at each station they dragged out the dead and the dying. They died by the roadside, and the horses of the Englishmen shied at the corpses in the grass. The rains did not come, and the earth turned to iron lest man should escape death by hiding in her. The English sent their wives away to the hills and went about their work, coming forward as they were bidden to fill the gaps in the fighting-line. Holden, sick with fear of losing his chiefest treasure on earth, had done his best to persuade Ameera to go away with her mother to the Himalayas.

"Why should I go?" said she one evening on the roof.

"There is sickness, and people are dying, and all the white *mem-log* have gone."

"All of them?"

"All—unless perhaps there remain some old scald-head who vexes her husband's heart by running risk of death."

"Nay; who stays is my sister, and thou must not abuse her, for I will be a scald-head too. I am glad all the bold *mem-log* are gone."

"Do I speak to a woman or a babe? Go to the hills and I will see to it that thou goest like a queen's daughter. Think, child. In a red-lacquered bullock cart, veiled and curtained, with brass peacocks upon the pole and red cloth hangings. I will send two orderlies for guard and—"

"Peace! Thou art the babe in speaking thus. What use are those toys to me? *He* would have patted the bullocks and played with the housings. For his sake, perhaps—thou hast made me very English—I might have gone. Now, I will not. Let the *mem-log* run."

"Their husbands are sending them, beloved."

"Very good talk. Since when hast thou been my husband to tell me what to do? I have but borne thee a son. Thou art only all the desire of my soul to me. How shall I depart when I know that if evil befall thee by the breadth of so much as my littlest finger-nail—is that not small?—I should be aware of it though I were in paradise. And here, this summer thou mayst die—*ai, janee*, die! and in dying they might call to tend thee a white woman, and she would rob me in the last of thy love!"

"But love is not born in a moment or on a death-bed!"

"What dost thou know of love, stone-heart? She would take thy thanks at least and, by God and the Prophet and Beebee Miriam the mother of thy Prophet, that I will never endure. My lord and my love, let there be no more foolish talk of going away. Where thou art, I am. It is enough." She put an arm round his neck and a hand on his mouth.

There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword. They sat together and laughed, calling each other openly by every pet name that could move the wrath of the gods. The city below them was locked up in its own torments. Sulphur fires blazed in the streets; the conches in the Hindu temples screamed and bellowed, for the gods were inattentive in those

days. There was a service in the great Mahomedan shrine, and the call to prayer from the minarets was almost unceasing. They heard the wailing in the houses of the dead; and once the shriek of a mother who had lost a child and was calling for its return. In the gray dawn they saw the dead borne out through the city gates, each litter with its own little knot of mourners. Wherefore they kissed each other and shivered.

It was a red and heavy audit, for the land was very sick and needed a little breathing-space ere the torrent of cheap life should flood it anew. The children of immature fathers and undeveloped mothers made no resistance. They were cowed and sat still, waiting till the sword should be sheathed in November if it were so willed. There were gaps among the English, but the gaps were filled. The work of superintending famine-relief, cholera sheds, medicine-distribution, and what little sanitation was possible, went forward because it was so ordered.

Holden had been told to keep himself in readiness to move to replace the next man who should fall. There were twelve hours in each day when he could not see Ameera, and she might die in three. He was considering what his pain would be if he could not see her for three months, or if she died out of his sight. He was absolutely certain that her death would be demanded—so certain that when he looked up from the telegram and saw Pir Khan breathless in the doorway, he laughed aloud, "And?" said he—

"When there is a cry in the night and the spirit flutters into the throat, who has a charm that will restore? Come swiftly, Heaven-born! It is the black cholera!"

Holden galloped to his home. The sky was heavy with clouds, for the long deferred rains were near and the heat was stifling. Ameera's mother met him in the courtyard, whimpering, "She is dying. She is nursing herself into death. She is all but dead. What shall I do, *sahib*?"

Ameera was lying in the room in which Tota had been born. She made no sign when Holden entered because the human soul is a very lonely thing and, when it is getting ready to go away, hides itself in a misty borderland where the living may not follow. The black cholera does its work quietly and without explanation.

Ameera was being thrust out of life as though the Angel of Death had himself put his hand upon her. The quick breathing seemed to show that she was neither afraid nor in pain, but neither eyes nor mouth gave any answer to Holden's kisses. There was nothing to be said or done. Holden could only wait and suffer. The first drops of the rain began to fall on the roof and he could hear shouts of joy in the parched city.

The soul came back a little and the lips moved. Holden bent down to listen. "Keep nothing of mine," said Ameera. "Take no hair from my head. *She* would make thee burn it later on. That flame I should feel. Lower! Stoop lower! Remember only that I was thine and bore thee a son. Though thou wed a white woman to-morrow, the pleasure of receiving in thy arms thy first son is taken from thee forever. Remember me when thy son is born—the one that shall carry thy name before all men. His misfortunes be on my head. I bear witness—I bear witness"—the lips were forming the words on his ear—"that there is no God but—thee, beloved!"

Then she died. Holden sat still, and all thought was taken from him—till he heard Ameera's mother lift the curtain.

"Is she dead, *sahib*?"

"She is dead."

"Then I will mourn, and afterward take an inventory of the furniture in this house. For that will be mine. The *sahib* does not mean to resume it? It is so little, so very little, *sahib*, and I am an old woman. I would like to lie softly."

"For the mercy of God be silent, a while. Go out and mourn where I cannot hear."

"*Sahib*, she will be buried in four hours."

"I know the custom. I shall go ere she is taken away. That matter is in thy hands. Look to it, that the bed on which—on which she lies—"

"Aha! That beautiful red-lacquered bed. I have long desired—"

"That the bed is left here untouched for my disposal. All else in the house is thine. Hire a cart, take everything, go hence, and before sunrise let there be nothing in this house but that which I have ordered thee to respect."

"I am an old woman. I would stay at least for the days of mourning, and the

rains have just broken. Whither shall I go?"

"What is that to me? My order is that there is a going. The house-gear is worth a thousand rupees and my orderly shall bring thee a hundred rupees to-night."

"That is very little. Think of the cart-hire."

"It shall be nothing unless thou goest, and with speed. O woman, get hence and leave me to my dead!"

The mother shuffled down the staircase, and in her anxiety to take stock of the house-fittings forgot to mourn. Holden stayed by Ameera's side and the rain roared on the roof. He could not think connectedly by reason of the noise, though he made many attempts to do so. Then four sheeted ghosts glided dripping into the room and stared at him through their veils. They were the washers of the dead. Holden left the room and went out to his horse. He had come in a dead, stifling calm through ankle-deep dust. He found the court-yard a rain-lashed pond alive with frogs; a torrent of yellow water ran under the gate, and a roaring wind drove the bolts of the rain like buck-shot against the mud walls. Pir Khan was shivering in his little hut by the gate, and the horse was stamping uneasily in the water.

"I have been told the *sahib's* order," said Pir Khan. "It is well. This house is now desolate. I go also, for my monkey-face would be a reminder of that which has been. Concerning the bed, I will bring that to thy house yonder in the morning; but remember, *sahib*, it will be to thee a knife turned in a green wound. I go upon a pilgrimage, and I will take no money. I have grown fat in the protection of the Presence whose sorrow is my sorrow. For the last time I hold his stirrup."

He touched Holden's foot with both hands and the horse sprang out into the road, where the creaking bamboos were whipping the sky and all the frogs were chuckling. Holden could not see for the rain in his face. He put his hands before his eyes and muttered,

"Oh you brute! You utter brute!"

The news of his trouble was already in his bungalow. He read the knowledge in his butler's eyes when Ahmed Khan brought in food, and for the first and last

time in his life laid a hand upon his master's shoulder, saying: "Eat, *sahib*, eat. Meat is good against sorrow. I also have known. Moreover the shadows come and go, *sahib*; the shadows come and go. These be curried eggs."

Holden could neither eat nor sleep. The heavens sent down eight inches of rain in that night and washed the earth clean. The waters tore down walls, broke roads, and scoured open the shallow graves on the Mahomedan burying-ground. All next day it rained, and Holden sat still in his house considering his sorrow. On the morning of the third day he received a telegram which said only: "Rickella, Myndonie. Dying. Holden relieve. Immediate." Then he thought that before he departed he would look at the house wherein he had been master and lord. There was a break in the weather, and the rank earth steamed with vapor.

He found that the rains had torn down the mud pillars of the gateway, and the heavy wooden gate that had guarded his life hung lazily from one hinge. There was grass three inches high in the court-yard; Pir Khan's lodge was empty, and the sodden thatch sagged between the beams. A gray squirrel was in possession of the veranda, as if the house had been untenanted for thirty years instead of three days. Ameera's mother had removed everything except some mildewed matting. The tick-tick of the little scorpions as they hurried across the floor was the only sound in the house. Ameera's room and the other one where Tota had lived were heavy with mildew; and the narrow staircase leading to the roof was streaked and stained with rain-borne mud. Holden saw all these things, and came out again to meet in the road Durga Dass, his landlord—portly, affable, clothed in white muslin, and driving a C-spring buggy. He was overlooking his property to see how the roofs stood the stress of the first rains.

"I have heard," said he, "you will not take this place any more, *sahib*?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Perhaps I shall let it again."

"Then I will keep it on while I am away."

Durga Dass was silent for some time. "You shall not take it on, *sahib*," he said. "When I was a young man I also —, but to-day I am a member of the

Municipality. Ho ! Ho ! No. When the birds have gone what need to keep the nest ? I will have it pulled down—the timber will sell for something always. It shall be pulled down, and the Municipal-

ity shall make a road across, as they desire, from the burning *ghaut* to the city wall, so that no man may say where this house stood."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

—•••—  
A VISION OF SOUND.

BY M. FRERE.

Rush of waves ! where waters meet :  
 Roll of wheels along the street !  
 Clatt'ring hoofs that nearer come,  
 Barking dogs that guard their home !  
 Wide-stretch'd wings that cleave the sky—  
 As the cawing rooks home fly !  
 Music ! (when the monarch-mine  
 Doth his world, as subjects, bind !)  
 Whether great Beethoven thunder !  
 Or 'tis Bach who rends asunder  
 Veil that shelters the Unseen !  
 Or Chopin's airy waltzes queen  
 Far heights of fancy ! or a Glee  
 Win a hearing presently !  
 Or sonorous organ rise  
 To wondrous flute-like harmonies !  
 Laughter ! crying ! creaking door—  
 Fall of flail on threshing floor—  
 Whistling engine ! thunder hoarse !  
 Winds to try the fir-trees' force !  
 Buzzing gnat, or drowsy bee !  
 Drip of rain-drops—"one," "two," "three" !  
 Clock ! that weighs the passing time !  
 Bells ! that clanging changes chime  
 Wind-transported ; and proclaim  
 Which way fitful breezes came !  
 These—and such as these—ah me !  
 Fast can fill the vacancy !  
 Rumbling earth that quakes and sea  
 That no more at rest may be !  
 Pebbles, through which down apace  
 Wave-rejoining-wave-drops race !  
 Trumpet-blare ! Fierce snort of funnel,  
 Sudden rush of train through tunnel,  
 Breaking stillness of the night  
 By the roaring of its flight !  
 Grind of upper-millstone, worn  
 By the grit of golden corn !  
 Knife-edge chirp of flittermouse  
 Hovering about the house !  
 Crickets ! (elfish bellows blowing,  
 Hearthstone to their comrades showing !)  
 Lowing oxen ! grunting swine !  
 Rustle of soft silk gowns fine !  
 Rustle of the autumn leaves !  
 Rustle of the barley sheaves !

Shout of children tossing hay  
Through the clear long summer's day !  
Tender song of nightingale  
Breaking stillness ! while the pale  
Cold moon shines on us. . . . .

. . . . . Redbreast's ditty,  
Sparrow's chirp in roaring city,  
Linnet's twitter on the tree  
Swaying round him airily !  
Lark's low tone—while prone he lies  
Ere his clear song wake the skies !  
Thrush's soft melodious note !  
Blackbird's gurgle ! while with throat  
Wide-op'd, many a turn he sings  
And counter-turn, on men and things,  
Flinging wing-supporting joy  
Broadcast—Gladness sans alloy !  
These, and more and such as they  
May vibrate on the air to-day—  
Or within the silent night  
Vex the wearied, or delight !  
Moor-hen's startled midnight cry  
Warning of the poacher nigh !  
Ghostly sound of great white owl—  
Snoring 'neath his feather'd cowl !  
Artillery of summer night  
That wraps the world in blinding light !  
Crow of haughty Chanticleer  
Heralding the dawn as near,  
Sound of wind among the reeds !  
Bleating lambs ! or neighing steeds !  
Squeak of wainscot-shelter'd mouse—  
Whirr of heavy-winged grouse !  
Bell of stag across the glen !  
Roll of drums ! and march of men !  
Crack'ling fire !—the shot of coal  
Flung by tons into the hole !  
Cats ! the witch-imps ! ever roaming  
O'er the dark roofs in the gloaming !  
Drive of skates upon the ice,  
Needle, graving quaint device !  
Noisy factory's ceaseless din  
When the busy Hands are in !  
Peaceful sound of cottage loom,  
(Close where water-lilies bloom :)  
Farrier's blows, that fall full fast !  
Post-horn ! as the coach whirls past !  
Splash of fishes in a pool  
Where they shelter in the cool  
From day's noon-tide (nor turn by  
To entrap the gadding fly !)  
Plunge of water-rat that goes  
A header, under terrier's nose !  
Yell ! that at the winning-post  
Tells the Fav'rite's won,—or lost !  
These, and every other sound  
That in wide world doth abound !—



Corncrake ! cuckoo ! flight of plover !  
 Cry of hounds that draw the cover,  
 Joyful sound of view-halloo !—  
 Jackals' wailing (doleful crew !)  
 Echoes of far-distant lands  
 Held in mem'ry's fateful bands !  
 Eight-bells summons a-board ship !  
 Crack of foreign post-boy's whip,  
 Thud of colts'-hoofs, home that pelt,  
 Driven o'er the flow'ring Veldt :  
 Squeal of shepherds' pipes, that come  
 From where ragged peasants roam  
 O'er Campagna ! as with song  
 They, dancing, drive the day along !  
 Hyænas that wildly laugh !  
 (Drunk with hunger !)—plaint of calf !  
 Leaping flames that lick the air !  
 Growl of leopard in his lair !  
 Scream of parrots, as they fly  
 Athwart the hot unclouded sky !  
 Monkey's chatter ! as they mock  
 Pursuit ; and swing from rock to rock :  
 Groaning camels, that complain  
 Like prison'd souls in speechless pain :  
 Heavy creek of water-wheel  
 As o'er and o'er the pitchers reel—  
 While drudging beast, with eyes close-bound  
 Makes his daily Nile-bank round ;  
 Hailstorm of swift musketry !  
 Cannons booming !—by and by  
 War's alarum ! (“ Here come I  
 “ At whose advent ye shall die !”)  
 These, and all that has been heard  
 Since erst was spoke an utter'd word,—  
 These, and all that has been read,  
 May float into the dreaming head  
 Antagonists to rest ! or come  
 To chase the hope of silence home !  
 Pleasing, paining, to and fro  
 Hither flit ! and thither go !  
 Jar or jangle in the mind—  
 These, or others it may find  
 Or, by concord and device  
 Fit with thought, and harmonize !  
 How-so-much they tuneful be,  
 None of these enthralleth me !  
 These ! and thousands such as they  
 Sad or merry ! grave or gay !  
 One Sound puts other sounds to flight !  
 One Sound—makes pain, or joy, delight !  
 All else as Silence' self I hold  
 Whenever the true Hour is told !  
 One Sound, the never-elsewhere-found,  
 One Sound ! that is much more than sound !  
 One Sound—in which all virtue's wrought !  
 One Sound in which is fus'd all thought !  
 A Sound to bid each heartache fly,  
 And life beat time to ecstasy !

One Sound ; (above thy steadfast tread—  
 More lov'd than all that comes instead)  
 One Sound to make my heart rejoice  
 The long'd-for music of Thy Voice.

—*Spectator*.

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DE QUINCEY.

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IN not a few respects the literary lot of Thomas de Quincey, both during his life and after it, has been exceedingly peculiar. In one respect it has been unique. I do not know that any other author of anything like his merit during our time has had a piece of work published for fully twenty years as his, only for it to be excluded as somebody else's at the end of that time. Certainly *The Traditions of the Rabbins* was very De Quinceyish ; Indeed, it was so De Quinceyish that the discovery, after such a length of time, that it was not De Quincey's at all, but "Salathiel" Croly's, must have given unpleasant qualms to more than one critic accustomed to be positive on internal evidence. But if De Quincey had thus attributed to him work that was not his, he has also had the utmost difficulty in getting attributed to him in any accessible form work that was his own. Three, or nominally four, editions—one in the decade of his death, superintended for the most part by himself ; another in 1862, whose blue coat and white labels dwell in the fond memory ; and another in 1878 (reprinted in 1889) a little altered and enlarged, with the Rabbins turned out and more soberly clad, but identical in the main—put before the British public for some thirty-five years a certain portion of his strange, long-delayed, but voluminous work. This work had occupied him for about the same period, that is to say for the last and shorter half of his extraordinary and yet uneventful life. Now after much praying of readers, and grumbling of critics, we have a fifth and definitive edition from the English critic who has given most attention to De Quincey, Professor Masson.\* I may say with hearty

acknowledgment of Mr. Masson's services to English literature—acknowledgments which can nowhere be more in place than here—that I do not very much like this last edition. De Quincey, never much favored by the mechanical producers of books, has had his sizings, as Byron would say, still further stunted in the matter of print, margins, and the like ; and what I cannot but regard as a rather uncerecermonious tampering with his own arrangement has taken place, the new matter being not added in supplementary volumes or in appendices to the reprinted volumes, but thrust into or between the separate essays, sometimes to the destruction of De Quincey's "redaction" altogether, and always to the confusion and dislocation of his arrangement, which has also been neglected in other ways. In former reissues Messrs. Black, following the usage of all the best publishers, arranged their additions so that the possessors of earlier issues could complete them at will, and, so far as I know, De Quincey's own arrangement was entirely respected, except in the very harmless change of making the fifth volume the first so as to lead off with the *Confessions*. Such a completion is now impossible\* and though this is a small evil in comparison with the slight put on De Quincey's digestion of his own work, it is, I think, an evil. Still the actual generation of readers, when this edition is finished, will undoubtedly have before them a fuller and completer edition of De Quincey than even Americans have yet had ; and they will have it edited by an accomplished scholar who has taken a great deal of pains to acquaint himself thoroughly with the subject.

Will they form a different estimate from that which those of us who have

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\* De Quincey's Works ; edited by David Masson. In fourteen volumes ; Edinburgh, 1889-90. The first volume appeared in November last, and the others have followed monthly since.

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\* Some help has however been given by a subsequent publication of *De Quincey's Uncollected Writings*, by J. Hogg. Two vols. ; London, 1890.

known the older editions for a quarter of a century have formed, and will that estimate, if it is different, be higher or lower? To answer such questions is always difficult; but it is especially difficult here, for a certain reason which I had chiefly in mind when I said just now that De Quincey's literary lot has been very peculiar. I believe that I am not speaking for myself only; I am quite sure that I am speaking my own deliberate opinion when I say that on scarcely any English writer is it so hard to strike a critical balance—to get a clear definite opinion that you can put on the shelf and need merely take down now and then to be dusted and polished up by a fresh reading—as on De Quincey. This is partly due to the fact that his merits are of the class that appeals to, while his faults are of the class that is excused by, the average boy who has some interest in literature. To read the *Essay on Murder*, the *English Mail Coach*, the *Spanish Nun*, the *Cæsars*, and half a score other things at the age of about fifteen or sixteen is, or ought to be, to fall in love with them. And there is nothing more unpleasant for *les âmes bien nées*, as the famous distich has it, than to find fault in after life with that with which you have fallen in love at fifteen or sixteen. Yet most unfortunately, just as De Quincey's merits, or some of them, appeal specially to youth and his defects specially escape the notice of youth, so age with stealing steps especially claws those merits into his clutch and leaves the defects exposed to derision. The most gracious state of authors is that they shall charm at all ages those whom they do charm. There are others—Dante, Cervantes, Goethe are instances—as to whom you may even begin with a little aversion, and go on to love them more and more. De Quincey, I fear, belongs to a third class, as to whom it is difficult to keep up the first love, or rather whose defects begin before long to urge themselves upon the critical lover (some would say there are no critical lovers, but that I deny) with an even less happy result than is recorded in one of Catullus's finest lines. This kind of discovery

Cogit amare minus, nec bene velle magis.

How, and to what extent this is the case, it must be the business of this paper to attempt to show. But first it is desir-

able to give as usual a brief sketch of De Quincey's life. It need only be a brief one, for the external events of that life were few and meagre; nor can they be said to be, even after the researches of Mr. Page and Professor Masson, very accurately or exhaustively known. Before those researches "all was mist and myth" about De Quincey. I remember as a boy, a year or two after his death, hearing a piece of scandal about his domestic relations, which seems to have had no foundation whatever, but which pretty evidently was an echo of the "libel" (published in a short-lived newspaper of the kind which after many years has again risen to infest London) whereof he complains with perhaps more acrimony than dignity in a paper for the first time exhumed and reprinted in Professor Masson's edition. Many of the details of the *Confessions* and the *Autobiography* have a singular unbelievableness as one reads them; and though the tendency of recent biographers has been to accept them as on the whole genuine, I own that I am rather sceptical about many of them still. Was the ever famous Malay a real Malay, or a thing of shreds and patches? Did De Quincey actually call upon the awful Dean Cyril Jackson and affably discuss with him the propriety of entering himself at Christ-church? Did he really journey pennilessly down to Eton on the chance of finding a casual peer of the realm of tender years who would back a bill for him? These are but a few out of a large number of questions which in idle moods (for the answer to hardly one of them is of the least importance) suggest themselves; and which have been very partially answered hitherto even of late years, though they have been much discussed. The plain and tolerably certain facts which are important in connection with his work may be pretty rapidly summed up.

Thomas de Quincey (or Quincey, for it appears that he invented or revived the *de*) was born in Manchester; but apparently not, as he himself thought, at the country house of Greenhay which his parents afterward inhabited, on August 15th, 1785. His father was a merchant, well to do but of weak health, who died when Thomas was seven years old. Of his childhood he has left very copious reminiscences, and there is no doubt that reminiscences of childhood do linger long

after later memories have disappeared. But to what extent De Quincey gave "cocked hats and canes" to his childish thoughts and to his relations with his brothers and sisters individual judgment must decide. I should say for my part that the extent was considerable. It seems, however, pretty clear that he was as a child very much what he was all his life—emphatically "old fashioned," retiring without being exactly shy, full of far-brought fancies and yet intensely concentrated upon himself. In 1796 his mother moved to Bath, and Thomas was educated first at the Grammar School there and then at a private school in Wiltshire. It was at Bath, his head-quarters being there, that he met, according to his own account, various persons of distinction—Lord Westport, Lord and Lady Carbery and others, who figure largely in the *Autobiography*, but are never heard of afterward. It was with Lord Westport, a boy somewhat younger than himself, that he took a trip to Ireland, the only country beyond Great Britain that he visited. In 1800 he was sent by his guardians to the Manchester Grammar School in order to obtain, by three years' boarding there, one of the Somerset Exhibitions to Brasenose. As a separate income of £150 had been left by De Quincey's father to each of his sons, as this income, or part of it, must have been accumulating, and as the mother was very well off, this roundabout way of securing for him a miserable forty or fifty pounds a year seems strange enough. But it has to be remembered that for all these details we have little security but De Quincey himself—a security which I confess I like not. However, that he did go to Manchester, and did, after rather more than two of his three years' probation, run away is, I suppose, indisputable. His mother was living at Chester, and the calf was not killed for this prodigal son; but he had the liberty given him of wandering about Wales on an allowance of a guinea a week. That there is some mystery, or mystification, about all this is nearly certain. If things really went as he represents them his mother ought to have been ashamed of herself, and his guardians ought to have had, to say the least, an experience of the roughest side of Lord Eldon's tongue. The wanderings in Wales were followed by the famous sojourn in Soho,

with its waitings at money-lenders' doors, and its perambulations of Oxford Street. Then, by another sudden revolution, we find De Quincey with two-thirds of his allowance handed over to him and permission to go to Oxford as he wished, but abandoned to his own devices by his mother and his guardians, as surely no mother and no guardians ever abandoned an exceptionally unworldly boy of eighteen before. They seem to have put fifty guineas in his pocket and sent him up to Oxford, without even recommending him a college (they could at least have made sure that he would not have gone to that particular one if they had), and with an income which made it practically certain that he would once more seek the Jews. When he had spent so much of his fifty guineas that there was not enough left to pay caution money at most colleges, he went to Worcester where it happened to be low. He seems to have stayed there, on and off, for nearly six years. But he took no degree, his eternal caprices making him shun *viva voce* (then a much more important part of the examination than it is now) after sending in unusually good written papers. Instead of taking a degree he began to take opium, and to make acquaintance with the "Lakers" in both their haunts of Somerset and Westmoreland. He entered himself at the Middle Temple, he may have eaten some dinners, and somehow or other he "came into his property," though there are dire surmises that it was by the Hebrew door. At any rate in November, 1809, he gave up both Oxford and London, which he had frequented a good deal, chiefly, he says, for the sake of the opera of which he was very fond, and established himself at Grasmere. One of the most singular things about his singular life—an oddity due, no doubt, in part to the fact that he outlived his more literary associates instead of being outlived by them—is that though we hear much from De Quincey of other people we hear extremely little from other people about De Quincey. Indeed what we do so hear dates almost entirely from the last days of his life.

As for the autobiographic details in his *Confessions* and elsewhere, anybody who chooses may put those Sibylline leaves together for himself. It would only appear certain that for ten years he led the life of a recluse student and a hard laudanum-

drinker, varied by a little society now and then; that in 1816 he married Margaret Simpson, a salesman's daughter, of whom we have hardly any personal notices save to the effect that she was very beautiful, and who seems to have been almost the most exemplary of wives to almost the most eccentric of husbands; that for most of the time he was in more or less ease and affluence (ease and affluence still it would seem of a treacherous Hebraic origin); and that about 1819 he found himself in great pecuniary difficulties. Then at length he turned to literature, started as editor of a little Tory paper at Kendal, went to London, and took rank, never to be cancelled, as a man of letters by the first part of *The Confessions of an Opium Eater*, published in the *London Magazine* for 1821. He began as a magazine-writer and he continued as such till the end of his life; his publications in book-form being, till he was induced to collect his articles, quite insignificant. Between 1821 and 1825 he seems to have been chiefly in London, though sometimes at Grasmere; between 1825 and 1830 chiefly at Grasmere, but much in Edinburgh, where Wilson (whose friendship he had secured, not at Oxford, though they were contemporaries, but at the Lakes) was now residing and where he was introduced to Blackwood. In 1830 he moved his household to the Scotch capital, and lived there, or (after his wife's death in 1837) at Lasswade, or rather Polton, for the rest of his life. His affairs had come to their worst before he lost his wife, and it is now known that for some considerable time he lived, like Mr. Chrystal Croftangry, in the sanctuary of Holyrood. But De Quincey's way of "living" at any place was as mysterious as most of his other ways; and, though he seems to have been very fond of his family and not at all put out by them, it was his constant habit to establish himself in separate lodgings. These he as constantly shifted (sometimes as far as Glasgow) for no intelligible reason that has ever been discovered or surmised, his pecuniary troubles having long ceased. It was in the latest and most permanent of these lodgings, 42 Lothian Street, Edinburgh, not at Lasswade, that he died on the 8th of December, 1859. He had latterly written mainly, though not solely, for *Tait's Magazine* and *Hogg's Instruc-*

*tor*. But his chief literary employment for at least seven years before this had been the arrangement of the authorized edition of his works, the last or fourteenth volume of which was in the press at the time of his death.

So meagre are the known facts in a life of seventy-four years, during nearly forty of which De Quincey, though never popular, was still recognized as a great name in English letters, while during the same period he knew, and was known to not a few distinguished men. But little as is recorded of the facts of his life, even less is recorded of his character, and for once it is almost impossible to discover that character from his works. The few persons who met him all agree as to his impenetrability,—an impenetrability not in the least due to posing, but apparently natural and fated. De Quincey was at once egotistic and impersonal, at once delighted to talk and resolutely shunning society. To him, one is tempted to say, reading and writing did come by nature, and nothing else was natural at all. With books he is always at home. A De Quincey in a world where there was neither reading nor writing of books, would certainly either have committed suicide or gone mad. Pope's theory of the master passion, so often abused, justified itself here.

The quantity of work produced during this singular existence, from the time when De Quincey first began, unusually late, to write for publication, was very large. As collected by the author, it filled fourteen volumes; the collection was subsequently enlarged to sixteen, and though the new edition promises to restrict itself to the older and lesser number, the contents of each volume have been very considerably increased. But this printed and reprinted total, so far as can be judged from De Quincey's own assertions and from the observations of those who were acquainted with him (nobody can be said to have known him) during his later years, must have been but the smaller part of what he actually wrote. He was always writing, and always leaving deposits of his manuscripts in the various lodgings where it was his habit to bestow himself. The greater part of De Quincey's writing was of a kind almost as easily written by so full a reader and so logical a thinker as an ordinary newspaper article by an ordinary

man; and except when he was sleeping, wandering about, or reading, he was always writing. It is, of course, true, that he spent a great deal of time, especially in his last years of all, in rewriting and refashioning previously executed work; and also that illness and opium made considerable inroads on his leisure. But I should imagine that if we had all that he actually wrote during these nearly forty years, forty or sixty printed volumes would more nearly express its amount than fourteen or sixteen.

Still what we have is no mean bulk of work for any man to have accomplished, especially when it is considered how extraordinarily good much of it is. To classify it is not particularly easy; and I doubt, myself, whether any classification is necessary. De Quincey himself tried, and made rather a muddle of it. Professor Masson is trying also, with what success we shall see. But, in truth, except those wonderful purple patches of "numerous" prose, which are stuck all about the work, and perhaps in strictness not excepting them, everything that De Quincey wrote, whether it was dream or reminiscence, literary criticism or historical study, politics or political economy, had one characteristic so strongly impressed on it as to dwarf and obscure the differences of subject. It is not very easy to find a description at once accurate and fair, brief and adequate, of this peculiarity; it is best hinted at in a remark on De Quincey's conversation which I have seen quoted somewhere (whether by Professor Masson or not I hardly know), that it was, with many interesting and delightful qualities, a kind of "rigmarole." So far as I remember, the remark was not applied in any unfriendly spirit, nor is it adduced here in any such, but both in the printed works, in the remembrances of De Quincey's conversation which have been printed, in his letters which are exactly like his articles, and in those astonishing imaginary conversations attributed to him in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, which are said, by good authorities, exactly to represent his way of talk, this quality of rigmarole appears. It is absolutely impossible for the author (to confine ourselves to the printed work only) to keep to his subject, or any subject. It is as impossible for him to pull himself up briefly in any digression from that sub-

ject. In his finest passages, as in his most trivial, he is at the mercy of the will-o'-the-wisp of divagation. In his later rehandlings of his work, he did to some extent limit his followings of this will-o'-the-wisp to notes, but by no means always; and both in his later and in his earlier work, as it was written for the first time, he indulged them freely in the text. For pure rigmarole, for stories, as Mr. Chadband has it, "of a cock and of a bull, and of a lady and of a half-crown," few things, even in De Quincey, can exceed, and nothing out of De Quincey can approach, the passages about the woman he met on the "cop" at Chester, and about the Greek letter that he did not send to the Bishop of Bangor, in the preliminary part of the *Confessions*. Rigmarole, however, can be a very agreeable thing in its way, and De Quincey has carried it to a point of perfection never reached by any other rigmaroler. Despite his undoubted possession of a kind of humor, it is a very remarkable thing that he rigmaroles, so far as can be made out by the application of the most sensitive tests, quite seriously, and almost, if not quite, unconsciously. These digressions or deviations are studded with quips and jests, good, bad, and indifferent. But the writer never seems to suspect that his own general attitude is at least susceptible of being made fun of. It is said, and we can very well believe it, that he was excessively annoyed at Lamb's delightful parody of his *Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected*; and on the whole I should say that no great man of letters in this century, except Balzac and Victor Hugo, was so insensible to the ludicrous aspect of his own performances. This in the author of the *Essay on Murder* may seem surprising, but, in fact, there are few things of which there are so many subdivisions, or in which the subdivisions are marked off from each other by such apparently impermeable lines, as humor. If I may refine a little I should say that there was very frequently, if not generally, a humorous basis for these divagations of De Quincey's; but that he almost invariably lost sight of that basis, and proceeded to reason away quite gravely from it, in what is (not entirely with justice) called the scholastic manner. How much of this was due to the influence of Jean Paul

and the other German humorists of the last century, with whom he became acquainted very early, I should not like to say. I confess that my own enjoyment of Richter, which has nevertheless been considerable, has always been lessened by the presence in him, to a still greater degree, of this same habit of quasi-serious divagation. To appreciate the mistake of it, it is only necessary to compare the manner of Swift. The *Tale of a Tub* is in appearance as daringly discursive as anything can be, but the author in the first place never loses his way, and in the second never fails to keep a watchful eye on himself lest he should be getting too serious or too tedious. That is what Richter and De Quincey fail to do.

Yet though these drawbacks are grave, and though they are (to judge from my own experience) felt more seriously at each successive reading, most assuredly no man who loves English literature could spare De Quincey from it; most assuredly all who love English literature would sooner spare some much more faultless writers. Even that quality of his which has been already noted, his extraordinary attraction for youth, is a singular and priceless one. The Master of the Court of the Gentiles, or the Instructor of the Sons of the Prophets, he might be called in a fantastic nomenclature, which he would have himself appreciated if it had been applied to any one but himself. What he somewhere calls his "extraordinary ignorance of daily life" does not revolt youth. His little pedantries, which to the day of his death were like those of a clever school-boy, appeal directly to it. His best fun is quite intelligible; his worst not wholly uncongenial. His habit (a certain most respected professor in a northern university may recognize the words) of "getting into logical coaches and letting himself be carried on without minding where he is going" is anything but repugnant to brisk minds of seventeen. They are quite able to comprehend the great if mannered beauty of his finest style—the style, to quote his own words once more, as of "an elaborate and pompous sunset." Such a schoolmaster to bring youths of promise not merely to good literature but to the best, nowhere else exists. But he is much more than a mere schoolmaster, and in order that we may see what he is, it is desirable first of

all to despatch two other objections made to him from different quarters, and on different lines of thought. The one objection (I should say that I do not fully espouse either of them) is that he is an untrustworthy critic of books; the other is that he is a very spiteful commentator on men.

This latter charge has found wide acceptance and has been practically corroborated and endorsed by persons so different as Southey and Carlyle. It would not in any case concern us much, for when a man is once dead it matters uncommonly little whether he was personally unamiable or not. But I think that De Quincey has in this respect been hardly treated. He led such a wholly unnatural life, he was at all times and in all places so thoroughly excluded from the natural contact and friction of society that his utterances hardly partake of the ordinary character of men's speech. In the "vacant interlunar caves" where he hid himself, he could hardly feel the restraints that press on those who move within ear-shot and jostle of their fellows on this actual earth. This is not a triumphant defence, no doubt; but I think it is a defence. And further, it has yet to be proved that De Quincey set down anything in malice. He called his literary idol, Wordsworth, "inhumanly arrogant." Does anybody—not being a Wordsworthian and therefore out of reach of reason—doubt that Wordsworth's arrogance was inhuman? He, not unprovoked by scant gratitude on Coleridge's part for very solid services, and by a doubtless sincere but rather unctuous protest of his brother in opium-eating against the *Confessions*, told some home truths against that magnificent genius but most unsatisfactory man. A sort of foolish folk has recently arisen which tells us that because Coleridge wrote the *Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan* he was quite entitled to leave his wife and children to be looked after by anybody who chose, to take stipends from casual benefactors, and to scold, by himself or by his next friend Mr. Wordsworth, other benefactors, like Thomas Poole, who were not prepared at a moment's notice to give him a hundred pounds for a trip to the Azores. The rest of us, though we may feel no call to denounce Coleridge for these proceedings, may surely hold that the An-

*cient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan* are no defence to the particular charges. I do not see that De Quincey said anything worse of Coleridge than any man who knew the then little but now well-known facts of Coleridge's life was entitled to say if he chose. And so in other cases. That he was what is called a thoughtful person:—that is to say that he ever said to himself, "Will what I am writing give pain, and ought I to give that pain?" I do not allege. In fact, the very excuse which has been made for him above is inconsistent with it. He always wrote far too much as one in another planet for anything of the kind to occur to him, and he was perhaps for a very similar reason rather too fond of the "personal talk" which Wordsworth wisely disdained. But that he was in any proper sense spiteful, that is to say that he ever wrote either with a deliberate intention to wound, or with a deliberate indifference whether he wounded or not, I do not believe.

The other charge, that he was a bad or rather a very untrustworthy critic of books, cannot be met quite so directly. He is indeed responsible for a singularly large number of singularly grave critical blunders—by which I mean of course not critical opinions disagreeing with my own, but critical opinions which the general consent of competent critics on the whole negatives. The minor classical writers are not much read now, but there must be a sufficient jury to whom I can appeal to know what is to be done with a professed critic of style—at least asserting himself to be no mean classical scholar—who declares that "Paganism had no more brilliant master of composition to show than"—Velleius Paterculus! Suppose this to be a mere fling or freak, what is to be thought of a man who evidently sets Cicero, as a writer, if not as a thinker, above Plato? It would be not only possible but easy to follow this up with a long list of critical enormities on De Quincey's part, enormities due not to accidental and casual crotchet or prejudice, as in Hazlitt's case, but apparently to some perverse idiosyncrasy. I doubt very much, though the doubt may seem horribly heretical to some people, whether De Quincey really cared much for poetry as poetry. He liked philosophical poets:—Milton, Wordsworth, Shakespeare (inasmuch as Shakespeare was as he saw the

greatest of philosophical poets), Pope even in a certain way. But read the interesting paper which late in life he devoted to Shelley. He treats Shelley as a man admirably, with freedom alike from the maudlin sentiment of our modern chatterers and from Puritanical preciseness. He is not too hard on him in any way, he thinks him a pleasing personality and a thinker distorted but interesting. Of Shelley's strictly poetical quality he says nothing, if he knew or felt anything. In fact, of lyrical poetry generally, that is to say of poetry in its most purely poetical condition, he speaks very little in all his extensive critical dissertations. His want of appreciation of it may be some explanation of his unpardonable treatment of Goethe. That he should have maltreated *Wilhelm Meister* is quite excusable. There are fervent admirers of Goethe at his best who acknowledge most fully the presence in *Wilhelm* of the two worst characteristics of German life and literature, bad taste and tediousness. But it is not excusable that much later, and indeed at the very height of his literary powers and practice, he should have written the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the author of *Faust*, of *Egmont*, and above all of the shorter poems. Here he deliberately assents to the opinion that *Werther* is "superior to everything that came after it, and for mere power Goethe's paramount work," dismisses *Faust* as something that "no two people have ever agreed about," sentences *Egmont* as "violating the historic truth of character," and mentions not a single one of those lyrics, unmatched, or rather only matched by Heine, in the language, by which Goethe first gave German rank with the great poetic tongues. His severity on Swift is connected with his special "will-worship" of ornate style, of which more presently, and in general it may be said that De Quincey's extremely logical disposition of mind was rather a snare to him in his criticism. He was constantly constructing general principles and then arguing downward from them; in which case woe to any individual fact or person that happened to get in the way. Where Wilson, the "only intimate male friend I have had" (as he somewhere says with a half-pathetic touch of self-illumination more instructive than reams of imaginative autobiography) went wrong from not



having enough of general principle, where Hazlitt went wrong from letting prejudices unconnected with the literary side of the matter blind his otherwise piercing literary sight, De Quincey fell through an unswervingness of deduction more French than English. Your ornate writer must be better than your plain one, *ergo*, let us say, Cicero must be better than Swift.

One other curious weakness of his (which has been glanced at already) remains to be noticed. This is the altogether deplorable notion of jocularity which he only too often exhibits. Mr. Masson, trying to propitiate the enemy, admits that "to address the historian Josephus as 'Joe,' through a whole article, and give him a black eye into the bargain, is positively profane." I am not sure as to the profanity, knowing nothing particularly sacred about Josephus. But if Mr. Masson had called it excessively silly, I should have agreed heartily; and if any one else denounced it as a breach of good literary manners, I do not know that I should protest. The habit is the more curious in that all authorities agree as to the exceptional combination of scholarliness and courtliness which marked De Quincey's colloquial style and expression. Wilson's daughter, Mrs. Gordon, says, that he used to address her father's cook "as if she had been a duchess"; and that the cook, though much flattered, was somewhat aghast at his *punctilio*. That a man of this kind should think it both allowable and funny to talk of Josephus as "Joe," and of Magliabecchi as "Mag," may be only a new example of that odd law of human nature which constantly prompts people in various relations of life, and not least in literature, to assume most the particular qualities (not always virtues or graces) that they have not. Yet it is fair to remember that Wilson and the *Blackwood* set, together with not a few writers in the *London Magazine*—the two literary coteries, in connection with whom De Quincey started as a writer—had deliberately imported this element of horse-play into literature, that it at least did not seem to interfere with their popularity, and that De Quincey himself, after 1830, lived too much out of touch with actual life to be aware that the style was becoming as unfashionable as it had always, save on very exceptional subjects, been ungraceful.

Even on Wilson, who was to the manner born of riotous spirits, it often sits awkwardly; in De Quincey's case it is, to borrow Sir Walter's admirable simile in another case, like "the forced impudence of a bashful man." Grim humor he can manage admirably, and he also—as in the passage about the fate which waited upon all who possessed anything which might be convenient to Wordsworth, if they died—can manage a certain kind of sly humor not much less admirably. But "Joe" and "Mag," and, to take another example, the stuff about Catalina's "crocodile papa," are neither grim nor sly, they are only puerile. His stanchest defender asks, "why De Quincey should not have the same license as Swift and Thackeray?" The answer is quick and crushing. Swift and Thackeray justify their license by their use of it; De Quincey does not. After which it is hardly necessary to add, though this is almost final in itself, that neither Swift nor Thackeray interlards perfectly and unaffectedly serious work with mere fooling of the "Joe" and "Mag" kind. Swift did not put *mollis abuti* in the *Four last years of Queen Anne*, nor Thackeray his *Punch* jokes in the death scene of Colonel Newcome. I can quite conceive De Quincey doing both.

And now I have done enough in the fault-finding way, and nothing shall induce me to say another word of De Quincey in this article save in praise. For praise he himself gives the amplest occasion; he might almost remain unblamed altogether if his praisers had not been frequently unwise, and if his *exemplar* were not specially *vitiis imitabile*. Few English writers have touched so large a number of subjects with such competence both in information and in power of handling. Still fewer have exhibited such remarkable logical faculty. One main reason why one is sometimes tempted to quarrel with him is that his play of feuce is so excellent that one longs to cross swords. For this and for other reasons no writer has a more stimulating effect, or is more likely to lead his readers on to explore and to think for themselves. In none is that incurable curiosity, that infinite variety of desire for knowledge and for argument which age cannot quench, more observable. Few if any have the indefinable quality of freshness in so large a measure.

You never quite know, though you may have a shrewd suspicion, what De Quincey will say on any subject; his gift of sighting and approaching new facets of it is so immense. Whether he was in truth as accomplished a classical scholar as he claimed to be I do not know; he has left few positive documents to tell us. But I should think that he was, for he has all the characteristics of a scholar of the best and rarest kind—the scholar who is exact as to language without failing to comprehend literature, and competent in literature without being slipshod as to language. He was not exactly as Southey was “omnilegent:” but in his own departments, and they were numerous, he went further below the surface and connected his readings together better than Southey did. Of the two classes of severer study to which he specially addicted himself, his political economy suffered perhaps a little, acute as his views in it often are, from the fact that in his time it was practically a new study, and that he had neither sufficient facts nor sufficient literature to go upon. In metaphysics, to which he gave himself up for years and in which he seems really to have known whatever there was to know, I fear that the opium fiend cheated the world of something like masterpieces. Only three men during De Quincey’s lifetime had anything like his powers in this department. Now De Quincey could write English, and Sir William Hamilton either could not or would not. Ferrier could and did write English; but he could not, as De Quincey could, throw upon philosophy the play of literary and miscellaneous illustration which of all the sciences it most requires, and which all its really supreme exponents have been able to give it. Mansel could do both these things; but he was somewhat indolent, and had many avocations. De Quincey could write perfect English, he had every resource of illustration and relief at command, he was in his way as “brazen-bowelled” at work as he was “golden-mouthed” at expression, and he had ample leisure. But the inability to undertake sustained labor, which he himself recognizes as the one unquestionable curse of opium, deprived us of an English philosopher who would have stood as far above Kant in exoteric graces as he would have stood above Bacon in esoteric value. It

was not entirely De Quincey’s fault. It seems to be generally recognized now that whatever occasional excesses he may have committed, opium was really required in his case, and gave us what we have as much as it took away what we have not. But if any one chose to write in the antique style a debate between Philosophy, Tar-water and Laudanum, it would be almost enough to put in the mouth of Philosophy, “This gave me Berkeley and that deprived me of De Quincey.”

De Quincey is, however, first of all a writer of ornate English, which for once was never a mere cover to bare thought. Overpraise and mispraise him as anybody may, he cannot be overpraised for this. Mistake as he chose to do and as others have chosen to do, the relative value of his gift, the absolute value of it is unmistakable. What other Englishman, from Sir Thomas Browne downward, has written a sentence surpassing in melody that on *Our Lady of Sighs*: “And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams and with wrecks of forgotten delirium”? Compare that with the masterpieces of some later practitioners. There are no out-of-the-way words; there is no needless expense of adjectives; the sense is quite adequate to the sound; the sound is only what is required as accompaniment to the sense. And though I do not know that in a single instance of equal length—even in the still more famous, and as a whole justly more famous, *tour de force* on *Our Lady of Darkness*—De Quincey ever quite equalled the combined simplicity and majesty of this phrase, he has constantly come close to it. The *Suspiria* are full of such passages—there are even some who prefer *Savannah la Mar* to the *Ladies of Sorrow*. Beautiful as it is I do not, because the accursed superfluous adjective appears there. The famous passages of the *Confessions* are in every one’s memory; and so I suppose is the *Vision of Sudden Death*. Many passages in the *Cæsars*, though somewhat less florid, are hardly less good; and the close of *Joan of Arc* is as famous as the most ambitious attempts of the *Confessions* and the *Mail Coach*. Moreover in all the sixteen volumes specimens of the same kind may be found here and there, alternating with very different matter; so

much so that it has no doubt often occurred to readers that the author's occasional divergence into questionable quips and cranks is a deliberate attempt to set off his rhetoric, as dramatists of the noblest school have always set off their tragedy, with comedy, if not with farce. That such a principle would imply confusion of the study and the stage is arguable enough, but it does not follow that it was not present. At any rate the contrast, deliberate or not, is very strong indeed in De Quincey—stronger than in any other prose author except his friend, and pupil rather than master, Wilson.

The great advantage that De Quincey has, not only over this friend of his but over all practitioners of the ornate style in this century, lies in his sureness of hand in the first place, and secondly in the comparative frugality of means which perhaps is an inseparable accompaniment of sureness of hand. To mention living persons would be invidious; but Wilson and Landor are within the most scrupulous critic's right of comparison. All three were contemporaries; all three were Oxford men—Landor about ten years senior to the other two—and all three in their different ways set themselves deliberately to reverse the practice of English prose for nearly a century and a half. They did great things, but De Quincey did, I think, the greatest and certainly the most classical in the proper sense, for all Landor's superior air of Hellenism. Voluble as De Quincey often is, he seems always to have felt that when you are in your altitudes it is well not to stay there too long. And his flights, while they are far more uniformly high than Wilson's, which alternately soar and drag, are much more merciful in regard of length than Landor's, as well as for the most part much more closely connected with the sense of his subjects. There is scarcely one of the *Imaginary Conversations* which would not be the better for very considerable thinning, while with the exception perhaps of *The English Mail Coach*, De Quincey's surplussage, obvious enough in many cases, is scarcely ever found in his most elaborate and ornate passages. The total amount of such passages in the *Confessions* is by no means large, and the more ambitious parts of the *Suspiria* do not much exceed a dozen pages. De Quincey was certainly justified by his own practice

in adopting and urging as he did the distinction, due, he says, to Wordsworth, between the common and erroneous idea of style as the *dress* of thought, and the true definition of it as the *incarnation* of thought. The most wizened of coxcombs may spend days and years in dressing up his meagre and ugly carcass; but few are the sons of men who have sufficient thought to provide the soul of any considerable series of avatars. De Quincey had; and therefore, though the manner (with certain exceptions heretofore taken) in him is always worth attention, it never need or should divert attention from the matter. And thus he was not driven to make a little thought do tyrannous duty as lay-figure for an infinite amount of dress, or to hang out frippery on a clothesline with not so much as a lay-figure inside it. Even when he is most conspicuously "fighting a prize," as he sometimes is, there is always solid stuff in him.

Few indeed are the writers of whom so much can be said, and fewer still the miscellaneous writers, among whom De Quincey must be classed. On almost any subject that interested him—and the number of such subjects was astonishing, curious as are the gaps between the different groups of them—what he has to say is pretty sure, even if it be the wildest paradox in appearance, to be worth attending to. And in regard to most things that he has to say the reader may be pretty sure also that he will not find them better said elsewhere. It has sometimes been complained by students, both of De Quincey the man and of De Quincey the writer, that there is something not exactly human in him. There is certainly much in him of the demonic, to use a word which was a very good word and really required in the language and which ought not to be exiled because it has been foolishly abused. Sometimes, as has also been complained, the demon is a mere familiar with the tricksiness of Puck rather than the lightness of Ariel. But far oftener he is a more potent spirit than any Robin Goodfellow, and as powerful as Ariel and Ariel's master. Trust him wholly you may not; a characteristic often noted in intelligences that are neither exactly human, nor exactly diabolic, nor exactly divine. But he will do great things for you, and a little wit and courage on your part will prevent his doing anything serious against

you. To him, with much greater justice than to Hogg, might Wilson have applied the nickname of Brownie, which he was so fond of bestowing upon the author of *Kilmeny*. He will do solid work, conjure up a concert of aerial music, play a shrewd trick now and then, and all this with a curious air of irresponsibility and of remoteness of nature. In ancient days when kings played experiments to ascertain the universal or original language, some monarch might have been tempted

to take a very clever child, interest him so far as possible in nothing but books and opium, and see whether he would turn out anything like De Quincey. But it is in the highest degree improbable that he would. Therefore let us rejoice, though according to the precepts of wisdom and not too indiscriminately, in our De Quincey as we once, and probably once for all, received him.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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## TRUSTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY ROBERT DONALD.

No future treatise on political economy will be complete without an exposition of modern Trusts, which have attained such alarming proportions in the United States of America. The growth of these combinations is one of the most remarkable economic developments of the time. The great staples of the country are fast falling into their clutches; and some of the necessities of life are already under their control. Trusts are illegal corporations, born of rapacity, and maintained by the exercise of tyranny. Their organization is secret; their workings dark, silent, and subtle. They stretch out their tentacles—quietly and stealthily—until whole industries are in their grasp. They are contrivances to create a monopoly by throttling all competitors. They squeeze the people at both extremes of the commercial scale—grinding down those who furnish the raw material and supply the labor to the lowest limit, and exacting the highest possible price from the consumer. Once established, Trusts soon become strong—almost impregnable—citadels of capital. The highest business capacity is employed in organizing and maintaining them. They laugh at public opinion, ride rough-shod over legislative enactments, and baffle the law courts. They bridle newspapers with subsidies and send members to Congress. They have their agents in every Legislature, and Bills are passed in their interest. They tamper with judges, they ally themselves with political leaders, and hire professors of political economy to defend them. But the people are at last awakening to the dangers of Trusts, and see in

them not only an interference with trade, but a menace to political liberty. Trusts stand in the forefront of the Protectionist breastworks. They are the crux of the tariff question. It is round them that the battle rages most fiercely, and tariff reformers are bent before all things on clearing them away. In this article I will endeavor to sketch the rise of these Trusts, to explain their organization, to indicate their extent, to point out their effect, to seek the cause of their existence, and suggest the remedy.

### I.

What is a Trust? In answering this question, the apologists of Trusts go away back to the time of Charles the First and Queen Elizabeth, and bring forth a mass of legal evidence intended to show that the Trust is a very ancient and respectable institution. I am not concerned with these excursions into ancient history, and do not intend to disinter the petrified prototypes of the Trust. Old Trusts and monopolies have no bearing on the case. The modern Trust is the creation of the present commercial age. It bears no relation to its ancient namesake, and the word Trust in the legal sense in no way describes it. A Trust in the legal sense of the term is an arrangement whereby one person holds the title to property for the benefit of another. The American Trust is a very different thing.

It is a combination of manufacturers, engaged in the same industry, to kill competition and establish a monopoly. All monopolies are not Trusts; but all Trusts

are monopolies, or attempts to be monopolies. A Trust unites the various manufacturers or traders in the same article on a new principle. It is an outgrowth of the "pool" system. A "pool" was a temporary arrangement to raise prices artificially. The Trust is a permanent "pool," but organized on a solid, and not on a loose basis. It is not a corporation made up of individuals; but a combination of corporations governed by a directorate of trustees. The Federal system of the United States is particularly favorable to the creation of Trusts. They make a show of complying with the law, while in reality they trample it under foot.

There are various ways of forming a Trust; but the avowed purposes of Trusts are the same:—to destroy all competition, to diminish supplies, and to raise prices. The system most generally adopted to achieve these ends is as follows:—Each of the parties entering into the Trust incorporates his own establishment, if it is not an incorporated company already. The stock of the several corporations forming the Trust is then handed over to certain persons called trustees. In payment for the stock the trustees issue to each party "trust" certificates—similar to shares of stock in corporations—and also "trust" certificates for the goodwill of the business. These certificates generally represent four times the real value of the property. The trustees—who have been the prime movers in the concern and the leading manufacturers of the product "trusted"—retain the major part of the stock in each corporation. They elect directors—themselves if they like—appoint agents, and systematize the working. The management is centralized, and the directors placed in supreme authority. They have absolute power. They regulate production, and control the market. They can raise prices in one direction, lower them in another, and "shut down"\* establishments when they think fit. The fact that a factory is standing idle does not reduce the profits of the owners or stockholders in this particular branch of the business. The profits—whether one factory, or ten factories are working—are distributed equally among all the holders of trust certificates. It is understood that the directors know their business best, and are

working in the interest of all. Complete confidence is placed in them. As Trusts are outside the pale of the law, confidence in the managing directors and ties of self-interest are what unite them. There are other ways of forming Trusts, but the same object is attained. What were formerly conflicting interests are united and placed under one control, and the organization is ingeniously devised so as to evade the law.

## II.

Some of the existing Trusts were evolved out of "pools," "corners," or "combines," which were only temporary and uncertain arrangements; but supposing a new Trust is to be formed without having such foundation, this is how it is done:—Several of the leading manufacturers in any industry—sugar, salt, steel, whiskey, oil, paper, or anything else—will take the initiative. They are men who have hitherto held strongly to the belief that "competition is the life of trade;" but are beginning to lose confidence in it. Competition has grown too fierce, the struggle for existence too hard. Some have profited, but others have failed. The mass of the people have, no doubt, benefited from competition, but that does not interest the manufacturers; so the leaders call a meeting to extinguish this "competition, which is the life of trade." The majority of the manufactures meet. "Now," they say, "let us talk over our affairs in a business-like spirit. This fierce competition is ruining our trade; we spend the greater part of our profits in trying to keep abreast of each other, we are always having trouble with our workmen, and somebody else gets ahead. Come, let us put an end to this unprofitable rivalry. Let us stop cutting each other's throats. Our interests are identical. Our one object is to make money. Now, if we could work in harmony we should save an enormous amount in salaries, in buying new machinery, in finding a market for our goods, in advertising, and in other directions; we could adjust prices and wages to suit ourselves. Above all, we should make money." This sound economic doctrine naturally commends itself to a set of intelligent manufacturers. They see that if they were all united they could just pay as little as possible for their raw material and labor, and they could adjust the selling price to suit

\* An Americanism for "shut up" or close.

their consciences, which are pretty sure to be elastic. Being intelligent manufacturers and sharp business men, the logic of these facts prove irresistible. They resolve to form a Trust.

Having formed their Trust, they begin by making a discovery which heretofore escaped their attention. There has been "over-production" in their business. This must be put a stop to at once. To bring production down to the proper level, factories are closed, and the Trusts have been known to destroy goods rather than put them on the market. The workmen who used to kick against their wages are now thrown out of employment, or have their wages reduced. The directors then turn to certain rivals who have obstinately held out against the blandishments of the Trust-makers, and present to them the pleasing alternative, to join or be crushed. If the competitors still cling to a belief in the virtue of competition, down go the Trust's prices, its factories are all set agoing, and it floods the market with cheap goods. The Trust continues this—aided in its designs by railway companies and other corporations in league with it—until the recalcitrant ones are brought to a sense of their duty. This method of warfare has never in the long run been known to fail, and the outsiders end by joining the Trust or by going into bankruptcy. Minor competitors, who do not interfere seriously with the Trust's business, may be left alone, and in a country so vast as the United States distance often makes manufacturers in the same line as the Trust quite harmless. Some Trusts are purely local concerns, such as the Milk Trust in New York, and the Gas Trust in Chicago. Others are confined to particular States and are safe from competitors in other States. The cost of transportation alone prevents competitors 3000 miles away from seriously injuring the interests of a Trust. But there are Trusts which are not confined to States or territorial regions, but stretch over the whole continent of North America. Having crushed competitors that come in its way, and obtained control of the market, a Trust soon recuperates itself from the effects of temporary lowering its prices. The reader will now understand what a Trust is, and will have some idea how it works.

### III.

Trusts organized on the lines described are quite modern concerns. The Standard

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Oil Trust, which was the pioneer in this line of business, and has served as a model for future Trusts, was organized in 1882. The Cotton Oil Trust and the Sugar Trust followed; but it was not until 1887 that there was any alarming progress made in the formation of Trusts. During that year there was the first "boom" in Trusts. Public attention was then directed to them. The press began to expose them. The *New York Times* was the first newspaper to declare war against Trusts, and, ever since, this ably conducted journal has given the fullest details of their working and the best exposure of their evils. Other metropolitan journals entered the campaign against Trusts, and in the West the *Chicago Tribune* led the attack. As the Presidential election approached, the attack on Trusts became general. All the Democrats denounced them, and many Republicans opposed them. Mr. Blaine declared that "Trusts were private affairs," but the Republican Convention thought it advisable to include in its platform a denunciation of Trusts. This was by way of answer to the Democratic cry that the high protective tariff was responsible for Trusts.

In the winter session of 1887-1888 inquiries were instituted into the working of Trusts by the Congress of the United States, by the Canadian Parliament, and by the New York Legislature. As the evidence taken by these committees of inquiry was published during the spring and summer of 1888, the people began to know something more about Trusts, and hoped that something would be done to destroy them. There was a lull in the creation of Trusts while the presidential election was in progress, but as soon as it was found that the Protectionist party had triumphed, the Trust fever broke out again. Measures were introduced into different State Legislatures last year to prohibit and suppress Trusts, but they still continue to flourish, and there are now more Trusts in the country than ever there were. There are Trusts in kerosene oil, sugar, cottonseed oil, steel, rubber, steel beams, cartridges, lead, iron, nails, straw paper, linseed oil, coal, slates, gas, cattle, tramways, steel rails, iron nuts, wrought-iron pipes, stones, copper, paving pitch, felt roofing, ploughs, threshing, reaping and binding machines, glass, oatmeal, white corn meal, starch, pealed barley, waterworks, lard, castor oil, barbed wire, school slates,

school books, lead pencils, paper bags, envelopes, meat, milk, matches, canvas-back duck, ultramarine, borax, sand-paper, screws, cordage, marble, coffins, tooth-picks, peanuts, lumber, lime, overshoes, hides, railway springs, carriage bolts, patent leather, thread, white-lead, and whiskey. Some few Trusts have failed through internal disputes and other causes, but the list is not by any means complete. One Trust breeds another Trust, and new combinations are being formed every week.

#### IV.

The greatest of all these combinations is the Standard Oil Trust. It is the greatest, the most powerful, and the most hated. Throughout the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the very name Standard suggests tyranny and smacks of rapacity. But the epithets applied to it do not hurt it. The attacks made on it are as harmless as birdshot to a turret ship. It pursues its way unimpeded and overcomes all enemies. It seems to be impregnable. Of all the Trusts it makes out the most plausible case on its own behalf—plausible, I say, because the credit which it claims for not raising prices like other Trusts, is of a negative order. In preparing this article I applied to this Trust for its case, and received a collection of pamphlets kept in stock to satisfy all inquiries. If one were to read these treatises, and accept all the statements they contain as facts, one would get the impression that the Standard Oil Trust is a great blessing in disguise, and conducted on the lines of an eleemosynary institution. It doth protest too much. We are told that a combination is "simply a common ownership of stock in various corporations," and a Trust is defined as "a combination conducting business on a large scale." Trusts do not destroy competition; they merely "carry competition to a higher plane." Competition doesn't always adjust itself to suit producers. The Standard Oil Company of Ohio was organized in 1870, but two years later it drew the four great oil concerns in the country round it to regulate competition. This combination managed to keep competition under control until 1882, when after receiving many accessions the Standard Oil Trust was evolved, and competition finally planted on "the higher plane,"

where it has since remained. "It was simply an agreement placing all the stocks in the hands of trustees, declaring the trust on which they were held, and providing for the issuing of a certificate showing the amount of interest of each owner in the stocks so held in trust." The trustees held the majority of all the stocks, and had thus absolute control.

The result of this new combination, to quote the Trust's own statement and give it all the credit which it claims, has been greatly to reduce prices to the consumer.

"Since the Standard Oil combination was formed, in 1872, crude oil has decreased in price from 9.42 cents per gallon to 1.59 cents per gallon in 1887. Refined declined in the same time from 23.59 cents per gallon to 6.72 cents per gallon. The decline in the crude product is attributed to the enormous supply. Had refined declined only at the same rate the minimum price would have been 15.75 cents per gallon. But the fall in refined is 9.03 per gallon greater than the fall in crude. As over 1,000,000,000 of gallons were consumed in 1887, the saving of 9.03 cents per gallon to the public amounted to nearly \$100,000,000 for that single year. Be it remembered too that the price of 1872 was a competitive price; competition was so fierce that refiners were forced to combine to prevent ruin."

This result has been obtained by "enlarging the output and making large gains out of small profits," by cheapening methods of transportation, by obtaining the best skill, and "the best and cheapest methods of manufacture as well as the use of all patents," by the cheapening which has taken place in the manufacture of barrels, tin cans, boxes, paint and other articles used in connection with the business. "At the close of 1887, six years after the creation of the Trust, we find the supply to the markets increased to over twenty-six and a half millions of barrels of 42 gallons each per year. And notwithstanding the almost nominal price of oil, the value of exported products reached for that year the enormous sum of \$46,824,933. These figures speak for the Standard Oil Company as nothing else can do."

Let us see. The saving which arises from conducting an industry like the oil trade on a large scale is enormous, and shows what a terrible waste results from fierce competition. The Standard Oil Trust has economized greatly in storage, in transportation, in distribution, and in

its purchases ; but even its own figures, "which speak as nothing else can do," show that the fall in the price of oil—in order to be commensurate with the fall in other things—ought to have been greater. We find that in fourteen years the actual cost of manufacturing refined oil has been reduced 66 per cent. The rate of transportation has been reduced about two-thirds, making a saving of \$20,000,000 a year. In 1872 it cost fifty cents to transport a barrel of oil by pipe ten miles. Now it costs only ten cents to pump a barrel of oil from the oil-fields to the Atlantic sea-board. The Trust uses 3,500,000 barrels a year, and the annual saving on these has been \$4,000,000. The saving on the purchase of cans amounts to \$5,400,000, and on wooden cases it has been \$1,250,000. "The public," says the Trust, "has had the benefit of all these savings in a cheaper product ;" but the product has not been by any means reduced so much as it ought to have been, considering these savings and the greatly increased out-put. Between 1861 and 1872, when consumption was small, and when "competition was so fierce that refiners were forced to combine to prevent ruin," the annual decrease in price was about 10 per cent. From 1872 to 1881 under the combination system the reduction was 7 per cent., but since then the annual reduction has fallen to 2 per cent. In 1889, although the out-put increased from 50,000 barrels to 65,000 barrels a day, the price rose one cent per gallon. As a matter of fact all the efforts of the Trust have been directed to keeping the price from falling. It has always wanted to raise the price, but the phenomenal richness of the oil-fields of Pennsylvania interfered with its plans. Referring to this fact the report of the committee of the New York State Senate, which inquired into the working of Trusts, says :

"It is a well-known fact that since the discovery of coal and kerosene oil there has been a constant diminution in price to the consumer and producer ; but such diminution in price to the consumer is not due to the influence of the Standard Oil Trust or Company, but is attributable to causes wholly independent of it ; to wit, the constantly widening field of oil production and the ever-increasing volume of crude oil put on the market."

The Trust's case was presented before this committee in the most favorable light possible. It refused to produce its rec-

ords, and the trustees were at first reluctant to give evidence ; but although no witnesses were called against it nothing came out calculated to gain it public favor. It is not known to what extent the Trust controls the supply of crude oil but evidence was given before the Congress Committee on Trusts, which showed that 5,000,000 barrels of refined oil were set aside by the Trust for the benefit of an association of producers on condition that they curtailed the production by at least 17,500 barrels a day.

The Standard Oil Trust has used every means to maintain its supremacy, and to crush its competitors. It is affiliated with other corporations which help to maintain its monopoly—notably with railway companies and traffic agencies. One of its favorite plans for squeezing rivals out of the market has been to get preferential rates for its own oil, while its rivals were compelled to pay high rates for the transport of their product. At one time the Trust received rebates from railway companies averaging half a million dollars a month. The independent refiners were gradually becoming absorbed by the Trust, but the existence of a few competitors in Ohio and elsewhere, and the fear of competitors from the Baku oil-fields, has helped to keep down the price of petroleum.

Another powerful combination is the great Sugar Trust. Sugar presented an excellent opportunity for the Trust-makers. It is protected by a duty which averages about 80 per cent., and a bounty is paid by the Government on all sugar exported. Sugar is one of the necessities of life, and is used in every household. The sugar refiners discovered in 1887 that too much sugar was being manufactured, so they consolidated to reduce the supply and raise the price. The real value of the property "trusted" was \$15,000,000, but "trust" certificates were issued which "watered" it up to \$60,000,000. The Trust first depressed the price of raw sugar, and then raised the price of cut loaf and crushed sugar by 1½ cents per lb., and of granulated sugar by 1 cent per lb. A rise of 1 cent per lb. on the sugar consumed in the United States would mean an increased profit of \$30,000,000. Strong opposition has been made to this Trust, but it still holds its own. A millionaire sugar refiner is at present building an immense factory at Philadelphia to crush the Trust, and has



obtained a great amount of gratuitous advertising from the newspapers for his enterprise, but so long as the present protective and bounty system lasts, the Americans are not likely to get cheap sugar. English people have nothing to complain of in this matter. They ought to appreciate the friendly attitude of the United States Government as it helps to pay for their sugar. After allowing for the cost of transportation from America to England, including charges for handling, insurance, etc., the American refiner can still—with the aid of the “drawback”—sell sugar at 9s less per 100 lbs. in England than in America. Up to 1875, the United States Government used to retain 10 per cent. of the “drawback,” but it was very properly thought that this was not quite fair to the refiners and their English customers, so that an Act was passed requiring the retention of only 1 per cent. Some protectionists still thought that this was not generous enough, and it was proposed in the Senate Bill of last year to give the refiners the full benefit of the “drawback.” All this, of course, makes excellent business for the Trust, but it has incurred great expense in crushing competitors and maintaining the illegal constitution in the teeth of the law courts.

One Trust breeds another Trust. When the sugar refiners obtained control of the market, the manufacturers of glucose and cheap grape sugar—used for the purposes of adulteration—followed their example and went into a Trust. When the steel combination pressed on the western plough manufacturers they in turn organized a Trust, and squeezed the farmers, who are now contemplating a similar course to resist the pressure.

A steel rail combination has been in existence since 1877. It is not formed on Trust lines, but serves the same purpose. The “iron lords” and “steel lords” are bound together by the closest ties of self-interest in the American Iron and Steel Association. This Association keeps the prices as high as the tariff will allow, and does all it can by the circulation of pamphlets, by employing “lobbyists,” and by resorting to other well-known methods, to maintain a feeling in favor of the continuance of a protective tariff on iron and steel.

There is a very respectable Trust in linseed oil. It was formed in January 1877, in consequence, as usual, of there being too

much linseed oil in the country; during that year the price of the oil rose from 38 cents to 52 cents per gallon, and it is now 61 cents. The price of linseed oil in England is about 34 cents per gallon. The Trust is protected by a duty of 54 per cent. The increased price since the formation of the Trust is clear profit; add to this, economy in manufacture, and the reduction in the price paid to the farmer for seed, and it will be seen how this Trust must have enriched its members. It had an opposite effect on the workmen, many of whom lost employment through the stoppage of mills, and as the higher price of the oil must have lessened the consumption, workers have suffered in another way. The Cotton-seed Oil Trust has increased its profits both in buying and in selling in a similar way. The evidence given in the suit brought against this monopolist Trust by the State of Louisiana showed that it had reduced the price paid to the planters for seed from 7 to 4 dollars per ton. As the Trust buys about 700,000 tons a year, this is a clear gain of over two million dollars at one sweep.

The principal manufacturers of American whiskey got up “pools” now and then between 1878 and 1887 to arrange prices. The “pools” were not quite so successful as the distillers desired, and in 1887 they discovered that the hitch arose because there was too much whiskey. This discovery was worthy of temperance reformers, but the object of the distillers was not to help forward the prohibition movement, or the temperance cause. Nor was their ultimate aim the limitation of whiskey-drinking. They only wanted to temporarily limit the supply. They organized the Western Distillers and Cattle Feeders Trust—a compound sort of Trust. On its formation, seventy distillers joined it, and the price of whiskey was at once raised from 30 to 40 per cent. Fifty-seven distilleries were closed, and the remaining thirteen left to make profits for the time being for all the shareholders. The owners of the distilleries which were lying idle therefore did not lose anything. The wages of the men still left at work were cut down from 10 to 20 per cent. But the Trust had been too grasping, and competition began to reappear. New distilleries were opened, and as these had to be crushed or absorbed, down went the price of whiskey—lower than it had ever been

before—until they succumbed. The Trust now controls more than half the distilleries in the country. It also fixes the price for "mash" used for feeding cattle—hence its double-barrelled name. The duty on alcohol is 171.85 per cent., and the duty on spirits distilled from grain—such as the Trust makes—rises to 596.43 per cent.

The stove-makers met early in 1888 and having considered that a great saving in patterns, catalogues, advertising, and in other things might be effected by combination, concluded that "the trust plan is founded on the fundamental laws of commerce and the dictates of reason," and they proceeded to comply with both. The nail-makers in the Atlantic States found that there were too many nails being made, and as the protective duty ranges from 40 per cent., to 80 per cent., they combined to check production and receive the full benefits of protection. When the combination in lead raised the cost of lead to the cartridge and ammunition manufacturers, they also consolidated. Over-production was going on in railway car springs in March 1888, and the makers united to regulate the market. As the duty on iron carriage bolts is 60 per cent., and is practically prohibitory, this was too good an opportunity for a trust experiment to be lost. The White Lead Trust is a formidable concern; but the duty—which is 3 cents in the pound—is not quite high enough to ward off foreign competitors, as over 700,000 lbs. are imported every year. English white lead in oil is now selling at 4½ cents a pound in England, and at 8 cents in America. There are Trusts in light and heavy rubber-clothing, which have advanced prices between 25 and 50 per cent. The Trust remedy was applied to the sand-paper and emery cloth business as there was a superabundance of these articles. There was a great overstock of paving pitch and felt roofing in the country, so that the makers when they got up their Trust made a bonfire of 30,000 barrels of pitch in Philadelphia. A duty of 100 per cent. was not sufficient to protect the screw-makers. They paid Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's firm in Birmingham an annual subsidy not to send screws to America. They have now created a Trust. There is a particularly audacious Trust in envelopes. It recently sent out circulars asking customers to boycott the Government-stamped envelopes.

It complained that to buy these envelopes was to encourage a Government monopoly. There is a Natural Gas Trust—an offshoot from the Standard Oil Trust. It has just paid its usual quarterly dividend of 2½ per cent. with an extra stock dividend of 25 per cent. As its capital is greatly inflated, the real dividend is much higher. One of the newest Trusts is in school books. All the great publishing firms, except one, are in it. The promoters say that "ruinous competition" necessitated the Trust.

The American must deal with Trusts all through life. If he is a native of New York State a Trust will nurture him with milk, which it buys from the farmers at three cents a quart, and sells to the people at from seven to ten cents a quart. When he goes to school his slate is furnished by another Trust, which has raised the price of school slates 30 per cent., and, thanks to Protection, sends its best slates to England and Germany. If the American boy wants a lead pencil he must apply to a Trust, which charges Americans one-and-a-third more for pencils than it asks from foreigners. The American boy's candy is indirectly affected by the Sugar Trust, and his peanuts are doled out to him through the medium of the peanut combination. If the American has a taste for canvas-back duck, the Baltimore Trust, which has control of that delicacy, will supply him. When he has finished the duck, another Trust is ready with a toothpick for him—for even such an insignificant industry as toothpick-making has not escaped the Trust schemers. The American may continue his progress through life, using "trusted" envelopes, wearing "trusted" overshoes, drinking "trusted" whiskey, warming himself at "trusted" stoves, and patronizing other Trusts which control indispensable commodities. Should illness overtake him a Castor-oil Trust will do its best for him, and as the duty of 200 per cent. on castor oil insures it an absolute monopoly, it will charge very highly for its medicine. Even death does not free the American from Trusts. They pursue him to the grave. There is a coffin-makers' ring in New York, which has raised prices to the Trust standard. There is also a Trust in marble, which has increased the price of tombstones. Thus, the American citizen, who is surrounded on all sides with accommodating Trusts through life, may

be buried in a "trusted" coffin, and commemorated by a "trusted" tombstone.

This list of Trusts is not by any means complete. New Trusts are continually being organized. Hardly a day passes in which the newspapers do not contain the announcement of the creation of some new combination. The *New York Tribune*—a leading Protectionist organ, which befriends Trusts—of the day on which I write contains these headings close to each other—"The Window glass makers combine," "A Rubber Trust formed in Trenton," and "Physicians form a Trust." The last named is a curiosity, and refers to the physicians of a city who agreed to raise their professional charges during the recent influenza epidemic. The other two are of the usual stamp, and will have the usual effect, for we are told that, "hereafter buyers of window glass must pay higher prices than at any time within the last five years."

There are many monopolies in the United States which do not come under the head of Trusts. Nearly the whole mineral wealth of the country is owned by monopolists. Zinc is in the hands of a combination. The copper mines are controlled by a few men. The great railway corporations possess immense mineral tracts. The rich anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania cover 300,000 acres, and two-thirds of this area is owned by seven railway companies, which work together in making the price low in districts where they have competition, and arbitrary where they have a monopoly.\* The companies extracted 34,649,127 tons of coal from their mines in 1887, for which they obtained 90,261,805 dollars. Owning the mines and possessing the means of transportation, the companies can defy competitors. The mines in the State of Missouri and in the Indian Territory are controlled by the Missouri Pacific Railway, which also shares with other railway companies in the ownership of the Colorado mines. The Wyoming fields are distributed among other companies. One company works the mines in the northern part of Illinois, and another controls the output in the southern part. The Oregon Railway manages the coal trade on the Pacific slope.

\* The anthracite coal miners are at present poverty-stricken, and are living on public charity, because the coal owners find it convenient just now to limit the supply.

In fact the whole coal business of the United States is at the mercy of railway corporations. The prices are raised to just a little below where it would be profitable to import coal from Nova Scotia, England or Australia.

There are other monopolies, such as the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the Bell Telephone Company. The Western Union has now absorbed most of its rivals. The unification of the telegraph service resulted in a great saving, in plant, in offices, in employes and in canvassing for business. The rates are high, but cannot be made exorbitant, as the telegraph is a convenience rather than a necessity, and exorbitant charges would reduce the profits. The same may be said of the telephone.

Trusts have spread over Canada as well as the United States. The committee of the Dominion Parliament which inquired into the subject, reported that it had "received sufficient evidence of their injurious tendencies and effects to justify legislative action in suppressing the evils arising from this and similar combinations." The principal Trust in Canada is one which regulates the supply of sugar, and which includes both refiners and wholesale dealers. Members of the Trust receive rebates, and outsiders are charged exorbitant prices. There is also a well-organized coal ring in the Dominion which employs detectives to see that its members comply with its regulations.

As much has been heard recently about the organization of English syndicates in America, it may be briefly explained that more than half the stories which obtain currency concerning the purchase of breweries, grain-elevators and flour-mills by English capitalists are purely fictitious. It is true, however, that during last year a very large sum of English capital—said to amount to £20,000,000—has been invested in America, but the industries capitalized bear no relation to Trusts, or are not likely to develop into monopolies. London company promoters have discovered a new field for their operations, but the "boom" now seems to have subsided. America does not possess similar facilities for the capitalization of industrial enterprises on a stock basis with proper safeguards, so that small investors can put their money in them. When several flour-mills or breweries are turned over to a company and floated in London, the usual plan is

for the owners to become the managers and retain a third of the stock. It seems, however, that an English company is sometimes preferred to a Trust. The promoters of a brick works company recently floated in London give it out that, "One reason, and the principal one, for bringing this out as an English company is to prevent the State Legislature from interfering as it does in Trusts formed in the States."

Attempts to form an international Trust have as yet been unsuccessful. The French copper ring tried to "corner" the world's supply of copper, but collapsed, and the attempts made in England and America to do away with competition in salt have fallen through. The North American Salt Company and the English Salt Union were engineered by shrewd business men, and at first threatened to be successful, but fortunately they did not succeed as an international combination.

#### V.

Having explained the organization of Trusts, and indicated their extent in the United States, I will now deal with their legal aspect, and the attempts made to suppress them. The historic side of the case is of importance to lawyers. Although the modern Trust differs greatly from its ancient prototype, the existence of combinations which restrict production, or prevent competition, or regulate prices, is considered to be contrary to the common law of England and the United States. Lord Coke, in the famous "case of the monopolies," laid down a true rule, and created a precedent, when he said that the inevitable results of monopoly were three: (1) "That the price of the same commodity will be raised; (2) that the commodity is not so good as before; (3) that it tends to the impoverishment of divers artisans, artificers, and others." These results are deemed to be against the interests of trade, and contrary to public policy, and several States in America have statutes directed against combinations and monopolies. It is a conspiracy under the law of New York State for two or more persons to combine to do anything "injurious to trade and commerce," or to "attempt to destroy competition," and when such partnership or combinations have come before the courts the judges refuse to interfere. And when the stock-

holders or directors in the modern Trust appeal to law they are told that their disputes cannot be settled by the courts, or their agreements enforced by law. It is clear that Trusts are illegal combinations. The courts do not uphold them; can the courts suppress them?

That question is now being put to the test. Trusts were too subtle and too far reaching in their organization to be dealt with effectively by the law as it stood, and many bills were introduced into State Legislatures last year specially directed against Trusts. Some of these anti-Trust bills have become law, and others are still pending. These laws are sweeping enough to embrace all possible Trusts, "pools," and combinations calculated to restrict competition and interfere with the freedom of trade, or which are designed to have such a tendency. Several suits have been brought against Trusts, but they generally manage to adroitly manipulate their affairs so that they wriggle out of the clutches of the law. They appeal from court to court, migrate from State to State, or resort to some other means to baffle the courts.

The first case of importance to test the legality of Trusts was that instituted by the Attorney-General of the State of New York against the North River Refining Company, one of the corporations forming the Sugar Trust. It was brought under the law as it then existed, on the ground that by entering into an illegal combination it had forfeited its charter from that State. The case first came before the lower courts, and was decided against the company. When it came up before the Supreme Court, in January 1889, Judge Barrett again condemned it, and in giving his decision said that "if Trusts were allowed to thrive, and to become general, they must inevitably lead to the oppression of the people, and ultimately to the subversion of their political rights." Judge Barrett's order annulling the company's charter was affirmed by the Supreme Court. The judges held that by entering into an unlawful combination, the company had "renounced and abandoned its own duties, and subverted its own franchises." Of course the Trust has again appealed, and the case is now before the New York Court of Appeals, but, anticipating another adverse verdict, it has arranged to migrate.

The counsel of the Sugar Trust succeeded in getting a charter from the Connecticut Legislature last year for the "Commonwealth Refining Company," and the charter is so wide that the whole sugar industry of the world might be transacted under it. The company is authorized "to acquire, purchase, receive in trust, or otherwise hold, grant, sell, mortgage, lease, and otherwise dispose of all kinds of property—real, personal and mixed—whether in the State of Connecticut or elsewhere." There is nothing niggardly about this charter. The Trust is perfectly safe. Technically it will transfer itself to Connecticut, but the headquarters will remain in New York, and everything will go on as before. While the State of Connecticut is rescinding its charter and taking proceedings against it, the Trust will have plenty of time to make another move. The net result of this prosecution seems, therefore, to be that the State and the political organization that instigated the suit will have spent a large sum for nothing, and that the expenses to which the Trust has been put will be wrung from the people in higher prices for sugar.

The State of Missouri has passed the severest anti-Trust law. This law requires that every corporation chartered by the State must make affidavit that it is not connected with any Trust, "pool" or other combination which tends to suppress or restrict competition, or to fix prices, and the corporation that refuses to make this declaration will be declared illegal and have its charter cancelled. The law applies to corporations organized in other States and doing business in Missouri. As 1000 corporations failed to disavow association with combinations the Secretary of State revoked their charters, and decided to proceed against 200 foreign corporations which did not comply with the law. Proceedings have now been instituted against the offending companies, but they are going to hedge themselves in the Federal courts, on the ground that they lawfully existed before the new law passed, and that the State is going against the Constitution in trying to regulate commerce between States. One State has very little chance against a thousand corporations, and Trusts are generally in a position to spend more money in defending themselves than the State treasuries can afford for prosecuting them.

The people of Chicago are fighting a Gas Trust which has planted itself in that city, and their case is more hopeful than any which has yet come up. There used to be several gas companies in the city, but they amalgamated and went through the usual process of inflating their stock. When the monopoly was established the stock of the gas companies on which the people were supposed to pay dividends was increased from \$15,000,000 to \$40,000,000, and the bonds which the people are expected to pay, both principal and interest, were swollen from \$10,000,000 to \$18,000,000. It is stated that the whole property is not worth more than \$10,000,000, and that the Trust attempted to make the people pay dividends and interest on four times as much by exorbitant charges for gas. The Trust pretended to issue the stock in place of the stock of the several companies which formerly existed. The Attorney-General proceeded against the Trust because it had abused the powers granted to it by the State, and had established a monopoly. As far as the case has gone the decisions have been adverse to the Trust. A Louisiana corporation controlled by the Cotton Oil Trust was sued by that State, but escaped by transferring all its property to another corporation, also in the trust, but doing business in Rhode Island. A San Francisco company joined the Sugar Trust, and the State of California proceeded against it, but it sought refuge in a pretended transfer of its business to three trustees as individuals or as members of a firm. The law courts, it is thus seen, are not able to cope with Trusts.

## VI.

It is easy to bring a strong indictment against Trusts; but it will be a difficult thing to sweep them away. The American people have a great struggle before them. Trusts cannot be allowed to continue as they are. They have demonstrated clearly the advantage of production on a large scale, and the evils of cut-throat competition. They have also proved that industries can be organized on a national basis. But the result of cheaper production has not benefited the public in any way, but has had just the opposite effect. It has simply led to the enrichment of a few individuals. Immense fortunes have been made out of Trusts in a few years, and we

hear of one of the Standard Oil Trust directors who alone possesses twenty millions sterling. The vast aggregations of capital in the hands of a few illegal corporations, if allowed to continue, will lead to the subversion of all liberties, and the country will be governed by a band of plutocrats. How is the country to escape this fate? How are Trusts to be abolished? One remedy suggested for Trusts is the encouragement of new competitors to storm the monopolist's stronghold. This might for a short time benefit the people, but ultimately the new competitor would be strangled, or would kill the Trust, or the two would amalgamate. It is evident that little can be expected from anti-Trust laws. Free Trade would be more useful. But for the protective tariff few of the Trusts could exist. It looks at present as if duties were expressly put on to foster Trusts. The new Tariff Bill now being discussed by Congress seems to have been framed in the interest of certain powerful Trusts, such as the Sugar, Lead, Linseed Oil, and Diamond Match Trusts. There is also an Anti-Trust Bill before the Senate,\* but even if passed this measure will be unable to cope with combinations which have not been affected by the adverse decisions of the State Courts, and which now receive fresh encouragement from the Protectionist party in office. Free Trade, therefore, is the remedy most generally advocated. But Free Trade is more of a palliative than a remedy. It would not abolish all Trusts, it would not affect the Standard Oil Trust, or the Cotton Seed Oil Trust. And international Trusts might exist under Free Trade. The real remedy for Trusts

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\* Some of the petitions which come from farmers in favor of this Bill are expressed in remarkably strong language. The National Farmers' Alliance ask for relief against the robbery and oppression of Trusts and monopolies, and a petition from Missouri farmers, after stating that there is great danger that "we will soon be a nation of millionaires and paupers," says, "we ask Congress to pay particular attention to — and his meat Trust, the most damnable robbers' den on this continent, by which the producers as well as the consumers of the country are robbed of millions every year."

is not abolition, but Government control. The Standard Oil Trust itself thinks this is the only solution. In the history and defence of the Trust written by its solicitor, we are told that "the facts show" that the Trust, or "some similar combination" was "essential to the building up and maintenance of the American oil trade," and that its destruction "would be the destruction of that trade." Therefore, "let the State and National Legislature provide a better mode for carrying on this business if they can, but let them not despoil the structure until a better is provided to take its place." Socialism, and the very antithesis of Socialism—the greatest combination of capital in the world—are thus of the same opinion. Why should we flee from the Scylla of monopoly to be wrecked again on the Charybdis of wasteful competition?

Edward Bellamy, in his "Looking Backward," which has had an enormous sale in the United States, and has led to the formation of many associations and clubs for the propagation of "nationalism," thinks that Trusts are a part of the industrial evolution which is not yet complete. "Was there," he writes, "no way of commanding the services of the mighty wealth-producing principle of consolidated capital without bowing down to a plutocracy like that of Carthage? As soon as men began to ask themselves these questions, they found the answer ready for them. The movement toward the conduct of business by larger and larger aggregations of capital, the tendency toward monopolies, which had been so desperately and vainly resisted, was recognized at last, in its true significance, as a process which only needed to complete its logical evolution to open a golden future to humanity." Mr. Bellamy does not tell us how the transfer was effected. Public opinion, he says, had become fully ripe for it. Public opinion must have undergone a great change, and human nature must have altered. Before we reach "the golden future of humanity," men must become less selfish, and work, not for their private ends, but for the common weal.—*Contemporary Review*.

## THE POETRY OF JOHN DONNE.\*

BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

THE study of a great writer acquires its highest interest only when we view his work as a whole; when we perceive the relation of the parts to one another, and to their centre; when nothing remains isolated or fragmentary; when we trace out unity in variety; when we feel the pulse and the rhythm of life. I had hoped to speak of Donne the famous preacher as well as Donne the poet, and to show how the same intellect and the same heart lived under the doublet of the poet, courtier, scholar, and the gown of the grave, yet passionate divine. But the task has proved too much for the limited time at my disposal. I must reserve for some other occasion what I have to say of the eloquent Dean of St. Paul's. In presenting to Sir Robert Carr, afterward Earl of Somerset, the unworthy favorite of James I., one of his early works, the author begs him to remember that "Jack Donne," not "Dr. Donne," was the writer. It is of Jack Donne that I propose to speak this evening. After he had taken holy orders Donne seldom threw his passions into verse; even his "Divine Poems" are, with few exceptions, of early date; the poet in Donne did not cease to exist, but his ardor, his imagination, his delight in what is strange and wonderful, his tenderness, his tears, his smiles, his erudition, his intellectual ingenuities, were all placed at the service of one whose desire was that he might die in the pulpit, or if not die, that he might take his death in the pulpit, a desire which was in fact fulfilled.

The latest historian of Elizabethan literature, Mr. Saintsbury, has said that Donne the poet should be regarded by every catholic student of English literature with a respect only "this side idolatry." There is indeed a large expense of spirit in the poems of Donne, an expense of spirit not always judicious or profitable, and the reader who comes with reasonable expectations will get a sufficient reward. When prospecting for gold the

miner considers himself fortunate if he can reckon on finding some twenty penny-weights of the precious metal in a ton of quartz and wash-dirt. The prospector in the lesser poetry of any former age must be content to crush a good deal of quartz and wash a good deal of sand in the expectation of an ounce of pure gold. But by vigor and perseverance in the pursuit large fortunes may be amassed.

Donne as a poet is certainly difficult of access. How shall we approach him, how effect an entrance? With different authors we need different methods of approach, different kinds of cunning to become free of their domain. Some must be taken by storm, some must be entreated, caressed, wheedled into acquiescence. There are poets who in a single lyric give us, as it were, a key which admits us to the mastery of all their wealth. Toward others we must make an indirect advance, we must reach them through the age which they represent, or the school in which they have been teachers or pupils. It is as the founder of a school of English poetry that Donne is ordinarily set before us. We are told that in the decline of the greater poetry of the Elizabethan period a "metaphysical school" arose, and that Donne was the founder or the first eminent member of this school. I do not believe in the existence of this so-called "metaphysical school." Much of the most characteristic poetry of Donne belongs to the flood-tide hour of Elizabethan literature; to the time when Spenser was at work on the later books of the *Faerie Queene* and Shakespeare was producing his early histories and comedies. The delight in subtleties of thought, in over-ingenious fantasies, in far fetched imagery, in curiosity, and not always felicitous curiosity, of expression was common to almost all the writers of the period. The dramatists were to some extent preserved from the abuse of fantastic ingenuity by the fact that they wrote for a popular audience, and must have failed unless they were at once intelligible. But authors of prose as well as authors in verse were fascinated by subtleties of the fancy; the theologian and the philoso-

\* Read before the Elizabethan Literary Society, May 7, 1890. The subject had been announced as "John Donne: his Verse and Prose."

pher, as well as the poet, swung in the centre of a spider's web of fantasies,

"All the waving mesh  
Laughing with lucid dew-drops rainbow-  
edged."

There was no special coterie or school of "metaphysical poets," but this writer or that yielded with more *abandon* than the rest to a tendency of the time.

It is not then by studying Donne as the leader of a school that we shall come to understand him. We get access to his writings, I believe, most readily through his life, and through an interest in his character as an individual. And fortunately he is the subject of a contemporary biography which is one of the most delightful biographies in the language. We possess a large number of his letters, and for Donne friendship was almost a second religion, and to write a letter was often to give himself up to an ecstasy. The story of his life is an Elizabethan romance, made the more impressive by the fact that the romance is a piece of reality. The son of a London merchant, he had in his veins the blood of the poet John Heywood and that of the sister of Sir Thomas More. His two maternal uncles, members of the Society of Jesus, suffered persecution in their native land, and died in exile on the Continent. The little boy, left fatherless at the age of three, must have been a zealous student, for he was admitted at Hart Hall, Oxford, when in his twelfth year. While still hardly more than a child he travelled abroad for some three years, gaining a knowledge of French, Spanish, and Italian. On his return he became a student of Lincoln's Inn, but he was more interested in poetry and theology than in the law. When he was twenty he was already known as a writer of high-conceited love lyrics, and led the way in another department of poetry as the first English satirist. He was the friend of wits and ladies and men of letters; he probably had known some of the bitter-sweets of forbidden pleasure. He had doubtless received a deep shock when his younger brother was thrown into prison for the crime of harboring a seminary priest, and it may have been this, as Dr. Jessop suggests, which set him upon his study of the rival claims of the Protestant faith and of that Church in which he had been devoutly reared. In June, 1596, he was on shipboard as a volunteer

in the expedition against Spain under the Earl of Essex. The soldier and sailor was by and by transformed into the Lord Keeper's secretary, and became acquainted with the intrigues and follies and fashions of the Court. And then came about the great happiness and the great misfortune of Donne's life—his passion for the niece of Lord Keeper Egerton's second wife—she sixteen years old, he nearly twenty-seven—their secret marriage, followed by the dismissal of the bridegroom from his patron's service, his disgrace and imprisonment, his subsequent poverty, with a constantly increasing family, the trials and fidelity of love, and the years of weary waiting for Court employment, during which time he dulled the sense of misery with what he terms "the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptique immoderate desire of human learning and languages." In the same letter—a melancholy one—in which he uses these words Donne speaks of his passion for meditation as being almost criminal in one who has duties to those dependent on him; even in that deep desire for a future world, which remained with him through good and evil fortune, he finds something of sin. He would not meet death in a lethargy, but confront it with the courage of a man of action; but how and where to act?—that was the question: "I would not that death should take me asleep. I would not have him merely seize me, and only declare me to be dead, but win me and overcome me. When I must shipwreck, I would do it in a sea, where mine impotency might have some excuse; not in a sullen weedy lake, where I could not have so much as exercise for my swimming." We talk of melancholy as a disease of the nineteenth century; but Burton anatomized it more than two hundred years ago. Donne, in one of his sermons, speaks of the peculiar liability of men in his own time to "an extraordinary sadness, a predominant melancholy, a faintness of heart, a cheerlessness, a joylessness of spirit," and he exhorts his hearers to the duty of dilating the heart with holy gladness—the duty of a "true joy in this world that shall flow into the joy of heaven as a river flows into the sea." Doubtless he had himself known that sadness which comes from thought and desire that cannot be turned to active uses; doubtless he had often longed "to



make to himself some mark, and go toward its alegrament," as he advises the friend to whom his mournful letter is addressed.

"I be in such a planetary and erratique fortune," he writes, "that I can do nothing constantly." Papist and Protestant; doubter and believer; a seeker for faith and one who amused himself with sceptical paradoxes; a solitary thinker on obscurest problems and "a great visitor of ladies," as Sir Richard Baker describes him, "a great frequenter of plays"; a passionate student longing for action; a reader of the law; a toiler among folios of theology; a poet and a soldier; one who communed with lust and with death; a courtier and a satirist of the court; a wanderer over Europe and one who lay inactive in a sullen weedy lake without space for stroke of arms or legs—such was Donne up to his fortieth year. We have not now to consider him as he was in his later life, when all his powers were concentrated in the intense effort to plead with the souls of men—"a preacher in earnest," as Izaak Walton has pictured him, "weeping sometimes *for* his auditory, sometimes *with* them; always preaching to himself, like an angel *from* a cloud, but *in* none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives . . . and all this with a most particular grace and an inexpressible addition of comeliness." We have not now to think of Dr. Donne, the preacher; but when we look at the portrait of Donne in his youth with right hand upon the sword, the jewelled cross pendant at his ear, and those other adornments which, as Walton says, might then suit with the present fashions of youth and the giddy gayeties of that age, and when we read his motto—

"How much shall I be changed,  
Before I am changed?"

we are constrained to recall that other portrait executed by his own desire, in which he was represented with closed eyes, cadaverous face, and the winding sheet knotted at the head and feet. It was a morbid thought of Donne to be so pictured; but he had always lived in the presence of death; and undoubtedly, apart from the one great sorrow that his faithful wife was taken from him, the

closing years of his life were the happiest years. He was no longer a disappointed waverer; he had a supreme purpose; his powers were organized in a great cause; he had abundant evidence that he did not fight now as one that beateth the air. Donne, amid the pleasures of his youth, amid the studies of his early middle life, was not a happy man. Donne, as he feebly ascended the pulpit steps on that first Friday in Lent, with hollow cheeks and pallid lips, and gave forth with a tremulous voice the text of his own funeral sermon, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death," was filled with a joy that passeth understanding.

About the time when Donne wrote the melancholy letter to Sir Henry Goodere from which I have quoted, he wrote also the poem entitled *The Litanie*, and sent the manuscript to the same friend. Through this poem we can obtain, perhaps, a clearer insight into Donne's character than through any other that he has written. In a series of stanzas, full of spiritual ardor, he invokes the persons of the Trinity, the Virgin Mary, the Angels, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, and Doctors. He laments that he has fallen into ruin, that his heart by its dejection has turned to clay, that he who had been wasted by "youth's fires of pride and lust" is now weather-beaten by new storms; he prays that his perpetual inquisition of truth may not darken the spiritual wisdom within him:—

"Let not my mind be blinder by more light";

He implores the "eagle-sighted Prophets" to petition on his behalf that he may not by their example excuse his excess

"In seeking secrets or poetiqueness";

He hopes to win, through the blood of the martyrs, "a discreet patience," which may endure death, or life, and, if life, then without too passionate a longing for the grave:—

"For oh, to some  
Not to be martyrs is a martyrdom!"

And then in his litany he passes on to a series of petitions, which seem to be veritable sighs of desire from his inmost heart. The general purport of these may be expressed by saying that they are prayers for temperance of mind, for a *via media* be-

tween the extremes and excesses natural to a temperament at once ardently sensual and ardently spiritual. Donne feels that in either extreme of passion he must lose himself. He fears that the world may be too much to him, and fears equally that it may be too little; he would not think that all happiness is centred in earth's brightest places, nor yet that this earth is only framed for our prison; he prays that we may be preserved from the danger "of thinking us all soul," and in consequence neglecting our mutual duties; from the danger of indiscreet humility; from thirst of fame, and no less from an unjust scorn of fame; from contempt of poverty, and from contempt of riches. The bodily senses, he maintains, though often fighting for sin, are in truth, not opposed to righteousness, but rather the "soldiers of God"; learning, which sometimes tempts us from our allegiance, is, in truth, "God's ambassador"; beauty, though it may be poisoned, is, in truth, a flower of Paradise made for precious uses. The whole poem is directed against the temptations to which a man liable to the opposite violences of the flesh warring against the spirit, and the spirit warring against the flesh, is exposed. He fears a barren asceticism or the sweet blindness of mystical devotion almost as much as he fears the world and the flesh. With both extremes he has been acquainted, and now would win, if possible, an "evenness" instead of his "intermitting aguish piety." He would especially seek deliverance from temptations of the intellect; from dwelling with an endless idle curiosity on nature, and so ceasing to bear his part in the life of the world, from a dilettante interest in religion, which uses it only as a mode of deploying a shallow intellectuality. The poem is the litany of the scholar, the courtier, the poet; it admits us to the secrets of its writer's troubled spirit.

Something of the same feeling appears in poems which are rather ethical than religious. Donne commends what he does not himself possess—a philosophical equanimity. In one of his letters in verse addressed to Sir Henry Wotton, he speaks of the various ways in which men lose themselves in cities, in courts, and in the solitude of the country, how the ideals of early life are corrupted and destroyed, so that if one of these men were to meet

his true self there would scarcely be a recognition between the pair :—

"They would like strangers greet themselves,  
being then  
Utopian youth grown old Italian." \*

And then Donne proceeds to exhort his friend to seek for the tranquillity of a self-sufficing soul :—

"Be then thine own home, and in thyself  
dwell;  
Inn anywhere; continuance maketh hell.  
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth  
roam,  
Carrying his own house still, is still at home,  
Follow—for he is easy-paced—this snail:  
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail."

But it is not a barren quietism that Donne commends. Man's nature is at first a wilderness, which must by degrees be reclaimed, and then actively tilled, that it may bear the noblest fruits. We are familiar with Tennyson's exhortation in *In Memoriam* :—

"Work out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die."

The same image is to be found in Donne's letter to Sir Edward Herbert, afterward Lord Herbert of Cherbury :—

"How happy's he which hath due place  
assigned  
To his beasts, and disafforested his mind."

Donne would have these beasts tamed and put to the uses for which they are best fitted. How happy, the poet goes on, is he who has

"Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in;  
Can sow, and dare's trust corn where they  
have bin,  
Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and every  
beast."

When the wilderness is reclaimed, then begins the vigorous tillage of the soil; as Donne elsewhere puts it :—

"We are but farmers of ourselves, yet may,  
If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay  
Much, much good treasure for the great  
rent day." †

The vital centre of some of Matthew Arnold's poems, in which he tells of the pains of outward distraction and inward division, may be found in his exhortation to us to "rally the good in the depths of ourselves," or in such a line as that which

\* Italy being taken as the land of nameless vices, and so opposed to Utopia.

† To Mr. Rowland Woodward, ed. 1669, p. 153.

concludes the remarkable sonnet suggested by words of Marcus Aurelius :—

"The aids to noble life are all within."

Donne preaches no such stoical gospel constantly ; but he, too, can at times take a stoical text for his discourse :—

"Seek we then ourselves in ourselves ; for as  
Men force the sun with much more force to  
pass  
By gathering his beams with a chrystal  
glass,

So we, if we into ourselves will turn,  
Blowing our spark of virtue, may out-burn  
The straw which doth about our hearts so-  
journ."

There is some danger in the pride of stoicism ; in the notion that one has attained ; in the tendency to look down as from a pinnacle, rather than up toward the endless height yet to be climbed. In our own day no poet has expressed so nobly as Robert Browning the unsatisfied aspiration of the soul after perpetual progress. What though the body stand still or decline, the soul only rises from the body's decay, and spreads wings for a farther flight. We remember the exultant spiritual advance of Rabbi ben Ezra amid the growing infirmities and sadnesses of old age. Browning hardly expressed this prerogative of the soul with more imaginative energy than Donne in his letter to Sir Henry Goodere :—

"A palace, when 'tis that which it should be,  
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else  
decays ;

But he which dwells there is not so ; for he  
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune  
raise :

"So had your body her morning, hath her  
noon,  
And shall not better ; her next change is  
night :

But her fair larger Guest, to whom sun and  
moon  
Are sparks and short-liv'd, claims another  
right."

Donne apologizes in this poem for his moralizing, which might as well be found, he says, at the end of fables or in the mottoes inscribed on fruit-trenchers. Even if this were true, we might read what he has written in this kind with interest. Much of a man's character and inmost experience is revealed by the selection which he makes from among the commonplaces of morality. When a truism strikes us as eminently true, it must have been vivified for us by some passage of

the inner life, some moral victory or moral failure.

Several of Donne's most interesting poems are connected with incidents of his personal history, and gain an added interest from the fact that they are autobiographical. Few lovers of poetry are unacquainted with the *Elegy* addressed perhaps to his young wife when he thought of quitting his native land, and the ardent girl—a Shakespearean *Viola* in real life—proposed to accompany him in the disguise of a page. There is a vigor of movement, a strong coherence of freedom from conceits in these lines which is not always or perhaps very often, to be found in a like degree in Donne, and which we may ascribe to the fervor and directness of his feeling :—

"By our first strange and fatal interview,  
By all desires which thereof did ensue,  
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse  
Which my words' masculine-persuasive  
force  
Begot in thee, and by the memory  
Of hurts which spies and rivals threatened  
me,  
I calmly beg ; but by thy parents' wrath,  
By all pains which want and divorcement  
hath  
I conjure thee ; and all those oaths, which I  
And thou have sworn to seal joint con-  
stancy,  
Here I unswear and overswear them thus—  
Thou shalt not love by ways so dangerous ;  
Temper, O fair love, Love's impetuous  
rage,  
Be my true mistress still, not my feigned  
page."

Touches of dramatic power are rare in Donne, whose genius was lyrical and meditative, not that of a dramatist ; but in this *Elegy* there is one touch which might seem of triumphant power even if it had occurred in a tragedy by Webster. Having pictured the dangers to which his lady would be exposed in foreign lands, where, in spite of her garb of a boy, all would spy in her

"A blushing womanly discovering grace,"

Donne goes on to exhort her, for his sake, to be of good cheer, and to dream no ill dreams during his absence :—

"Nor in bed fright thy nurse  
With midnight startings, crying out, 'Oh !  
Oh !  
Nurse, oh ! my love is slain ! I saw him go  
O'er the white Alps alone ; I saw him, I,  
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and  
die.'"

All the greatness and terror of external nature are here made subservient to the passion of a girl's heart in that midnight cry—"I saw him go o'er the white Alps alone."

There are other poems of parting which probably refer to later seasons of their writer's life. The births of Donne's children followed each other at no long intervals; and it was when his wife looked forward to hours of trial and danger that he was urged by Sir Robert Drury to be his companion on a visit to the court of the French king, Henry IV. When Izaak Walton, speaking of the unwillingness of Mrs. Donne to let her husband part from her on this occasion, quotes the words, "her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence," he was, in fact, citing them from the exquisite lyric of parting which begins with the lines:—

"Sweetest love, I do not go  
For weariness of thee,  
Nor in hope the world can show  
A fitter love for me."

Two days after Donne's arrival in Paris, he saw, at midday, a vision of his wife pass before him twice, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. Her ill-divining fears were in fact realized; the infant of which she was delivered died at birth. Walton refers to the same occasion of parting Donne's "Valediction, forbidding to mourn," in which occurs the quaint image of the two feet of the compass, one fixed, the other moving, and each inseparably united to the other. The poet prays for a mild departure, without violences of grief, like that of a good man when leaving his friends on earth in a tranquil death:—

"So let us melt, and make no noise,  
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move;  
'Twere profanation of our joys  
To tell the laity our love."

It will be for some close investigator of the facts of Donne's life—for Dr. Jessop, let us hope—to attempt to ascertain the precise occasions of several of his poems. I like to think that it is of his young bride and the new glad morning of life which he found in her love that he speaks in his "Good-morrow":—

"I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I  
Did till we loved: were we not wean'd  
till then,

But suck'd on childish pleasures seelily?  
Or slumber'd we in the Seven Sleepers'  
den?

'Twas so; but as all pleasures fancies be,  
If ever any beauty I did see  
Which I desired and got, 'twas but a dream  
of thee."

And I suppose there can be little doubt that it is the first annual return of the day of his meeting with her which is celebrated in another poem, written before marriage, and entitled *The Anniversary*. The two lovers are a king and a queen, and what king and queen so safe as they, whom no treason can assail?

"True and false fears let us refrain.  
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again  
Years and years unto years, till we attain  
To write threescore: this is the second of  
our reign."

*A Lecture upon the Shadow*, one of the most admirable of Donne's shorter poems, has in it a touch of fear lest love may, indeed, pass its meridian and decline toward the west. The poet undertakes to read his mistress a lecture in love's natural philosophy; as they walked side by side in the morning hours, the eastern sun threw their shadows behind them on the ground; so it was in the early days of secret love, when they practised disguises and concealment upon others; but now it is love's full noon, and they tread all shadows under foot:

"That love hath not attain'd the highest de-  
gree,  
Which is still diligent lest others see."

Ah! what if the sun of love decline westerly? Then the shadows will work upon themselves and darken their path; each of them will practice disguisings upon the other:—

"The morning shadows wear away,  
But these grow longer all the day,  
But oh, love's day is short, if love decay."

Unfaith in aught, sings Vivien, is want of faith in all, and Donne's *Lecture upon the Shadow* closes with the same truth—or shall we say sophism?—of an ardent heart:—

"Love is a growing, or full constant light:  
And his short minute after noon is night."

The love of Donne and his wife may, perhaps, have known some of the cloudy vicissitudes incident to all things on earth, but it never waned. After her death, which took place before the days of his worldly prosperity as Dean of St. Paul's,

"his first motion from his desolated house was," says Walton, "to preach where his beloved wife lay buried, in St. Clement's Church, near Temple Bar, London; and his text was a part of the Prophet Jeremiah's Lamentation: '*Lo I am the man that have seen affliction.*'"

In several of his early poems Donne, with his delight in paradox and dialectical ingenuity, maintains that love must needs range and change with boundless inconsistency:—

"Change is the nursery  
Of music, joy, life, and eternity."

It is, he declares, the very law of man's nature; and as for woman, a fair woman and a true may be found when we can catch a falling star, or translate the mermaid's song, or tell who cleft the devil's foot. We cannot doubt that Donne himself had followed false fires of passion before he found his true home of love. But it were rash to take all his poems of intrigue as passages of autobiography. He sometimes wrote best, or thought he wrote best, when his themes were wholly of the imagination. Still it is evident that Donne, the student, the recluse, the speculator on recondite problems, was also a man who adventured in pursuit of violent delights which had violent ends. I cannot think that the Elegy entitled *The Perfume*, has reference to an incident in his secret wooing of Ann More, his wife to be; if there be any autobiographical truth in the poem, it must be connected with some earlier passion. Once and only once, the Elegy tells us, was the lover betrayed in his private interviews with his mistress; her little brothers had often skipped like fairy sprites into the chamber, but had seen nothing; the giant porter at the gate, a Rhodian colossus—

"The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,"

for all his hire could never bear witness of any touch or kiss. Who then was the traitor? Not silks that rustled nor shoes that creaked. It was the courtier's perfume, scenting the air, as he crept to the chamber of his beloved, which betrayed his presence; whereupon the narrator breaks forth into reproaches against the effeminacy of perfumes, of which the one happy use were to embalm the corpse of the father who had interrupted their de-

"All my perfumes I give most willingly  
To embalm thy father's corpse. What, will  
he die?"

We can well believe that in this poem Donne has set his fancy to work and created what he thought a piquant incident out of the stuff of dreams.

*The Picture* seems clearly to have been written on the occasion of his voyage as a volunteer with the Earl of Essex, or to have been suggested to his imagination by some such soldierly adventure. As he starts on his seafaring he bids farewell to his beloved, and places his picture in her hands. Thoughts of death fly like shadows across his mind; even if he should ever return, he will come back changed, with rough and weather-beaten face, his hand, perhaps, grown coarse, from labor at the oar, and tanned by the sun, his skin speckled with blue marks of the powder-grains:—

"If rival fools tax thee to have loved a man  
So foul and coarse as, oh, I may seem then,  
This [his picture] shall say what I was."

His lady will have the greater joy in knowing that she still owns her full beauty to bestow on one so worn, and will feel that the loss of what was fair and delicate in him is more than compensated by the manlier complexion of his love. There is no doubt that two descriptive poems, *The Storm* and *The Calm*, record some of Donne's experience on the Spanish expedition. In the former of these poems the terrors and miseries of a tempest at sea are set forth as they might be by one who had himself endured them. The writer does not paint from fancy, but had surely seen with his bodily eyes the pale landmen creeping up on deck to ask for news, and finding no comfort in the sailors' rough replies:—

"And as sin-burden'd souls from graves will  
creep  
At the last day, some forth their cabins  
peep,  
And trembling ask, What news? and do  
hear so  
As jealous husbands what they would not  
know."

*The Calm* was a favorite with Ben Jonson, who could repeat by heart some of Donne's poems. It describes such a weary, torrid stillness of the elements as that suffered by the ancient mariner of Coleridge's poem; the men lying helpless on the hatches, the tackling hung with

idle garments, the air all fire, the sea "a  
brimstone-bath," the deck as hot to the  
feet as if an oven :—

"And in one place lay  
Feathers and dust to-day and yesterday."

The descriptions in these companion poems are unique in Elizabethan literature by virtue of Donne's choice of unusual subjects and his realistic manner of treatment.

Donne's *Satires* are also among the poems which were not spun out of his brain, but were written, to use Wordsworth's expression, with his eye upon the object. In one he tells how he was tempted away from the companionship of his beloved books, into the London streets, by a coxcomb, who, says Donne, though superstitiously devoted to all the rites and ceremonies of good manners, might be called for the precision of his fine breeding a very Puritan. There is something of majesty in the lines contrasting the poet's own condition with the elegance of this spruce master of ceremonies :—

"And in this coarse attire which now I wear  
With God and with the Muses I confer."

In another satire the object of Donne's ridicule is a small poet of the day who has turned lawyer, and who interlards his ordinary conversation with legal term and phrase, nay, who woos in language of the pleas and bench :—

"Words, words, which would tear  
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear  
More, more than ten Slavonians' scoldings,  
more  
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbays  
roar."

In yet another there is a lively picture of the needy court suitor assuming courtier's airs, and in the end thankful to be dismissed with the gift of a crown-piece, a figure half-piteous, half-grotesque :—

"A thing more strange than on Nile's slime  
the sun  
E'er bred."

But of the *Satires* the most remarkable is one which hardly deserves that name ; it is rather a hortatory poem addressed to those who fail as Christians to stand with their loins girt and their lamps burning. How is it, asks Donne, that the Stoic philosopher of Greece or Rome should be more zealous in the pursuit of the true ends of life than the Christian of to-day ?

"Is not our mistress, fair Religion,  
As worthy of all our soul's devotion  
As Virtue was to the first blinded age?"

How is it that a man will dare the frozen North and burning South, and undertake forbidden wars and give rash challenges for idle words, and yet will not be bold against his true foes and the foes of God, "who made thee to stand sentinel in this world's garrison" ? Donne glances at the various creeds and churches—Rome where the rags of religion are loved :—

"As we here obey  
The state-cloth where the Prince sate yesterday" ;

Geneva where religion is "plain, simple, sullen, young, contemptuous, yet unhandsome" ; and having spoken of the man who cares nothing for any form of faith, and the amateur in creeds who cares a little for all, he justifies the earnest seeker for truth, even though he still remain a doubter. We are reminded of an often-quoted stanza of *In Memoriam* by the words of Donne :—

"Doubt wisely ; in strange ways  
To stand inquiring right is not to stray ;  
To sleep, or run wrong, is."

But Donne would have the doubter attain, if possible, before old age comes, which he names the twilight of death, for that is the season to which rest in the possession of truth is due, and soon follows the night when no man can work. In this passage we have unquestionably a personal confession, a vindication of Donne's own attitude of inquiry and doubt, addressed by himself to himself.\*

The section of Donne's poems entitled *Songs and Sonnets* is almost wholly devoted to love, and the metaphysics and casuistry of love. On occasions he can write, at least for a line or two, with a directness like that of Burns :—

"Yet I had rather owner be  
Of thee one hour than all else ever—"

\* Another parallel with a passage of *In Memoriam* may be noted—

"I thought if I could draw my pains  
Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.  
Grief brought to number cannot be so fierce,  
For he tames it that fetters it in verse."

So Donne. And Tennyson similarly in the well-known stanza—

"But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies ;  
The sad mechanic exercise  
Like dull narcotics lulling pain."

What words can be simpler than those, which sound almost as if they had come out of a song to Mary Morison or Jean Armour? More often he is ingeniously subtle. Mr. Ruskin, if I remember right, has somewhere praised and overpraised the delicacy of a quatrain in Mr. Coventry Patmore's *Angel in the House*, which is indeed a pretty Chinese puzzle in verse: the lady who has taken her lover's kiss maintains that her modesty is still inviolate:—

"He thought me asleep; at least, I knew  
He thought I thought he thought I  
slept."

A parallel may be found in Donne's poem *Love's Exchange*:—

"Let me not know that others know  
That she knows my pains, lest that so  
A tender shame make me mine own woe."

For the most part Donne in his love poems is high-fantastical, but this does not imply any coldness or insincerity. "True love," he says, "finds wit," but he whose wit moves him to love confesses that he does not know genuine passion. In a poem in which he makes various imaginary legacies, he leaves all that he has written in rhyme to Nature, in doing which, as he tells us, he does not *give* but *restore*; and it is undoubtedly a fact that there have been periods of literature when it was natural to seek out ingenuities of fancy and curiosities of expression. When Donne writes in his licentious vein he is not light and gay but studiously sensual; he makes voluptuousness a doctrine and argues out his thesis with scholastic diligence. To the other extreme belongs such a poem as that admirable lyric beginning with the lines:—

"I have done one braver thing  
Than all the Worthies did;  
And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
Which is—to keep that hid."

This rare achievement is to love a woman without a single thought of the difference of "he and she"; but profane men would deride such love as this, and hence the braver thing is called for—to keep this spiritual friendship a secret from the unbelieving world. In this book of his, Donne declares—

"Love's divines—since all divinity  
Is love or wonder—may find all they seek,  
Whether abstracted spiritual love they  
like,

Their souls exhaled with what they do not  
see,  
Or, loath so to amuse  
Faith's infirmities, they choose  
Something which they may see and use;"

for though Mind be the heaven of love, Beauty is a type which represents that heaven to our mortal senses. Or, to cite another of Donne's similitudes, if love be an angel, yet an angel takes to himself a face and wings of air, else he were invisible; and in like manner love materializes itself through beauty while yet it remains a spirit. In *The Extasie* the same doctrine of amorous metaphysics is upheld; two lovers seated upon a flowery bank hold commune in the spirit, and time seems almost suspended:—

"And while our souls negotiate there  
We like sepulchral statues lay;  
All day the same our postures were  
And we said nothing all the day."

But why should not hand meet hand and lip touch lip? There is an ascent and a descent in this complex nature of ours; the blood rarifies itself into the animal spirits,

"Because such fingers need to knit  
The subtle knot which makes us man;"

and in like manner the soul must descend into the affections and the lower faculties,

"Else a great Prince [the soul] in prison  
lies."

The metre of *The Extasie* is the same as that of the *Angel in the House*, and the manner in which meaning and metre move together closely resembles that of Mr. Patmore's *Preludes*.

The piece best known of all that Donne has written is that in which he imagines the exposure of his own skeleton when his grave shall be reopened to receive a second guest, and the discovery of the secret love-token, "a bracelet of bright hair about the bone." It is sometimes forgotten that in this romantic piece of fantasy Donne heightens the effect by representing the lovers as during all their lives no other than ideal friends to whom such a pledge as this golden tress was the highest symbol granted of their perfect union:—

"Difference of sex we never knew,  
No more than guardian angels do."

*The Funeral* is a companion piece:

"Whoever comes to shroud me do not harm,  
Nor question much,  
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm;  
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,  
For 'tis my outward soul."

But here it is evident that there was a time when the speaker "knew difference of sex," had offered a man's love to the woman of his choice, had been rejected, and had received this gift as a token of friendship from which all thought of wedded union must be banished. Cartwright names one of his lyrics, *No Platonic Love*, and tells with what result he had once tried "to practice this thin love":—

"I climb'd from sex to soul, from soul to thought;  
But, thinking there to move,  
Headlong I roll'd from thought to soul, and then  
From soul I lighted at the sex again."

It may be conjectured that Donne sometimes toppled from his heights (if indeed it is a fall); but there is one poem in which, with evident sincerity and with rare grace, he sings the praises of autumnal beauty like that so gracefully pictured in Mr. Alfred Austin's *Love's Widowhood*, and Donne finds in this loveliness, which is almost spiritual, a charm found nowhere else:—

"No Spring nor Summer's beauty hath such  
grace  
As I have found in one Autumnal face."

Here is Love's abiding-place:—

"Here dwells he, though he sojourn everywhere  
In Progress,\* yet his standing house is here.  
Here where still evening is, nor noon nor night,  
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight."

The range is indeed wide between the feeling expressed in this poem and in others of the same group of Elegies.

In several of the passages from which I have quoted examples occur of the juxtaposition, so frequent in Donne, of thoughts of love and thoughts of the grave:

"A fancy shared party per pale between  
Death's heads and skeletons and Aretine."

When he gazes at womanly beauty he reflects that one day it will be as useless as "a sun-dial in a grave"; when at parting from his mistress he scratches his

name with his diamond upon her window-pane, he leaves the ragged signature with her, he says, as a death's head to preach the mortality of lovers; when he would learn the ancient lore of passion in happier days before the Lord of Love grew tyrannous, he desires to hear the tradition from a phantom:—

"I long to talk with some old lover's ghost  
Who died before the god of love was born;"

His own brief love-lyrics are likened by him to "well-wrought urns," which will preserve the ashes confided to them as becomingly as "half-acre tombs." Even from an epithalamion he cannot banish a thought of death; when the bride rises on the wedding morning from her downy bed, the impression left by her body reminds him of the grave:

"Your body's print  
Like to a grave the yielding down doth dint."

In whatever sunny garden and at whatever banquet Donne sits, he discerns in air the dark scythesman of that great picture attributed to Orcagna. An entire section of his poetry is assigned to death. In one of the funeral elegies he compares death to the sea that environs all, and though God has set marks and bounds to it, yet we can forever hear it roar and gnaw upon our shores. In another the similitude is hardly less majestic: Death is a "mighty bird of prey," but "reclaimed by God," and taught to lay all that he kills at his Master's feet.

Donne's most ambitious efforts as a poet are not the most successful. One of these is the sequence of elegiac poems suggested by the death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury, his friend Sir Robert Drury's daughter, who died in her fifteenth year. Donne had had no personal knowledge of her; he was, as it were, the poetical tomb-maker, and he determined to erect a pompous monument in verse. On each anniversary of the day of death he purposed to present his friend with a memorial poem; but not more than two of these were written, nor can we regret that this funeral Eiffel tower was carried no higher than the second stage. Donne expatiates on a general theme rather than laments an individual; true sorrow is discreet, and sets a bound to extravagance; but here the poet, taking for his subject the loss of ideal womanhood, does not

\* i.e. the progress of a Prince.



write under the controlling power of deep personal grief, and pushes to an extreme his fantastic exaggerations. In the poem of the first anniversary Donne enlarges on the frailty and decay of the whole world; in the second elegy he traces the progress of the soul. Thus they form a contrasted pair. The lines in the second poem, which picture the face of the dead maiden as it was in life, sensitive to every motion of her spirit, are well known :—

"Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought  
That one might almost say her body thought."

But in the earlier elegy there are lines perhaps more admirable which have been forgotten. Donne is maintaining that while the doers and workers of the world may be named the active organs of society, the very life of its life and soul of its soul resides in rare spirits, like that of the dead girl, which awaken in us what he elsewhere calls "the whole of divinity"—wonder and love :—

"The world contains  
Princes for arms, and Counsellors for brains,  
Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts and  
more,  
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;  
The officers for hands, merchants for feet  
By which remote and distant countries meet :  
But those fine spirits which do tune and set  
This organ are those pieces which beget  
Wonder and love."

It will be remembered that the word "piece" is used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of perfect specimen or masterpiece, as where Prospero describes her mother to Miranda as "a piece of virtue."

Donne's other ambitious effort in verse is also a fragment. It is that singular poem, written in an elaborate stanza of his own, and embodying the doctrine of metempsychosis, which bears the same title

as the later written elegy on the death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury—*The Progress of the Soul*. "Now when I begin this book," Donne writes—and at this time he was in his twenty-eighth year—"I have no purpose to come into any man's debt; how my stock will hold out I know not." We may lament that he did not carry out his complete design, for though the poem could never have been popular, it would have afforded, like the Scotchman's haggis, "a hantle of miscellaneous feeding" for those with an appetite for the strange dishes set before them by Donne. Professor Minto, in an excellent study of Donne, contributed to *The Nineteenth Century*, has said of this poem that, if finished, it might have been a monument worthy of its author's genius. The soul whose progress the poet traces was once the apple of temptation in the garden of Eden :

"Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning  
morn."

Thence it passed into the dark and mysterious life of the mandrake, and ascending through antediluvian fish and bird and beast, became in the course of time the ape which toyed wantonly with Adam's fifth daughter, Siphatecia. In the last transformation recorded by the poet the soul is incarnated in Themech, the sister and the wife of Cain; but its brave adventures have only just begun. There was scope in Donne's design for a history of the world; the deathless soul would have been a kind of Wandering Jew, with this advantage over Ahasuerus, that it would have been no mere spectator of the changes of society, but itself a part and portion of the ever-shifting, ever-progressing world of men.—*Fortnightly Review*.

#### THE EFFECT OF THE NEW CAREERS ON WOMEN'S HAPPINESS.

MISS ALFORD's success in the Classical Tripos following so closely on Miss Fawcett's Senior Wranglership, and two other less brilliant Wranglerships gained by women, makes it very natural to ask what will be the probable effect of the new careers, the new ambitions which are opening on every side to women, on their happiness. We do not know that the

answer to this question, so far as we can give one, in the least involves the answer to the further question whether a rapidly increasing number of women are likely to enter upon the new careers; or whether, even if they are not the happier for them, it may not be still, in a large number of cases, their duty to take up the new duties and responsibilities opened to them, for

we are always seeing instances in which large numbers compete for positions of trust and responsibility which diminish rather than increase the happiness of those who enter upon them; and it is clear that it is often a duty to accept a trust which, instead of adding to the happiness of him who accepts it, greatly constrains and weights the ease and freedom of his life. No less legitimate inference could be drawn from a rush for any career than that the career so much coveted is one which confers special happiness on those who attain it. Look at the multitudes who covet a Parliamentary career, and the exceeding few who can be said to enjoy it. Look at the multitudes who appear to covet knighthood, or even any inferior social distinction, and the extraordinarily little advantage, beyond additional opportunities for expense, which such distinctions bring. It would be about as wise to regard the swarming of bees as a sign of the happiness of the hive, as to judge from the crush and competition for new careers that those careers open up special enjoyment. And certainly it is not true that the natural shrinking from a career of responsibility and anxiety at all implies that it is not a duty to enter upon it. Capacity to discharge a duty well, by no means necessarily implies much enjoyment in the discharge. On the other hand, it is really often true that the recoil from it is the best test of the true appreciation of what it involves,—the real origin, we suppose, of the notion that *nolo episcopari* is one of the best indications of the capacity for episcopal rule. It is very rarely that a duty is ideally discharged without modesty. And yet it is often modesty which renders the discharge of it the severest burden. We should not in the least argue, from the number of feminine candidates for High University or other distinctions that those distinctions are likely to confer great happiness on those who succeed, nor should we conclude that because the successful candidates did not gain and did not even expect to gain such happiness, it might not still be their bounden duty to aspire to those distinctions and to the careers that they open. If it is true that *noblesse oblige*, it is equally true that capacity obliges, that talent obliges, that genius obliges. Indeed, some one has said that “Le droit dérive de la capacité,” and

still truer is it that “Le devoir dérive de la capacité,” but no one has said that happiness always results from capacity; indeed, the higher the sphere and the more lofty the duty, the less true is it that happiness results from taking up the burden which duty imposes. Hence, when we ask ourselves whether women are likely, on the whole, to be happier for the new careers, we do not for a moment suppose that the answer to that question in the least involves any answer to the question whether or no women will, as a matter of fact, press into these careers, or any answer to the question whether or no it will be the duty of many women to take up these careers who might nevertheless be all the happier for a different and less distinguished life. The question as to the happiness they will bring has an independent interest of its own, quite apart from any inferences which might result from the answer given to it, bearing upon either the popularity of such careers for women, or the right and duty of entering upon them.

It is, of course, very doubtful whether happiness does generally increase in proportion to the increase in the scale of life's interests and duties. It is generally thought, and, we imagine, thought truly, that a really happy childhood is about the happiest part of life; that the responsibilities and ambitions, and even the large interests which come with maturity, though no man or woman worthy to enter into them would ask to be relieved of them, do very materially lessen the mere happiness of life. Indeed, many people venture to believe (though on very little that can be called evidence) that the happiness of some of the lower animals, a dog, for instance, that is well cared for and heartily attached to its master or mistress, is more unadulterated than even the happiness of a happy child. But here, of course, we draw inferences from the most dubious indications, as none of us can really appreciate what the happiness of a different race of creatures amounts to. But most of us know by our own experience that the enlargement of the sphere of duty is by no means equivalent to the enlargement of happiness, and is very much the reverse when we undertake what is fully up to, or, worse still, a little beyond, the limits of our physical or intellectual or moral strength. It is only when our in-

clinations and duties are all but identical, and when our duties are well within the limits of our powers, that an enlargement in the sphere of those duties usually adds to our happiness. No doubt these lady-wranglers and class women will have felt and will continue to feel, the genuine enjoyment which always accompanies the first development and exercise of quite new powers. Miss Fawcett will thoroughly enjoy co-operating with the greater mathematicians in working out new mathematical problems. Miss Alford will thoroughly enjoy the sympathy and respect which scholars and philologists will show her, and the delight of entering thoroughly into a new world of literary interest and achievement. But the new sphere will probably bring new duties which will by no means be so enjoyable. Suppose any of these new learners finds that her first use of her distinction must be to add to her resources by teaching, and that teaching happens to be to her very far indeed from an enjoyment? That has certainly been the lot of thousands of men who have gained the high prizes in mathematical and classical careers; and though not a few have enjoyed the teacher's life, thousands of them have bitterly lamented over the slavery of teaching, a slavery which they could never have incurred but for their aptitude in learning. Women will have just the same experience, and, indeed, it may to many of them be even more burdensome, for as yet at least, unpalatable intellectual toil is probably easier to men than to women. Again, to many of these new scholars it may seem a duty to undertake some of those laborious tasks which have strained all the energies of the strongest men,—like the compilation of cyclopædias or dictionaries, or systematic treatises requiring continuous application from day to day for years together, and the organization and criticism of a vast quantity of routine work. Will the work of intellectual mill-horses suit the tenderer and more sensitive natures of women? Yet it will inevitably fall upon some of those who are competent to discharge these duties, and who will not see any other means of earning the incomes which they will soon come to feel that it is their duty to earn for those less able than themselves to add to the resources of the family group to which they belong. We think it all but certain that the more

mechanical departments of high intellectual toil will exhaust women even more than they exhaust men of the same calibre, and yet that they will not feel that they can in good conscience avoid them, where they are the most obvious means of adding to the resources of their families. Undoubtedly the inevitable consequence of finding a new capacity for laborious duties will be the undertaking of a great many laborious duties which will render women's lives a heavy burden to them in countless cases, as it has, of course, rendered men's lives a burden to them. Just as childhood escapes some of the most serious pangs of life by virtue of its incapacity to bear the burdens which inflict those pangs, so women have hitherto escaped some of the most serious pangs of life by reason of the incapacity to bear the burdens which inflict those pangs,—an incapacity which is now rapidly vanishing away.

As we have already said, we do not for a moment suppose that considerations of this kind either will influence the majority of women, or ought to influence them, in evading the higher class of intellectual responsibilities which they are now preparing themselves to assume. They will say, as men have said, that the capacity brings the duty with it, and that it is not their business to ask whether the duty will make them happier or less happy. And in many cases, doubtless, it will make them happier, and a great deal happier. Where the back is equal to the burden, and too often where it is not, women have not shrunk from bearing the heaviest burdens. In some countries, as we all know, women have even done the physical drudgery from which the selfishness of man has shrunk. And of course it will be the same with intellectual drudgery. If, as is generally supposed, women are oftener unselfish than men, they will oftener risk bearing intellectual burdens to which they are not equal; in other words, they will oftener slave themselves to death with a kind of work for which they are not well fitted. But, at all events, it is well that they should open their eyes to the fact that their new careers are not mere prizes, mere additions to the happiness of their lives, but will involve in a very large number of cases the taking up of a sort of independence which will be very irksome to them, the more irksome

the more love of leaning on others there is in them, and the performance of tasks which must often exhaust their strength, and more or less exclude them from the exercise of that happy and gentle vigilance for the well-being of others for which their nature appears specially to fit them. —*Spectator*.

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A DAUGHTER OF THE NILE.

BY M. P.

SHE, she was laid away  
From the living light of day,  
In the early far-off ages, while yet the Sphinx was young ;  
And the quiet earth hath kept her  
Since they who wailed and wept her  
Cried their cry of lamentation in the old Egyptian tongue.

She, she has rested well,  
For yet a glance can tell  
The latest hands that touched her were loving, longing hands ;  
Then let her calmly slumber,  
Through years we shall not number,  
At peace for endless æons in the drifting desert sands.

—*Academy*.

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SURPRISE AND EXPECTANCY IN POETRY.

THERE is a very real pleasure in surprise oftentimes. It may be the enchanting gateway to the New ; and yet there is a sense in which even the delight in the New may be regarded as indicative of the fact that old instincts long starved are finding food for themselves. It is, in some sort, a coming to one's self in a far country,—a finding of one's self, at all events, outside the home circle of one's ordinary intelligence and experience. Sometimes it is said that in poetry this marvellous power of bringing us suddenly into the electric presence of that which surprises, is the chief glory of the art. Keats says that "the simple imaginative mind may have its rewards in the repetition of its own silent working, coming continually on the spirit with a fine suddenness." But this "fine suddenness" brings pleasure to the reader of poetry, as well as to the poet himself. And, in Keat's own case, at all events, the "working" is not wholly "silent," for it has expressed itself in many ways in his writings. He speaks, for example, of the "sudden thought" making "purple riot" in his heart. His was, in truth, a mind singularly open to influences which he de-

liberately named "strange," out of which arose "many a verse" that made him "wonder how and whence it came." His sonnets came to him, he confesses, with a "hearty grasp" almost before he was aware ; and there is really no difficulty at all in taking for granted that much of his work came as a surprise even to himself. In his superb line,

"There is a budding morrow in midnight,"

while there is not the slightest hint of strain, there is certainly the light of newness, and the beauty comes to us, in ways more or less reflected.

There is, however, we hold, a still finer adjustment of the pleasure-giving chords of being—in so far as poetry touches these with magic fingers—in a more or less rapidly conceived expectation, which amounts to what might be called a sense of the inevitable. The weak man's pun or *mot* is inevitable, it is true, but for that very reason the wiser man will not take upon himself the silly burden of giving it utterance ; for if "brevity is the soul of wit," surprise is assuredly its finer spirit and essence. The duly expected on the lower plane is simply the obvious,

and that bears no elaboration. It finds us, so to speak, in our shallows. It is altogether a rarer thing to find us where the depths are still and weary waiting for the penetrating sunshine. There is some kinship here to the view Pope gives us of wit, as—

"Nature to advantage dress'd ;  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well ex-  
press'd."

To quote a particularly modern instance ; there are few lovers of the poet who will fail to acknowledge the felicity of the stanza from "Wordsworth's Grave," by William Watson—so favorably reviewed recently in these columns—or fail to feel as he reads his expectancy reap ample fulfilment :—

"He felt the charm of childhood, grace of  
youth,  
Grandeur of age, insisting to be sung.  
The impassioned argument was simple truth  
Half-wondering at its own melodious  
tongue."

The poem almost throughout, indeed, is a good example of the quality of verse that fascinates, because it exquisitely expresses the mature silence of the mind's best critical moments. But the thought, finely uttered, may, after all, be identical merely with that which more or less clumsily expressed itself. Altogether richer and finer is that which, while assuredly not alien to the mind that is open to it, comes bringing its own passport (sufficiently foreign, at all events, to require such) in itself, and suddenly illumines those wide, thrilling spaces *under* thought-land. In Pope's view, the matter is one of dress. Although one feels bound to add—what the "thorough-going" opponents of him are sometimes not thorough enough to perceive or admit—that this dress is not skin-deep merely, but one of considerable depth of texture, which is knit to the thought by a masterly, if, after all, somewhat mechanical art. In this very question of expectancy, Pope goes farther than many of us are perhaps willing to allow. He expresses, of course, his contempt for "sure returns of still expected rhymes," but, on the other hand, he seeks—and within limits, himself submits to us, it must be allowed—

"Something whose truth convinced at sight  
we find  
That gives us back the image of our mind."

Even here, however, the image *is* in the mind, whether we seek confirmation by the use of the mirror or not ; and the bloom, so to speak, of expectancy is, to a large degree, dulled by the fingers of a certainty which leaves no play for the imagination. In other words, we know exactly what to expect, and should feel surprised, indeed, in failing to find it even in detail. To feel the full charm of expectancy, it is necessary we should rather have that, which is to interpret us, as it were, to ourselves, come more than half way to meet us than that we should, like an inquisitive child, with beating heart and impatiently-working fingers, creep up to the open casket whose contents are gradually described and separated from each other in view, as they are neared. So that Pope's poetry becomes, when all is said, a matter of presentment, and the justification of the new appearance lies in a sort of wealthier taste, or it may be adroiter search, that finds and uses the best raiment. It is otherwise with that higher visitation from without which kindles that which is within, until flame meets flame, and they lose themselves in each other. There is that in the mind which, as it were, is unconsciously on the watch. There is a preparedness which instantly grasps what is truly intended for it. It is not thought waiting to be clothed, not even thought waiting for thought, but rather, tightly rolled buds at a breath of spring unfolding into full and festive blossom. In winter, summer may not come to us even in our dreams. Once with us, she may seem never to have been absent. Looking forward, the gift of prophecy may not come to us ; looking backward, we may feel that it could not have been otherwise than it is,—the sense of the inevitable is with us.

Of course the mind has various hospitalities to offer, and may treat its guests, if not, alas ! in the order of excellence, at any rate with a caprice we cannot wholly overreach. The sense of the inevitable is not always so deep a thing, however. It belongs often to our commoner moods, and is kindled over our knowledge and love. Less mystical it may be, but not less beautiful in its coming. It assumes the form of a bright expectancy which is not disappointed. The fitness of utterance which makes us thrill under the instant recognition of what, dumbly, seems in

some way to belong to us, brings a very real pleasure. And it is sometimes associated with the impression that the utterance in question is not of yesterday, but has been forever awaiting our recognition—old as the thought it embodies. Keats describes his feelings in seeing a lock of Milton's hair. The sight affected him in so peculiar a way that his mind lost all sense of time for the moment, and he tells us he thought he had beheld it "since the flood." The occasion was, of course, an unusual one, but there is sometimes an experience that loses nothing, through the mind's concerning itself with every-day things, gaining rather in proportion as it reveals a great power of handling little things, or what are called little things. The truly great side of a thing lies downward, so to speak, and the "smooth-rubbed" surface, with its well-known features, is so familiar to us that we fancy we give it all it deserves—the hasty glance—and pass on. Let it, however, be brought before us by the really great Poet, and at a touch it breaks open, and its hitherto unseen outlines are discovered. With our growing insight grows

also the feeling that in the very heart of our hitherto, as we thought, careless glance there lived an embryo expectancy of something greater, accompanied by a keen wonder at the partiality of former vision. The increase of faculty, indeed, amounts almost to re-creation. Not other than they were surely are the objects of our interest; but to us, practically, they become new. And yet, while deliberately admitting the truth of the reflection there arises a strange sense of the fineness of the adjustment between the mind and that which it reads anew; of the readiness with which we accept the new conditions, and of the power of instantly appropriating what we refused before. But this is not all. There is the underlying assurance that the new view is the inevitable one, that it could not be other than it is, and may not change. Happily for us, it does change in time. It may not be for the better, however, but when it is so, we re-enjoy the thrill born of poetry; but when it is not so, we go back to plain prose, not therefore wiser, but generally sadder men.—*Spectator*.

### THE LIGHTS OF THE CHURCH AND THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

THERE are three ways of regarding any account of past occurrences, whether delivered to us orally or recorded in writing.

The narrative may be exactly true. That is to say, the words taken in their natural sense, and interpreted according to the rules of grammar, may convey to the mind of the hearer, or of the reader, an idea precisely correspondent with one which would have remained in the mind of a witness. For example, the statement that King Charles the First was beheaded at Whitehall on the 30th day of January, 1649, is as exactly true as any proposition in mathematics or physics; no one doubts that any person of sound faculties, properly placed, who was present at Whitehall throughout that day, and who used his eyes, would have seen the King's head cut off; and that there would have remained in his mind an idea of that occurrence which he would have put into words

of the same value as those which we use to express it.

Or the narrative may be partly true and partly false. Thus, some histories of the time tell us what the King said, and what Bishop Juxon said; or report royalist conspiracies to effect a rescue; or detail the motives which induced the chiefs of the Commonwealth to resolve that the King should die. One account declares that the King knelt at a high block, another that he lay down with his neck on a mere plank. And there are contemporary pictorial representations of both these modes of procedure. Such narratives, while veracious as to the main event, may and do exhibit various degrees of unconscious and conscious misrepresentation, suppression, and invention, till they become hardly distinguishable from pure fictions. Thus, they present a transition to narratives of a third class, in which the fictitious element predominates. Here, again, there are all

imaginable gradations, from such works as Defoe's quasi-historical account of the Plague year, which probably gives a truer conception of that dreadful time than any authentic history, through the historical novel, drama and epic, to the purely phantasmal creations of imaginative genius, such as the old *Arabian Nights* or the modern *Shaving of Shagpat*. It is not strictly needful for my present purpose that I should say anything about narratives which are professedly fictitious. Yet it may be well, perhaps, if I disclaim any intention of derogating from their value, when I insist upon the paramount necessity of recollecting that there is no sort of relation between the ethical, or the æsthetic, or even the scientific importance of such works, and their worth as historical documents. Unquestionably, to the poetic artist, or even to the student of psychology, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* may be better instructors than all the books of a wilderness of professors of æsthetics or moral philosophy. But, as evidence of occurrences in Denmark, or in Scotland, at the times and places indicated, they are out of court; the profoundest admiration for them, the deepest gratitude for their influence, are consistent with the knowledge that, historically speaking, they are worthless fables, in which any foundation of reality that may exist is submerged beneath the imaginative superstructure.

At present, however, I am not concerned to dwell upon the importance of fictitious literature and the immensity of the work which it has effected in the education of the human race. I propose to deal with the much more limited inquiry: Are there two other classes of consecutive narratives (as distinct from statements of individual facts), or only one? Is there any known historical work which is throughout exactly true, or is there not? In the case of the great majority of histories the answer is not doubtful: they are all only partially true. Even those venerable works which bear the names of some of the greatest of ancient Greek and Roman writers, and which have been accepted by generation after generation, down to modern times, as stores of unquestionable truth, have been compelled by scientific criticism, after a long battle, to descend to the common level, and to confess to a large admixture of error. I might fairly take this for granted; but it may be well

that I should intrench myself behind the very apposite words of an historical authority who is certainly not obnoxious to even a suspicion of sceptical tendencies.

Time was—and that not very long ago—when all the relations of ancient authors concerning the old world were received with a ready belief; and an unreasoning and uncritical faith accepted with equal satisfaction the narrative of the campaigns of Cæsar and of the doings of Romulus, the account of Alexander's marches and of the conquests of Semiramis. We can most of us remember when, in this country, the whole story of regal Rome, and even the legend of the Trojan settlement in Latium, were seriously placed before boys as history, and discoursed of as unhesitatingly and in as dogmatic a tone as the tale of the Catiline Conspiracy or the Conquest of Britain. . . .

But all this is now changed. The last century has seen the birth and growth of a new science—the science of Historical Criticism. . . . The whole world of profane history has been revolutionized. . . .\*

If these utterances were true when they fell from the lips of a Bampton lecturer in 1859, with how much greater force do they appeal to us now, when the immense labors of the generation now passing away constitute one vast illustration of the power and fruitfulness of scientific methods of investigation in history, no less than in all other departments of knowledge.

At the present time, I suppose, there is no one who doubts that histories which appertain to any other people than the Jews, and their spiritual progeny in the first century, fall within the second class of the three enumerated. Like Goethe's Autobiography, they might all be entitled "Wahrheit und Dichtung"—"Truth and Fiction." The proportion of the two constituents changes indefinitely; and the quality of the fiction varies through the whole gamut of unveracity. But "Dichtung" is always there. For the most acute and learned of historians cannot remedy the imperfections of his sources of information; nor can the most impartial wholly escape the influence of the "personal equation" generated by his temperament and by his education. Therefore, from the narratives of Herodotus to those set forth in yesterday's *Times*, all history is

\* *Bampton Lectures* (1859), on "The Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture Records stated anew, with Special Reference to the Doubts and Discoveries of Modern Times," by the Rev. G. Rawlinson, M.A., pp. 5-6.

to be read subject to the warning that fiction has its share therein. The modern vast development of fugitive literature cannot be the unmitigated evil that some do vainly say it is, since it has put an end to the popular delusion of less press-ridden times, that what appears in print must be true. We should rather hope that some beneficent influence may create among the erudite a like healthy suspicion of manuscripts and inscriptions, however ancient; for a bulletin may lie, even though it be written in cuneiform characters. Hotspur's starling, that was to be taught to speak nothing but "Mortimer" into the ears of King Henry the Fourth, might be a useful innate of every historian's library, if "Fiction" were substituted for the name of Harry Percy's friend.

But it was the chief object of the lecturer to the congregation gathered in St. Mary's, Oxford, thirty-one years ago, to prove to them, by evidence gathered with no little labor and marshalled with much skill, that one group of historical works was exempt from the general rule; and that the narratives contained in the canonical Scriptures are free from any admixture of error. With justice and candor, the lecturer impresses upon his hearers that the special distinction of Christianity, among the religions of the world, lies in its claim to be historical; to be surely founded upon events which have happened, exactly as they are declared to have happened in its sacred books; which are true, that is, in the sense that the statement about the execution of Charles the First is true. Further, it is affirmed that the New Testament presupposes the historical exactness of the Old Testament; that the points of contact of "sacred" and "profane" history are innumerable; and that the demonstration of the falsity of the Hebrew records, especially in regard to those narratives which are assumed to be true in the New Testament, would be fatal to Christian theology.

My utmost ingenuity does not enable me to discover a flaw in the argument thus briefly summarized. I am fairly at a loss to comprehend how anyone, for a moment, can doubt that Christian theology must stand or fall with the historical trustworthiness of the Jewish Scriptures. The very conception of the Messiah, or Christ, is inextricably interwoven with Jewish history; the identification of Jesus of Nazareth with that Messiah rests upon the in-

terpretation of passages of the Hebrew Scriptures which have no evidential value unless they possess the historical character assigned to them. If the covenant with Abraham was not made; if circumcision and sacrifices were not ordained by Jahveh; if the "ten words" were not written by God's hand on the stone tables; if Abraham is more or less a mythical hero, such as Theseus; the story of the Deluge a fiction; that of the Fall a legend; and that of the Creation the dream of a seer; if all these definite and detailed narratives of apparently real events have no more value as history than have the stories of the regal period of Rome—what is to be said about the Messianic doctrine, which is so much less clearly enunciated? And what about the authority of the writers of the books of the New Testament, who, on this theory, have not merely accepted flimsy fictions for solid truths, but have built the very foundations of Christian dogma upon legendary quicksands?

But these may be said to be merely the carpings of that carnal reason which the profane call common sense; I hasten, therefore, to bring up the forces of unimpeachable ecclesiastical authority in support of my position. In a sermon preached last December, in St. Paul's Cathedral,\* Canon Liddon declares:—

For Christians it will be enough to know that our Lord Jesus Christ set the seal of His infallible sanction on the whole of the Old Testament. He found the Hebrew Canon as we have it in our hands to day, and He treated it as an authority which was above discussion. Nay more: He went out of His way—if we may reverently speak thus—to sanction not a few portions of it which modern scepticism rejects. When He would warn His hearers against the dangers of spiritual relapse, He bids them remember "Lot's wife."† When He would point out how worldly engagements may blind the soul to a coming judgment, He reminds them how men ate, and drank, and married, and were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the Flood came and destroyed them all.‡ If He would put His finger on a fact in past Jewish history which, by its admitted reality, would warrant belief in His own coming Resurrection, He points to Jonah's being three

\* *The Worth of the Old Testament*, a Sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on the Second Sunday in Advent, Dec. 8, 1889, by H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's. Second edition, revised and with a new preface, 1890.

† St. Luke xvii. 32.

‡ *Ibid.* 27.



days and three nights in the whale's belly (p. 23).\*

The preacher proceeds to brush aside the common—I had almost said vulgar—apologetic pretext that Jesus was using *ad hominem* arguments, or “accommodating” his better knowledge to popular ignorance, as well as to point out the inadmissibility of the other alternative, that he shared the popular ignorance. And to those who hold the latter view sarcasm is dealt out with no niggard hand.

But they will find it difficult to persuade mankind that, if He could be mistaken on a matter of such strictly religious importance as the value of the sacred literature of His countrymen, He can be safely trusted about anything else. The trustworthiness of the Old Testament is, in fact, inseparable from the trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ; and if we believe that He is the true Light of the world, we shall close our ears against suggestions impairing the credit of those Jewish Scriptures which have received the stamp of His Divine authority (p. 25).

Moreover, I learn from the public journals that a brilliant and sharply-cut view of orthodoxy, of like hue and pattern, was only the other day exhibited in that great theological kaleidoscope, the pulpit of St. Mary's, recalling the time so long passed by, when a Bampton lecturer, in the same place, performed the unusual feat of leaving the faith of old-fashioned Christians undisturbed.

Yet many things have happened in the intervening thirty-one years. The Bampton lecturer of 1859 had to grapple only with the infant Hercules of historical criticism; and he is now a full-grown athlete, bearing on his shoulders the spoils of all the lions that have stood in his path. Surely a martyr's courage, as well as a martyr's faith, is needed by anyone who, at this time, is prepared to stand by the following plea for the veracity of the Pentateuch:—

Adam, according to the Hebrew original, was for 243 years contemporary with Methuselah, who conversed for a hundred years with Shem. Shem was for fifty years contemporary with Jacob, who probably saw Jochebed, Moses's mother. Thus, Moses might by oral tradition have obtained the history of Abraham, and even of the Deluge, at third hand; and that of the Temptation and the Fall at fifth hand. . . .

If it be granted—as it seems to be—that the great and stirring events in a nation's

life will, under ordinary circumstances, be remembered (apart from all written memorials) for the space of 150 years, being handed down through five generations, it must be allowed (even on mere human grounds) that the account which Moses gives of the Temptation and the Fall is to be depended upon, if it passed through no more than four hands between him and Adam.\*

If “the trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ” is to stand or fall with the belief in the sudden transmutation of the chemical components of a woman's body into sodium chloride, or on the “admitted reality” of Jonah's ejection, safe and sound, on the shores of the Levant, after three days' sea-journey in the stomach of a gigantic marine animal, what possible pretext can there be for even hinting a doubt as to the precise truth of the longevity attributed to the Patriarchs? Who that has swallowed the camel of Jonah's journey will be guilty of the affectation of straining at such an historical gnat—nay midge—as the supposition that the mother of Moses was told the story of the Flood by Jacob; who had it straight from Shem; who was on friendly terms with Methuselah; who knew Adam quite well?

Yet, by the strange irony of things, the illustrious brother of the divine who propounded this remarkable theory, has been the guide and foremost worker of that band of investigators of the records of Assyria and of Babylonia, who have opened to our view, not merely a new chapter, but a new volume of primeval history, relating to the very people who have the most numerous points of contact with the life of the ancient Hebrews. Now, whatever imperfections may yet obscure the full value of the Mesopotamian records, everything that has been clearly ascertained tends to the conclusion that the assignment of no more than 4,000 years to the period between the time of the origin of mankind and that of Augustus Cæsar, is wholly inadmissible. Therefore, that Biblical chronology, which Canon Rawlinson trusted so implicitly in 1859, is relegated by all serious critics to the domain of fable.

But if scientific method, operating in the region of history, of philology, of archæology, in the course of the last thirty or forty years, has become thus formidable to the theological dogmatist, what may not be said about scientific method working in

\* St. Matt. xii. 40.

\* Bampton Lectures, 1859, pp. 50-51.

the province of physical science? For, if it be true that the Canonical Scriptures have innumerable points of contact with civil history, it is no less true that they have almost as many with natural history; and their accuracy is put to the test as severely by the latter as by the former. The origin of the present state of the heavens and the earth is a problem which lies strictly within the province of physical science; so is that of the origin of man among living things; so is that of the physical changes which the earth has undergone since the origin of man; so is that of the origin of the various races and nations of men, with all their varieties of language and physical conformation. Whether the earth moves round the sun or the contrary; whether the bodily and mental diseases of men and animals are caused by evil spirits or not; whether there is such an agency as witchcraft or not—all these are purely scientific questions; and to all of them the canonical Scriptures profess to give true answers. And though nothing is more common than the assumption\* that these books come into conflict only with the speculative part of modern physical science, no assumption can have less foundation.

The antagonism between natural knowledge and the Pentateuch would be as great if the speculations of our time had never been heard of. It arises out of contradiction upon matters of fact. The books of ecclesiastical authority declare that certain events happened in a certain fashion; the books of scientific authority say they did not. As it seems that this unquestionable truth has not yet penetrated among many of those who speak and write on these subjects, it may be useful to give a full illustration of it. And for that purpose I propose to deal, at some length, with the narrative of the Noachian Deluge given in Genesis.

The Bampton lecturer, in 1859, and the Canon of St. Paul's, in 1890, are in full agreement that this history is true, in the sense in which I have defined historical truth. The former is of opinion that the account attributed to Berosus records a tradition—

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\* For example, it appears to me to pervade and vitiate Mr. Wilfrid Ward's argument in the last number of this Review.

not drawn from the Hebrew record, much less the foundation of that record; yet coinciding with it in the most remarkable way. The Babylonian version is tricked out with a few extravagances, as the monstrous size of the vessel and the translation of Xisuthros; but otherwise it is the Hebrew history *down to its minutiae* (p. 64).

Moreover, correcting Niebuhr, the Bampton lecturer points out that the narrative of Berosus distinctly implies the universality of the Flood.

It is plain that the waters are represented as prevailing above the tops of the loftiest mountains in Armenia—a height which must have been seen to involve the submersion of all the countries with which the Babylonians were acquainted (p. 66).

I may remark, in passing, that many people think the size of Noah's ark "monstrous," considering the probable state of the art of shipbuilding only 1,600 years after the origin of man; while others are so unreasonable as to inquire why the translation of Enoch is less an extravagance than that of Xisuthros. It is more important, however, to note that the universality of the Deluge is recognized, not merely as a part of the story, but as a necessary consequence of some of its details. The latest exponent of Anglican orthodoxy, as we have seen, insists upon the accuracy of the Pentateuchal history of the Flood in a still more forcible manner. It is cited as one of those very narratives to which the authority of the Founder of Christianity is pledged, and upon the accuracy of which "the trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ" is staked, just as others have staked it upon the truth of the histories of demoniac possession in the Gospels.

Now, when those who put their trust in scientific methods of ascertaining the truth in the province of natural history find themselves confronted and opposed on their own ground by ecclesiastical pretensions to better knowledge, it is, undoubtedly, most desirable for them to make sure that their conclusions, whatever they may be, are well founded. And, if they put aside the unauthorized interference with their business and relegate the Pentateuchal history to the region of pure fiction, they are bound to assure themselves that they do so because the plainest teachings of Nature (apart from all doubtful speculations) are irreconcilable with the assertions which they reject.

At the present time, it is difficult to

persuade serious scientific inquirers to occupy themselves, in any way, with the Noachian Deluge. They look at you with a smile and a shrug, and say they have more important matters to attend to than mere antiquarianism. But it was not so in my youth. At that time, geologists and biologists could hardly follow to the end any path of inquiry without finding the way blocked by Noah and his ark, or by the first chapter of Genesis; and it was a serious matter, in this country at any rate, for a man to be suspected of doubting the literal truth of the Diluvial or any other Pentateuchal history. The fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Geological Club in 1825, was, if I remember rightly, the last occasion on which the late Sir Charles Lyell spoke to even so small a public as the members of that body. Our veteran leader lighted up once more, and, referring to the difficulties which beset his early efforts to create a rational science of geology, spoke with his wonted clearness and vigor of the social ostracism which pursued him after the publication of the *Principles of Geology*, in 1830, on account of the obvious tendency of that noble work to discredit the Pentateuchal accounts of the Creation and the Deluge. If my younger contemporaries find this hard to believe, I may refer them to a grave book, *On the Doctrine of the Deluge*, published eight years later, and dedicated by its author to his father, the then Archbishop of York. The first chapter refers to the treatment of the "Mosaic Deluge," by Dr. Buckland and Mr. Lyell, in the following terms:

Their respect for revealed religion has prevented them from arraying themselves openly against the Scriptural account of it—much less do they deny its truth—but they are in a great hurry to escape from the consideration of it, and evidently concur in the opinion of Linnæus, that no proofs whatever of the Deluge are to be discovered in the structure of the earth (p. 1).

And after an attempt to reply to some of Lyell's arguments, which it would be cruel to reproduce, the writer continues:—

When, therefore, upon such slender grounds, it is determined, in answer to those who insist upon its universality, that the Mosaic Deluge must be considered a preternatural event, far beyond the reach of philosophical inquiry; not only as to the causes employed to produce it, but also as to the effects most likely to result from it; that determination

wears an aspect of scepticism, which, however much soever it may be unintentional in the mind of the writer, yet cannot but produce an evil impression on those who are already predisposed to carp and cavil at the evidences of Revelation (pp. 8-9).

The kindly and courteous writer of these curious passages is evidently unwilling to make the geologists the victims of general opprobrium by pressing the obvious consequences of their teaching home. One is therefore pained to think of the feelings with which, if he lived so long as to become acquainted with the *Dictionary of the Bible*, he must have perused the article "Noah," written by a dignitary of the Church for that standard compendium and published in 1863. For the doctrine of the universality of the Deluge is therein altogether given up; and I permit myself to hope that a long criticism of the story from the point of view of natural science, with which, at the request of the learned theologian who wrote it, I supplied him, may have in some degree contributed toward this happy result.

Notwithstanding diligent search, I have been unable to discover that the universality of the Deluge has any defender left, at least among those who have so far mastered the rudiments of natural knowledge as to be able to appreciate the weight of evidence against it. For example, when I turned to the *Speaker's Bible*, published under the sanction of high Anglican authority, I found the following judicial and judicious deliverance, the skilful wording of which may adorn, but does not hide, the completeness of the surrender of the old teaching:—

Without pronouncing too hastily on any fair inferences from the words of Scripture, we may reasonably say that their most natural interpretation is, that the whole race of man had become grievously corrupted since the faithful had intermingled with the ungodly; that the inhabited world was consequently filled with violence, and that God had decreed to destroy all mankind except one single family; that, therefore, all that portion of the earth, perhaps as yet a very small portion, into which mankind had spread was overwhelmed by water. The ark was ordained to save one faithful family; and lest that family, on the subsidence of the waters, should find the whole country round them a desert, a pair of all the beasts of the land and of the fowls of the air were preserved along with them, and along with them went forth to replenish the now desolated continent. The words of Scripture (confirmed as they are by universal tradition) appear at least to mean

as much as this. They do not necessarily mean more.\*

In the third edition of Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature* (1876), the article "Deluge," written by my friend, the present distinguished head of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, extinguishes the universality doctrine as thoroughly as might be expected from its authorship; and, since the writer of the article "Noah" refers his readers to that entitled "Deluge," it is to be supposed, notwithstanding his generally orthodox tone, that he does not dissent from its conclusions. Again, the writers in Herzog's *Real-Encyclopædie* (Bd. X. 1882) and in Riehm's *Handwörterbuch* (1884)—both works with a conservative leaning—are on the same side; and Diestel,† in his full discussion of the subject, remorselessly rejects the universality doctrine. Even that staunch opponent of scientific rationalism—may I say rationality—Zöckler,‡ flinches from a distinct defence of the thesis, any opposition to which, well within my recollection, was howled down by the orthodox as mere "infidelity." All that, in his sore straits, Dr. Zöckler is able to do, is to pronounce a faint commendation upon a particularly absurd attempt at reconciliation, which would make out the Noachian Deluge to be a catastrophe which occurred at the end of the Glacial Epoch. This hypothesis involves only the trifle of a physical revolution of which geology knows nothing; and which, if it secured the accuracy of the Pentateuchal writer about the fact of the Deluge, would leave the details of his account as irreconcilable with the truths of elementary physical science as ever. Thus I may be permitted to spare myself and my readers the weariness of a recapitulation of the overwhelming arguments against the universality of the Deluge, which they will now find for themselves stated, as fully and forcibly as could be wished, by Anglican and other theologians, whose orthodoxy and conservative tendencies have, hitherto, been above suspicion. Yet many fully admit (and, indeed, nothing can be plainer) that the Pentateuchal narrator means to convey that, as a matter of fact, the whole earth

known to him was inundated; nor is it less obvious that, unless all mankind, with the exception of Noah and his family, were actually destroyed, the references to the Flood in the New Testament are unintelligible.

But I am quite aware that the strength of the demonstration that no universal Deluge ever took place has produced a change of front in the army of apologetic writers. They have imagined that the substitution of the adjective "partial" for "universal," will save the credit of the Pentateuch, and permit them, after all, without too many blushes, to declare that the progress of modern science only strengthens the authority of Moses. Nowhere have I found the case of the advocates of this method of escaping from the difficulties of the actual position better put than in the lecture of Professor Diestel to which I have referred. After frankly admitting that the old doctrine of universality involves physical impossibilities, he continues:—

All these difficulties fall away as soon as we give up the universality of the Deluge, and imagine a *partial* flooding of the earth, say in western Asia. But have we a right to do so? The narrative speaks of "the whole earth." But what is the meaning of this expression? Surely not the whole surface of the earth according to the ideas of *modern* geographers, but, at most, according to the conceptions of the Biblical author. This very simple conclusion, however, is never drawn by too many readers of the Bible. But one need only cast one's eyes over the tenth chapter of Genesis in order to become acquainted with the geographical horizon of the Jews. In the north it was bounded by the Black Sea and the mountains of Armenia; extended toward the east very little beyond the Tigris; hardly reached the apex of the Persian Gulf; passed, then, through the middle of Arabia and the Red Sea; went southward through Abyssinia, and then turned westward by the frontiers of Egypt, and inclosed the easternmost islands of the Mediterranean (p. 11).

The justice of this observation must be admitted, no less than the further remark that, in still earlier times, the pastoral Hebrews very probably had yet more restricted notions of what constituted the "whole earth." Moreover, I, for one, fully agree with Professor Diestel that the motive, or generative incident, of the whole story is to be sought in the occasionally excessive and desolating floods of the Euphrates and Tigris.

Let us, provisionally, accept the theory

\* *Commentary on Genesis*, by the Bishop of Ely, p. 77.

† *Die Sintflut*, 1876.

‡ *Theologie und Naturwissenschaft*, ii. 784–791 (1877).

of a partial deluge, and try to form a clear mental picture of the occurrence. Let us suppose that, for forty days and forty nights, such a vast quantity of water was poured upon the ground that the whole surface of Mesopotamia was covered by water to a depth certainly greater, probably much greater, than fifteen cubits, or twenty feet (Gen. vii. 20). The inundation prevails upon the earth for one hundred and fifty days; and then the flood gradually decreases, until, on the seventeenth day of the seventh month the ark, which had previously floated on its surface, grounds upon the "mountains of Ararat"\* (Gen. viii. 34). Then, as Diestel has acutely pointed out (*Sintflut*, p. 13), we are to imagine the further subsidence of the flood to take place so gradually that it was not until nearly two months and a half after this time (that is to say, on the first day of the tenth month) that the "tops of the mountains" became visible. Hence it follows that, if the ark drew even as much as twenty feet of water, the level of the inundation fell very slowly—at a rate of only a few inches a day—until the top of the mountain on which it rested became visible. This is an amount of movement which, if it took place in the sea, would be overlooked by ordinary people on the shore. But the Mesopotamian plain slopes gently, from an elevation of 500 or 600 feet at its northern end, to the sea, at its southern end, with hardly so much as a notable ridge to break its uniform flatness, for 300 to 400 miles. These being the conditions of the case, the following inquiry naturally presents itself: not, be it observed, as a recondite problem, generated by modern speculation, but as a plain suggestion flowing out of that very ordinary and archaic piece of knowledge that water cannot be piled up in a heap like sand; or that it seeks the lowest level. When, after 150 days, "the foundations also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained" (Gen. viii. 2), what prevented the mass of water, several, possibly very many, fathoms deep, which covered, say, the present site of Bagdad, from sweeping seaward in a furious torrent; and, in a very few

hours, leaving, not only the "tops of the mountains," but the whole plain, save any minor depressions, bare? How could its subsidence, by any possibility, be an affair of weeks and months?

And if this difficulty is not enough, let any one try to imagine how a mass of water several, perhaps very many, fathoms deep, could be accumulated on a flat surface of land rising well above the sea, and separated from it by no sort of barrier. Most people know Lord's Cricket-ground. Would it not be in absurd contradiction to our common knowledge of the properties of water to imagine that, if all the mains of all the waterworks of London were turned on to it, they could maintain a heap of water twenty feet deep over its level surface? Is it not obvious that the water, whatever momentary accumulation might take place at first, would not stop there, but that it would dash, like a mighty mill-race, southward down the gentle slope which ends in the Thames? And is it not further obvious, that whatever depth of water might be maintained over the cricket-ground, so long as all the mains poured on to it, anything which floated there would be speedily whirled away by the current, like a cork in a gutter when the rain pours? But if this is so, then it is no less certain that Noah's deeply laden, sailless, oarless, and rudderless craft, if by good fortune it escaped capsizing in whirlpools, or having its bottom knocked into holes by snags (like those which prove fatal even to well-built steamers on the Mississippi in our day), would have speedily found itself a good way down the Persian Gulf, and not long after in the Indian Ocean, somewhere between Arabia and Hindostan. Even if, eventually, the ark might have gone ashore, with other jetsam and flotsam, on the coasts of Arabia, or of Hindostan, or of the Maldives, or of Madagascar, its return to the "mountains of Ararat" would have been a miracle more stupendous than all the rest.

Thus, the last state of the would-be reconcilers of the story of the Deluge with fact is worse than the first. All that they have done is to transfer the contradictions to established truth from the region of science proper to that of common information and common sense. For, really, the assertion that the surface of a body of deep water, to which no addition was made, and which there was nothing to

\* It is very doubtful if this means the region of the Armenian Ararat. More probably it designates some part either of the Kurdish range or of its southeastern continuation.

stop from running into the sea, sank at the rate of only a few inches or even feet a day, simply outrages the most ordinary and familiar teachings of every man's daily experience. A child may see the folly of it.

In addition, I may remark that the necessary assumption of the "partial Deluge" hypothesis (if it is confined to Mesopotamia) that the Hebrew writer must have meant low hills when he said "high mountains"—is quite untenable. On the eastern side of the Mesopotamian plain, the snowy peaks of the frontier ranges of Persia are visible from Bagdad,\* and even the most ignorant herdsmen in the neighborhood of "Ur of the Chaldees," near its western limit, could hardly have been unacquainted with the comparatively elevated plateau of the Syrian desert which lay close at hand. But, surely, we must suppose the Biblical writer to be acquainted with the highlands of Palestine and with the masses of the Sinaitic peninsula, which soar more than 8,000 feet above the sea, if he knew of no higher elevations; and, if so, he could not well have meant to refer to mere hillocks when he said that "all the high mountains which were under the whole heaven were covered" (Genesis vii. 19). Even the hill-country of Galilee reaches an elevation of four thousand feet; and a flood which covered it could by no possibility have been other than universal in its superficial extent. Water really cannot be got to stand at, say, 4,000 feet above the sea-level over Palestine, without covering the rest of the globe to the same height. Even if in the course of Noah's six hundredth year some prodigious convulsion had sunk the whole region inclosed within "the horizon of the geographical knowledge" of the Israelites by that much, and another had pushed it up again, just in time to catch the ark upon "the mountains of Ararat," matters are not much mended. I am afraid to think of what would have become of a vessel so little seaworthy as the ark and of its very numerous passengers, under the peculiar obstacles to quiet flotation which such rapid movements of depression and upheaval would have generated.

Thus, in view, not, I repeat, of the recondite speculations of infidel philoso-

phers, but in the face of the plainest and most commonplace of ascertained physical facts, the story of the Noachian Deluge has no more claim to credit than has that of Deucalion; and, whether it was, or was not, suggested by the familiar acquaintance of its originators with the effects of unusually great overflows of the Tigris and Euphrates, it is utterly devoid of historical truth.

That is, in my judgment, the necessary result of the application of criticism, based upon assured physical knowledge, to the story of the Deluge. And it is satisfactory that the criticism which is based, not upon literary and historical speculations, but on well-ascertained facts in the departments of literature and of history, tends to exactly the same conclusion.

For I find this much agreed upon by all Biblical scholars of repute, that the story of the Deluge in Genesis is separable into at least two sets of statements; and that, when the statements thus separated are recombined in their proper order, each set furnishes an account of the event, coherent and complete within itself, but in some respects discordant with that afforded by the other set. This fact, as I understand, is not disputed. Whether one of these is the work of an Elohist, and the other of a Jehovist narrator; whether the two have been pieced together in this strange fashion because, in the estimation of the compilers and editors of the Pentateuch, they had equal and independent authority, or not; or whether there is some other way of accounting for it, are questions the answer to which do not affect the fact. If possible, I avoid *a priori* arguments. But still, I think it may be urged, without imprudence, that a narrative having this structure is hardly such as might be expected from a writer possessed of full and infallibly accurate knowledge. Once more, it would seem that it is not necessarily the mere inclination of the sceptical spirit to question everything, or the wilful blindness of infidels, which prompts grave doubts as to the value of a narrative thus curiously unlike the ordinary run of veracious histories.

But the voice of archæological and historical criticism still has to be heard; and it gives forth no uncertain sound. The marvellous recovery of the records of an antiquity, far superior to any that can be

\* So Reclus (*Nouvelle Géographie Universelle*, ix. 386), but I find the statement doubted by an authority of the first rank.

ascribed to the Pentateuch, which has been effected by the decipherers of cuneiform characters, has put us in possession of a series, once more, not of speculations, but of facts, which have a most remarkable bearing upon the question of the trustworthiness of the narrative of the Flood. It is established that, for centuries before the asserted migration of Terah from Ur of the Chaldees (which, according to the orthodox interpreters of the Pentateuch, took place after the year 2,000 B.C.) Lower Mesopotamia was the seat of a civilization in which art and science and literature had attained a development formerly unsuspected, or, if there were faint reports of it, treated as fabulous. And it is also no matter of speculation, but a fact, that the libraries of these people contain versions of a long epic poem, one of the twelve books of which tells a story of a deluge which, in a number of its leading features, corresponds with the story attributed to Berosus, no less than with the story given in Genesis, with curious exactness. Thus, the correctness of Canon Rawlinson's conclusion, cited above, that the story of Berosus was neither drawn from the Hebrew record, nor is the foundation of it, can hardly be questioned. It is highly probable, if not certain, that Berosus relied upon one of the versions (for there seem to have been several) of the old Babylonian epos, extant in his time; and, if that is a reasonable conclusion, why is it unreasonable to believe that the two stories, which the Hebrew compiler has put together in such an inartistic fashion, were ultimately derived from the same source? I say ultimately, because it does not at all follow that the two versions, possibly trimmed by the Jehovistic writer on the one hand, and by the Elohist on the other, to suit Hebrew requirements, may not have been current among the Israelites for ages. And they may have acquired great authority before they were combined in the Pentateuch.

Looking at the convergence of all these lines of evidence to the one conclusion—that the story of the Flood in Genesis is merely a Bowdlerized version of one of the oldest pieces of purely fictitious literature extant; that whether this is, or is not, its origin, the events asserted in it to have taken place assuredly never did take place; further, that, in point of fact, the story, in the plain and logically necessary sense

of its words, has long since been given up by orthodox and conservative commentators of the Established Church—I can but admire the courage and clear foresight of the Anglican divine who tells us that we must be prepared to choose between the trustworthiness of scientific method and the trustworthiness of that which the Church declares to be Divine authority. For, to my mind, this declaration of war to the knife against secular science, even in its most elementary forms; this rejection without a moment's hesitation of any and all evidence which conflicts with theological dogma, is the only position which is logically reconcilable with the axioms of orthodoxy. If the Gospels truly report that which an incarnation of the God of Truth communicated to the world, then it surely is absurd to attend to any other evidence touching matters about which he made any clear statement, or the truth of which is distinctly implied by his words. If the exact historical truth of the Gospels is an axiom of Christianity, it is as just and right for a Christian to say, Let us "close our ears against suggestions" of scientific critics, as it is for the man of science to refuse to waste his time upon circle-squarers and flat-earth fanatics.

It is commonly reported that the manifesto by which the Canon of St. Paul's proclaims that he nails the colors of the straitest Biblical infallibility to the mast of the ship ecclesiastical, was put forth as a counterblast to *Lux Mundi*; and that the passages which I have more particularly quoted are directed against the essay on "The Holy Spirit and Inspiration" in that collection of treatises by Anglican divines of high standing, who must assuredly be acquitted of conscious "infidel" proclivities. I fancy that rumor must, for once, be right, for it is impossible to imagine a more direct and diametrical contradiction than that between the passages from the sermon cited above and those which follow:—

What is questioned is that our Lord's words foreclose certain critical positions as to the character of Old Testament literature. For example, does His use of Jonah's resurrection as a *type* of His own, depend in any real degree upon whether it is historical fact or allegory? . . . Once more, our Lord uses the time before the Flood, to illustrate the carelessness of men before His own coming. . . . In referring to the Flood He certainly suggests that He is treating it as typical, for He introduces circumstances—"eating and drinking, marry-

ing and giving in marriage"—which have no counterpart in the original narrative (p. 358-9).

While insisting on the flow of inspiration through the whole of the Old Testament, the essayist does not admit its universality. Here, also, the new apologetic demands a partial flood :

But does the inspiration of the recorder guarantee the exact historical truth of what he records? And, in matter of fact, can the record, with due regard to legitimate historical criticism, be pronounced true? Now, to the latter of these two questions (and they are quite distinct questions) we may reply that there is nothing to prevent our believing, as our faith strongly disposes us to believe, that the record from Abraham downward is, in substance, in the strict sense historical (p. 351).

It would appear, therefore, that there is nothing to prevent our believing that the record, from Abraham upward, consists of stories in the strict sense unhistorical, and that the pre-Abrahamic narratives are mere moral and religious "types" and parables.

I confess I soon lose my way when I try to follow those who walk delicately among "types" and allegories. A certain passion for clearness forces me to ask, bluntly, whether the writer means to say that Jesus did not believe the stories in question, or that he did? When Jesus spoke, as of a matter of fact, that "the Flood came and destroyed them all," did he believe that the Deluge really took place, or not? It seems to me that, as the narrative mentions Noah's wife, and his sons' wives, there is good scriptural warranty for the statement that the antediluvians married and were given in marriage; and I should have thought that their eating and drinking might be assumed by the firmest believer in the literal truth of the story. Moreover, I venture to ask what sort of value, as an illustration of God's methods of dealing with sin, has an account of an event that never happened? If no Flood swept the careless people away, how is the warning of more worth than the cry of "Wolf" when there is no wolf? If Jonah's three days' residence in the whale is not an "admitted reality," how could it "warrant belief" in the "coming resurrection?" If Lot's wife was not turned into a pillar of salt, the bidding those who turn back from the narrow path to "remember" it is, morally, about on a level with telling a naughty child that a bogey is

coming to fetch it away. Suppose that a Conservative orator warns his hearers to beware of great political and social changes, lest they end, as in France, in the domination of a Robespierre; what becomes, not only of his argument, but of his veracity, if he, personally, does not believe that Robespierre existed and did the deeds attributed to him?

Like all other attempts to reconcile the results of scientifically-conducted investigation with the demands of the outworn creeds of ecclesiasticism, the essay on Inspiration is just such a failure as must await mediation, when the mediator is unable properly to appreciate the weight of the evidence for the case of one of the two parties. The question of "Inspiration" really possesses no interest for those who have cast ecclesiasticism and all its works aside, and have no faith in any source of truth save that which is reached by the patient application of scientific methods. Theories of inspiration are speculations as to the means by which the authors of statements, in the Bible or elsewhere, have been led to say what they have said—and it assumes that natural agencies are insufficient for the purpose. I prefer to stop short of this problem, finding it more profitable to undertake the inquiry which naturally precedes it—namely, Are these statements true or false? If they are true, it may be worth while to go into the question of their supernatural generation; if they are false, it certainly is not worth mine.

Now, not only do I hold it to be proven that the story of the Deluge is a pure fiction; but I have no hesitation in affirming the same thing of the story of the Creation.\* Between these two lies the story of the creation of man and woman and their fall from primitive innocence, which is even more monstrously improbable than either of the other two, though, from the

\* So far as I know, the narrative of the Creation is not now held to be true, in the sense in which I have defined historical truth, by any of the reconcilers. As for the attempts to stretch the Pentateuchal days into periods of thousands or millions of years, the verdict of the eminent Biblical scholar, Dr. Riehm (*Der biblische Schöpfungsbericht*, 1881, pp. 15, 16), on such pranks of "Auslegungskunst" should be final. Why do the reconcilers take Goethe's advice seriously?—

"Im Ansehen seydt frisch und munter!  
Legt ihr's nicht aus, so legt was unter."



nature of the case, it is not so easily capable of direct refutation. It can be demonstrated that the earth took longer than six days in the making, and that the Deluge, as described, is a physical impossibility; but there is no proving, especially to those who are perfect in the art of closing their ears to that which they do not wish to hear, that a snake did not speak, or that Eve was not made out of one of Adam's ribs.

The compiler of Genesis, in its present form, evidently had a definite plan in his mind. His countrymen, like all other men, were doubtless curious to know how the world began; how men, and especially wicked men, came into being, and how existing nations and races arose among the descendants of one stock; and, finally, what was the history of their own particular tribe. They, like ourselves, desired to solve the four great problems of cosmogeny, anthropogeny, ethnogeny, and geneogeny. The Pentateuch furnishes the solutions which appeared satisfactory to its author. One of these, as we have seen, was borrowed from a Babylonian fable; and I know of no reason to suspect any different origin for the rest. Now, I would ask, is the story of the fabrication of Eve to be regarded as one of those pre-Abrahamic narratives, the historical truth of which is an open question, in face of the reference to it in a speech unhappily famous for the legal oppression to which it has been wrongfully forced to lend itself?

Have ye not read, that he which made them from the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and the twain shall become one flesh? (Matt. xix. 5).

If Divine authority is not here claimed for the twenty-fourth verse of the second chapter of Genesis, what is the value of language? And again, I ask, if one may play fast and loose with the story of the Fall as a "type" or "allegory," what becomes of the foundation of Pauline theology?—

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive (1 Corinthians xv. 21, 22).

If Adam may be held to be no more real a personage than Prometheus, and if the story of the Fall is merely an instruc-

tive "type," comparable to the profound Promethean mythus, what value has Paul's dialectic?

While, therefore, every right-minded man must sympathize with the efforts of those theologians who have not been able altogether to close their ears to the still, small voice of reason, to escape from the fetters which ecclesiasticism has forged, the melancholy fact remains, that the position they have taken up is hopelessly untenable. It is raked alike by the old-fashioned artillery of the Churches and by the fatal weapons of precision with which the *enfants perdus* of the advancing forces of science are armed. They must surrender, or fall back into a more sheltered position. And it is possible that they may long find safety in such retreat.

It is, indeed, probable that the proportional number of those who will distinctly profess their belief in the transubstantiation of Lot's wife, and the anticipatory experience of submarine navigation by Jonah; in water standing fathoms deep on the side of a declivity without anything to hold it up; and in devils who enter swine, will not increase. But neither is there ground for much hope that the proportion of those who cast aside these fictions and adopt the consequence of that repudiation, are, for some generations, likely to constitute a majority. Our age is a day of compromises. The present and the near future seem given over to those happily, if curiously, constituted people who see as little difficulty in throwing aside any amount of post-Abrahamic Scriptural narrative, as the authors of *Lux Mundi* see in sacrificing the pre-Abrahamic stories; and, having distilled away every inconvenient matter of fact in Christian history, continue to pay divine honors to the residue. There really seems to be no reason why the next generation should not listen to a Bampton Lecture modelled upon that addressed to the last:—

Time was—and that not very long ago—when all the relations of Biblical authors concerning the old world were received with a ready belief; and an unreasoning and uncritical faith accepted with equal satisfaction the narrative of the Captivity and the doings of Moses at the court of Pharaoh, the account of the Apostolic meeting in the Epistle to the Galatians, and of the fabrication of Eve. We can most of us remember when, in this country, the whole story of the Exodus, and even the legend of Jonah, were seriously placed before boys as history, and discoursed of in

as dogmatic a tone as the tale of Agincourt or the history of the Norman Conquest.

But all this is now changed. The last century has seen the growth of scientific criticism to its full strength. The whole world of history has been revolutionized and the mythology which embarrassed earnest Christians has vanished as an evil mist, the lifting of which has only more fully revealed the

lineaments of infallible Truth. No longer in contact with fact of any kind, Faith stands now and forever proudly inaccessible to the attacks of the infidel.

So far the apologist of the future, Why not? *Cantabit vacuus.*—*Nineteenth Century.*

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TWO SAGAS FROM ICELAND.

BY W. C. GREEN.

I.

GUNNAR'S DEATH.

AFTER THE ICELANDIC OF NJAL'S SAGA.

[Gunnar, forced into quarrels by Hallgerda his wife, is outlawed. The avengers of blood set on him in force and slay him after an heroic defence.]

UP started Gunnar from his sleep, as a weird and woful sound Rang through the silence. "'Twas thy cry, my trusty guardian hound ! Foul play, dear Sam, is on thee wrought : and 'twixt us twain, I ween, Will be short space ; who kill the dog to kill the master mean."

But wherefore then hath Gunnar foes, Gunnar the stout and strong, Yet kind and courteous past compare, no worker he of wrong ? Gunnar the pride of the country-side ! A fair false ill-wed wife Drove him on bloodshed and on broils, and now will spill his life. Of deaths that he unwilling dealt (for none before him stood), He willing paid awarded fines and made atonement good : And for winters three by Thing's decree he now abroad must stay, Or as outlawed wight with lawful right the slain men's kin might slay. The ship lies freighted ; toward the bay Gunnar and Kolskegg ride, True brothers they, adown the dale, along the river-side : When sudden stumbles Gunnar's steed, and throws him, that his eyes Turned upward gaze on the fell and the farm that at the fell foot lies. " Fair shows the fell, as never yet ; white waves the corn, green glow Our new-mown meads. Back will I ride, nor wandering forth will go." Much did his brother him beseech not thus his foes to please, Nor slight Njal's warning words : " To thee this voyage beyond the seas Works honor, praise, and length of days ; but, an thy terms thou break, I do foresee swift death to thee, friends sorrowing for thy sake." But Gunnar heard not. Then abroad fared Kolskegg, nevermore Fated to see his brother's face, or tread dear Iceland's shore.

So wilful Gunnar sat at home. But his foemen gathered rede, And banded them, full forty men (nor of one less was need For such emprise), and to Lithe-end they took their stealthy way, And by a neighbor Thorkell's help the hound they lure and slay. Forty they were : among them chief rode Gizur, named the White, With Geir the priest, and Thorleik's sons, and Mord of guileful spite, Two Aununds, Thorgrim Easterling, and many more who burn For the fell deed, yet few thereout all scatheless should return.

Wood-wrought was Gunnar's hall ; clinched boards from roof-ridge doubly sloped, Where wall met roof, there window-slits with screening shutters oped : Above the ceiling of the hall were lofts : himself slept there, Hallgerda, and his mother—three. For his foes with coward care

Learned his farm-folk were all afield, nor, ere the hound was still,  
Two score upon one man dared come to work their wicked will.

Gunnar awoke at the dog's death-howl ; but his foemen naught could hear,  
Nor know for sure were he within : so Thorgrim drew anear  
To spy and list. He clomb the wall, and soon his kirtle red  
To Gunnar at a window showed. Forth lunged that weapon dread  
The bill, and smote him in the waist. Slipped Thorgrim's feet, his shield  
Dropt loose, he tumbled from the eaves. With much ado he reeled  
To where with Gizur sat the rest. "Is he at home, our foe?"

They ask. Quoth Thorgrim, "'Tis for you how that may be to know :  
This know I, that his bill's at home." Dead fell he speaking so.

Upon the dead they looked not long. Sure of their prey within  
Trapped in his lair, right at the house they rushed, in hope to win  
Entrance by window, wall, or door : when from the eaves forth came  
Arrow on arrow, wheresoe'er assailant showed, with aim

Unerring. Naught their might avails. Some seek th' outbuildings' screen,  
Thence safelier to attack ; but still e'en there the arrows keen  
Find them, nor doth their errand speed. And so with efforts vain  
They strive awhile, then draw they off to rest and charge again.

With rage redoubled they return, shoot, batter, hew, and climb ;  
But still the dread bow hurls its hail, until a second time

They back recoil. Then Gizur cried, "We must our onset make  
With wiser heed, or nothing we by this our ride shall take."

So again they fight with a steadier might and an onslaught tough and long,  
But a third time cower from the arrowy shower of Gunnar stout and strong.

And haply now they had given o'er with wounds and labor spent,  
But for a chance that to their troop new heart and courage lent.

Upon the ledge of wall without Gunnar an arrow spied.

"An arrow of theirs ! 'Twill shame them well," so spake he in his pride,

"From their own shaft to suffer scathe." "My son, nay do not so,

Rouse not the slack," his mother said ; "they waver, let them go."

But Gunnar drew it in, and shot, and with that arrow keen

Smote sorely Eylif Aunund's son, yet did it not unseen.

"Ha !" Gizur said, "out came a hand a golden ring that wore,  
And plucked an arrow from the roof. If of such wood were store

At home, it were not sought abroad. With hope renewed set on ;

Not Gunnar's self can hold us off when all his shafts are gone."

Then out spake Mord amid them all, the man of guileful ways :

"Fire we the house, and at no cost burn Gunnar in the blaze."

"No, by my honor," Gizur said, "that deed shall never be—

Such craven work—not though my life lay on it. And for thee

Some counsel that may serve our need 'twere easy sure to frame,

So cunning as thou art ; or is thy cunning but in name ?"

Awhile Mord pondered, till he marked where lay upon the ground

Some coiled ropes, wherewith the house in strengthening bands they bound

Ofttimes ; for joist and plank and beam such girding needed well,

When whirling wind and furious storm drove sweeping down the fell.

"These ropes," quoth Mord, "o'er the jutting ends of the bearing beams we'll cast,

And to the sturdy rocks hard by the other ends make fast,

Then with windlass strain and twist amain, until from off the hall

Following perforce the tightened cord the yielding roof shall fall."

All praise the rede, all lend their hands ; and, ere the chief was ware,

Off slid the roof, and to the skies the gaping lofts lay bare.

Fierce then his foes on Gunnar swarm, not hidden as before,

And climb and strike and hurl and shoot ; but still his arrows pour

This way and that, where'er they charge, and, though each shift they try,

Despite of numbers they are foiled and cannot come anigh.

So doth the lordly boar at bay deal havoc 'mid the hounds,  
 His lightning tusks full many a side gasping with gory wounds.  
 "Waste we not lives, but burn the hall, I said, and say again,"  
 Quoth Mord; but Gizur, much in wrath, "Why thou what none are fain  
 To follow bidst, I know not, I; but this shall ne'er be done."  
 Just then upon the side roof leapt bold Thorbrand, Thorleik's son;  
 Who, as with other aim averse Gunnar his string back drew,  
 Reached from behind and deftly cut the tightened sinew through.  
 Gunnar with both hands clutched his bill, turned quick, and Thorbrand thrust  
 With such a forceful stroke that he down toppled in the dust.  
 Asbrand, his brother, sprang to aid; but from the wall was dashed  
 With broken arms, as through his shield the bill resistless crashed.  
 And now had Gunnar wounded eight, and two outright had slain,  
 Himself received two wounds, but naught recked he of wounds or pain,  
 Unflinching still through blows and ill, till treachery wrought his bane.  
 "Take of thy hair two locks; therewith shalt thou and mother mine,"  
 Thus Gunnar to Hallgerda spake, "another bowstring twine."  
 "Lies aught at stake on this?" said she. But he, "At stake my life;  
 For while my bow to reach them serves, to come to closer strife  
 They'll get no chance." And she again, "Remember now the blow  
 Thou gav'st me once upon the cheek. As for thy life, I trow,  
 I care not be it short or long." Said Gunnar, "Of his deed  
 Each earns due glory; for this boon with thee no more I plead."  
 But bitterly burst Rannveig out, "And shall such hero die  
 For a slap well dealt to a thievish slut in wrath at her thievery?  
 O wicked and unwifely thou! Long shall endure thy shame,  
 And Iceland's children yet unborn shall curse Hallgerda's name!"  
 Then round him close his vengeful foes, yet still he wards them well,  
 And he strook eight more with blows full sore and nigh to death, then fell  
 Weary and worn. Their fallen foe they do not dare to smite,  
 Who yet defends him and past hope prolongs a losing fight,  
 Baffling each hand of the caitiff band, until at length that crew,  
 Forty on one, with stroke on stroke the noble Gunnar slew.  
 Thus Gunnar died; but died not thus of Hamond's son the fame,—  
 Still lives it on the mouth of skalds, as lives Hallgerda's shame.  
 For in that arctic isle of ice, that world of wonders strange,  
 Where frost and fire twin empire hold, and in contrasted change  
 Drear Jökuls tower and frown above and meadows smile below,  
 And over molten rocks and sand the snow-fed torrents go,  
 There, long as Hecla nurses flame and bubbling geysers steam,  
 And the white sheep dot the pastures, and the salmon leap in the stream,  
 Of sturdy sires Icelandic bards shall ever love to tell  
 Brave blow, fierce fight, rough ride, mad leap, wild feats by fiord and fell.  
 A truer faith, a milder mood, now rules that northern land;  
 Vengeance then burned in every heart, vengeance armed every hand;  
 Blood blood-begotten blood begat, and broil was born of broil,  
 And kindred feuds ran evil round in never-ending coil.  
 Yet deeds of courtesy were there no less than deeds of rage;  
 And Gunnar peerless shone in all, and better than his age.  
 So we, with kinder skies and laws in weaklier times who live,  
 All honor due to the valor true of a ruder race may give.  
 And still, when winter's night is long beneath the circling Bear,  
 And few are afield and many at home, and by the warm fire's glare,  
 The women weave or knit or spin, while to refresh the task  
 The story and the song go round, oft will a maiden ask,  
 "Tell us the tale that never tires to ears Icelandic told,  
 How Gunnar guarded well his hall, how dear his life he sold."

## II.

## THE BURNING OF NJAL.

## A CANTO AFTER THE ICELANDIC OF NJALS SAGA.

## 1.

Steadily gallop on Skeidará sand  
 Westwards to Woodcombe a weaponed band :  
 Dismounting at Kirkby to kirk they repair,  
 But short their leisure for shrift or prayer :  
 "To horse !" is the word ; and up the fell steep  
 Again unresting their course they keep,  
 Till Fishwater lakes on the right hand gleam ;  
 Then westwards they turn them down glen and stream.  
 And Eyjafell Jokul his mass doth show  
 To their left, as o'er Mœlifell's sand they go.  
 Soon Goda-land gaining and Markfleet's tide  
 Upward to Three-corner ridge they ride ;  
 There reining their steeds they stay their race,  
 For Three-corner hill was their trysting-place.

## 2.

Betimes on the Lord's Day they busked them from home,  
 At nones of the second the ridge they clomb.  
 What errand so urges, that night and day  
 In the drear late autumn they speed their way ?  
 They speed not to wedding, to farm, or to field,  
 Nor summoned to Thing-mote. With sword and with shield  
 Well weaponed they ride, and their faces stern  
 Speak hearts within that for grim work burn.  
 They wait on the hill till at even-fall  
 From many a homestead were gathered all,  
 Sixscore, who on forfeit of life and land  
 Were sworn in this quarrel together to stand.

## 3.

But who are their foes in this feud of blood ?  
 The sons of Njal, of Njal the good.  
 Wisest and gentlest was he, I trow,  
 Of Iceland's sages long ago ;  
 Well learned in laws, in counsel kind,  
 Foreseeing with more than mortal mind.  
 Three sons he begat, sons tall and strong ;  
 And Skarphedinn the eldest was bitter of tongue.  
 Fain then of blow was an Icelander's hand ;  
 Ready for battle an Icelander's brand :  
 Rough was the age ; and in quarrels fell  
 Njal's sons had borne them so stoutly and well,  
 That from every bout unscathed they came,  
 And many for kinsfolk killed made claim.  
 Njal still sought peace, would heal each strife ;  
 But hot was hatred, and slanders rife.  
 Atonements fixed and the Thing's award  
 Skarphedinn with gibe and taunt had marred :  
 Blood now the avengers' thirst must slake,  
 For blood this tryst on the hill they make.

## 4.

Flosi rode chief, wise wight and stark ;  
 Beside him Kettle, lord of the Mark ;  
 Backed full bravely by brothers four,  
 The sons of Sigfus, men of power ;  
 There rode great Gunnar's son, in spite  
 Eager and cruel, but craven in fight.  
 There many more of lesser name,  
 Whom kindred blood or friendship's claim  
 Or envy stirred to lend their blade  
 And join them to the murderous raid.

## 5.

At Bergthors-knoll the board was cleared,  
 Yet slept they not ; for tidings were heard  
 Of faring and flitting of man and horse  
 All one way bent, as of gathering force.  
 And Grim and Helgi had homeward sped  
 (As the mother Bergthora boding said),  
 And wondering Njal saw vision dire  
 Of gaping gable and flaming fire.  
 All told of fate and foemen nigh,  
 Yet held they still their courage high,  
 Three brothers, and Kari, than brother not less,  
 And true men stanch to aid their stress.

## 6.

" They come ! " is the cry. From the ridge they had ridden,  
 Their steeds in the dell they had tethered and hidden ;  
 And now advancing steady and slow  
 A firm and well-knit band they show.  
 But awhile they halt, when they see in the yard  
 Of stalwart defenders so ready a guard.  
 Spake Flosi : " Despite our numbers strong,  
 This battle may be both tough and long,  
 If fought in the open : such price we shall pay  
 That few shall tell who won the day.  
 Though they be thirty, twice threescore we,  
 There are champions among them well worth three :  
 While some who most keenly our quarrel stirred  
 Will be backward in deed as forward in word."

## 7.

Skarphedinn marked their parleying stay :  
 " They deem us," quoth he, " no easy prey  
 Thus warned and armed." " Rather defend  
 The house within : he of Lithe-end,  
 Brave Gunnar, alone foiled forty so :  
 To seek close quarters these will be slow."  
 Thus Njal, for once the weaker way  
 Choosing. Skarphedinn answered : " Yea ;  
 But generous foes on Gunnar came,  
 To win by fire they thought foul shame.  
 Far other these. Bent on our bane  
 No means they'll spare their end to gain."

Then Helgi spake : " Brother, 'twere ill  
 To cross our wise old father's will."  
 " Nay," quoth Skarphedinn ; " the wise man *fey*  
 May prove unwise. But I obey.  
 Fox-like to stifle ill suits my breath ;  
 Yet burn we together, I fear not death."  
 So entered they, lured to their doom,  
 The house that soon should be their tomb.

## 8.

" Now are they ours !" said Flosi glad :  
 " Men soon to die choose counsels mad.  
 With all our speed press we straight on,  
 Beset and throng the door, let none  
 Break forth. And compass every side,  
 Lest other issue forth be tried,  
 Postern or wicket. 'Twere our bane,  
 Vengeance were sure, our work were vain,  
 Should one alone of the brothers three  
 Or Kari their sister's lord go free."

## 9.

So Flosi with his best in front  
 Charged onward, where, to bear the brunt,  
 Two champions in the doorway stood,  
 And first Skarphedinn's axe drank blood.  
 At him with mighty spear-thrust dashed  
 Bold Hroald, Anzur's son. Down flashed  
 The Battle-ogress blade, and hewed  
 The spear-head off ; then, quick renewed,  
 A second blow beat down the shield  
 And cleft his brow : he tottering reeled,  
 And backward at full length lay dead.  
 " Small chance had that one," Kari said.

## 10.

Fierce was the onslaught, stern the play  
 Of thrust and blow : to force their way  
 Th' assailants strove, but no advance  
 Could make, for frequent shaft and lance  
 Flew forth, and many quailed before  
 That dauntless pair who kept the door,  
 By Grim and Helgi backed. Nor found  
 They who close hemmed the house around,  
 Inlet or opening ; firm and sure  
 The stronghold doth their rage endure.

## 11.

At last spake Flosi : " From our foes  
 We win but wounds ; one slain we lose  
 Whom least we would. By sword and spear  
 Methinks we force not entrance here.  
 And some who egged us on the most  
 Are dull with blow though loud in boast.

Two choices have we, to return,  
Or house and all within to burn.  
Death were the issue sure of one ;  
The other were a deed ill done  
By Christian men, a grievous deed,  
Yet must we do it in our need."

## 12.

So they gather wood, and a pile they make  
Before the doors, and fire they take  
And set thereto ; but the women-folk  
Throw whey or water, and quench in smoke,  
Fast as the foemen light, till one—  
Kol was he namèd, Thorstein's son—  
Espied of vetches dry a stack  
Against the house close to the back  
Upon the hill-slope. " Light we this,  
To pass the fire we cannot miss  
Into the lofts above the hall ;  
Soon will the cross-trees burn and fall."  
He spake : 'twas done ; and, ere they know,  
The roof above is all aglow.

## 13.

Then 'gan the women to wail and to weep,  
But Njal spake comfort, and bade them keep  
Good courage all. " This storm once past,  
Ye shall," he said, " find rest at last.  
Trust Him who still to save is near."  
These spake he and other words of cheer.  
But yet more widely overhead  
The creeping flames their ruin spread.

## 14.

Now to the door went Njal, and cried,  
" Can Flosi hear ?" " Yea," he replied.  
" Wilt from my sons atonement take ?"  
Said Njal ; " or wilt thou for my sake  
Let any men go forth ?" But he :  
" Thy sons for no price shall go free ;  
Till they be dead I stir not, I ;  
This ends our dealings, when they die.  
But with women and children we wage no strife,  
They and the house-carles may go with life."

## 15.

" Now go, Thorhalla, thou, and they  
To whom 'tis given, go while ye may."  
So Njal. " We part, thy son and I,  
Not as we thought ; yet will I try."  
She said, " if haply a loyal wife  
May vengeance win for a husband's life."  
But Astrid, wife of Grim, " E'en yet  
Thy lord may 'scape : such foes are met  
Rightly by fraud ; come, Helgi, thou  
Come forth with me : with cloak, I throw,



And kerchief on thy head for dress,  
 Thou'lt pass for woman in the press."  
 Such guile misliked him, but their prayer  
 Prevailed at last, and forth they fare.  
 But Flosi marked, "Tall is that dame  
 And broad of shoulders, take the same  
 And hold her." Helgi cast the cloak,  
 Hewed down one foeman with a stroke,  
 Then stricken by great Flosi's blade  
 With severed head in dust was laid.

## 16.

Again to th' entrance Flosi came,  
 "Good father Njal," he cried, "'twere shame  
 That thou shouldst guiltless burn; I give  
 Thee egress free,—come out and live."  
 "Not so," said Njal, "for I am old,  
 To venge my sons nor fit nor bold,  
 But will not live disgraced." "Thou, then,  
 Housewife," cried Flosi once again;  
 "Come out, Bergthora, for no sake  
 Would I thy life thus cruel take."  
 "Nay, Njal was husband of my youth,"  
 Said she; "I promised in all truth  
 One fate we both would alway share."  
 So turned they back, that faithful pair.

## 17.

"What counsel now?" Bergthora said.  
 "We will lie down upon our bed,"  
 Said Njal; "for rest I long have craved."  
 "But first," said she, "thou must be saved,  
 Dear grandchild Thord, nor here be burned."  
 "Dear minnie mine," the boy returned,  
 "Thou promisedst that 'gainst my will  
 Ne'er should I leave thee. Life were ill  
 After you dead: far rather I  
 Choose me with Njal and thee to die."

## 18.

She bore him with a gentle smile  
 Toward the bed; and Njal the while  
 Spake to his steward: "Dear in mind  
 How we do place us, so thou'lt find  
 Our bones hereafter; I nor turn  
 Nor flinch for reek or smart or burn.  
 See'st thou yon ox-hide? O'er us spread  
 That covering as we lie abed.  
 This done, go forth, and make good haste  
 To save thee living while thou mayst."  
 So down they lay, the loving pair,  
 With the lad between: they breathed a prayer,  
 Made sign of cross, nor stir nor word  
 Thereafter from that couch was heard.  
 "Age is soon weary," Skarphedinn said,  
 "Our father and mother go early to bed."

## 19.

Fiercer and fiercer the red flames roar,  
Burning fragments bestrew the floor,  
Hotter and hotter the stifling air,  
But a brave heart still those brothers bear,  
Skarphedinn and Grim, and Kari withal ;  
And fast as the firebrands sparkling fall,  
Scornful they fling them abroad on their foes,  
Who pitiless wait the cruel close.  
No more they shoot on the men within ;  
" On them with weapons no fame we win,"  
Said Flosi ; " stand we but idle by,  
Fire gains us a sure sad victory."

## 20.

Now nigh the hall-end fell a beam,  
Slanting across. Of hope a gleam  
Saw Kari : " Climb we by this," said he,  
" Then leap, and haply we may go free.  
For hitherward is blown the smoke,  
And that may well our venture cloke.  
And leap thou first." " Brother, not so ;  
Upon thy heels I'll following go."  
" That were unwise ; this weakened wood  
To bear thee then will scarce hold good ;  
But I, though I be balked of this,  
Some other outlet will not miss."  
So Kari ; but Skarphedinn said  
Unmoved, " Go thou, and venge me dead."

## 21.

Then Kari ran up the beam that spanned  
From floor to wall, and bore in hand  
A burning bench, and flung outside  
His burden. The nearest scattered them wide,  
As it fell in their midst, and Kari aglow  
In clothes and hair they might not know,  
As down from the wall he nimbly leapt :  
Then stealthily with the smoke he crept  
And gained a stream, there plunging quenched  
The flames upon him, and issuing drenched  
Sped on smoke-screened, till in hollow ground  
Safe hiding awhile and rest he found.

## 22.

Skarphedinn up the frail bridge sped  
With unlike hap ; for 'neath his tread  
The burned beam snapt ; yet did he fall  
Upon his feet, and at the wall  
Leapt grappling, and had well-nigh scaled  
The top, when crackling timbers failed  
And with him toppled. " What must be,"  
He said, " 'tis easy now to see."

## 23.

Two brothers alone in life remain,  
 Skarphedinn and Grim. Awhile the twain  
 Together trode the fiery floor,  
 Till Grim sank down to rise no more.  
 Then sought Skarphedinn the gable end,  
 Where soon the roof down crashing penned  
 His prisoned steps. Nor thence he stirred,  
 Nor sound nor groan of pain was heard ;  
 There stern and soldier-like he stood  
 Beside his axe, that in the wood  
 Of gable wall was driven deep,—  
 Erect he met his deathful sleep.

## 24.

'Tis dawn. Behold a dreary scene !  
 Where life and health and stir have been,  
 There crumbling walls half-burned and bare  
 Gape roofless to the chilly air.  
 The floor within, the ground without,  
 With relics charred are strown about,  
 Embers still glowing, ashes gray,  
 While here and there in garish day  
 The paler flames with fitful greed  
 On fuel fresh unsated feed.  
 Sad scene ! Too well the vengeful crew  
 Have done the deed they sware to do.  
 Stillness is here, but not of peace ;  
 Blood-feuds by bloodshed do not cease.  
 Burners, beware ! the seed ye sow  
 Shall to a heavy harvest grow ;  
 At Njal so slain, the good and wise,  
 All Iceland loud for vengeance cries.

## 25.

Anon men searched the ruined hall,  
 And gathered bones for burial.  
 Of nine that perished remains they found,  
 And duly laid in hallowed ground.  
 Skarphedinn stood, e'en as he died,  
 At the hall-end, and by his side  
 His axe : scarce burned by fire his corse —  
 The planks had screened the flames' full force.  
 Where Njal and dame Bergthora lay,  
 Deep ashes first they dug away,  
 Then 'neath them saw the tough ox-hide,  
 Shrivelled by fire it was and dried ;  
 But when they lifted it, the pair  
 Lay all unburned and fresh and fair,  
 They and the lad : and, wondrous sight,  
 Njal's face and body shone so bright,  
 Men said such marvel ne'er had been,  
 Never in death such beauty seen.  
 A token sure of better days  
 To come ere long, and milder ways,

When truer faith o'er Iceland spread  
Should mercy set in vengeance' stead,  
Nor Njal have perished all in vain,  
A gentle wight ungently slain.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

AN ADVANCE SHEET.

Quapropter cælum simili ratione fatendumst  
Terramque et solem lunam mare, cœtera quæ  
sunt,  
Non esse unica, sed numero magis innumerali.  
—*Lucretius.*

MANY years ago I lived for some time in the neighborhood of a private lunatic asylum, kept by my old fellow-student, Dr. Warden, and, having always been disposed to specialize in the subject of mental disease, I often availed myself of his permission to visit and study the various cases placed under his charge. In one among these, that of a patient whom I will call John Lynn, I came to feel a peculiar interest, apart from scientific considerations. He was a young man of about twenty-five, handsome, gentlemanlike, and to a superficial observer apparently quite free from any symptoms of his malady. His intellectual powers were far above the average, and had been highly trained; in fact, the strain of preparing for a brilliantly successful university examination had proved the cause of a brain fever, followed by a long period of depression, culminating in more than one determined attempt at suicide, which had made it necessary to place him under surveillance. When I first met him he had spent six months at Greystones House, and was, in Dr. Warden's opinion, making satisfactory progress toward complete recovery. His mind seemed to be gradually regaining its balance, his spirits their elasticity, and the only unfavorable feature in his case was his strong taste for abstruse metaphysical studies, which he could not be prevented from occasionally indulging. But a spell of Kant and Hartmann, Comte, and Hamilton, and Co., was so invariably followed by a more or less retrograde period of excitement and dejection, that Dr. Warden and I devoted no small ingenuity to the invention of expedients for diverting his thoughts from those pernicious volumes, and our efforts were not unfrequently rewarded with success.

My acquaintance with him was several

months old, when, one fine midsummer day, I called at Greystones House after an unusually long absence of a week or more. The main object of my visit was to borrow a book from John Lynn, and accordingly, after a short conversation with Dr. Warden, I asked whether I could see him. "Oh, certainly," said the Doctor; "I'm afraid, though, that you won't find him over flourishing. He's been at that confounded stuff *Skleegel* and *Ficty*, and *Skuppenhoor*"—my friend is no German scholar, and his eccentric pronunciation seemed to accentuate the scornful emphasis which he laid upon each obnoxious name—"hammer and tongs ever since last Monday, and you know that always means mischief with him. To-day, however, he has apparently taken to Berkeley and Herbert Spencer, which is a degree better, and he was talking about you at luncheon, which I thought rather a good sign; so perhaps he may come round this time without much trouble."

Having reached John Lynn's apartments, however, I did not feel disposed to adopt the Doctor's hopeful view. For though he appeared outwardly composed and collected—epithets which, indeed, always sound a warning note—there was a restlessness in the young man's glance, and a repressed enthusiasm in his tone, whence I augured no good. Moreover, I found it quite impossible to steer our conversation out of the channel in which his thoughts were setting; and this was the atomic theory. I did my best for some time, but to no purpose at all. The atoms and molecules drifted into everything, through the most improbable crevices, like the dust of an Australian whirlwind. They got into Sport, and Politics, and the current piece of parochial gossip—which really had not the remotest connection with any scientific subject—and the latest novel of the season, albeit the time of the modern metaphysical romance was not yet. So at length, abandoning the bootless struggle, I resolved to let him say his say, and the consequence

was that after some half-hour's discourse, which I will not tempt the reader to skip, I found myself meekly assenting to the proposition of the infinitude of the material universe, and the aggregation and vibration of innumerable homogeneous atoms as the origin of all things, from matter to emotion, from the four-inch brick to the poet's dream of the Unknown.

"Now, what has always struck me as strange," quoth John Lynn, who at this point leaned forward toward me, and held me with a glittering eye, which to the professional element in my mind sub-consciously suggested the exhibition of sedatives—"what strikes me as strange is the manner in which scientists practically ignore an exceedingly important implication of the theory—one, too, that has been pointed out very distinctly by Lucretius, not to go farther back. I refer to the fact that such a limitless atomic universe necessarily involves, in conformity with the laws of permutations and combinations, the existence, the simultaneous existence, of innumerable solar systems absolutely similar to our own, each repeating it in every detail, from the willow-leaves in the sun to the petals on that geranium-plant in the window, while in each of them the progress of events has been identically the same, from the condensation of gaseous nebulae down to the prices on 'Change in London at noon to-day. A minute's rational reflection shows that the admission's inevitable. For, grant that the requisite combination doesn't occur more than once in a tract of a billion trillion quintillions of square miles, what's that, ay, or that squared and cubed, to us with infinite space to draw upon? You'll not overtake the winged javelin. But, of course, this isn't all. For it follows from the same considerations that we must recognize the present existence not only of inconceivably numerous earths exactly contemporaneous with our own, and consequently arrived at exactly its stage of development, but also of as many more, older and younger, now exhibiting each successive state, past and future, through which ours has already proceeded, or at which it is destined to arrive. For example, there are some still in the palæolithic period, and others where our Aryan ancestors are driving their cattle westward over the Asiatic steppes. The battle of Marathon's going on in one set, and Shakespeare's writing Hamlet's *Is life*

worth living? in another. Here they've just finished the general election of eighteen hundred and ninety-something, and here they're in the middle of the next big European war, and here they're beginning to get over the effects of the submergence of Africa, and the resurrection of Atlantis—and so on to infinity. To make a more personal application, there's a series of earths where you at the present moment are playing marbles in a holland bib, and another where people are coming back from my funeral, and saying that that sort of thing is really an awful grind, you know."

"Oh, well," I said, in a studiously bored and cold-waterish way, "perhaps these speculations may be interesting enough—not that they ever struck me as particularly so. But what do they all come to? It seems to me quite easy to understand why scientists, as you say, ignore them. They've good reason to do that, with so much more promising material on hands. Why *should* they waste their time over such hopeless hypotheses—or facts, whichever you like?"

"Then, conceding them to be facts, you consider that they can have no practical significance for science?" said John Lynn, with a kind of latent triumph in his tone.

"Not a bit of it," I promptly replied. "Supposing that this world is merely one in a crop all as much alike as the cabbages in a row, and supposing that I *am* merely one in a bushel of Tom Harlowes as strongly resembling each other as the peas in a pod, what's the odds so long as these doubles—or rather infinitibles—keep at the respectful distance you suggest? If they were to come much in one's way, I grant that the effect might be slightly confusing and monotonous, but this, it would appear, is not remotely possible."

"But I believe you're quite mistaken there, Dr. Harlowe," he said, still with the suppressed eagerness of a speaker who is clearing the approaches to a sensational disclosure; "or would you think a fact had no scientific value, if it went a long way toward accounting for those mysterious phenomena of clairvoyance—second sight, call it what you will—the occurrence of which is generally admitted to be undeniable and inexplicable? For, look here, assuming the facts to be as I have stated, the explanation is simply this: the clairvoyant has somehow got a glimpse into

one of these *facsimile* worlds, which happens to be a few years ahead of ours in point of time, and has seen how things are going on there."

"Really, my good fellow," I interposed, "considering the billions and quintillions of miles which you were talking about so airily just now, the simplicity of the explanation is scarcely so apparent as one could wish."

"However, it's an immense advance, I can tell you, upon any one that has hitherto been put forward," he persisted with unabated confidence. "Why, nowadays there's surely no great difficulty in imagining very summary methods of dealing with space. Contrast it with the other difficulty of supposing somebody to have seen something which actually does not exist, and you'll see that the two are altogether disparate. In short, the whole thing seems clear enough to me on *à priori* grounds; but, no doubt, that may partly be because I am to a certain extent independent of them, as I've lately had an opportunity of visiting a planet which differs from this one solely in having had a small start of it—five years, I should say, or thereabouts."

"Oh, by Jove! he's ever so much worse than I thought," I said to myself, considerably chagrined; and then, knowing that to drive in a delusion is always dangerous, I went on aloud: "What on earth do you mean, Lynn? Am I to understand that you are meditating a trifling excursion through the depths of space? or has it already come off?"

"It has," he answered curtly.

"May I ask when?" with elaborate sarcasm.

"Yesterday. I'd like to give you an account of it—and if you'd take a cigar, perhaps you'd look less preposterously: We understand - all - about - that - sort - of - thing - you - know. You really don't on the present occasion, and it is absurd, not to say exasperating," quoth John Lynn, handing me the case with a good-humored laugh.

I took one, feeling somewhat perplexed at his cheerfulness, as his attacks had hitherto been invariably attended by despondency and gloom; and he resumed his statement as follows:—"It happened in the course of yesterday morning. I was sitting up here doing nothing in particular; I believe I supposed myself to be reading

a bit of the *De Natura Rerum*, when suddenly I discovered that I was really standing in a very sandy lane, and looking over a low gate into a sort of lawn or pleasure-grounds. Now, let us take it for granted that you've said I simply dropped asleep—I didn't all the same. The lawn ran up a slope to the back of a house, all gables, and queer-shaped windows, and tall chimney-stacks, covered with ivy and other creepers—clematis, I think, at any rate there were sheets of white blossom against the dark green. It's a place I never saw before, that I'm pretty certain of; there are some points about it that I'd have been likely to remember if I had. For instance, the long semicircular flights of turf steps to left and right, and the flower-beds cut out of the grass between them into the shape of little ships and boats, a whole fleet, with sails and oars and flags, which struck me as a quaint device. Then in one corner there was a huge puzzle-monkey nearly blocking up a turnstile in the bank; I remember thinking it might be awkward for any one coming that way in the dark. Looking back down the lane, which was only a few yards of cart-track, there were the beach and the sea close by; a flattish shore with the sand-hills, covered with bent and furze, zigzagging in and out nearer to and farther from high-water mark. There are miles of that sort of thing along the east coast, and, as a matter of fact, I ultimately found out that it can have been no great distance from Lowestoft—from what corresponds with our Lowestoft, of course, I mean. And I may observe that I never have been in that part of the world, at least not nearer than Norwich.

"Well, as you may suppose, such an abrupt change of scene is a rather startling experience; and I must frankly confess that I haven't at present the wildest idea *how* it was effected" ("Hear, hear," said I), "any more than you can explain how certain vibrations in the air are at this moment producing sounds causing in your brain other vibrations, which we would call a belief that I am either raving or romancing. But the strange feeling—which in itself proves that it wasn't a dream, for who ever is surprised at anything in one?—wore off before long, and I began to make observations. As for the time of day, one could see by the shadows and dew on the grass that it was morning,

a considerably earlier hour than it had been here when I quitted Greystones abruptly ; and the trees and flowers showed that it was early summer. Nobody was visible about the place, but I heard the scraping of a rake upon gravel somewhere near, whence I inferred the vicinity of a gardener. After standing still for what seemed a considerable length of time—I had forgotten to put on my watch, and so could only guess—I resolved upon committing a trespass to the extent of seeking out this man, in hopes of thus gaining some clew to the mazo of mystery at the heart of which I had suddenly been set, and as a preliminary I framed several questions ingeniously designed to extract as much information as possible without betraying my own state of bewildered ignorance. But when I tried to carry out this plan, it proved quite impracticable. The gate at which I stood was unlatched, the banks on either hand were low and apparently most easily scalable, yet I found it by no means possible to effect an entrance into those pleasure grounds. My attempts to do so were instantly frustrated, repulsed, in a manner which I am totally unable to describe ; some strange force, invisible and irresistible as gravitation, arrested every movement in that direction, almost before it had been telegraphed from brain to muscle. In short, a few experiments demonstrated the fact that while I could proceed unchecked to right or left along the shore, I was absolutely prohibited from taking a single step farther inland. How far my limits extended to seaward, I naturally did not fully investigate, having once ascertained that the water's edge did not bring me to the end of my tether. It was a sort of converse of King Canute and the waves. Here I was between the deep sea and—I will not say the Devil—but, at any rate, a manifestation of some occult Power, such as mankind, during a certain stage of development, is prone to identify with that personage. I had been, as it were, set down in a fixed groove, out of which I could no more pass than I could now transcend the three dimensions of space.

“ Having clearly recognized this state of things, I next bethought me of making my presence audible, with a view to attracting thither the possible guide, philosopher, and friend, whom I might not go to seek. This expedient, however, failed

even more promptly than the other ; I couldn't utter a sound. Then, like old Joe, ‘ I took up a stone and I knocked at the gate,’ and such is the strength of association, that I continued the process for some time before it dawned upon me that my hammering produced no noise whatever. It is true that soon afterward a ridiculous-looking small terrier came trotting round the corner ; but his bored and indifferent air only too plainly proved his arrival to be *non propter hoc*. I vainly endeavored to attract his attention, whistling phantom whistles, and slapping my knees, and even going to the lengths of flourishing defiant legs ; but the mountain could not have been more disregarding of Mahomet than he of me. And, as if to show that this arose from no natural imperturbability of disposition, he presently saw fit to bark himself hoarse at a flock of sparrows. Altogether it seemed sufficiently obvious that in these new scenes—where and whatever they might be—I was to play the part merely of a spectator, invisible, inaudible, intangible ; and, furthermore, that my opportunities for looking on were subject to rigorous circumscription, approaching that experienced by the boy who peers under the edges of the circus-tent and sees the hoofs of the horses. Still, unsatisfactory as I might consider this arrangement, I had no resource save to acquiesce therein ; nor could I under the circumstances think of anything better to do than to keep on loitering about the gate, waiting for whatever might happen next.

“ What happened next was that a glass-door in the house opened, and out of it came two ladies, in one of whom I recognized, as they walked toward me down the slope, my eldest sister, Elizabeth. There was nothing in her appearance to make me for a moment doubt her identity, though it did strike me that she looked unusually grave and—yes, decidedly older—and seemed to have lost the pleasant freshness of coloring which mainly constitutes what the Irish call ‘ pig-beauty.’ I was then inclined to attribute this impression to the queer old-fashioned-looking dress she wore ; but I must now suppose her attire to have been whatever *is to be* the latest novelty for that particular summer. The other girl puzzled me much more, for although there was certainly something familiar to me in her aspect, I couldn't fit any name to her uncommonly pretty face

and figure ; and it wasn't until I heard my sister call her 'Nellie' that the truth occurred to me—it was Helen Rolleston. She, you know, is a sort of cousin of ours, and my mother's ward and has lived with us most of her life, so there was nothing surprising in finding her and Elizabeth together. The curious and, except upon one hypothesis, unaccountable part of the matter is, that whereas I saw her a few months ago in the guise of an angular, inky-fingered school-girl of fifteen or sixteen at most, yesterday she had shot up to twenty or thereabouts, had, I believe, grown several inches, and had undoubtedly turned into a "come out" young lady. I must say that she had improved very much during the transformation : I should never have thought Miss Nellie had the makings of such a pretty girl. Not that it's a style I particularly admire ; too tall and dark for my taste, and I should be inclined to predict her ultimate development into a fine woman—rather an aversion of mine, but distinctly handsome all the same.

"Well, they went about picking flowers for a long time, without coming near enough for me to overhear what they were saying, which I was extremely anxious to do. But at last they came down the path running along inside the boundary-bank, and sat down to sort their roses and pinks on a garden-seat, behind which I found no difficulty in taking up a position well within eavesdropping distance. I'd begun by this time to suspect how matters stood, and was consequently rather uneasy in my mind. One can't find oneself suddenly plumped down five years or so ahead of yesterday, without speculating as to how things—and people—have gone on in the meanwhile. So much may happen in five years. The situation produces the same sort of feeling that I fancy one might have upon finding oneself intact after a railway accident, and proceeding to investigate who among one's fellow passengers have held together, what number of limbs they still can muster, and so on. Of course I was not sure that I would learn anything from their conversation ; they might have talked for an hour without saying a word to enlighten me ; but, as good luck would have it, they were evidently discussing a batch of letters received that morning from various members of the family, about whom I was thus enabled to pick up many more or less disconnected facts. It ap-

peared, for instance, that my sister Maud was married, and living in South Kensington. My brother Dick, who has just got a naval cadetship, was in command of a gunboat somewhere off the Chinese coast. Walter seemed to be doing well on the horse-ranche in the Rockies, which he's hankering after at present—all satisfactory enough. The only thing that made me uneasy was that for some time neither of them mentioned my mother, and it really was an immense relief to my mind when at last Elizabeth said :

" 'I see, Nellie, that we haven't got any sweet-pea, and the mother always likes a bit for her table ;' and Nellie replied :

" 'We must get some before we go in. Her cold seems to be much better this morning.'

" 'Oh yes, nearly gone. There's not the least fear, I should think, that she won't be able to appear on Thursday. That would be indeed unlucky ; why, a wedding without a mother-in-law would be nearly as bad as one without a bridegroom, wouldn't it, Nellie ?' Nellie laughed and blushed, but expressed no opinion, and Elizabeth went on : 'Talking of that, do you expect Vincent this morning ?'

" 'I don't quite know. He wasn't sure whether his leave would begin to-day or on Wednesday—that is to-morrow. He said that if he got it to-day, he would look in here on his way to Lowestoft.'

" 'Oh, on his way ; rather a round-about way from Norwich, I should have thought. Do you know, Nellie, I'm glad that you'll be quartered in York next winter. I believe there's much more going on there than at Norwich, and you can ask me to stay with you whenever you are particularly gay. There, now, you've mixed up all the single pinks that I had just carefully sorted from the double ones—what a mischievous young person you are !'

"From these last remarks I inferred two facts respecting Vincent, my youngest brother, now at Rugby, neither of which would I have been at all inclined to predict. For one of them was that he had entered the army, whereas he has so far displayed no leanings toward a military career. I should say that his tastes were decidedly bucolic, and, moreover, I can't imagine how on earth he is to get through the examinations, as his only books are cricket-bats and footballs, which won't help him much even for the Preliminary.



But I think there are still fewer premonitory symptoms of the second fact—that he was about in the immediate future to contract a matrimonial alliance with Helen Rolleston. Why, the idea's absurd. I remember that in the days of their infancy, being nearly contemporaries, they used to squabble a good deal, and at present I believe they regard one another with a feeling of happy indifference. In Vincent's last letter to me he said he was afraid that he would find the house awfully overrun with girls when he went home, which was, if I'm not mistaken, a graceful allusion to the circumstance that Nellie's holidays coincide with his own.

"However, likely or unlikely, I had soon conclusive proof that such was actually the case, as Vincent himself arrived, not easily recognizable, indeed, having developed into a remarkably good-looking young fellow, got up, too, with a regard for appearances not generally conspicuous in hobbledehoyas of seventeen. The discreet way in which Elizabeth presently detached herself from the group and went to gather sweet-pea, would alone have led me to suspect the state of affairs, even if the demeanor of the other two had not made it so very plain before they walked round a corner beyond the range of my observations. But they were scarcely out of sight, when there appeared upon the scene a fourth person who took me utterly by surprise, though, of course, if I had considered a little, it was natural enough that I—I mean he—should be there. All the same, it gives one an uncommonly uncanny sensation, I can tell you, to see oneself walk out of a door some way off, stand looking about for a minute or two, and then come sauntering toward one with his hands in your pockets—I'm afraid my pronouns are rather mixed, but you must make allowances for the unusual circumstances which I am describing. No doubt my feelings resembled those of the old fellow—Zoroaster, wasn't it?—who 'met his own image walking in a garden,' and if so, he can't be congratulated upon the experience; one gets more accustomed to it after a bit, but at first it's intensely disconcerting. I'm not sure whether in such cases we see ourselves as others see us: I should fancy so, for I noticed that I looked extremely—I must hope abnormally—grumpy; I don't think I was improved either by the short beard he had set up,

not to mention several streaks of gray in my hair. Just then I saw Elizabeth crossing the grass to speak to me—I don't mean to myself, you know, but to him—and I heard her say: 'You're a very unfeeling relative! Have you forgotten that this is my birthday, or do you consider twenty-four too venerable an age for congratulations?' (This, by the way, fixes the date exactly: it must have been the twenty-third of June, five years ahead from tomorrow.) I regret to say that in reply he only gave a sort of grunt, and muttered something about anniversaries being a great bore; and I remember thinking that if I were she I'd leave him to get out of his bad temper myself—I say, these pronouns are really getting quite too many for me."

"Your own name is rather a convenient length; why not use it?" I observed; and he adopted the suggestion.

"Well then, Elizabeth and John Lynn strolled aimlessly about for a while, but soon went into the house, and after that I saw nobody else, except occasionally the gardener, for what seemed a very long period. I had nothing at all to do, and the time dragged considerably. The strip of beach on which I could move about was hot and glaring, and disagreeably deep in soft sand; yet, for want of better occupation, in the course of the afternoon I walked more than a mile along it in a northerly direction, until I came to a dilapidated-looking old boat-house, built in a recess between two sand-hills, and just beyond the line I couldn't cross. Having reached this point, and perceiving no other objects of interest, I slowly retraced my steps toward the pleasure-grounds gate. By this time it must have been four or five o'clock, and the weather, hitherto bright and clear, showed a change for the worse. An ugly livid-hued cloud was spreading like a bruise over the sky to the south-east, and sudden gusts began to ruffle up the long bent grasses of the sand-hills on my right hand.

"When I came near the gate, several people were standing at it, apparently watching two men who were doing something to a small sailing-boat, which lay off a little pier close by. Elizabeth and Nellie, and my other sister Juliet, were there, and Elizabeth was explaining to an elderly man, whom I have never succeeded in identifying, that Jack and Vincent intend-

ed to sail across to Graston Spit—she pointed over the water to a low tongue of land at no great distance—which would be Vincent's shortest way to Lowestoft. 'In that case,' said he, 'the sooner they're off the better, for it looks as if we might have a squall before very long, and the glass is by no means steady to-day.' Whereupon ensued a short feminine fugue on the theme of: 'Perhaps it would be wiser for them to give up the idea—I hope they won't go—Jack could drive him to the station, you know—Don't you think it would be much wiser if—' in the midst of which they both arrived, and naturally scouted the suggestion that they should abandon their sail, John Lynn, whose temper seemed to have somewhat improved, asserting that they would have a splendid breeze, and that he would be back again in an hour or so. Accordingly they hurried over their adieux, and lost no time in getting off, taking no man with them.

"They had been gone perhaps three-quarters of an hour, when the 'splendid breeze' made its appearance in the shape of a furious squall, which came hissing and howling on with remarkable suddenness and violence, and brought the girls, who were still out of doors, running with dismayed countenances to look over the gate to seaward. The sweeping gusts bore to me fitful snatches of anxious colloquies, the general drift of which, however, seemed to be toward the conclusion that the boat must have got over before the wind sprang up, and that Jack would, of course, wait there until it went down. As the blasts moderated a little, they were accompanied by driving sheets of large-dropped rain, which again sent the girls scurrying indoors, and I was left to my solitary peregrinations and reflections. These latter ran much upon the boat and its occupants, who must, I thought, be having a rather nasty time of it, unless they had really landed before the squall; for both wind and tide were against them, and a surprising sea had got up already. I consider myself to know something about the management of a boat, and I supposed that my strange double or fetch might be credited with an equal amount of skill; otherwise their prospects certainly looked blue enough, as Vincent has had little or no experience of nautical matters. I reviewed the situation, standing where the shallow foam-slides seethed to my feet, and I

found myself contemplating a catastrophe to that John Lynn with a feeling which I can't either describe or explain. After a while, I began to pace up and down the beach, now in this direction, and now in that, and I must have continued to do so for a considerable length of time, as light was thickening when on turning a corner I again came in sight of the old boat-house, to which I had walked before. Almost at the same moment my eye was caught by some dark object to seaward, elusively disappearing and reappearing between the folds of gray vapor drifting low upon the water. They were very blinding and baffling, but a longer rift soon showed me plainly that it was a small boat in sorry plight, in fact filling and settling down so fast that her final disappearance would evidently be a question of a very few minutes. There was nobody in her, and I thought to myself that if any one had gone overboard in that sea, he must assuredly have preceded her to the bottom. And I felt equally convinced that she was no other than the boat in which I had seen the two Lynns embark.

"This opinion proved to be both right and wrong: she was the Lynns' boat, but the Lynns had not gone to the bottom. On the contrary, they were just then safely emerging from imminent danger of so doing. For I now became aware of a human form, which, at not many yards' distance, was making slow and struggling progress through the swirling surf toward the water's edge, and had already reached a place shallow enough to admit of wading. As I ran forward, not to assist, having long since ascertained that I could by no means demonstrate my presence, but merely to investigate, it turned out to be John Lynn, half carrying and half dragging along Vincent, who was apparently insensible. I had an awful scare, I can tell you, for he flopped down on the sand when I—when John let him go, in such a lifeless limp sort of way that I thought at first the lad had really come to grief. However, I suppose he had only been slightly stunned; at any rate, in a minute or two he sat up, and seemed none the worse. But when he got to his feet, it was evident that he had somehow damaged one of his ankles—sprained it badly I should say—and he could hardly attempt the feeblest hobble. 'Here's a sell,' he said, 'especially as we don't seem to have

landed near anywhere in particular.' All this time the rain was coming down in torrents, and it was blowing so hard that you could scarcely hear yourself speak. 'It's a good step—more than a mile,' I heard the other say. 'Do you think you could get as far as the old boat-house? You see it there opposite to us. Then you'd be under shelter, while I run back and find some means of conveying you home.' This suggestion seemed sensible—though I say it who, I suppose, shouldn't—and they made their way haltingly to the boat-house, which, judging by the cobwebby creaking of the door, had not been entered for many a long day, and into which I was, of course, unable to follow them.

"Presently John Lynn came out alone, and set off running toward the house at a really very creditable pace, considering the depth of the sand and the weight of his drenched garments. I had found a tolerably sheltered station under the lee of a sand-bank, and I decided to wait where I was for his return; but I had to wait much longer than one might have expected. The twilight turned into dusk, and the wind dropped, and the sky cleared, and a large full-moon came out, all in a leisurely way, but there was no sign of anybody coming near us. I couldn't account for the delay, and abused John Lynn a good deal in consequence of it. I know my wits sometimes go wool-gathering, but I'm certain I should never have been such an ass as to leave another fellow sitting wet through for a couple of hours—enough to give him his death, I said, for one always takes a pessimistic view of things when one's being kept waiting. Of course it was possible that he might have found all our womankind in hysterics—though from what I know of them I shouldn't think it particularly probable—but, even so, he should have managed to send somebody. Vincent, too, was evidently getting impatient, for I heard him shout 'Jack' once or twice, and whistle at intervals in a way which I knew betokened exasperation.

"At last John Lynn came posting round the corner, apparently in no end of a hurry, but not a soul with him, though he'd been away long enough to have collected half the county. As he ran up to the boat-house, I saw him taking out of his pocket something which gleamed in the moonlight, and was, I'm pretty sure, the

top of a flask, so he'd at any rate had the sense to bring some spirits. I wanted to find out whether any more people were on their way, and forgetting for the moment that the boat house wasn't in my reach, I went after him to the door. And there two queer things happened. In the first place, I got a glimpse, just for an instant, but quite distinctly, of—you, Dr. Harlowe; and immediately afterward an extraordinary feeling of horror came over me, and I began to rush away, I don't know why or where, but on—on—until the air suddenly turned into a solid black wall, and I went smash against it, and somehow seemed to wake up—sitting here at this table."

"That's the first sensible remark you've made to day," I said in the most soothingly matter-of-fact tone that I could assume; "only why do you say *seemed*? I should think it was perfectly obvious that you did really wake up—or is there more to follow?"

"Then I dreamt it all?" said he.

"All of it that you haven't evolved out of your internal consciousness since then, in thinking it over," I replied with decision.

"Oh, well," said my young friend with a certain air of forbearing superiority, "as it happens, I dreamt it no more than you did. But if you prefer it, we'll call it a dream. At any rate, it wasn't a bad one. I should feel rather uncomfortable now if it had ended disastrously; however, as far as one can see, nothing worse seemed likely to come of it than Nellie's being obliged either to postpone her wedding for a week, or to put up with a hobbling bridegroom. Then, as to those disagreeable sensations at the conclusion, I dare say they would be quite explicable if one knew the details of the process by which one is conveyed back and forward; some phase, no doubt, of disintegration of matter. But you said, didn't you, that you wanted to borrow *Walt Whitman*? Here he is—mad Martin Tupper flavored with dirt, in my judgment; however, you may like him better."

During the remainder of our interview John Lynn conversed upon miscellaneous topics with such perfect composure and rationality, that I began to think less seriously of his relapse. I reflected that, after all, many thoroughly sane people had been strongly affected for a time by vivid and

coherent dreams, and I felt no doubt that in his case the impression would wear off in a day or two. As I went out, I communicated these views to Dr. Warden, who was disposed to agree with them.

This proved to be my last conversation with John Lynn. For that very evening I was unexpectedly called away by business, which obliged me to spend several months in America; and upon returning, I found that he had left Greystones House cured, and had gone abroad for a long tour. After which, I heard nothing more about him; so that the days' "petty dust" could accumulate with undisturbed rapidity over my recollections of the man himself, and our acquaintanceship, and his curious dream.

In the early summer five years later—my diary fixes all dates—I happened to be wandering along the eastern coast, and arrived one evening at a remote little seaside place in Norfolk, which rather took my fancy with its many gabled farmhouses and comfortable *Cock and Anchor*. The next morning, the twenty-third of June, was, I remember, brilliantly fine, and tempted me out with my photographing gear—a much more cumbersome apparatus than at the present day. My negatives turned out better than usual, and as it was a new fad with me, I became so deeply absorbed in my attempts that I allowed myself to be overtaken, a good way from home, by a violent storm of wind and rain, which came on suddenly between five and six o'clock. I had an extremely unpleasant walk home with my unwieldy camera and other paraphernalia; and having got into dry clothes, and ascertained that several of my most promising plates had been destroyed, I did not feel enthusiastically benevolent when the landlord appeared in my room with a statement to the following effect: A young man had just driven over in the dog-cart from Sandford Lodge—Mrs. Lynn's place below—wantin' Dr. Dixon in the greatest hurry to the old lady, who was took awful bad—for her death they thought; but Dr. Dixon had had a call seven miles off Stowdenham ways, and couldn't be got for love or money. "And so, sir," proceeded my landlord, "believing as you be a medical gentleman, I made bold to mention the suckumstance to you, in case as how you might think of doin' summat for the poor lady."

Common humanity, of course, compelled me so to think, albeit human nature—that equally common, but very different thing—mingled some heterogeneous elements with my thoughts; and the consequence was that I at once set out again through the rain, which still fell thickly.

The young man in the dog-cart was excited and communicative of mood, and upon the way told me several facts explanatory of the state of affairs in the household toward which he was swiftly driving me. The family, he said, had been at Sandford Lodge for about a couple of years, and were well liked in the neighborhood; everybody'd be sorry to hear of their trouble, and, to be sure, it was a terrible thing to have happened; it was no wonder the mistress was taken bad at bein' told of it sudden. Why, hadn't I heard them talkin' about it up above? Sure, the two gentlemen had been out sailin' that arternoon in their little boat, and was caught in the squall and capsized, or else she ran on a rock, it wasn't sartin which, but anyway she'd gone down clever and clean. And Mr. Jack had somehow managed to swim ashore; but his brother, Mr. Vincent, a fine young gentleman in the army, there wasn't a sign of him—and he about gettin' married to one of the young ladies just the day arter to-morrow. But with the tide runnin' out strong as it was then, the corpse might never happen to come ashore at all. Indeed, they were in an orful takin' altogether down at the Lodge, and just before he come away, they'd found the mistress lyin' all of a heap in the landin', and couldn't get her round again by any means. So it 'ud ha' been a bad job if he'd had to come back without Dr. Dixon or nobody.

By this time our short drive was nearly at an end. "Coming this road," said a young man, "the quickest way to the house is round by the back." So saying, he drove a few hundred yards down a deep-rutted sandy lane debouching on the seashore close to an iron gate, at which he pulled up. "There's a turnstile in the bank to your left, sir," he said as I alighted, "and then if you go straight on up the lawn, you'll find the porch-door open, and there's safe to be some one about."

I followed his instructions, feeling a curiously strong impression of familiarity with the place at which I had arrived—the sandy bank, the gate, the slope run-

ning up to the creeper-draped gabled house, standing out darkly against the struggling moonbeams. A common enough illusion, I reflected, but it was now without doubt unusually powerful and persistent. It was not dispelled even by my pricking my hand severely in brushing past a puzzle-monkey, which brandished its spiny arms in front of the turnstile; and the sensation strengthened as I walked up the steep lawn, threading my way up flights of turf steps, among flower-beds cut fantastically into the semblance of a fleet of boats and ships, with sheets of white blossoms glimmering for spread sails, and scarlet ones gleaming for flags. I felt convinced that I had never seen the device before; and yet it certainly did not seem new to me. At the door I was met by two girls, who looked stunned and scared, but who reported that their mother had recovered from the long fainting-fit which had so much alarmed them. They brought me upstairs to the room where she was sitting; and the first sight of the miserable face which she turned toward me served to heighten my perplexed state of what may be called latent reminiscence. For I was at once struck by its marked resemblance to a face which I had in some past time frequently beheld, but which I now completely failed to single out from among a hurriedly summoned mental muster of my friends and acquaintances. And so thick a fold of oblivion had lapped over my recollections of the persons and events which would have given me the right clew, that although I knew I was speaking to a Mrs. Lynn, I could make no instructive application of the fact.

I found the interview dreary and embarrassing. Mrs. Lynn was so far recovered that her health called for but little professional discourse, and yet I feared to appear unsympathetic if I hastened away abruptly. Accordingly I sat for some time, delivering myself intermittently of the common commonplace, "and vacant chaff well meant for grain," which is deemed appropriate to such occasions. At length I bethought me of terminating the scene by producing a visiting-card, which I handed to Mrs. Lynn, murmuring something about a hope that if I could at any time be of any service to her she would—But before I was half through my sentence, she started and uttered an exclamation, with her eyes fixed upon the name

and address. "Harlowe—Greystones," she said; "why, it must be you who were so kind to poor Jack when he was with Dr. Warden!"

As she spoke, a ray of recognition shot into my mind. Could it be?—yes, certainly it could be no one but John Lynn's mother—of course I remembered John Lynn. Indeed there was as strong a likeness between her and her son as there can be between an elderly lady and a young man. I was, however, still unable to recall the occasion upon which he had, as I now began to feel dimly aware, given me a somewhat minute description of this place and its surroundings; and then had not the driver told me that the family had lived here for only two years? My perplexity was but partially removed.

Mrs. Lynn appeared to be strangely agitated by her discovery of my identity. She sat for a minute or two glancing from the card to me, her lips moving irresolutely as if upon the verge of speech into which she dared not launch forth. Then she looked quickly round the room, which was empty, her daughters having been called away, and thereupon, with the air of one snatching at an opportunity, she turned to me and said: "Dr. Harlowe, I must tell you something that has been upon my mind for a long time." She continued, speaking low and rapidly, with many nervous glances toward the door, and sudden startled pauses upon false alarms of interruption: "Perhaps you may have heard that my youngest son Vincent is going to be married." (The tense showed that she had not yet learned to associate him with "the tangle and the shells.") "Their wedding was to have been the day after to-morrow, his and Helen Rolleston's. She's my ward, who has lived with us all her life; and they've been engaged for nearly a year. Well, Dr. Harlowe, my son Jack—you know Jack—has been at home too for three or four years, and some time ago I began to fancy—it was scarcely more than a fancy, and I've never said a word about it to any one—a feeling on his part of attachment toward Nellie. I hoped at first that I might be quite mistaken, but latterly I've thought that hardly possible. What I believe is that it sprang up gradually and insensibly as it were, and that he never realized how matters stood until the time of his brother's engagement. And since then I think—I fear—he has at

times—just occasionally—shown some jealous feeling toward Vincent—and those two used always to be such good friends. Not often at all, and nothing serious, you know ; I'm sure none of the others have ever noticed anything of the kind ; and indeed it may be only my own imagination ; it's an idea that, under the circumstances, one might easily take up without any real reason."

"Very true," I said, because she looked at me as if wishing for assent.

"But that's not what I particularly want to tell you," she hurried on. "Tonight, soon after he came back from that miserable boat, I was in here, when I heard Jack running upstairs, and I went to the door to speak to him, but before I could stop him, he had passed, and gone into his room. Just outside it he dropped something, and I picked it up. It was this!" She took out of her pocket a small gold horseshoe-shaped locket with an inch or so of broken chain attached to it. One side of its case had been wrenched off at the hinge, showing that it contained a tiny photograph—a girl-face, dark-eyed and delicately featured.

"That's Nellie," said Mrs. Lynn, "and it belongs to Vincent ; he always wore it on his watch-chain. So if he had really been washed away, as they said, I don't understand how Jack came to have it with him. I don't see how he could have got it, do you, Dr. Harlowe?" queried this poor mother, leaning forward and laying a hand on my sleeve in her eagerness for an answer.

"He might have been trying to rescue his brother—to pull him ashore, or into the boat, and have accidentally caught hold of it in that way," I suggested. "It looks as if it had been torn off by a strong grip."

"Do you think that may be how it was?" she said with what seemed to me an odd mingling of relief and disappointment in her tone. "When I had picked it up, I waited about outside Jack's door, and thought I heard him unlocking and opening a drawer. Presently he came out, in a great hurry evidently, for when I spoke to him he only ran past, saying, 'I can't stop now, mother.' He had some shiny, smooth-looking thing in his hand, the passage was so dark that I couldn't see exactly what. I went into his room, and the first thing I noticed was the drawer of

the writing-table left open. I knew it was the one where he keeps his revolver, and when I looked into it, I saw that the case was empty. The revolver is gone ; he must have taken it with him. Just then I suddenly got very faint, and they say I was unconscious for a long time. One of the maids says that she saw Jack running down toward the beach, about an hour ago. I believe numbers of people are there looking out. I said nothing to any one about the revolver—perhaps I ought to have done so. What can he have wanted with it? I've been thinking that he may have intended to fire it off for a signal, if the night was very dark. Don't you think that is quite possible?"

"I don't know—I can't say," I answered, without, indeed, bestowing any consideration upon Mrs. Lynn's somewhat unlikely conjecture, for at this moment a whole sequence of recollections stood out abruptly in my mind with a substantial distinctness, as if my thoughts had been put under a stereoscope.

"Can you tell me whether there is a boat-house at some little distance from here along the shore? An old boat-house that hasn't been used of late, standing back near some sand-hills—perhaps a mile along the shore—in a rather ruinous state, built in a hollow between two banks," I went on, impatiently adding what particulars I could, in hopes of prompting her memory, which seemed to be at fault.

"Yes, yes, there is one like that," she said at last, "in the direction of Mainforthing ; I remember we walked as far as it not very long ago."

"Some one ought to go there immediately," I said, moving toward the door.

"Why?" exclaimed Mrs. Lynn, following me, "is there any chance that the boys—?" But I did not wait to explain my reasons, which, in truth, were scarcely intelligible to myself.

Hurrying down the lawn, and emerging on the beach, I fell in with a small group of men and lads, of whom I demanded in which direction Mainforthing lay. To the right, they told me by word and gesture, and one of them added, pointing in the opposite direction, where a number of dark figures, some with lanterns, were visible, moving along the margin of the far-receded tide, "But it's more that a way they think she must ha' been when she went down." I explained that my object

was to find the old boat-house, whereupon they assured me that I would do so easy enough if I kept straight along by the strand for a mile and a bit, and two or three of them accompanied me as I started.

The stretches of crumbling, moon-bleached sand seemed to lengthen out interminably, but at last round a corner I came breathlessly upon my goal. The door of the boat-house was wide open, and the moonlight streamed brightly through it full in the face of a youth who, at the moment when I reached the threshold, was standing with his back to the wall, steadying himself by a hold on the window-ledge beside him, and looking as if he had just with difficulty scrambled to his feet. He was staring straight before him with a startled and bewildered expression, and saying, "Jack—I say, Jack, what the deuce are you up to?" in a peremptorily remonstrant tone. And not without adequate cause. For opposite to him stood John Lynn—altered, but still recognizable as my former acquaintance—who held in his hand a revolver, which he was raising slowly, slowly, to a level as it seemed with the other's head. The next instant I had sprung toward him, but he was too quick for me, and, shaking off my grasp on his arm, turned and faced me, still holding his weapon. "Dr. Harlowe! You here?" he said, and had scarcely spoken the words

when he put the barrel to his temple, and before the echoes of the shot had died on the jarred silence, and while the smoke-wreaths were still eddying up to the boat-house roof, he lay dead at our feet with a bullet in his brain.

The coroner's jury of course returned their customary verdict, perhaps with better grounds than usual. Upon my own private verdict I have deliberated often and long, but without arriving at any conclusive result. That crime upon the brink of which John Lynn had undoubtedly stood—was it a premeditated one, or had he taken the revolver with some different intention, and afterward yielded to a sudden suggestion of the fiend, prompted by his brother's helpless plight? This question I can never hope to answer definitely, though my opinion inclines toward the latter hypothesis. Upon the whole it seems clear to me that by his last act my unhappy friend did but "catch the nearest way" out of a hopelessly complicated maze of mortal misery. Furthermore, I cannot avoid the conviction that but for his narration to me of his strange dream or trance experiences, a fratricide's guilt would have been superadded to the calamities of his mind distempered, and his passion "by Fate bemocked."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

##### A PANORAMA OF RECENT EVENTS.

A HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE. By C. A. Fyffe, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, Fellow of University College, Oxford; Vice-President of the Royal Historical Society. Vol. III. From 1848 to 1878. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Mr. Fyffe's ideal is no easy one, as indicated in the plan and scope of these volumes. As the ages have advanced great events have crowded more thickly; interests have become vastly more complex; and society, revolutionized from the bottom, offers to contemplation problems much more difficult to gauge properly, with due relation to concurrent issues, as well as to questions of the past. Beginning with the French Revolution, which properly makes the basis of modern European history, the social and political interests of the world

have expanded in geometrical progression, both as to number and intricacy, to an extent which belittles previous epochs. The latter, from their very distance, as well as from their greater simplicity, are more picturesque, but do not so readily lend themselves to our sympathies.

The period which Mr. Fyffe treats in the present volume is one of surpassing importance. In it blossomed for good or evil forces which had been long lying inactive or repressed. It represents the culmination of impulses and struggles which we are still feeling in our daily lives, and which are most intimately linked with all things that enter saliently into our human record. To relate so great an epic in very limited space with clearness, and, in sketching the external form of things, to place due emphasis on those inner causes which have contributed more notably to make things

what they are, without combining the narrative with a great mass of detail is the aim of these volumes, and in the present one we think the author has succeeded even better than in its predecessors. Mr. Fyffe has but little of that superb charm of style which lend such fascination to writers like Macaulay and Green, but in his consistent purpose of offering a lucid chronicle of events one can easily admire his strong and direct touch, the clearness with which he perceives things, and his skill in unravelling an intricate web. The talent of the historian supereminently is clarity of vision and the consequent ability to separate essentials from non-essentials in telling the story of events. Our author carries this gift to good results, that make him a reasonably safe guide in following the events of the nineteenth century.

The revolutionary stir of 1848, though greatly inferior in violence to the cataclysm which was its remote cause, was much more general in the national effects produced throughout Europe. England and Russia were the only great countries which did not respond to its influence, the former because the forces of freedom and discontent had constitutional outlets, the latter because an iron despotism at the top was met by a stupid and brutal condition of the masses, which left them ignorant of wrongs. Prussia, Austria, the smaller German States, France and Italy, were rocked in desperate convulsions that threatened to overturn governments and reconstruct political society. The reasons that caused failure in this end are an essential portion of history, and Mr. Fyffe indicates them with precision. The attempts to secure reform, if not constitutional change in Prussia and Austria; the revolt of Hungary under Kossuth, and the futile endeavor of Italian patriotism under Charles Albert to unloose the clutch of Austria, are sketched with clean-cut vigor of outline. Most Americans know these things only vaguely, and a half hour with Mr. Fyffe's volume will make an intelligent reader sufficiently familiar with the essentials of the important events closing the first half of our century.

The rise and fall of Louis Napoleon make one of the most interesting features of recent history. The skill with which this imperial harlequin closed the eyes of France and other nations to his own ignoble aims and insignificance as a ruler, and the histrionic genius that for a score of years made him successful in posing as the centre of European affairs, are almost without a match. He became sub-

servient in the course of events to a series of great results, and destiny used him as an efficient tool. The Crimean War would probably have not ended in muzzling Russia on the Black Sea, had it not been Napoleon III.'s interest to make France forget his infamous treachery in a fresh intoxication of military glory; Italy would not have gained her unity and independence as soon had it not been that the selfish policy of the French ruler dictated alliance with Victor Emmanuel; and German unity would probably have still been in the future but for the desperation of an imperial impostor conscious of the quaking of the ground under his feet at home, and his game of "double or quits" in gratifying the enthusiasm of a warlike nation. Our historian traces these striking episodes with so penetrating an understanding of the varied elements entering into them, that one's knowledge is easily and fully refreshed in his masterly summary. The history of Europe is brought down to the year 1878, and closes with the Turco-Russian war, the last of the great conflicts which have wasted the blood, energy and treasure of Europe. The story is told as far as possible concurrently, and by this synchronism the reader acquires a much more distinct notion of the relations of things, the close interweaving of events which makes the history of each European people in this age of the world in part the history of every other nation. It is a convenient book for reference, as well as an interesting work for continuous reading, and has many qualities to recommend it to the intelligent book-buyer. The index to each volume is very full and greatly adds to its usefulness.

#### A GUIDE FOR THE YOUNG.

READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION. A series of Practical Papers for Boys. By George H. Manson, author of "Work for Women." New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

The press reeks with ready-made panaceas to medicine the ignorance and uncertainty of young people starting in life. The profusion of advice given is really almost bewildering. When we consider that parents, with their large experience of the world, are almost as much at sea as their sons are, and find the problem of selecting an occupation for a boy the most perplexing of all questions, one is the more impressed by the difficulties. There is no doubt that thousands of people are square pegs in round holes, and would have



succeeded far better probably in a different employment. Yet it is almost impossible in most cases to make any accurate forecast. It is only the few who display such a strong talent for a certain line of work, as to afford an infallible guide. A certain taste, too, may exist without being accompanied by superior ability. Again, the genuine drift of the powers may not be shown till a later period. It is not probable that any cast-iron rules can ever be found which will cover even the majority of cases. In the future, as in the past, there will be myriads of misfits in life, and success will be in large measure a matter of accident. Mr. Manson does not pretend to offer any advice beyond those general injunctions which the experience of the world has found to be trusty. Speaking of the many books on the subject, our author says: "I have read many of these works, and doubtless my young readers have perused volumes of that kind; but I have failed to find any new or short road to that goal for which we are all striving." He aims to give an inside view of various trades and businesses, which in the nature of things would be helpful to an earnest lad, who would ordinarily have a very shallow notion of the real difficulties he had to meet. One thing is to be said. It is the very ignorance and inexperience of youth which enter into the boldness and dash so often a most potent element of success. One cannot help thinking that if the young man entering on a profession fully realized the difficulties, discouragements, and repeated failures to be overcome prior to achieving success, he would be unwilling to begin. Enthusiastic pursuit is either the result of great knowledge or of absolute ignorance, except in those humdrum lines of business open to everybody. Yet even here the very competition, growing out of the crowds seeking prizes, exacts superior ability. The rewards are only for the few. Nineteen-twentieths of humanity must always be contented with earning a simple living as a reward even of hard work, and the satisfaction of keeping out of the poorhouse. It is a blessed fact, we say again, that youth is ignorant; and it is doubtful whether any amount of judicious admonitions, framed on the cold-blooded injunctions of reason and experience, would even materially solve the difficulty. The book before us steers clear of pretending to do too much. It considers the conditions which embarrass the pursuits of the merchant, the lawyer or other professional man, the banker, the mechanic in various lines, etc., with good sense

and knowledge of the facts. It lays emphasis on the importance of steady habits, industry, perseverance, docility, and the other stock moral qualities, and fills its purpose with sufficient fulness. But, after all, one is tempted to sigh, *Cui bono?* We trust, however, that Mr. Manson's book will prove a beacon light to some perplexed youth, and if it impresses on his mind that even talent is less important than pluck, patience, and industry, the writing of it will not have been, what most books are in this age of the world, sheer waste of time, paper, and ink.

#### SCIENCE SUMMARIES.

EPITOMES OF THREE SCIENCES. Comparative Philology; Psychology; and Old Testament History. By H. Oldenberg, J. Jastrow, and C. H. Cornhill. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

This triad of essays has the authority of expert scholars and thinkers, but one can hardly help wondering why they should have been grouped together, in spite of their being more than remotely connected with each other, unless it was necessary to get enough matter to constitute a sizable book. As compact and able digests of the condition of knowledge on these very important and interesting subjects, however, perhaps the book needs no excuse. The author of the preface labors learnedly, but perhaps not necessarily, to prove that the essays have a close organic relation and shed light on each other and on the incessant striving of the human mind to satisfy itself on the great problems of religious belief. All science and all knowledge, however, enter into the same arena, and if the outreaching of cognition and speculation around the whole vast circle of thought fails to find its ultimate in wrestling with the fascinating mystery, What is the soul and what will become of it after the physical phenomenon called death? it only shows that men do not dare to press thinking to a conclusion. Even such men as Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall, representative agnostics of the age, practically confess that it is this which, after all, lends the greatest impulse to thinking, and which injects the most passionate stimulus into intellectual endeavor as embodied in the pursuit of knowledge. Numerous passages might easily be quoted to show that these primates of the intellectual world are compelled to hover about the flame like moths, even at the risk of burning their wings. Of the essays included in this little book, the work of leading and well-known

scholars ("The Study of Sanscrit," by Professor H. Oldenberg; "Aspects of Modern Psychology," by Professor Joseph Jastrow; and the "Rise of the People of Israel," by Professor C. H. Cornhill), it is not necessary to say much at this juncture, except that they are eminently worth reading, though all too short and scanty to do more than superficial justice to the subjects. The editor of the *Open Court*, a Chicago magazine devoted to free-thinking and liberal discussion on religious and philosophical themes, appears to have been impelled, in grouping the essays in a book, to advance thinking on the line of his own views, which are announced in his preface:

"Many are the conflicts between belief and science, if belief means imperfect knowledge; belief always has to give way to and must attempt to develop into scientific knowledge. Yet there can never be a conflict between faith and science, if faith means man's fidelity to, his confidence in, his love for the moral ideal. Every progress of science gives us new knowledge, and will accordingly alter some of our beliefs; but it will never alter our moral aspirations—or, if it alters them the change will be for the better; it will purify them, it will make them nobler and more humane. . . . There is a new religion dawning on mankind, in which belief will become unnecessary, because faith will have taken the place of belief. The old religions are in a state of transition; their dogmas are now recognized as unbelievable monstrosities, irreconcilable with science. A superficial observer might declare that science will destroy all religion. Yet it is not so. Science is hostile to religion and to the antiquated dogmas of religion only because it is about to create a new religion, and the new religion will not come to destroy but to fulfil the old religions."

All this is very noble and sonorous, but we must confess we cannot fully grasp the author's meaning, unless he means to imply that the only true religion is a pure and lofty morality, and that into this will ultimately be merged every religion which thinks and formulates. Discussion has no value, especially on philosophical themes, unless words are used with precision of definition, as ordinarily accepted by intelligent men. Worcester defines religion primarily as "an acknowledgment of our obligation to God as our Creator, with a feeling of reverence and love, and consequent duty and obedience to Him." In other words, religion, though it includes one's

duty to his fellow-man (i.e., morality), does this only as the greater includes the lesser, and means essentially far more. Religion, then, implies God as its postulate. Perhaps, however, our preface-writer means merely that the true religion will have no theories of man's origin, the nature of his relations to God, his responsibilities to God and the effective method of meeting those responsibilities, the future of man's existence as a supra-mundane being, and the effects on that future of his life in this world. All these and many similar problems are involved in the postulate of God. Now, if one thing is shown by the history of civilization above all others, it is that man is compelled by his mental constitution to formulate his beliefs, and to strive to establish some broad logical ground on which to base his sense of responsibility. Without this mastering force entering into the various lines of process civilization would never have emerged from barbarism. Carried into religion, this impulse results in dogma or theology, and as long as religion in any genuine sense exists, so long will theology be inevitable. Religion without formula would be to all thinking men flaccid and boneless, as vague and unsubstantial as the clouds that float in the sky, and with no hold on human acceptance. Even assuming that all dogma has thus far been erroneous, it is none the less true that theology is essential, for man is driven to it by as much necessity as he is forced to breathe, or to eat, or to sleep. It is by the theological process, indeed, that he arrives at the conclusion that theology is unnecessary, and his syllogism involves a contradiction in terms.

The editor responsible for this volume may possibly deprecate any criticism of his prefatory remarks as not called for by a book which should stand on its own basis. Its present significance, however, is that the special value of the essays is supposed to be hostility to the theological side of religion. We do not discover that this is, in any proper sense, the fact by a casual reading of the papers, which, as has been intimated before, though learned authors, are necessarily from brevity far from compassing any adequate study of the subjects. We cannot confine a gallon in a pint flagon.

#### SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

PHILOSOPHY IN HOMŒOPATHY. Addressed to the Medical Profession and to the General Reader. By Charles S. Mack, M.D., Profes-

sor of *Materia Medica* and Therapeutics in the Homœopathic Medical College of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Chicago : *Gross & Debridge*.

This volume is made up of fragments, some of them lectures originally delivered in the medical college of which the author, we assume, is one of the shining lights. Dr. Mack's purpose appears to be to offer a defence of the medical school to which he is attached. At this late day, when homœopathy has as many adherents as any of its rival systems of medicine, one can hardly fancy a defence is necessary. "Who excuses, accuses." Perhaps Dr. Mack may have a lurking suspicion that however lucid and logical to his own superior intellect, there is something monstrous and absurd, if not in the logical basis of his system, at least in its therapeutical principle, which attributes infinite potency to infinitesimal subdivision or dilution of the atom or the drop. It is useless to discuss this matter now. The straw was threshed out long since. After all, the question, Does the treatment cure? is the only one which men care to concern themselves with nowadays. No patient will deny virtue to the quadrillionth dilution of a drop of aconite if it saves his life, and the fact can be proved to his satisfaction. Dr. Mack makes an elaborate defence of his system, and shows no little ingenuity in reasoning that two and two sometimes make five. Homœopathic believers will delight in having their faith so ably fortified, and as for opponents—well, they will smile and remain unconvinced, as would probably be the case if an angel came from Paradise charged with the mission of conversion. We do not need to go to the pages of "Gil Blas" to have illustrated for us the fact that among obstinate persons the medical man takes the palm in his sublime confidence that his opponents are always wrong.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

ON June 18th Messrs. Sotheby sold the MSS. left by Wilkie Collins. These include not only the original drafts of most of Wilkie Collins's published works, but also the MS. of plays and Christmas stories in which he collaborated with Dickens, and some verses which Dickens wrote for these plays. The catalogue was illustrated with three facsimiles.

IN the exhibition of the works of Suabian authors, just held at Stuttgart in connection

with the congress of the Neu-Philologen, the "Schiller Abteilung" formed the principal point of attraction. It contained, among a number of original manuscripts of the poet, several reports on his progress during his stay at the Karls-schule, in one of which the Duke Karl Eugen remarked "that it would be well for the student Schiller to stay another year at the academy. In the meantime it will be possible to subdue his fiery temper; and if he continues to be industrious, he may yet become *ein grosses Subjectum*!"

REV. A. H. SATCE has resigned, as from the end of the present year, the deputy professorship of comparative philology at Oxford, to which he was appointed in 1876, on Professor Max Müller's retirement from the active duties of the chair.

IN a recent report on the yearly publications in Bengal the officiating Director of Public Instruction recorded his opinion that English education has hitherto but little influenced the Bengali mind. There have been no original publications in any department of learning. Journalism and politics, not always of a respectable character, seem to wholly occupy the educated talent of young Bengal.

THE Government of India has decided to discontinue the annual grant hitherto devoted to the search for and purchase of rare Sanscrit MSS., but the decision will not take effect until 1892. A regular staff of native searchers have been employed during the past ten years, and these have visited most of the large temples throughout India, examining and cataloguing the vast collections of works hoarded up in those fanes. The private libraries of many native gentlemen have been likewise carefully sifted and their contents recorded. Out of the MSS. thus examined no fewer than 2400 have been purchased by the Government, and rendered accessible to the public at Bombay and Calcutta. The most valuable "finds," as our readers are doubtless aware, have included numerous old Jain MSS., now being submitted to the scrutiny of competent scholars in Bombay. Although the search and purchase grants are to cease, the Indian Government has agreed to continue the allowance of 9000 rupees per annum for the publication of texts and translations of the Sanscrit and Persian works discovered.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK, of Edinburgh, hope to commence next autumn the publication of a new quarterly, a critical review of current theological and philosophical literature, on

the lines of Harnack and Schürer's *Theologische Literatur-Zeitung*. The editor will be Professor S. D. F. Salmond, D.D. The new journal will embrace not only theological literature, but philosophical, so far as it is related to religious and theological questions. It will give a chronicle of the publications which are issued in these departments from quarter to quarter. It will notice the more important articles which appear in other magazines and journals, both home and foreign, and will review the notable books of the quarter.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces a reprint of Mary Wollstonecraft's "Rights of Women," the original edition of which was issued nearly a hundred years ago. Mrs. Fawcett has contributed a critical introduction to the new edition, in which she discusses the social condition of women then and now.

MESSES. FIELD & TUEB are going to bring out "London City: Its People, Streets, Traffic, Buildings, History," by Mr. W. J. Loftie. It will be enriched with at least 250 illustrations of London city as it is to-day, engraved in Paris from original drawings by Mr. W. Luker, Jr., and will be printed on special paper.

In a letter of recent date, Mr. George Kennan writes: "I have just learned that my articles in the *Century* have been translated into Bulgarian and published at Rustchuk. They are now out in German, Dutch, Polish, Russian, and Bulgarian." It has been stated, on excellent authority, that Mr. Kennan's articles have been read by the Czar of Russia, though in general the numbers of the *Century* which contain the Siberian papers continue to be refused admission to Russia until the obnoxious articles have been expunged by the press censor.

THE *Athenæum* has a sarcasm at the expense of the United States in the following comments on a new publishing enterprise:

"Though the United States can boast of more histories than history, yet another large work is projected with the title 'The Makers of America.' Mr. Mabie is to edit it. The contributors include President Adams of Cornell University, Professor Sumner of Yale, Mr. Bayard Tuckerman, Mr. James Schouler, Colonel Higginson, and Mr. Barrett Wendell. These gentlemen will describe the explorers, inventors, theologians, authors, soldiers, and statesmen who have distinguished themselves as 'Makers.' It is not yet settled who will deal with the publishers who, by appropriat-

ing the works of English authors, have made fortunes and given their country the leading place among piratical states."

PROFESSOR DILLMAN and Professor Kuenen, representing the committee appointed at Christiania to make arrangements for the next international congress of Orientalists, have addressed a formal letter to Sir Henry Rawlinson, in which they accept the proposal to hold the congress in England in September, 1891, leaving it to Sir Henry to decide whether the meetings shall take place in London, or partly also at Oxford. It seems, therefore, that the differences which at one time threatened to cause a serious schism among Oriental scholars are now on the way to a harmonious settlement; and that the congresses will continue to be held under the same conditions as formerly.

THE *Athenæum* contributes some interesting comments on the history of copyright law:

"The American House of Representatives is not only averse to international copyright, but is professedly ignorant of the conditions under which copyright exists. No member of that body seems to be aware that, under the common law of England—which the colonists in their dependent state regarded as their birthright, and which American jurists, since the colonists became independent of the mother country, style the inheritance of American citizens—copyright in printed books or in unpublished manuscripts is perpetual. Till the statute of Anne there was no limit to the term of the author's enjoyment of the product of his brain, and his heirs or assigns could succeed to his privilege. This perpetual copyright still exists and is recognized in the case of letters in manuscript, and the person who has printed a letter without the formal permission of the writer or proprietor can be compelled by a court of law to cease the publication. Few Americans know this, and as few know that at present, while any American can obtain copyright in England, no English author can secure copyright in America. The first State in America to grant copyright by statute was Connecticut. In 1783 the Assembly of that State passed an Act entitled 'For the Encouragement of Literature and Genius,' according to which every inhabitant of the United States who had written a book or pamphlet should have 'the sole liberty of printing and vending the same.' A condition was made about the price being reasonable, corresponding to the condition in the statute of Queen Anne."

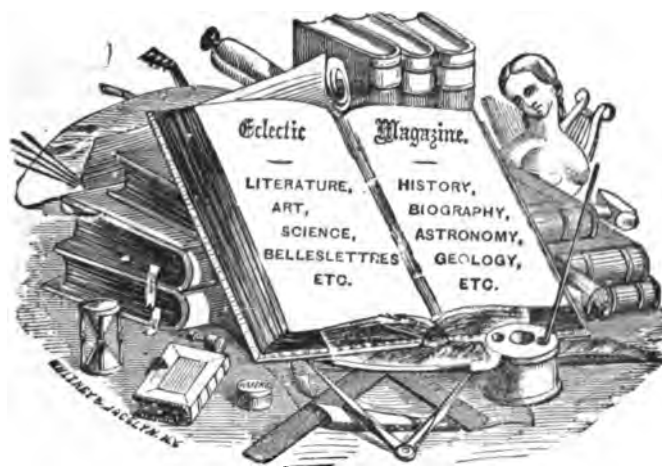
## MISCELLANY.

## ADMIRAL BLAKE AND THE ALGERIAN PIRATES.

—In 1665 the audacity of the pirates received a check at the hands of Admiral Blake, who, having bombarded Tunis, proceeded to Algiers, where his prestige enabled him to make a bargain for the ransom of all English captives at a fixed price. Does it not make one's blood boil to reflect that England should have consented to treat with such a crew? But the insults heaped upon us, as well as other nations, by these barbarians with complete impunity almost surpass belief. We read of thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen being carried off and subjected to the most shameful indignities. No rank was safe from outrage. In 1659, the Earl of Inchiquin was proceeding as Ambassador to Portugal, accompanied by his son Lord O'Brien and suite. They were taken by a corsair when off the Tagus, and the whole party, ambassador and all, sold for slaves in the market-place of Algiers. Surely the British Lion was roused to wrath at last? Not at all. After many petitions to the Crown from the bereaved Countess, and considerable haggling on the part of the Government, the Earl and his son were ransomed for £1500; what became of the suite history does not relate. Mr. Pepys, in his most instructive "Diary," written about this time, relates that he went to the "Golden Fleece" tavern to meet Captain Mootham and Mr. Dunes, who had been in slavery at Algiers, and how "they did make me fully acquainted with their condition; how they did eat nothing but bread and water, and how they were beaten upon the soles of their feet and their bellies at the liberty of their master."

In 1682 an even more disgraceful treaty was concluded between Charles II. and the Dey of Algiers, by which we agreed to pay a ransom for English slaves, provided the Algerines were willing to let them go. Incredible as it appears, this shameful treaty was renewed by George II. in 1729. Is it surprising that when the European Powers were willing to make such treaties as this, when every maritime nation was paying them an annual tribute, the Algerines in their ignorance came to believe themselves the masters of the world? Their arrogance and their demands exceeded all bounds; treaties were continually broken as soon as made, or evaded by treachery and duplicity. Their piratical raids became the scourge of Southern Europe, and no man was

safe within miles of the sea. Not only did they make slaves of all who were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, but it was the constant habit of the Deys, on any nation attempting reprisals or delaying its tribute, to condemn the consul and all other subjects of that power who happened to be within reach to the galleys, or to some more barbarous fate. On these pretexts hundreds of innocent persons were done to death, many being burnt alive. On two separate occasions, being menaced by a French squadron, the French Consul, together with some twenty other unfortunates, were contemptuously thrown toward their countrymen from the mortars on the batteries. On August 16th, 1747, a detachment of the Hibernian regiment was captured while proceeding from Majorca to Spain. The party consisted of a lieutenant-colonel, six captains, and ten other officers, the colors of the regiment, and sixty privates; also Mrs. Jones (formerly Mrs. Joseph Tichborne, of Sharfields) with her two young children; also her daughter by her first marriage, now nineteen years old and married to Captain O'Reilly, a lady much esteemed for her virtue and beauty; and her maid-servant. The captives were all taken to Algiers and sold into slavery, from whence they never more returned; but a lurid gleam comes to us through the impenetrable veil which obscures their fate. "Mrs. Jones one day happening to appear at the door of her master's house, with her youngest child, a Turkish soldier came up and importuned her, threatening her with death if she resisted. She retreated to a loft, accessible only by a ladder, which she pulled up after her. The Turk seized the child, and when she still refused compliance, wounded it with his sword in the arm. She shrieked for help, and he wounded it in the other arm. At last he cut off one hand and threw it at her, upon which she seized the half of a broken millstone that lay in the room, threw it down upon the Turk and broke his leg. He then cut off the child's head, and discharged his pistols at her without effect. She watched her opportunity, and with the other half of the millstone dealt him a blow that rendered him insensible. She then descended and despatched him with his own sword, put her mangled child in a basket, and went and delivered herself to the Dey." The sequel of this sad story is unknown, but all previous experience leads one to conclude that a cruel death was the only fate awaiting a slave who had dared to kill or even strike a Turk.



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WHAT "NATIONALISM" MEANS.

BY EDWARD BELLAMY.

IN the January number of this REVIEW appeared an article by M. Emile de Laveleye, entitled "Two New Utopias."\* A project of industrial reform, recently outlined by M. Charles Secrétan, figures as one of these Utopias, while the other is the plan of national co-operation described in "Looking Backward," and known in the United States by the name of Nationalism. The propriety of the name lies in the claim that the system in question is the logical outworking and development of the germinal idea of a nation, which is that of a union of people for the purpose of using the collective power to promote the common welfare. It is claimed by those who, in this sense, are believers in Nationalism, that this conception of the nation, although at first expressed only by the use of collective

power for military and judicial purposes, logically involved, when it should be necessary for the common welfare, a national organization of industry on the basis of a common obligation of service, and a general guarantee of livelihood. It will be seen that the significance of the word Nationalism, in this sense, quite transcends the merely political or ethnical purport of its ordinary uses.

In the March number of this REVIEW, M. de Laveleye pursued his criticism of Nationalism by a second article under the title of "Communism." I propose in the present paper to respond to the gist of the criticisms contained in the two articles. I have to thank M. de Laveleye for the very fair statement, so far as it goes, of the industrial aspects of Nationalism, to which he gives a considerable part of the first article. The comment with which he concludes his account of

\* See April number of ECLECTIC.  
NEW SERIES.—VOL. LII., No. 3.

the plan is that there are two principal objections to its practicability—"the first referring to the allotment of functions, the second to the distribution of produce." Under the first head he remarks that, obviously, seeing all forms of industry are left open to the election of the workers upon proof of fitness—no other compulsion being used, after the first three years, beyond the requirement that some sort of work should be done—"the pleasanter trades and professions would be taken up, and there would be no one to fill the less agreeable ones."

Of course, the answer to this in the book is that the hours of labor are reduced in the more arduous trades to half, a third, or a quarter of those which are required in the more attractive occupations. M. de Laveleye admits that this principle is certainly just, and might be applied in a certain measure in any national industrial organization, but he thinks there are certain occupations so repulsive, that no comparative reduction of hours consistent with any sort of continuous work would suffice to tempt men to engage in them voluntarily. For examples he instances, among others, the miner's work and the work of stokers on steamships. It does not appear to me that these cases offer any difficulty at all. In the first place, let it be understood that, with the advent of Nationalism, the perilous, insalubrious, and revolting conditions which now quite needlessly involve these and many other forms of labor would be done away with. When the administration has to depend, as it then will have to do, upon volunteers to dig coal, and stoke steamship furnaces, mines will cease to be death traps, and a part of the money and ingenuity now lavished in making the saloon deck luxurious will be expended in making the stoke-hole endurable. When starvation can no longer be depended upon to compel the poor to beg an opportunity to do any sort of work, on any terms, and at any hazard, then, and not a day sooner, will humane and hygienic conditions become universal in industry. Let us suppose the forms of toil instanced by M. de Laveleye to have been thus deprived of their most repulsive features. If it were still found that a reduction of the hours of labor in them, say to three or four a day, were an insufficient inducement to attract volunteers, let us imagine that the length of the vaca-

tions given to the miners and stokers were so increased that they had to work but six months out of the year, while other trades worked, perhaps, ten or eleven. Is it not probable that there would be, under such circumstances, a rush to the mines and steamships which would leave the shops and railways short of help?

But I am not going to let M. de Laveleye off with merely answering his objection. I have a serious counter-charge to make. His argument that society cannot afford to abolish poverty lest men, being no longer threatened with starvation, should be found unwilling to do the more repulsive sorts of work, is a very explicit argument for human slavery. Men now living can well remember when this very argument was urged for the retention of slave labor in the sugar-fields of Jamaica, and the cotton-fields of the Southern United States. When Wilberforce and Garrison demanded that the blacks be set free, it was replied, that, if freed, they could no longer be depended on to cultivate cotton and sugar, and the world would be left without these products. Is not this precisely M. de Laveleye's logic when he reasons that white men ought not to be released from the pressure of want, lest we should run short of coal, or our steamships cease to break records? Could there conceivably be a stronger argument against the present industrial system than this deliberate statement by one of its champions that its successful working demands the retention of a race of helots in a state of involuntary servitude?

Next to the difficulty in getting the world's dirty work done without the lash of hunger, M. de Laveleye declares the chief objection to Nationalism to be the system of remuneration, that is to say, the equality with which all share in the total product. To prove that no industrial system can succeed in which equality of shares is the rule, he instances the failure of Louis Blanc's national workshops at Paris in 1848, and of Marshal Bugeaud's colonies at Beni-Mered in Algeria. If he would like a few dozen more examples of the failure of colonies or communities established as social or industrial experiments in the midst of incongruous and hostile environments, I can easily furnish him with them. Such undertakings must usually fail for obvious reasons, and even when occasionally they succeed, their

success proves as little for their theories as the failure would have proved against them. If I had suggested a colony, these illustrations would be pertinent, but, as it is, I fail to see that they are so. National co-operation is my proposal, nor would any Nationalist suggest that the substitution of the new system for the old should be, as to equality of compensation, any more than as to other details, anything but gradual.

Further representing the impracticability of an industrial system under which all share alike, M. de Laveleye inquires what punishment is to overtake the idler, or the man refusing to work. That compulsion as to work of some sort and punishment for recalcitrancy is contemplated by the plan, he recognizes, but asks who is to apply it, or judge when it is necessary. He says: "Certainly men would in all probability rarely refuse to do any work at all; but those who do as little as possible, or do it badly, are they to be punished or to receive the same salary, or rather be credited with the same amount, as the others? The State could not send away a bad workman as it can do now, for, there being no private enterprises, this dismissal would be equivalent to capital punishment."

Let me assure M. de Laveleye that the State would not send away a bad workman for quite another reason than that it would be equivalent to capital punishment. That other reason is that so to dismiss him would be to release him from his duty of service. Under the present system of industry, if a man will not work for his living, he is permitted to go his ways, and thenceforth beg or steal it. Under Nationalism a very different course would be pursued. The man who, being able to work, persistently refused to work, would not, as now, be turned loose to prey on the community, but would be made to work in institutions and under discipline prepared for such cases. To-day, the loafer may find in the injustices of society many fine pleas for idleness; then, he would be stripped of all, and stand forth self-confessed, a would-be robber and forager on others, to be dealt with as such.

To speak in detail of the penalties by which idleness, disobedience of orders, neglect of duty, and other minor infractions of discipline should be punished, would scarcely be in keeping with an

outline discussion like this; but suppose that, besides loss of promotion and its privileges, a temporary increase of work hours, or a severer sort of work, were imposed upon offenders. Is there any doubt that such a punitive system would prove far more effective against neglects of industrial duty than, for example, the system of fines now does in preventing the minor offences against society?

As to who should judge of the worker's idleness or neglect of duty, that would doubtless be, as judging is nowadays, a question of evidence for tribunals existing for the purpose. It appears to me that the difficulties M. de Laveleye sees here are not real.

It will be observed that the objections to which I have been endeavoring to reply, intimate in the critic's mind a probable inefficiency in the disciplinary and coercive powers of the administration under the National plan. In his second article, published in the March *CONTEMPORARY*, he abandons this ground and dwells strongly upon the excessive severity and iron rigidity likely to characterize the proposed industrial *regime*. Commenting upon this point, he observes that "the jailer would be the pivot of the new state of society." There is, of course, a sense in which the jail as the *ultima ratio* of the law, the force which gives meaning to the police-courts and legislatures, is the pivot of all society. If it were the pivot of the new society it could only be said that, in this respect, it would strikingly resemble the present society. There is, however, a very obvious and conclusive reason for believing that the force of public opinion under the new society would make the jailer's duties very light, so far as concerns the punishment of men refusing or neglecting industrial duty. The adventurer who lives by his wits nowadays, scorning honest labor, is a hero and fine fellow among his set, and, so long as he avoids open law-breaking, is tolerated by society. Upon reflection, of course, every one is bound to admit that he who does not labor lives at the expense of those who do; but the relations of production with distribution are so complex and fortuitous under the present system that this is only true generally and not particularly. Under the plan of National co-operation the case would, however, be perfectly clear. As already said, the man able to



work and attempting to evade his duty of contributing to the general produce from which he lived, would be recognized as a thief of the world and a picker of everybody's pocket. There would be no class, no set, no clique in whose eyes such a fellow would be a hero, or anything but a cheat and a cozenner—the common enemy of all. It appears to me that, in assuming that the jailer would be overworked under the new industrial *régime*, M. de Laveleye has overlooked this consideration.

Why, even nowadays, in the better parts of the United States, and I presume in other countries, a man who does not find some regular occupation on coming of age, is, under ordinary circumstances, an object of such general contempt that he must be exceptionally thick-skinned to be able to take comfort in his leisure. How much more would this be true if, as under the plan of National co-operation, the man who shirked his work was recognized as a burden upon the country and upon every one of his neighbors?

Perhaps enough has been said to indicate that the disciplinary and punitive side, the teeth and claws, of the new *régime* might probably be depended upon to prove efficient in case of need. But while it is requisite to provide society with due facilities for controlling the unruly and mutinous element which is found in all communities, vastly more important is the question of incentives to be offered to that vast majority who are well disposed and ready to do their duty upon reasonable inducement. While Nationalism will undertake to do more than any other *régime* ever before attempted in compelling the laziest to at least support himself, no system can make much profit out of unwilling workers. No form of compulsion, even if practicable, could take the place of zeal and ambition on the part of the worker, and if the proposed system should fail to stimulate voluntary diligence, it would be of little value that it prevented outright idleness. What inducement, then, does Nationalism offer to lead a worker to do his best, seeing that all workers, not distinctly negligent, are to fare alike? That is to say, admitting that complete idleness will be effectually prevented, how is zeal in the service to be encouraged? For, without that, there can be no healthy or wealthy industrial state. On this point M. de Laveleye says:

"When remuneration is in proportion to the work accomplished, diligence and activity are encouraged, whereas an equal rate of wages is a premium on idleness. 'But,' argues Mr. Bellamy, 'honor is a sufficient reward in itself, for men will sacrifice everything, even their lives, for it.' It is perfectly true that honor has inspired the most sublime acts and heroic deeds which have called forth universal admiration; but honor can never become the motive power of work or the mainspring of industry. It will not conquer selfish instincts, or overcome instinctive repugnance to certain categories of labor, or the dislike to the wearing monotony of the daily task. It may make a hero, but not a workman."

Here I must beg leave to differ most emphatically from M. de Laveleye. Honor does make a workman as well as a hero, and is as essential to the make-up of one as the other. This is a matter of common observation, and every man and woman who reads these lines is able to judge between M. de Laveleye and myself on the issue raised. Upon it I am ready to rest the whole case of Nationalism, and appeal to the country. I know that in America, at least, the workman who does not carry the feeling of honor into the performance of his task is not worth his salt, and I shall be slow to believe it otherwise in England. So utterly wrong is M. de Laveleye on this point that, so far as there is any good and honest work done under this most ill-jointed system of industry, it is because the sentiment of honor, fast disappearing from the world of commerce and finance, still lingers in the workshop.

Of the motives which will spur the well-disposed to diligence under the system of Nationalism, three general classes may be mentioned: First, the sense of honorable and moral obligation to one's duty, a sentiment which may be expected to develop great influence under a system based, as no other ever has been, upon justice and fair-play for all. Second, the love of approbation, the desire to be thought well of, and to be admired by one's fellow men and women. This sentiment has, no doubt, in all ages and among all races, been on the whole the most powerful, constant, and universal of human motives. It is to-day, and always has been, the motive at bottom of the greater part of that zeal in business and industry which is ascribed, by superficial observers, to love of money. Under Nationalism, when diligence will be public service, and not mere self-service as now, the approba-

tion of the community will attend it and crown it as never before. Even now the able business man and the clever workman are admired by the community, although they are only good to themselves. How much stronger, warmer, and more inspiring that admiration will be under Nationalism, when the able manager and the skilful artisan will be looked upon as the direct benefactors of all their fellow-citizens!

The third class of motives which will inspire diligence under Nationalism will be the desire of power, authority, and public station, the wish to lead and direct instead of being led and directed. Let us suppose a system of industry under which superior diligence and excellence of achievement should not only secure various immediate minor advantages of preference and privilege, but should offer the sure and single way to all positions of authority, of official rank, of civic honor, and of social distinction, of which the express purpose indeed should be to open the career to talent as it never was opened in human affairs before, in order that the strongest and ablest among the people might find themselves at the head of the nation!

Under such a *régime*, it appears to me highly improbable that the equal provision made for the needs of all will diminish the disposition of men to do their best, but, on the contrary, altogether likely that it will be greatly intensified, in comparison with anything we see to-day.

I have gone thus explicitly into the question of the motives to diligence under Nationalism for the benefit of candid readers, and not as a response really called for by M. de Laveleye's argument. So far as concerns the merits of his contention that the rule of equal wages is an impracticable one, the simplest and most conclusive way of disposing of that, is, no doubt, to refer him to the fact that a large, if not the largest, part of the world's work is at present being done on the basis of standard rates of wages. There are, of course, many industries in which the rule of piece-work prevails, and many sorts of employment in which the rate of pay is settled as to each individual by haggling with the employer, but there are, I think, many more (though the precise proportion is immaterial), both of the unskilled and the skilled occupations, in which the wages of the worker are deter-

mined, not by his particular merits, but by the custom of the locality or by a fixed rule of the trade. There is, then, no question as to whether the rule of equal wages will work; it does work.

The standard of wages in different trades does indeed differ, and the pay of foremen and bosses is more than that of the men. It is not, of course, claimed that the Nationalist principle of equality is anywhere as yet fully carried out. It is claimed that in a large proportion of industrial occupations the rank and file of the workers receive a fixed and equal rate of wages, not dependent on personal efficiency, and that this plan is found, as a matter of practical experience, to work satisfactorily.

I wish to call particular attention to the fact, that in proportion as trades become highly organized, they tend to adopt the uniform rate of wages. Not to recognize in this tendency one of the lines of the evolution toward the Nationalist principle of a uniform maintenance for all, is to miss a sign of the times so plain that it would seem "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." The method of this particular line of evolution will appear as we consider why the members of a trade are moved to adopt the uniform rate of wages. It is simply because the integrity and harmony of the Trade Union, and its consequent ability to provide for its members, require a unity of sentiment and interest on the part of all, and this unity cannot be secured except on the basis of a uniform wage. The cleverer worker knows that in accepting the same wage with the less clever he relatively loses something. But he recognizes that the common gain which he, together with his fellows, derives from the greater efficiency of the union more than compensates him. He has, in a word, learned by hard knocks the wisdom of unselfishness and the bad policy of a too narrow individualism. When, in the progress toward National co-operation, there shall be a question of an organization inclusive of different trades, and ultimately of one including all trades, precisely the same necessity of an identity of feeling and of interest on the part of the different groups of workers, if the organization is to hold together, will necessitate uniformity of wages in all trades alike, the less attractive being equalized with the more attractive by differences of hours. Any attempt to

realize a co-operative commonwealth on any other basis will infallibly fail by the dissensions and mutual jealousies of the trades. It is true that Nationalism goes beyond this, and proposes that the idea of wages be dropped entirely, and the principle of an equal maintenance for all, whether able to work or not, provided all are required to work who are able, be adopted. This, however, is but one step further in the evolution of the same idea which already leads the cleverer worker to consent to an equalization with the less clever in the assurance of a greater ultimate gain. The weak, the sick, and those unable to work for whatever reason, including a large proportion of women, have to be and always have been supported, and often luxuriously supported, out of the earnings of the strong and able. By the rule of an equal maintenance for all, this support would merely be averaged and systematized, its total cost not necessarily being at all increased, while the gain in industrial efficiency by the sense of a complete solidarity of interest among the people, and the impassioned public spirit springing from it, would be incalculable.

It may be well enough to observe just here that the argument for a national co-operative system on the basis of equal material conditions for all, is at all points a twofold argument, moral and economical. It is not only asserted by Nationalists that such an equality would be just even if it were not profitable, but quite as strongly that it would be profitable even if it were not demanded by justice. In this respect Nationalism is like the stork. It not only has two legs, but can stand indefinitely on either.

For the benefit of those whose self-respect might fail to supply a sufficient motive to veracity, Benjamin Franklin invented the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy." For the benefit of persons habituated to considering their fellow-men chiefly with a view to the profit to be made out of them, it should constantly be kept in view that in a strictly business sense "Fraternity is the best policy."

M. de Laveleye is kind enough to say that a system, "very similar to that of Mr. Bellamy," has been known to work very well—for instance in Peru under the Incas, and in the Paraguay missions of the Jesuits. The ancient civilization

of the Incas, as the only record of anything like an organization of industry on a national scale, is indeed profoundly worthy of study, but in referring to it as a system very similar to that of Nationalism, M. de Laveleye is rather out of the way. The Peruvian system, like the Paraguayan system, was the perfect flower of benevolent despotism, while Nationalism will be the consummation of the doctrine of democratic equality, the translation into industrial and economic terms of the equal rights idea, hitherto expressed in terms of politics only. It is hard to see how a contrast can be more antipodal. The Peruvian and the Jesuit systems illustrate the utmost that could be accomplished for human welfare by the paternal principle in Government; Nationalism will undertake to show what can be accomplished by the fraternal principle. The contrast is, in a word, between paternalism and fraternalism, between despotism and equality. Could anything be more complete?

As to M. de Laveleye's second paper,\* appearing in the March number of this Review, I doubt if I ought to reply to it at all, for the reason that, in a strict sense, it does not concern me or my contention. I should have read it through without a suspicion that the writer was criticising any ideas which I had ever entertained, were it not that he implicates me by name. He begins with a brief general account of pretty nearly all the remarkable social theories and experiments from Plato to these days. He includes in the list societies based upon community of wives and upon celibacy, upon the word of God and the Denial of God, the Christian Communism of the early disciples and the Naturalism of Rousseau; the slave-based military system of Sparta, and the modern ideal of social and industrial equality, the military and religious brotherhoods of the Middle Ages, the Jesuitism of Loyola, and the Shakerism of Mother Ann Lee.

The adherents of these apparently very diverse and inconsistent ideals and aspirations are, he says, in fact all alike, all communists; and he proceeds to argue that what is true of any one of these reformers or their plans is true of all. In this collection M. de Laveleye includes Nationalism as set forth in "Looking Backward."

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\* See May number of *ECLECTIC*.

No doubt I ought to be pleased with a process which lumps me with Plato, and so I should be if in the exceedingly "composite photograph," to which I am permitted to contribute, I were able to detect any trace of my own features or expression.

Recognizing apparently that he has a large generalization on his hands, M. de Laveleye goes on to divide his alleged "communists" into two classes; those who believe in fraternity and those who believe in equality. In common, as I supposed, with most people, I have been in the habit of regarding fraternity and equality as having a very close connection. I have regarded, in fact, fraternity as the flower of equality, and equality as the soil of fraternity. M. de Laveleye says, however, that not only are these ideas not inseparable, but that they are opposed; that there is a gulf fixed between them. The "communists" who base their creed upon fraternity, according to him, are idealists too good for this world, while the "communists" who base their creed upon equality are materialists, too gross for this world, and between the two there can be no compromise. Thus on the principle pursued so successfully in the domestic sphere by Jack Sprat and his wife, he very easily disposes of the whole business of social reform as hitherto advocated, and clears the field for a Utopia of his own—for M. de Laveleye has a Utopia.

Before paying my respects to that, however, there are one or two points to be gathered up. It is probably not worth while to take up space with a defence of "Looking Backward" from the charge of advocating a community of wives, compulsory atheism, and the general abolition of moral distinctions. Although M. de Laveleye, by very direct implication, charges me with these and many more offences, I recognize that he does not really mean it. I am but the victim of a grand generalization, and it would no doubt be in bad taste to insist that a fine period should be sacrificed for the sake of an individual more or less.

I find one place, however, in the course of this essay on Communism where my critic raises an issue sufficiently direct and definite to be met. This is where he says that "Mr. Bellamy and communists of his stamp base their systems on the maxim, From each according to his strength ;

to each according to his wants." I don't know anything about "communists of his stamp;" it would be too large a contract to undertake to vouch for a class which, according to M. de Laveleye, includes pretty nearly everybody in the reform line for 2500 years. Mr. Bellamy, however, most certainly says no such thing as he is here declared to say.

If by the expression "from each according to his strength," is merely meant that men ought, as a matter of honor and moral obligation, to regard their strength as the measure of their duty, and weakness and need as sacred titles to their service, I should be sorry to think M. de Laveleye so far differed from moralists in general as to deny it. But if he means, as he certainly seems to say, that this law is laid down by me, not merely as morally obligatory upon the individual, but as a practical basis for determining varying degrees of service to be exacted from individuals and varying degrees of consumption to be permitted to individuals, he is very far astray indeed. Instead of the maxim, "From each according to his strength ; to each according to his wants," the maxim of Nationalism is "from each equally, to each equally." Instead of an uncertain and unascertainable standard of service, varying with individuals, the service is limited to a fixed and equal term, precisely as is the period of military service in countries where it is universally obligatory. On the other hand, instead of an unregulated or varying consumption being permitted, the credit allotted to all as a means of support is equal and the same, and may not be exceeded. Surely here in neither respect is anything vague or uncertain. It would be interesting to know on what grounds M. de Laveleye would justify so complete a misstatement as this on a point which he particularly declares to be vital to the definition of Communism on which his entire argument based.

This is a suitable point at which to correct an impression which M. de Laveleye seems to have formed that the provision for an equal rate of income for all citizens in some way involves what he calls "a national *pot au-feu*, a sort of enforced mess for all time." Does he mean to risk his reputation as a political economist on the statement that because groups of workers are paid the same wages, they must

necessarily mess together, or that they ordinarily do so, or that they apparently feel any inclination to do so? I have observed no such tendency in the United States under the present industrial system, and I am at a loss for any reason why it should appear under Nationalism, as I understand it. Under national co-operation the same amount of credit as means of support will be guaranteed to all citizens in good standing, from the President to the weakest worker and the person exempt from all work on account of physical disability. This will be done on the ground that their bodily needs are in a large view equal and common, and because their common humanity, and common heirship of the heritage of the race, should overbear all personal considerations in the allotment of the produce of the common inheritance. But while the means of livelihood for all are equal, the manner of the expenditure of these means will rest as absolutely with the individual as does the expenditure of his wages to-day. The gourmand who spends his income on his table, and the coxcomb who spends it on his back, will find in Nationalism nothing whatever to interfere with the continued indulgence of their idiosyncrasies.

It is rather too bad to have to take up space with statements so obvious as this, but so long as reputable writers continue to assure the public that any real improvement in industrial conditions involves a community of wives, a formal profession of atheism, and the eating of black broth in common, it will continue to be necessary to put on the file denials which must appear sufficiently superfluous to persons who have taken pains to inform themselves on the subjects under discussion.

I find it a quite unaccountable oversight on M. de Laveleye's part, that, while ransacking ancient history back to Lycurgus and Manco Capac for intimations of Nationalism, he should fail to take notice of the gigantic contemporary illustrations of the possibility of elaborately organizing vast populations for united action to a common end, which are afforded by the military systems of the great European States. To fail to see, in these wonderful examples of what method and order may accomplish in the concentration and direction of national forces, prototypes of the industrial system of the future is, in my opinion,

wholly to fail of rightly interpreting one of the most significant of contemporary phenomena. I wish to call attention to the fact that the fundamental principle of the modern military system, as illustrated in Europe, and as theoretically recognized by all nations, is that every man able to do military duty is bound to render it, without respect of persons, on fixed and equal terms. I wish to call attention to the converse fact, that while the duty of service from the individual to the nation is exacted only of those able to serve, the inability, however complete, of a citizen does not discharge the nation from the duty of protecting that citizen with the whole power of the State. In other words, the duty to serve depends on the ability to serve, but the right to protection depends solely and merely on citizenship. I call attention to the fact that these two principles are the basic principles of Nationalism as set forth in "Looking Backward," and that Nationalism, therefore, merely involves the application to the business of national maintenance of the principles already freely acknowledged and applied in the business of national protection.

It appears to me that but two questions are left. First: Is maintenance as important as protection, or, in other words, is industry as important to a nation's welfare as war? Second: Are system, harmony, and concert of action likely to be as advantageous in industry as in war?

I think it will be very hard for any intelligent person to decline to answer these questions affirmatively, even though expressly warned that this involves conceding the whole case of Nationalism. It is pertinent to observe that the principle of the duty of universal industrial service, using the word industrial in the broad sense of all efforts of mind or body, is not a new one. It is recognized as a principle of universal ethics, that no one has a right to live without work. Many persons here and there have denied that it can ever be the duty of men to fight; but I do not think it was ever seriously denied that it is their duty to work. Upon this postulate Nationalism is based. It is but a corollary of the edict of Eden: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." This edict has been wholly evaded by many, and upon those who have not been able to evade it, it has weighed

most unequally. Nationalism proposes to impose no new burden, but to systematize and equalize the ancient burden, and thereby greatly lighten it for all alike, through the economics a more rational system will involve.

It should be unnecessary, but to avoid possible misapprehension it is perhaps desirable, to point out just here, that the analogy between the national military organizations of Europe and the coming armies of industry in no way extends to the details of the organization of the respective bodies. Except as to the principle of a common duty and the desirability of order, of system, of complete co-operation, and of a central oversight and direction, the conditions of industry and those of war are very dissimilar.

There will be no question of any stricter discipline for the members of the army of industry than is customary in any well-conducted industrial establishment to-day, while, except as to work and in work hours, the citizen will be, in all respects, as much his own master as at present, and, for that matter, much more so.

If one would be assured that it will be safe to depend on men whose motives are sense of duty, the desire of reputation, and ambition for honor, rank, and power, instead of the pursuit of personal gain, to act as captains and generals of industry, and to conduct and administer the business of the people, he has but to visit the offices of the general staff of one of the great European armies, and inspect the departments of the paymaster-general, of the commissariat, of transportation, of engineering and construction, of ordnance and war material, together with the various Government manufacturing establishments which supply the army, as well as the elaborate machinery through which the entire resources of the country are constantly kept in hand and held available for military purposes, though meanwhile employed in peaceful pursuits.

It will be found, I think, that the business of organizing and fully providing for all the needs of a body of men comprising the whole early manhood of a nation, including machinery for utilizing the entire material resources of the country in case of need, involves the constant solution of problems of business administration on a far greater scale than they are presented by the affairs of the largest of industrial

or commercial syndicates, and that, as a matter of fact, the work of the epauletted administrators is done with an exactitude and fidelity unequalled in private business. Upon this administrative and essentially business side of the great modern military organizations the advocate of the practicability of Nationalism may properly lay peculiar stress. While in its warlike and strictly martial aspects the modern European army shows striking general analogies to the proposed National industrial organization, when we come to the business administration of its affairs we see tasks performed, and a routine of duties discharged, not only analogous to, but, to a considerable extent, identical with, those which Nationalism will lay upon the State.

And now we come to M. de Laveleye's own Utopia. While condemning as unprofitable and undesirable all plans of social reform based upon the principles of fraternity and equality, or recognizing any sort of community of interest among men, or making any account of duty or honor as motives, except in connection with blood-letting, he nevertheless recognizes that the advocates of reform have some excuse in the unquestionable evils of existing industrial conditions. He admits that there is need of reform, and proceeds to state the principle on which alone he considers it to be possible or desirable, as follows :

"The fundamental precept of social economy should be : *To each worker his produce, his entire produce, and nothing but his produce.* The great problem of social organization is to realize this formula of justice. If this were once applied, pauperism and *divitism*, misery and idleness, vice and spoliation, pride and servitude, would disappear as by magic from our midst."

In closing his argument, he reiterates this maxim as at once "the absolute negation of communism and the most sacred justice," and predicts that it will receive due legislative recognition.

I am sorry to differ so completely as I am obliged to from this conclusion. It is my own belief that the maxim above stated will never be recognized by legislation, for the reason that its practical application is rendered impossible by the nature of things, and that this attempt to apply it, while totally failing to affect the reforms promised, would incidentally involve a repudiation of some of the main ethical ideas of the race, together with the

complete abandonment of the industrial methods which distinguish civilization from savagedom and have chiefly created modern wealth.

To take up the moral aspect of the maxim first, it will be observed that if the producer is to have "his entire produce, and nothing but his produce," there will obviously be nothing left for the non-producer, and for the weak producer only a pittance. This shuts out entirely, or reduces to the crumbs and crusts of the table, women, children, the aged, the infirm, and those crippled by disease and accident, or defective by nature. All these would exist only by the favor of the strong and healthy men of working age. So long, indeed, as women were unencumbered with children their labor might avail for a bare support; but not for comforts at all corresponding to those enjoyed by men. For any share in these they must depend on masculine favor or charity. Let it be observed that this result of the application of M. de Laveleye's maxim would involve on the part of all these classes a far more abject state of dependence than they now are in, for, at present, much of the world's wealth is not, as he would have it, limited to the producer, but is in the hands of non-workers. This arrangement the application of the maxim would abolish, with the result of bringing all non-workers or feeble workers into that relation of direct and complete dependence upon the favor of the stronger members of the community which characterizes the savage state. Of course, the stronger might, if so disposed, provide for the weaker; but, under the maxim, the weaker would have no right or recognized claim to any provision beyond what they could make for themselves. And this is the arrangement under which, we are told, "pauperism and misery," "pride and servitude would disappear as by magic from our midst." Certainly it would be a clear case of magic if they should disappear under a system apparently expressly adapted to promote, legitimize, and perpetuate them.

Let us for a moment consider the ethical quality of this proposition with particular reference to the way in which it would affect the condition of woman. For the sake of the race, Nature has laid upon woman burdens which disqualify her, in comparison with man, as a producer. On account of this disqualification, resulting

from her consecration to the interests of humanity, it is proposed to put her on half allowance, and leave her to beg and wheedle for the rest of her needs. That is to say, her weakness, which in view of its cause would, one would suppose, among any race of intelligent beings, be held to constitute the most sacred of titles to all things the powers of the race could command, is made the excuse for adding to the burden she already bears for man, the indignity of personal dependence upon his favor for her maintenance. It appears to me, and I think will appear to most men who have not forgotten that they were born of women, that what M. de Laveleye calls "the most sacred justice" is in this regard an injustice of which it is difficult to say whether the magnitude or the ineffable meanness is the more striking aspect. It is quite true that since the beginnings of history mankind has utterly failed to recognize the duty of society to secure the freedom and dignity of woman, as Nationalism proposes to do, by guaranteeing her economical independence. The recompense by indignity and oppression of her everlasting martyrdom in behalf of the race has been the great crime of mankind to this day, a crime to the proportions of which the eyes of men are at last beginning to be opened. It is now proposed in this year 1890, that, instead of redressing this ancient wrong, the civilized world shall re-affirm it as the corner-stone of an improved society. I do not think the proposition will prevail.

It is worth considering that, if, indeed, M. de Laveleye's maxim is correct, that every worker should have "his produce, his entire produce, and nothing but his produce," as a matter of "most sacred justice," the legislators of the past two thousand years have been wholly wrong in what has been commonly considered their progressive legislation, for the larger part of this supposed progressive legislation has consisted in successive limitations of the exclusive claims of the producer to his produce, and successive assertions of the claims of non-producers to partake of it. The right of the wife and the child are now fully established, not only as a matter of a mere moral claim, but of legal title, to share in the produce of the husband and father, while, through taxation, the claims of the dependent and destitute classes of all sorts, by no other title than

their need and their destitution, to share the wealth of the producer are yearly more fully asserted. For every sort of civil, military, educational, and miscellaneous, common and public purposes, the producer is constantly being mulcted of his produce, and the more civilized the nation the less is his "sacred" title to that produce recognized. Instead of regarding the individual man as absolutely without duties, natural or social, without responsibility to past, present, or future, as the maxim under consideration presupposes him, the constant tendency of civilization has been in the direction of imposing upon him ever new duties, tributes, and responsibilities toward society in general, and especially toward its weaker and unproductive classes, as well as in the interest of any and all undertakings tending to promote the general welfare or avert the general damage. Nationalism is the logical evolution of this tendency. M. de Laveleye's plan, on the other hand, contemplates its reversal. The issue between us is in a nutshell: M. de Laveleye is a revolutionist; I am an evolutionist. Merely as to the question of practicability, in order to establish M. de Laveleye's system, a dozen laws would have to be repealed to every new one which Nationalism would require to be enacted.

But let me not be charged with giving a one-sided consideration, too largely tinged with sentiment, to M. de Laveleye's Utopia. Let us look at its economical aspect. Let us imagine that, intoxicated by the vision of a society illustrating and embodying unmitigated selfishness, the world had resolved to repeal all the humane legislation of the past two thousand years and re-organize upon the maxim, "To the worker his produce, his entire produce, and nothing but his produce." Let us see what, if any, philosophical and practical difficulties would be likely to arise. If Shylock will have his pound of flesh, let us see he takes no more than the letter of the bond.

To begin at the beginning: if a man be entitled to "nothing but his produce," by what title shall he claim ownership of himself and the consequent right to use his powers for his own benefit? That this is no fanciful objection will appear when we reflect that, under the ancient civilizations and to-day in barbarous countries, parents were and are held to be,

by the most sacred of titles, absolute proprietors of their sons and daughters, and certainly, if M. de Laveleye's maxim were ethically sound, they ought to be, for no production is so painful, so costly, and so anxious as the production and nurture of human beings. M. de Laveleye's maxim appears logically to require the re-introduction of the patriarchal system.

In the second place, if the worker, as a matter of "most sacred justice," is entitled to his produce and "nothing but his produce," by what possible title shall he venture to appropriate any part of the earth and its natural resources, seeing that manifestly he did not produce them? And yet, if he does not appropriate them, it is certain that he can produce nothing at all or even find a place to stand on. It appears that, as a preliminary to the proposed plan of apportionment, the whole question of the terms on which men should use this earth and its resources would have to be adjusted, a question which, it is needless to observe, opens up the entire subject of sociology. In view of this consideration, it cannot be said that M. de Laveleye's maxim offers what can be called a short cut to the social solution.

But, for the sake of the argument, let us suppose these two rather large difficulties to have been in some way gotten over, and proceed to consider some practical inconveniences which would appear in the application of the maxim to the world's business.

Obviously, if every worker's holding is to be his produce and "nothing but his produce," he must not have the use of inherited wealth in any form. The right of inheritance must therefore be abolished. But who is to take the estates of the dying? Under M. de Laveleye's rule they neither go to heirs nor are held in common. They must apparently be burned.

Again, although the worker, under Mr. Laveleye's maxim, may accumulate and use capital which is self-produced, he may not rent or borrow or lend either with or without interest, for the interest, or the use, would be, to lender or borrower respectively, something other than his own produce. And again, he could not employ any one or have assistants of any sort by whom he made a profit, for this profit would plainly be something beside his own produce. By the same



rule, he could not go into partnership or any form of co-operation with anybody, for, whenever the labor of two men is blended, their produce is intermingled, and then it is impossible to make sure that each has "his produce, his entire produce, and nothing but his produce." In cases of co-operation some arbitrary plan of division has to be agreed upon, halves, quarters, thirds, or something else, but any such method would fatally offend M. de Laveleye's ideal of "most sacred justice." As for the modern system of complex interdependence and subdivision of work, by which the individual worker performs a single process, perhaps, out of a score requisite to complete the product—a system from which the wealth of the modern world largely results—that, of course, would have to be given up and a return made to the old style of independent and wholly individual production, whereby, with inconceivable waste of effort, each worker wholly completed his own product, and then took it to market. Indeed, that it might be even approximately possible to determine the precise product of each worker, as sharply distinguished from that of every other, it would be practically necessary that every worker should be isolated. Even then the propensity of men to help one another is so strong that, until the community should be educated up to M. de Laveleye's standard of "sacred justice," it would be highly desirable that a policeman should be assigned to each worker to prevent the surreptitious exchange of assistance. By the time this point had been reached in preparing for the ideal system of distributing human produce, it is to be feared there would not be any produce, worth speaking of, left to distribute.

And yet even at this stage the process of stripping the individual of all advantages not self-derived, which would be necessary to make sure that he received "nothing but his produce," would be by no means completed. It is a serious thing for the individual to call for an account and trial balance between himself and his race, as M. de Laveleye's maxim in effect does. All that a man produces to-day more than did his cave-dwelling ancestor, he produces by virtue of the accumulated achievements, inventions, and improvements of the intervening genera-

tions, together with the social and industrial machinery which is their legacy. All these, of which the sum is civilization, are the common inheritance of the race, the capital of society. Its elements have not descended to us by any individual or traceable line, and cannot be claimed by an individual, but only by a common and social title. For the heritage of civilization the individual is the debtor of mankind; for its use humanity is his creditor; to it he has no claim save under the perpetual tribute of social duty. Nine hundred and ninety-nine parts out of the thousand of every man's produce are the result of his social inheritance and environment. The remaining part would probably be a liberal estimate of what by "sacred justice" could be allotted him as "his product, his entire product, and nothing but his product."

In view of the foregoing considerations there appears no escape from the following conclusions: The affairs of men, as the result of an indefinite period of gregarious life, have become so involved as to be inextricable. Even though, in order to disentangle them, it were thought worth while to disintegrate the social organism to its ultimate particles, and unravel to the last thread the fabric of civilization, yet would the sacrifice avail nothing, for even then the earth and its resources, to which men can have no title unless it be a common one, would remain the basis of all production.

The human heritage must, therefore, be construed, and can only be construed, as an estate in common, essentially indivisible, to which all human beings are equal heirs. Hitherto this community and equality of right have been disregarded, the heirs being left to scramble and fight for what they could individually get and keep. Thanks to the growth of human intelligence, a world in revolt testifies to-day that this insane injustice is to be suffered no longer. Unless humanity be destined to pass under some at present inconceivable form of despotism, there is but one issue possible. The world, and everything that is in it, will ere long be recognized as the common property of all, and undertaken and administered for the equal benefit of all. Nationalism is a plan for establishing and carrying on such an administration.—*Contemporary Review*.

## RUSSIAN PRISONS: THE SIMPLE TRUTH.

BY E. B. LANIN.

THE views of that section of the British public which possesses, or thinks it possesses, the right to hold any respecting the advantages and the evils of the Russian prison system have, within the past few years, touched every extreme of admiration and loathing, and are now waiting, like *Sacculinæ* in search of crabs, for new facts to cling to. First we were treated to the views of an English clergyman, named Lansdell, who, after having rushed rapidly through a long stretch of country which he was credibly informed was called Russia, wrote several volumes on the land and people, breaking out into lyricism whenever he alluded to the prisons of Siberia. Then came Mr. George Kennan,\* who, having taken the trouble to study the subject before writing upon it, has been engaged for over a year in piling agony upon agony, exhausting the resources of the English language in his search for words adequate to express his horror and indignation at the inhuman cruelty with which convicts in Siberia are treated, and which is erroneously supposed to be restricted chiefly to political prisoners. Lastly, we have an official representative of Russia† solemnly assuring her countrymen and the civilized world generally that the only trait in the Russian prison system calculated to astonish Englishmen is the excessive indulgence with which Russian convicts are treated—the kindness with which they are brought up by hand, as it were. No wonder that the bewildered British public is at a loss what to believe, and is desirous of unearthing some fresh facts, unvarnished by political prejudice and uncolored by personal feeling, from which it may be permitted to draw its own conclusions.

The object of this paper is to furnish them.

Like Mr. G. Kennan, I have been put in possession of ample, interesting, and

\* Prince Krapotkin, who spoke *en connaissance de cause* and whose scientific accuracy and objectivity is beyond praise, was considered too deeply interested to be listened to with more than idle curiosity.

† Madame Novikoff has lately been appointed a member of the St. Petersburg Prison Board.

trustworthy information about the latest phases of the so-called "horrors" by Russian friends, many of whom were at one time, and others of whom still are, exiles in Siberia. It is my intention, however, to withhold all such accounts, because their existence, vouched for by a person or persons unknown, might be denied or their significance belittled, as that of very exceptional incidents, by the Russian Government, with the ease and assurance with which Mr. Kennan's statements were contradicted; and the confusion would only be worse confounded.\* Instead I have determined to rely solely on the authority of facts which will pass current with Russians themselves, because vouched for by loyal Russian officials who, occupying responsible positions in Siberia, or sent out there for the purpose of investigating the subject, have devoted years of unremitting labor to the study of the prisons, have drawn up reports, not about exceptional instances or "horrors" that occur once a year, or to one class of prisoners only, but concerning the general working of the entire system. These reports have lately appeared in print, with the sanction of the Government, thus becoming invested with an authority the value of which can scarcely be exaggerated.

Before proceeding, it may be well to clear the ground still further and say a word about motives. I am not one of

\* In the *Review of Reviews* for May, Madame Novikoff is represented as having explained away the so-called "Siberian horrors" by the phrase, "Every private blunder which deserves to be regretted and investigated is puffed up into a systematic and normal plan of action on the part of our administration" (*Review of Reviews*, p. 406). This magniloquence seems very nearly akin to that which made a Russian Slavophile, writing last year in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, during the Abyssinian expedition of the "Red Sea Cossacks," describe as "saintly sisters of charity, who were brutally fired upon by the French," certain women of very loose morals who attached themselves to Aschinnoff's lawless marauders, and shocked the untutored Abyssinians quite as much as the harridans who accompanied the Christian warriors at the siege of Acre scandalized the Mohammedans. Surely better samples of saintly feminine virtue can be found in Russia than these.

those optimists who believe that diplomatic interference in the internal affairs of Russia, if possible, would be productive of any more good than could be effected on a vicious rhinoceros by painting its hide with jod. And even if it could, I confess I am not sufficiently in love with that rank Pharisaism which seems to be one of the main ingredients of the moral atmosphere of these islands to encourage Englishmen to monopolize the task.

Lastly, I would venture to point out that the almost exclusive attention paid in these questions of prison treatment to the hard lot of political prisoners, whom in Russia it is often difficult to distinguish from ordinary criminals, has the effect of narrowing the issue to an extreme degree, and making us entirely lose sight of the extent and the root of the evil. Moreover some allowance should surely be made for that peculiar irritation which the government of an autocracy must necessarily feel toward political conspirators who threaten its very existence, and who, before embarking in such unpromising ventures, may be taken to have carefully counted the cost. No state, ancient or modern, republic, monarchy, or theocracy, has ever shown much consideration for its political prisoners, and from the days of Darius Hystaspes, who tells us in his off-hand way how he mutilated and chopped up the malcontents who disturbed his peace of mind, down to the present year which has witnessed the death by flogging of Madam Sibida, there is little to choose in the way of clemency. For this reason I have thought it advisable not only not to restrict my remarks to the treatment experienced by political prisoners, as has been done by most of the writers on Russian prison life, but to treat the latter merely as a part, and a not very considerable one, of the vast army of criminal and innocent people of all ages and both sexes who are always brutalized and often tortured to death in the prisons of Russia.\*

\* If we credit an extraordinary statement to which currency is given by the *Review of Reviews*—a periodical which apparently thinks that nothing can interest English readers more than detailed accounts of the sayings and doings of obscure Slavophiles—Madame Novikoff has publicly asserted in a Russian periodical that the sensational accounts of the treatment to which Russian political prisoners are subjected are based

“Our systems of prison organization and penal settlements,” says a specialist of many years’ experience, in a most interesting report on Russian prisons drawn up for the behoof of the members of the International Prison Congress now assembled in St. Petersburg,—

“our systems of prison organization and penal settlements are now passing through the third period of their evolution. The theory of brutal retaliation found expression in the damp and dark casemates of the kingdom of Muscovy, in the torture, the splitting of nostrils and the quartering of prisoners; its influence, preserved in an epoch very nearly approaching our own, was manifested in slavery, branding, the knout, and the *plète*.\* Our present houses of detention and

on deliberate, wanton falsehood; journalists, travellers, Members of Parliament, and English men generally being condemned by tyrannical public opinion to lie in a gross, unjustifiable manner whenever they take to describing Russia or the Russians. A gentleman named de Windt, however, is one of the few just men who dare to shame the devil and speak the truth. This gentleman wrote a book in 1889, entitled *From Peking to Calcutta by Land*, in which Madame Novikoff contends he has refuted “nearly all the Siberian horrors which at present ornament the pages of the principal English journals. Accustomed to English ways (in England people are hanged almost every week), he cannot understand [I am quoting the *Review of Reviews*, May, 1890] why Russians should show such compassion as they do to convicts.” Now the Siberian horrors have all reference to the sufferings of political prisoners, and turning to Mr. de Windt’s book, p. 363, we find him saying plainly about them the very opposite of what is here attributed to him. He calls their prison, Kara, “a hell upon earth.” Whenever he does express himself in favor of Russian prisons he expressly excepts political convicts and says, “Be it understood that I speak of criminals and not of political prisoners or Nihilists, to whom, notwithstanding all that ardent Russophiles may say, *Siberia is a veritable hell upon earth*. The Russian ‘criminal’ is exiled to colonize; the Russian Nihilist (in most cases) to die.” The writer who defines this to be a “refutation” of the “Siberian horrors” would surely object to the commonly received definition of veracity. Whether Mr. de Windt’s praise of the admirable treatment of common criminals in Russia is better founded than Captain Cuttle’s keen appreciation of the worldly wisdom of the Bible as embodied in what he thought were Bible aphorisms, the reader will be in a position to judge later on.

\* It may be well to give Mr. de Windt’s description of this instrument, which he admits is still used: “It is a lash of twisted hide about two feet long, terminating in thin lashes a foot long with small leaden balls

convict prisons are the embodiment of the theory according to which noxious members of society should be cast out and no further care taken of their lot."

There are four categories of prisoners recognized by Russian law, and it is to meet the requirements of these that the prisons are supposed to be constructed and maintained: 1. Those who are charged with having committed a crime, but may prove to be perfectly innocent of it (*s'édstvennye*). 2. Persons detained "administratively," viz. (a) "political misdemeanants" not condemned by any court of law, but whom the authorities deem it desirable to deprive of their legal rights and to punish as convicts; (b) the members of tax-paying societies, such as the *Mir*, who have been expelled by their fellow-members and handed over to the Government for deportation to Siberia, without being accused of any definite crime; (c) persons who have never been accused or suspected of any crime or misdemeanor whatever, but who are being forwarded to their native place at the request of relatives, guardians, or the authorities. 3. Convicts properly so called who are being deported in virtue of a legal sentence condemning them to live in Siberia, to colonize it, to serve their time in convict battalions, in penal servitude, or in a central prison. 4. Criminals who are undergoing incarceration as an independent species of punishment, to which they have been sentenced by the law courts for crimes ranging from common assault or larceny up to wilful murder.

In theory, Russian prisons keep these four classes of persons quite separate from each other, and humanely provide for treatment varying in rigor in proportion to the degree of the prisoner's guilt. In

at the end; it is a terrible instrument, and one which, if severely wielded, often results in the death of a prisoner. From 25 to 50 strokes are usually given, but if the prisoner has friends they usually bribe the executioner to make the blow a severe one. A skilful flogger and one who wishes to make the convict suffer, draws no blood, for this has the effect of relieving pain. Commencing very gently he gradually increases the force of the blows till the whole of the back is covered with long swollen wales. In this case mortification often sets in and the victim dies. The *plète* is only used at Kara, Nicolaieff, and Sakhalien, and then only very rarely and on the most desperate criminals." *Op. cit.* p. 415.

reality the more brutal and case-hardened a criminal is, the more consideration he receives at the hands of his jailers; the more savage and beastly his instincts, the greater his opportunities to gratify them.

"Every one is familiar with the *ostrog* (provincial prison), the sight of which plunges one's soul into a sea of melancholy, and which is almost always the first thing that meets your eye when you enter a provincial city. This building is destined to serve as the temporary place of confinement for all gangs of prisoners that pass through the place; it has also to accommodate untried persons who may prove to be innocent of the crimes laid to their charge; and it is likewise the place in which are incarcerated all local criminals for the short periods of imprisonment to which they have been condemned. Hence each prison should be, and is in theory, provided with three separate sections corresponding to these three classes, in addition to which it is supposed to be divided into a male and female half. Lastly, the letter of the law requires that there should be a special wing for members of the privileged classes" \*—

(nobles, tschinovniki, merchants, and ecclesiastics). Such is the theory, fair and humane, if somewhat complicated and artificial.

Simplicity is unfortunately the only merit that can be predicated of the reality, which is utterly at variance with the theory. "Provincial prisons are in the majority of cases so small and their financial resources so slender, that the more you divide them into partitions, the more each room looks like a dog-kennel in Naples."†

The most important functions of all are exercised by the so-called "Forwarding prisons" (*Peressylnye*), which have been aptly likened to prisoners' hotels, where meetings between the members of the entire criminal world are continually taking place. In any one of them you will find, especially during the period of winter confinement, representatives of all the peoples and tongues of the Russian Empire, men guilty of all categories of crime, and stained with every degree of guilt, convicted, suspected, untried, notoriously innocent.

A short summary of some of the official data published by the Russian Government in 1885 will enable us to form a more cor-

\* Cf. "Report on Russian Prison Organization drawn up for the behoof of the International Prison Congress." *Law Messenger*, 1890, No. ii. p. 331.

† *Ibid.*

rect idea of the life that throbs within these terrestrial hells than any rhetorical description. During the year ending in 1885, in addition to the 94,488 convicts who remained since the previous year, no less than 727,506 prisoners arrived in the various places of detention in the empire. Of these 116,998 were deported convicts; 324,807 were criminals on their way to their respective destinations; 11,631 were prisoners of other categories, and "administratives," and 52,904 were of their own free will accompanying the convicts. That same year 722,021 were taken off the list, of whom 103,453 were exiles deported; 319,375 were being forwarded to various destinations; 10,939 were "administratives," and 50,054 were, of their own free will, accompanying their relatives, who were convicts. Consequently during that year there passed through the *étapes* and the various forwarding prisons of Siberia 506,340 prisoners.

When we reflect that a large proportion of this army of half a million criminal nomads—about 300,000—are every year being sent backward and forward, we can form some idea of the difficulty of the problem which a humane Russian government will sooner or later be called on to solve. To regulate the conduct of legions of desperadoes who are here to-day and gone to-morrow is a task for the execution of which something more than good intentions combined with brute force is indispensable. The Central Prison Board, it should be said to its credit, has endeavored to induce the government to take some measures to mitigate the evils of the present system, and has among other things given strict orders that every forwarding prison should contain separate sections for convict families, much as zealous young country doctors occasionally insist upon an indigent patient purchasing beefsteaks and port wine, forgetful that he has not the wherewithal to buy even a platter of porridge or a meal of cold potatoes. There is not a prison in Siberia that does not contain from twice to four times the maximum number of prisoners for which it was constructed.

The effects of this overcrowding are far more horrible than anything that can be realized by readers who have never seen prisons on the associated system moderately filled. It is the cause of inconceivable human misery; the rooms are trans-

formed into loathsome cesspools, hotbeds of every species of disease, physical and moral; the stench of the noisome air is intolerable; the clammy, clinging vapors which poison the body seem to eat into and dissolve the very soul; and to all these miseries is superadded a torture akin to that the mere anticipation of which seemed to Shelley's Beatrice a more terrible hell than any that priests or prophets ever conjured up to terrify guilty consciences with: the hated presence of human fiends, who are killing the souls as well as the bodies of the majority of the prisoners.

Internal prison control on the part of the authorities is a fiction; inspectors and inspected strike up an agreement in virtue of which the forwarding prison becomes, for the winter, a semi-independent oligarchy governed—or misgoverned—by a few desperate villains among the worst class of the so called tramps.\* These few ringleaders, resolved to live as comfortably as they can till marching time begins again, take the reins of government in their hands, organize and put in motion all the complicated machinery that takes every prisoner in hand and shapes his life and slightest actions, and, turning the prison into a hell, enjoy the rights and privileges of devils.

Their first step is to get storehouses in which all their contraband property is hidden whenever a sudden search is made, and the remarkable success which they usually attain in disguising these secret strongholds is due to an amount of energy and inventive power which one seldom sees employed by free men engaged in the ordinary callings of life. A "good" prisoner is able, in a perfectly empty room, which has just been repaired, swept out, and put to rights, to stow away spirits, tobacco, tools, and even arms, and to hide them so effectually that their discovery can only occur as the result of treachery or of pure chance. Whole window sills are taken to pieces, stone walls (when they exist) are scooped out to an incredible depth, planks in the floor are deftly removed, the posts that support the plank

\* Tramps (Russians, *Bro-dyaghi*) are frequently the most desperate criminals of Siberia who have escaped and persistently refuse to give their names or disclose their antecedents. The law calls them tramps and treats them as desperate cut-throats.

beds are drilled and made hollow—and all this is done so thoroughly, so artistically, as almost to defy detection.

"Thus in the Sterlitamak prison, in the year 1890, a convict named Sookatsheff hid a live horse, which he had unyoked a short time previously from the cart on which flour had been conveyed to the prison. All attempts to find it were fruitless. At last at the request of the inspector, Sookatsheff himself undertook to 'search' for it. He 'found' it, its feet tied together in the loft of a two-story house, the door of which was locked with the inspector's own lock."\*

The next care of the members of the prison oligarchy is to establish regular communications with the outer world, mainly in order to smuggle in spirits, cards, tobacco, tools, and "materials." In this matter the warders and the sentries who guard the prison from the outside render them inestimable services. Wares that are not very bulky are brought directly into the prison, in spite of the circumstance that persons coming in are always searched; large objects are thrown over the wall at a place agreed upon beforehand, spirits being poured into tin vessels, which are rolled up in straw or rags and flung over. *Maidans*, or prison clubs, are founded for the sale of greasy cards, wet tobacco, and poisonous spirits; a "common" fund is formed—always for the sole benefit of the oligarchs—from the monthly subscriptions, something in the nature of the "garnish" levied in old English prisons before Howard's time, which every prisoner who receives food-money is compelled *nolens volens* to pay, and from the exorbitant tributes extorted by barbarous methods from the unfortunate wretches who pass through the forwarding prison on their way elsewhere. One, and not by any means the worst, of these inhuman practices consists in compelling all new comers, even though they pass but one night in the prison, to pay *three roubles* (about seven shillings) for the use of the *parasha*, or night vessel.† The oligarchs select a complete staff of officials to carry on the work of "governing": "elders," "bakers," "cooks," "guardians of the *parasha*," etc., etc. Immorality is practised on a scale unsuspected in the very worst of over-civilized European countries, and contemplated only in the

penal code of the Old Testament.\* Were it otherwise one might feel shocked enough to learn that not only do the prisoners succeed by means of bribery, cunning, or violence in gaining access to the female half of the *ostrog*, but they also organize, wherever possible, a Persian harem. Not only are these things connived at by the authorities, but the prison officials frequently outbid the convicts in unnameable immorality.

Lastly, a prisoners' committee of safety is formed—an institution which, in some respects, reminds one of the redoubtable *Vehmgericht* of the Middle Ages, terrible by the absolute, uncontrolled power it wields, by the Venetian suspiciousness with which it regards most men, and by the inexorable cruelty with which its decrees are executed. The life of every prisoner is in its hands. For acts which convicts call "light crimes," and free men term indifferent, seeing that they are devoid of moral guilt or merit, they are beaten with knotted handkerchiefs; for treachery or even neglect in executing commissions the penalty is death, and the sentence is immutable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, and as sure to be carried out as a decree of faith.†

The so-called "Central" differs completely from the forwarding prisons—among other things, in that it is a strictly "cellular prison." Judging by its results it might be aptly termed a "soul-extractor;" it utterly destroys human personality. "All the customs, the personal characteristics, the traits that distinguish a man from other men, are all annihilated after he has spent some time in the Central Prison, where he becomes a mere thing, a number."‡ He is not even so much—

"as a beast of burden, which is fed in order that it may work. In most cases he has no work to do. He sits, or as the prisoners themselves express it, 'he lies,' and this weight of idleness crushes him down infinitely more completely than the most grinding forms of penal servitude. I saw many hardened criminals, who cared not a rush for their wives, weep like little children when the latter refused to follow them to Siberia.§ I have

\* *Law Messenger*, 1890, No. iv. p. 324.

† *Ibid.* No. ii. p. 324.

‡ *Ibid.* No. iv. p. 635.

§ An unmarried convict, or a married one whose wife refuses to follow him and is therefore *ipso facto* divorced from him, is sent to the 'Central' instead of to the mines.

\* *Law Messenger*, 1890, No. iv. p. 634.

† *Ibid.*

also frequently seen prisoners who had served their time in the 'Central' and had recently been released: they were mere shadows, mannikins, automata wound up once for all—men they were not.\*

When a prisoner, condemned for a long term,† has spent the third part of it in the "Central," he is deported to Sakhalien, which, bad as it is, is considered a most attractive place in comparison to the prison he leaves. There these "stupid living ruins" are left to their own devices, and expected to earn a livelihood by their own unaided efforts. It is scarcely surprising that they should rapidly develop into tramps.

"I have known cases of men condemned for short terms of imprisonment in the 'Central' exchanging their names with men under long sentences, allured by the outlook of passing but a third of the long sentence in the terrible 'Central' and of being then sent on to Siberia. Thus a man condemned for seven years (this is called a short term in Russian law), which he must spend at the 'Central,' willingly exchanges his identity with one sentenced to fifteen years, because he will have to spend but a third in the 'Central' and the remainder in Siberia."‡

The following two typical cases may be taken to illustrate the working and the injustice of the system: Ivan and Peter commit equally grave or perfectly identical crimes, and both are sentenced to six years' penal servitude.

"Ivan happens to be married and his wife volunteers to accompany him to Siberia, in consequence of which, having worked hard for three years, say in the prison of Srednie-Karinsk, he continues to work at the same mines but not in prison during the second half of the sentence, living in a convict colony with his family. The unmarried Peter goes to the 'Central' and undergoes his sentence there; and if he survives it, is released with his soul crushed out of him and his body diseased, and is sent on to Turukhansk or some such place where there is absolutely nothing for him to do but steal and enter the criminal army of tramps."§

Such are the broad lines on which prison life in Russia is organized. If we now turn to the daily existence of the inmates of the forwarding prisons, in so far as

that is the work of their own hands, the spectacle that meets our eyes is one that would have sent a thrill of horror to the soul even of a Jefferies.

The *Maidan*, or club—and some prisons are provided with several—has a canteen attached, in which tea and sugar, cards, spirits and tobacco are sold at exorbitant prices. All the news is reported and commented upon in the *Maidan*, all questions of interest to the prisoners are discussed and solved there, and always in accordance with the wishes of the omnipotent oligarchs. The prisoners have numerous amusements in which they indulge by order of these ringleaders, and more barbarous, filthy, hellish pastimes it would be difficult to imagine. They cannot even be darkly hinted in a Russian review read only by specialists, and which publishes things which cannot be alluded to in this country. Among the few prison games that are not of this kind may be mentioned the "Belfry," which consists in the prisoners getting up on each other's backs in two rows, and every four such hauling up a fifth by the beard or by the hair of the head, and swinging him about like the tongue of a bell, crying out the while, "Bom! bom!"\* Another popular pastime is "Horse-selling:" a convict is hoisted upon another's back and carried round the room, being mercilessly beaten with knotted handkerchiefs all the time. He often suffers quite as much from this amusement as from a sound flogging by the executioner. "The Prisoner's Oath" is a pastime which in cynical blasphemy outdoes all the others: it cannot be described. "The Sewing of the Caftan," by its obscenity and the exquisite torture it inflicts on the victim, has nothing else to match it.†

It is not necessary to have incurred the serious displeasure of the oligarchs to be subjected to these kinds of punishments. For "serious" offences death is the penalty, and the executioners do their bloody work with perfect impunity. In the prison of Tsh . . . ski I saw a young man for whom they had "sewn the caftan" the day before, and I shall never, as long as I live, be able to blot out from my memory the image of that martyr's face! He shortly afterward died of the results.‡

\* *Law Messenger*, No. iv. p. 635.

† If the term is a short one, viz., not more than for seven years, he spends the whole of it in the 'Central.'

‡ *Law Messenger*, iv. p. 636.

§ *Ibid.*

\* *Law Messenger*, p. 627.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.* p. 628.

"As a matter of course, the investigation that ensued brought nothing to light."\*

If in the course of this or any other investigation a prisoner should say too much, if his reticence or his admissions compromise his fellows, if, generally speaking, he is of a talkative disposition, or a boaster, he is set down as a "heathen," and is mercilessly persecuted, beaten, tortured. If he informs on his colleagues, death is his portion, and the authorities are powerless to save him.

"No matter how well a spy is screened and protected in secret cells, his fate will overtake him sooner or later. The greater the injury he inflicted on the convict corporation, the crueller their vengeance. I was acquainted with a convict condemned to deportation to Eastern Siberia, who, for the sake of lucre, had informed on three of his companions. Thanks to the efficient measures taken to screen him, he got as far as Moscow and in the Kolymashny courtyard was interned in a secret cell. That very night the lock was picked by some person or persons unknown and the spy beaten within an ace of his life. After several months of careful medical treatment he recovered and was forwarded on. In Kazan, in the forwarding prison he was tortured and would have been killed outright had he not been torn out of the prisoners' hands in time. Put in hospital under the doctor's care, he was poisoned and his life was with difficulty saved. He then feigned madness and was placed in the Central Hospital for the Insane, where, thanks to his extraordinary ingenuity, he succeeded in remaining for about a year. Sent on along with the first spring gang of convicts, he reached the forwarding prison of Tiumen, where he was crushed to death 'by persons unknown.' This is by no means an exceptional instance, and the most horrible feature of such executions is that they sometimes take place on mere suspicion."†

One has no difficulty in understanding the reluctance of prisoners, under such circumstances, to complain of the pain and misery inflicted upon them by their brutal colleagues, who really rule them. They are as little disposed to complain of the abuses for which the authorities are directly responsible, some few of which it may be well to point out.

If in the first place we glance at the buildings—the *étape* prisons—we find that they are the most miserable lodgings any class of human beings has ever yet been housed in since the Troglodytes took to dwelling above ground. This perhaps

is natural, seeing that the maintenance of the prisons is entrusted to unscrupulous petty speculators who receive from £35 to £45 a year for the work. One contractor will often include five or even more prisons within the sphere of his operations, receiving £45 for each. His part in the transaction generally ceases here, for he immediately cedes the contract to some still less scrupulous and more grasping village speculator, to whom he pays £5 per prison, thus gaining £200 without putting himself to the slightest trouble, or from whom he sometimes receives as much as £300 for ceding the contract.

"For it is a very lucrative occupation, the money being earned in two ways, by not carrying out the very moderate conditions of the contract, and by engaging in illegal business with the prisoners, selling them spirits, cards, tobacco, tea, sugar, needles, thread, meat, and the sinful human body. In one of the *étape* prisons of the Mamadyshevski District in 1882 there lived two cheap enchantresses. Generally speaking, everything is dear at the *étapes*, except the human body."\*

These *étape* prisons are horrid holes, utterly unfit for human habitation, and unworthy to serve for the housing of brute beasts. These words have the ring of exaggeration about them, and yet the idea which they are capable of suggesting to a civilized reader will prove but a pale shadow of the dread reality. When speaking of Russian prisons and Russian convicts, ordinary expressions fail to convey the meaning intended. Nor is it a question of mere intensity, but of kind. The song has to be transposed into a wholly different key. The dry matter-of-fact report from which I have been hitherto quoting speaks of the prison buildings in the following terms:—

"Nearly all the *étapes* of the Government of Astrakhan are filthy mud hovels, heated only during two months of the year, and then insufficiently and only with the roots and branches of a shrub called *tshilishnik*. Scarcely a single prison is provided with a female section, and when this section does exist it is a dog-kennel, a stable, a black hole—anything but a place to live in. The prisons themselves are at best mere dark, low hovels built to accommodate from five to six men, the cost of erecting them amounting to no more than from £10 to £15 each. The only place where I saw good prisons was in the *Sterlitamak* district. The prisons of the district of *Tshistopol* and part of the *Laisheff* district are well built, but kept in a disgustingly

\* *Law Messenger*, iv. p. 628.

† *Ibid.*

\* *Law Messenger*, No. ii. p. 343.



filthy state. The Podlessensky *étape* (district of Ufa) was a complete ruin, its stove crumbling to pieces, its roof fallen in, the earthen floor burrowed to such an extent by pigs that these animals came in freely from the streets to the prisoners' rooms. This was duly reported to the authorities, and when, several years later, I was again passing through the village of Podlessanofo, I yielded to my curiosity to examine it. There were some traces of improvement; the roof had been repaired with tree bark, the stove, which had only been recently put up, smoked terribly, and the pigs of the place went on with their destructive work as before.\*

It is no easy matter to realize fully what is meant by the words "in sufficiently heated," that one meets with so often in these reports. "In the winter of 1882," says the same authority—

"in the Salikhovsky *étape* prison (district of Ufa) I was shown a barrel of water destined to be drunk by the prisoners; it was covered over with a large piece of ice that had become detached by thawing a little at the edges, and was five and a quarter inches thick. This barrel, I should mention, is never taken out of the room in which the prisoners live. This prison, like so many others, is only heated a few hours before the arrival of a convict party, and sometimes not even then, and when heated the stove yields more smoke than heat. The prison floor there was so rotten that one of the planks broke under me, and it was not without difficulty that I got my foot out of the deep hole that resulted. It was on this floor that the prisoners had to sleep, with absolutely nothing under them, for there were not even any plank beds. The 'Elder' of the convict party complained of the weakness of the bolts, etc., and with two fingers of one hand twisted and bent with ease the tin bars on the windows.†

"On the premises of the Tahookadytamak *étape* (near Belybay) the prison warden lives with his family, and he uses the common room in which the prisoners sleep, eat, drink, and live as a *sheep-pen*; early in the morning, before the departure of the convicts, I myself saw that while the convicts were still sleeping on their plank beds, there were thirty head of sheep and goats quartered immediately under the plank beds.‡ The *étape* of the wealthy village of Alexeievsk (district of Menzelinsk) is situated in an underground cellar. The Uslonsky *étape* near Kazan is a mere wooden cage 19½ feet square. It has no sections or partitions whatever, not even an ante-room; the floor is earthen. In March, 1882, a convict gang of twenty-seven prisoners and fifteen Cossacks arrived; the Cossacks were billeted in the neighboring huts, while the twenty-seven prisoners, thoroughly fagged out after a day's journey of 30 versts, carrying

their effects along with them, were shut up in this dungeon.\*

It is difficult to read the calm, matter-of-fact account of how these miserable wretches passed that terrible night without a shudder.

"They lay stretched out on the planks; they sat on their heels on the plank beds and under them; they stood up shoulder to shoulder on the ground from 7 P.M. till 8 A.M. A portion of the planks broke down; the windows had to be smashed in order to let in a blast of cold air; there was no fire in the stove, and the common night-vessel was standing in the room, but it was utterly impossible for any one to get near it.†

"It is not my intention," the writer significantly adds, "to give even an inadequate picture of some certain kinds of prison horrors. A glance at the official documents in the offices of the military commanders of the eight Volga Governments would be rewarded by the discovery of materials enough to fill up the outline."‡ A Russian gentleman named Ptitsin was sent some time ago in a purely official capacity to Siberia, where he acquitted himself in a most conscientious manner of the difficult mission with which he was entrusted, carefully examining the prisons, many of which Mr. Kennan never saw. He drew up a lengthy report, which was duly pigeon-holed, as such reports usually are, part of which he recently published with the permission of the authorities, accorded with a very bad grace. This unimpeachable document is a complete confirmation of the report inserted in the *Law Messenger*. Notwithstanding the statistical brevity and lack of consecutiveness which characterize the style of both these documents, a few extracts from them is better calculated, I believe, to convey to Englishmen a correct idea of what prison life in Russia really is than the most vivid description

\* *Law Messenger*.

† *Ibid*.

‡ It is very curious, that in the face of these things known and proclaimed even in Russia itself, men, and Englishmen, who know nothing of the language and customs of the country, and, if possible, still less about its prison system, should solemnly assure us that "on the whole there is no doubt that the Russian Government treats its prisoners far better than we in England are inclined to give it credit for."—De Windt, *op. cit.*, p. 411.

\* \* *Law Messenger*, No. ii, p. 342.

† *Ibid*. No. ii.

‡ *Ibid*.

given by the most impartial of their countrymen.\*

All along the Yakootsk tract, M. Ptitsin virtually tells us, the Government really do nothing, or next to nothing, for the prisoners. Thus the cost of forwarding the convicts along this immense tract falls directly upon the peasants, who are as poor as country mice. It is they, indigent as they are, who have to build the prisons at every post station, and keep them in repair. That they fail, lamentably fail, to discharge these duties is natural, nay, inevitable; but, whoever is to blame, the victims are always the wretched prisoners. Take, for instance, the forwarding prison of Katschoog (236 versts from Irkutsk); the rooms there, M. Ptitsin affirms, have only single windows, although in the streets the mercury registers at times 79 degrees of cold (Fahr.), with the result that in one room built to accommodate forty men at most the temperature is 39° Fahr., even when one hundred persons are passing the night there. In Verkholensk prison, we learn from the same authority, there are but two rooms, very low, eight arsheens (20 feet) long, and six arsheens (15 feet) wide. The prisoners receive fifteen copecks a day to live upon. They complained to M. Ptitsin that the jailer who purchased for them the bread on which they lived gave them a very bad quality, while the governor of the prison—a brutal peasant—beat them and their guards likewise most mercilessly in his drunken fits.

The Tiumen forwarding prison, a low hut constructed for the accommodation of twenty convicts, frequently contains eighty. Some of the prisoners whom M. Ptitsin found there *had no clothes*, nothing but their linen, and this in the month of February (1883). Thus he mentions the convicts Goosyeff and Goltakoff by name, whom he found in this pitiable plight. The authorities, questioned on the matter, informed him that they had sold their clothes; the convicts, on the contrary, assured him that they had been stolen from them. When the stove was heated many of the prisoners were asphyxiated, and were with difficulty restored to life.

The Karkinskaia prison is a low un-

heated hut built for twenty men, but occupied by parties of from eighty to a hundred, who arrive every week. The convicts declared the Ponomareffsky prison a magnificent place by comparison, and yet they were squeezed together there like herrings in a barrel. To avoid death by asphyxiation the door was left open all night, although the thermometer registered 25° below zero (Fahr.).

From Gruznovsky Station (the seventeenth from Irkutsk) to the town of Kirensk on the Lena, an extent of 540 versts, there are no prisons, the convicts being quartered on the peasants. The forwarding prison of Ust-Kutak has but two cells almost dark, which can accommodate three men each at a pinch. They do not possess a stove or other heating apparatus. There are generally five, sometimes, though rarely, ten men in each room, who remain at times as long as fifteen days. *No food whatever is allowed them, nor money to buy it. Every second day the jailer leads them to the village to solicit alms. What they get in this way is their only means of supporting life.\** When the prison can hold no more, the prisoners are quartered on the peasants, but as the latter discuss and deliberate, and squabble among themselves in choosing their prisoners (chiefly by their looks, each one anxious to obtain a convict who is comparatively harmless), the wretched exiles are left freezing in the open air, it may be *six hours* at a time, till some decision is taken.† In one party there

\* It is instructive, or ought to be, to note the light in which an Englishman, who could, had he wished, have studied the subject before writing upon it, puts this same fact mixed up with some fiction before his readers. "The criminals (as distinguished from politicals) have no complaint whatever to make as to food and clothing; each man has two pounds of black bread, three-quarters of a pound of meat, and a small allowance of quass daily. This, it must be remembered, is what the Government actually allows him [*italics mine*]. He may make what he can on the road in addition to this by soliciting alms from travellers and caravans. . . . Imagine a convict travelling from Portland to Dartmoor being allowed to beg at the railway stations!"—De Windt, *op. cit.* p. 411.

† "No travelling is done in winter," Mr. de Windt assures us. Now this is a very grave mistake. In Europe and Siberia they cease travelling during the wet season, which lasts from three to eight weeks. But in the interior of Russia, as well as in the interior of Siberia, convicts continue to journey on foot during the whole winter. Cf. for ex. the *Law Messenger*, No. iv. p. 638.

\* M. Ptitsin's account was published in the December issue of the *Northern Messenger*, a Russian monthly magazine which appears in St. Petersburg.

was a woman with child. She was delivered in the cell. There was no help near and she died, leaving three small children, an old mother and her husband, all bound for Siberia.

It would be misleading were I to omit to state that at some places in the mines life, for the non-political convicts at least, is tolerable, almost human, by comparison with this, although they are compelled to work on Sundays and holidays.

The Sookhovsk forwarding prison, M. Ptitsin informs us, consists of two cells, "almost pitch dark," made to accommodate ten men. *The majority of the prisoners live on alms alone.* The same story is told by the author of the report on the prison system which appeared in the *Law Messenger*. To begin with, we there read :

"The prisoners have no clothes to put on them. I examined their linen, clothes, and boots in scores of provincial prisons, and I was always struck by impracticability in the conception and dishonesty in the manufacture of these articles of necessity. The underclothing was always old, torn, and with very faint traces of having been washed. The cut of it was invariably absurd ; the drawers, for example, are sewn out of two pieces of cloth into a perfect triangle, so that unless you rip it up, it is impossible to get inside of it or put it on ; the legs below the knees are uncovered ; the shirts, not meeting at the collar even on the slenderest neck, leaves the entire chest and the arms below the shoulders unprotected. The boots are mere slippers as shallow as goloshes. The clothing for the most part consists of one tunic, a parody on the Biblical tunic, which buttons nowhere, and in which no man can work. It is true that in the convict battalions cloth trousers and jackets are given, and convict gangs on the march are supplied with short overcoats and ear-coverings ; but, on the other hand, it should be borne in mind that the majority of prisoners in district and provincial prisons, both in the interior of the *ostrog* and outside of it, work in a frost of 58° Fahr.\* And thus at last it comes to pass that a compromise is agreed to between the prisoners and their jailers ; the convicts dress themselves, and the prison inspector continues to send in his accounts for the mending, washing, and repairing of clothing and linen which are really never repaired, washed, or mended."†

Concerning the question of food, the same authority writes :—

"I can safely assert that of the 100,000 inmates of Russian prisons less than one third live on prison rations. Estimating at 10 copecks a

day the money value of the food of each of the prisoners, this one item alone gives us more than two million roubles a year that are taken from the Crown and go to people who have no right whatever to appropriate it. In most of the prisons visited by me the rations are distributed as nearly as possible in the following manner : to two-thirds of the total number of convicts nothing whatever is given. On two-thirds of the quantity of food actually doled out only about one-fifth of the prisoners are fed. The remainder of the rations fall to the convict-bakers, cooks, tramps, and other oligarchs. It can scarcely appear surprising under the circumstances that the ordinary prisoners (or *isheldonts*), as distinguished from the ringleaders, have to make the best they can of hot water in which a grain or two of corn and a rag of cabbage are swimming about."\*

In the Krasnoyarsk forwarding prison, M. Ptitsin reports, "*one third of the prisoners receive absolutely no food ;*" they live solely on what they receive in alms from the peasants, who are very little better off than they are themselves. The peasants bitterly complain of this, and also of the terrible responsibility that weighs upon them ; for if a prisoner dies while he is the "guest" of a peasant, the latter has to pass through no end of circumlocution offices, leaving his work and incurring serious trouble and expense before the inquiry can be brought to a satisfactory issue. "There are often as many as twenty sick persons in a gang but the peasants, apprehensive that they should die on the way, hoist the invalids into the tumbril and hurry them off to the next station, no matter what disease they may be suffering from ;" † typhus fever, smallpox, or rheumatic fever.

"The Kirensk prison (974 versts from Irkutsk) is a wooden building surrounded by a palisade. It is so old and dilapidated that were it not propped up with wooden supports it would tumble down immediately. A convict stuck his finger into the wooden wall, into which it entered as into butter or soft snow, so rotten was it. The ceiling fell down in 1883 and buried a prisoner, who was fortunately dug out alive. The inspector complains that since 1882 the convicts receive no prison garb, no socks, no warm goloshes, no clothes of any description, so that they can neither work nor walk. The prisoners complained of the overcrowding of the rooms, so that they frequently have to sleep not only on the ground but under the plank beds ; thus in room No. 1 six convicts slept under the plank

\* *Law Messenger*, No. iv. p. 326.

† Cf. M. Ptitsin's Report, *Northern Messenger*, December, 1889.

\* *Law Messenger*, No. iv. p. 625.

† *Ibid.*

beds; in No. 2 five; in No. 3 nine; in Nos. 4 and 6 eleven. There is no hospital; the sick are located in the civil hospital, which is described in the Government report as surpassing in filthiness anything that was ever seen or heard of even in Siberia. The floor of the corridor through which the patients have to pass to the water-closet is covered with a thick coating of ice which is soaked through and through with the foul liquids that flow from the water-closet, which is never cleaned. The sick and dying lie generally on the floor, which is so thickly strewn with them that there is no passage through the room. There they lie crying and wailing, and complaining of their specific sufferings and of the cold—for they are almost naked and have not wherewith to cover themselves. The visitor standing in the room with his furs on and his head covered found the cold barely tolerable. One room was occupied by male and female syphilitic patients thrown together indiscriminately, and under a table in a corner of the room two small children, about two or three years old, were crawling about like little puppies. There was no room for them elsewhere. The convicts who come here have to remain in this corridor, as there is no accommodation for them in the rooms.\*

On the 17th February M. Ptitsin found 120 prisoners from Irkutsk there, of whom seven, down with typhus fever, were in the throes of death and three were frost-bitten. They were all laid on the floor of that corridor. One of the party from Irkutsk died from the cold.”†

The food supply, at all times insufficient, ceases altogether at times for several hundred miles at a stretch, which may mean some weeks, or even months. At Ulkansky, Krasnoyarsky, and other stations, complaints were made to M.

Ptitsin that convicts were sent up without warm clothes, and also without food or money to buy them. Nearly all convict parties from Kirensk to Wittim are forwarded *without any food supply whatever*. They live as best they can on alms.\*

No wonder that the miserable men thus treated strip themselves almost naked, and part with their clothes to their fellow prisoners for a ridiculously small sum, and purchase food or temporary oblivion with the proceeds. This is frequently practised in the depth of a Siberian winter, when the mercury is at the bottom of ordinary thermometers, at depths undreamt of in England. The men who do this form a numerous class known as the “Naked People.” M. Ptitsin met hundreds of them in Siberia; the peasant, he tells us, who has to take a number of convicts a certain distance on the way to their destination, is always in great dread lest the naked people should freeze to death while under his charge, so he throws a coat or a horse-cloth round them, puts a wisp of hay or straw next their skin to ward off the cold, and drives them in post haste to the next station, where, if he delivers them up with signs of life still discernible, he breathes freely once more, for the burden is then shifted on to another peasant. At Skokiensk and Rischsk, M. Ptitsin saw many such “naked people,” who had sold their clothes and purchased food or drink, or both. In Ust-Kutsk, he assures us, “there are always several of them in each party who dispose of their clothes for money, get a few rags to hide their nakedness with, and put hay next the skin to keep the cold out.”†

Between Gruznovsk and Kirensk, on the Lena, one is continuously meeting “naked people,” dressed only in their shirt and drawers. If we bear in mind that the thermometer often registers as many as 35° below zero, and 67° below freezing point (Fahr.), we can understand why it is that some people die of cold. The old coat of horse-cloth which the wary peasant lends to the naked convict, he takes off him at the next station, leaving it to the peasant to whom he delivers him up to cover him up temporarily as best he may, and so the “naked convicts” are hurried along on tumbrils from station to

\* *Northern Messenger*, December, 1889.

† Cf. M. Ptitsin's Report, *loc. cit.* In the light of the above it is entertaining to read the following: “Personally I would very much sooner undergo a term of imprisonment for a criminal offence in Siberia than in England.”—*A Journey from Calais to Peking*, p. 448. If the example of these two gentlemen, Messrs. Lansdell and De Windt, does not put the British public once for all on its guard against glowing accounts of Russian prisons, finances, universities, or other institutions, it richly deserves to be kept in that gross ignorance of everything Russian in which it has helplessly floundered so long. One cannot but regret the unjustifiable way in which a portion of the English press, working in the interest of cant, contributes to perpetuate this lamentable ignorance about Russia. Thus this morning's *Standard* (19th June) in a telegram from St. Petersburg, informs the British public that the International Prison Congress now sitting at St. Petersburg has proved a complete success!

\* *Northern Messenger*, December, 1889.

† *Ibid.*

station, till they arrive at Kirensk, where, if delivered alive, they are soundly flogged for being without clothes.\* In Surovsk and Diadinsk the same harrowing spectacle of naked wretches shivering from the intense cold, some frost-bitten, others perhaps dying, met the eye of the St. Petersburg official. "In the Sukhovsk prison," he informs us, "by far the greater part of the convicts live solely upon alms. In the Putapovsk forwarding prison they receive neither money nor food, and each gang as a rule includes from four to ten sick men, besides many "naked people."†

Men and women, many of them as innocent of crime as babes, undergoing torture of this description, would be more or less than human if they failed to snatch at any opportunity that offered of drowning, even for a short time, their misery, and forgetting themselves and their environment, even though they should drift thereby into nameless crimes and hopeless insanity. The prospect of transitory oblivion is enough to buoy them up under the greatest conceivable hardships. "Generally speaking," says the matter-of-fact report published in the *Law Messenger*,

"prisoners and their jailers become reconciled to all imaginable privations and extortions, so that they be allowed to do just what they please. . . . The forbidden fruit of the prison (the vodka with its foul-smelling fusel oil) is transformed by their imagination into a heavenly nectar, and it must be admitted that Russian prison life is in the last degree desolate and weird for people with sober brains. At first the money given for food (whenever money is given) is spent in the purchase of spirits, afterwards the prisoners' clothing is disposed of, and then both guards and convicts go begging for alms. . . . Thus the day is spent and night draws nigh, and the *étape* prison is metamorphosed into a terrible hell upon earth. The poisonous fumes turn every one's head. Neither age nor sex is recognized or respected in the wild glutting of brutal instincts. Every attempt at resistance is speedily overcome by dint of blows of the fist and strokes given with the butt-end of rifles. If during the scuffle a convict runs away, on the morrow a general hunt is organized, and the wretch when caught is beaten to death. It also comes to pass, as in Orenburg in the spring of 1881, that when those who run away are not overtaken, one or more of those who remained behind are deliberately killed, and a report drawn up setting forth that 'three ran away, shots were fired at

them, and one of the three was killed, while the other two escaped.'""

"During these nocturnal orgies the manager of the *étape* is occasionally attacked for his extortions or for cheating at cards, and the frightful scenes that occurred in Alexievsk are rehearsed."† Sometimes skirmishes, or rather real battles, occur between prisoners and soldiers, the latter laying siege to the *étape*, and many are wounded, mutilated, killed, as happened at Alexievsk. "I visited this prison a week after this had occurred (it was in 1883), and I saw all the traces, still fresh, of a regular siege."‡

But are there not such institutions, one may ask, as Prison Boards? Are there not humane prison directors in Russia, where at this very moment men like Galikin-Vrasky are exhausting the resources of a rich tongue in eulogies of John Howard and of Venning, and are discussing with scrupulous minuteness the application of the very latest discoveries of science to the amelioration of the unhappy prisoner's lot? The answer to this pertinent question, in so far as it is not implicitly contained in the foregoing, may be given in the unimpassioned words of the specialist, whose report appears in the *Law Messenger*:—

"The Prison Board belongs to the number of those collegiate institutions which exist solely on paper, and the members of which, to use a popular expression, are strollers. The members of this Board, each engrossed by his own private affairs, meet together at a fixed

\* "Accustomed as he is to English ways," says Madame Novikoff approvingly of Mr. de Windt (I am quoting textually from the *Review of Reviews*, as I have not been able to procure the journal in which that lady wrote her article), "he cannot understand why Russians should manifest such compassion as they do for criminals." Quite so. If they murdered a few thousands more (of the most wretched) every year and put them on the list of prisoners shot while attempting to escape, they would not be laying themselves open to an accusation of deeper immorality than at present, and they would assuredly have a somewhat stronger claim to be termed compassionate.

† *Law Messenger*, 1890, No. ii p. 344.

‡ In 1883 there was a battle, or rather a series of them, between convicts and soldiers at the prison of Alexievsk; it was stormed at last after a regular siege. Are these things usually reported and commented upon in this country by zealous travellers anxious to spread among their countrymen the truth about Russia?

\* *Northern Messenger*, December, 1889.

† *Ibid.*

time on the days on which the Secretary has prepared the reports, drawn up without previous consultation or discussion. . . They then hastily sign these dry documents, and hurry away each to his own concerns."\*

Another great impediment to prison reform, if the Government were seriously minded to undertake it, is the reluctance of the prisoners to utter a complaint against their jailers, who often treat them like vermin, or against their fellows, who can maim, wound, torture, and kill them with perfect impunity. "It is a Herculean feat," we read in the report which has been largely quoted,

"to prevail upon any one to utter a complaint in prison. The prison inspectors connive at much, and allow the 'oligarchs' to do just what they think fit with the ordinary convicts (Tsheldoni). And thus it happens that while these fellows are eating to satiety, smoking, playing cards, and drinking till they fall helpless to the floor, and have free access to the female section, the unfortunate man who will be set free perhaps to-morrow (and is not a convict at all), has to endure the pangs of hunger and cold, to go about almost naked, and to live worse than any beast of the field."†

Every inmate of a Russian prison is well aware that to prefer a complaint would not only not have the effect intended, but would not fail to work woe to the complainant. The Prison Board, it is true, has imposed on the Police Superintendent, or the Ispravnik, on the local doctor, the assistant procuror, and the justice of peace the duty of visiting the prisons, in addition to which the governor and the procuror go whenever they feel disposed and see for themselves.

But whenever any of these personages is about to visit the prison, his intention is known beforehand, and "both prison authorities and convicts combine to hide all signs and traces of the scandals that

are continually taking place among them, 'so as not to make fools of themselves.' " To this course they are impelled by admitted solidarity of interests, and so they hide not merely the *vodka* and cards, but even the tea-pots, the cups, nay, their own shirts and other harmless objects. The mutual dissatisfaction of jailers and prisoners is smothered for the nonce, and " 'We are all well satisfied with everything, your nobility,' is the unanimous cry with which the humane visitor is greeted."\* A prisoner foolhardy enough to introduce a discordant note into this sweet harmony would soon lose his voice and his life to boot. Positively inhuman tortures beyond anything here described are needed to rouse up the prisoners and make them stand up in their genuine shape and form and give expression to some of the thoughts that are crowding their minds.† "The Governor of Toblosk," we read in the *Novoye Vremya*,

"lately made an inspection of the district cities and volosts, and rumors of his intended visit reached the parties interested as early as January (1890). The administration of the district was up and doing. For weeks before the time fixed for the visit messengers and couriers were unceasingly rushing about on horseback from the district cities to the volosts and back again, delivering the most stringent orders, and directions about the clearing of the streets, etc., and above all (this was the chief burden of their message), commanding that under no circumstances should any petitions, requests, or complaints about the administration be allowed to reach the ear of the high-born visitor."‡

That complaints when made, inquired into, and found just prove as effective as would be the whistling of jigs to a milestone, is apparent from the solemn statements of every man and woman who has ever spoken *en connaissance de cause* of Russian prisons, whether as a servant or a prisoner of the Russian Government.

"The complaints of many provincial doctors (who visit the prisons in an official capacity), concerning the injury inflicted on the health of convicts by the mode in which they are confined, and the abnormal conditions of their existence, remain a voice crying out in the wilderness. Cases have come under my notice where this conscientious discharge of the duties imposed upon them by the law, was recorded against the doctor as a proof of his disloyalty."§

\* *Law Messenger*, No. ii, p. 334. This being so, one is at a loss to understand why certain English journals were lately so ecstatically jubilant on learning that Madame Novikoff had been appointed a member of the Prison Board of St. Petersburg, seeing that she has so little opportunity for ventilating her humanitarian views. At the same time it seems doubtful whether and to what extent Russian prisons would benefit by the application of the ideas of a lady who, knowing her own country as she does, is yet profoundly convinced, that compared with the treatment of prisoners in England, that of convicts in Russia sins on the side of leniency and tenderness.

† *Ibid.*, No. iv, p. 626.

\* *Law Messenger*, No. ii, p. 334. † *Ibid.*

‡ *Novoye Vremya*, 8th April, 1890.

§ *Law Messenger*, No. ii, p. 335.

"I was present at one of the official visits of the Government procuror," says the same author, "and when the cabbage of which the prisoner complained was by his order brought before him, and he saw with his own eyes that it positively teemed with worms, I heard him command the prisoner to eat them up."\*

The sensational element in all this, if it be found to possess one, must be admitted to be inherent in the facts themselves, which are certainly striking, even should it be proved that the miseries described are inflicted on abandoned wretches in whose souls the most approved purificatory processes, human or divine, would fail to leave the slightest residuum of truth, honesty, or humanity. This, however, is so far from being proved that the contrary is most frequently the case. It is perhaps needless to insist on the circumstance that the usual crimes and misdemeanors for which men are sent to Siberia or to prison are scarcely heinous enough to justify their being treated worse than destructive vermin. But even if they were, the justification of the Russian authorities would be as far off as before; for it is unfortunately a fact, and a lamentable one, that tens of thousands of innocent men and women, known and *officially* acknowledged to be innocent, who were never charged with, nay, never suspected of crime, subjects of the Tsar supposed to be in the full and perfect enjoyment of those extensive civil rights of which we have heard so much of late, are subjected to the worst forms of the treatment described above.

Let me explain what must seem to English readers a riddle or a joke. There are many members of the *Mirs* (peasant societies who till and own land in common), who for no more serious misdemeanors than that which caused the Greeks to ostracise Aristides are expelled from their community, without trial or accusation, and sent to Siberia by the Government acting on the suggestion of the *Mir*. The judicious distribution of a cask of *vodka* by a rival is sometimes quite sufficient to ruin an unoffending man in this way; and even this is not always needed. The expelled peasant is then deported to Siberia along with cut-throats and highwaymen, shut up with them in the forwarding pris-

ons for months, for years, starved, sent on for hundreds of miles, naked or nearly so, crushed down by the privations and restrictions for which the prison authorities are responsible, and tortured still more acutely by the inhuman ruffians into whose uncontrolled power the authorities hand him over. Whether he lives or dies under this treatment no man cares.

But it is not of the hard lot of these people that I speak. Nor yet of the thousands of innocent men and women who are kept languishing in the prisons described for long years, until at last the judgment day arrives and they are proved innocent. They are subjected, exactly like condemned felons, to the treatment just detailed, which were it practised in Africa or connived at in Armenia, would speedily call forth all the latent horror of which a correct English public is capable.\*

But, terrible as their lot is, it is not even of these people that I am speaking, but of a very numerous class of men and women, boys and girls, who are wanted by the authorities (not on account of crime, but for other reasons—to give evidence, for instance)—or sent for by their own relatives; or simply because they have accidentally mislaid their passports, or are kept a week or two without them by the greedy official (the village *pissar* or secretary), who is waiting for a larger

\* I trust it is needless to dwell on the circumstance that this paper is written from a humanitarian and therefore a purely objective point of view. It is certainly not meant as an indirect glorification of English humanitarianism. Englishmen, it must be admitted, are rarely in love with their own laws and customs; but those who happen to be, and who feel flattered by the contrast afforded by the present record of Russia's doings, should remember that in England there are occasionally abuses to reform even in the prison system. The following is doubtless an isolated instance and was speedily remedied, but this is no reason why it should be wholly lost sight of: "Shocking Treatment of Prisoners.—Mr. Justice Wills, at the Leicester Assizes, yesterday, called attention to the disgraceful treatment of prisoners at Leicester Castle. He said he was painfully surprised to learn that persons waiting for trial were confined in boxes which were 2 feet by 1 foot 8 inches. It shocked his sense of justice that they should be rendered miserable in cupboards in which no lady would hang her dress. It must be done away with, as it was intolerable that human beings should be shut up in places which were unfit for the accommodation of dogs."—*Daily Telegraph*, November 30, 1889.

\* *Law Messenger*, No. ii. p. 335.

bribe. All these people are imprisoned, starved, tortured, precisely in the manner described above; they become subjects of the oligarchs, are whipped, beaten, killed; their sufferings are nowhere recorded. The Russian law calls them "persons accompanying convict parties, not in the capacity of prisoners." This sounds incredible. It is grimly true.\* The following is one of the innumerable ways in which it comes to pass.

A peasant leaves his home to seek for work as a field laborer, wherever he can find work to do, and, like every Russian, male and female, he takes his passport with him, which is quite as much a part of him as his soul is. It is always a half-yearly passport, which he must renew at the end of the six months, sending it home in a registered letter to the *pissar* of his native place, and enclosing the legal fee and something over for the trouble. The time of renewal draws near; the workman gets a letter written to the *pissar* of his commune requesting a new passport. The *pissar*, like the god Baal in Elijah's days, is pursuing, or is on a journey, or, peradventure, he sleepeth, as most Russian officials do, and must be awaked. Whatever the cause, he does not send the passport in time. The honest working man, who is earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, and by the practice perhaps of exceptional sobriety is trying to earn a pittance for his family, is suddenly arrested and "sent home by *étape*"—that is, is flung into a forwarding prison, whence he emerges to join one of those convict parties just described which contain the cream of criminality, and is ground down and made to suffer hell's torments before he gets home. When he arrives he gets his passport, and is a free agent once more, a loyal subject of his little father the Tsar.† M. Ptitsin informs the Government that when he visited the Markovsk prison in February, 1883, all the prisoners there were confined only for passport irregularities.

Take another case. The daughter of a Russian official wishes to study medicine and obtain a midwife's certificate. Her father discourages her in every way; but in vain. She leaves home without his permission, and goes to one of the uni-

versity towns to study. Her father writes a letter to the police, asking that she be sent home at once, and she is sent as a convict; hungry, naked, insulted, deflowered, in time only her dead body reaches her native place—perhaps not even that.

Or take another case: A soldier is sent by the Government to serve at Ak Boolak or some such place, thousands of miles away from his native village. He is married and thinks that life with his wife near him would be more tolerable than it is without her, and he requests the authorities to forward her on. They accede to his prayer, arrest the soldier's wife forthwith, and put her in prison till a convict party is organized, which she is sent to join; she becomes one of this dreary family, travels several thousand miles by *étape*, sleeps under plank-beds, is maimed, insulted, violated; this goes on for months and perhaps years, during which she cannot take a step without her guards until she reaches her destination.

"Unfortunately she does not always reach her destination; many a soldier's and priest's wife arrives in such a pitiable condition that she has nothing for it but to lay violent hands upon herself. When we undertook to Russianize Central Asia thousands of soldiers' wives were thus forwarded by *étape* from all parts of Russia to their husbands. Hard by Orenburg there is a little bridge across the river Sakmar, and many a soldier's wife has cast herself from it headlong into the river below, in order not to show herself to her husband, in order to escape from consciousness of her miserable existence after passing the terrible nights that she has experienced on the *étape*."\*

A peasant woman named Avdotya was sent in the same way, by *étape*, through the prison of Yelets to her native village of Berzovki (Kozinski district). One day she was found hanging from a piece of ribbon behind the door in the cell of the Serghievsk volost board (Yelets district). The guard on duty, who a few moments previous was chatting with her, while he was lighting the stove, had only gone for a moment to another room and, returning almost immediately, found her hanging. Instead of cutting her down at once and giving her assistance, he ran off, terrified at the sense of his responsibility, to fetch a village policeman and then to inform the hospital doctor. By the time medical help came it was fruitless. The motive for the suicide was the following:—Towards the end of August the deceased, along with several inhabitants of her own village, set out on a pilgrimage to Voronesh—a distance of sixty to seventy versts. On arriving they all repaired to the

\* Cf. *Law Messenger*, 1890, ii. p. 336.

† *Loc. cit.* p. 337.

\* Cf. *Law Messenger*, No. ii. p. 337.



monastery, except Avdotya, who, lingering in the rear, got separated from her companions, who had her passport for safe keeping. Not possessing this important document, although it was in the hands of her friends, who were only a few miles off, she was taken up and put in prison, and sent home by *étape*. At last the wretched woman, having marched from prison to prison for about a month, reached Serghievsk (distant only from sixty to seventy versts) with unmistakable indications of unsound mind."<sup>4</sup>

"In the autumn of 1882, in the City of Astrakhan, the police arrested three workmen on the landing place because they had not their passports on their persons. They were all three of them Russian peasants from the district of Laisheff. One of them had been ill, and had thus allowed the term for renewing his passport to expire; the two others had done their duty by sending the old one to the volost board in due time for renewal, inclosing the legal taxes and fees. These assertions of theirs were not, and in such cases never are, believed (nor verified). They were sent by *étape* to Tsaritsin, where they were kept in prison one whole month, waiting for the formation of a convict gang, of which, when organized, they were sent to form part. The gang was detained at so many junction roads on the way, that they did not get to Moscow till January, 1883. Here they were confined for several months, till a Siberian party was organized, and with whom they were sent to Nischny Novgorod. In this city the breaking up of the roads in spring kept them and their convict gang back for a considerable time, and it was only in May that they reached Kazan, where they were again confined in the forwarding prison; after which they were sent on to Laisheff, and thence to their native volost. When they arrived there the *pissar* told them that their passports had been already sent to Astrakhan for them, and that he would give them no others. So they had no option but to wait here till their passports came back from Astrakhan, and it was only in June, 1883, that they were free to return to Astrakhan, where they found themselves exactly at the starting-point where they had been nine months previously."<sup>†</sup>

These men had been robbed by the convicts with whom they were forcibly associated; an unnameable crime had been committed upon one of them, a young fellow of seventeen. They complained to the authorities, but they might as well have poured forth their complaints to the icy wind that blows from the Arctic Ocean. "I saw these men," says our authority of the *Law Messenger*, "when they were on their way from the Kazan forwarding prison to Laisheff; they were mere shadows of human beings."<sup>†</sup>

Another class of innocent men who have to pass through this infernal ordeal are the unfortunate soldiers who, being sent from one place to another for service, or returning home when it is over, are forced to herd together with convict gangs and march on by *étape*. And lastly, any one, whether he have his passport or not, may, if any member or members of the police like to make him feel what they can do, be sent to his native place in order to verify his identity. The following instance will leave no doubt as to what is meant by this curious operation, and as the names and places are given, it may serve as a test case:—

"A priest's son, Hyppolit Krassotsky by name, educated in the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Nischny Novgorod, had taken up his permanent residence in the government of Ufa, where he served at first in an office under the crown, and afterward became a clerk and manager on the estates of Colonel Paschkoff, and the former minister of the interior, General Timashoff (both these gentlemen are still alive; the former is said to be now living in London). After this he was appointed secretary of the District Court of the Justices of the Peace, and was confirmed in this post by the Governor of Ufa. Every one in the entire government of Ufa knew him perfectly well. And yet the police Ispravnik in 1880 conceived the plan of verifying the identity of this man. M. Krassotsky handed in his passport, his photograph, the affidavits of many persons and institutions who knew him both in the government of Ufa and in Nischny Novgorod. But the Ispravnik declared it desirable to apply to him a measure at that time temporary, but now the law of the land, namely, to send him by *étape* to his native place, in order to verify his identity. Krassotsky was arrested and the day was fixed for his deportation to join the ruffian gang, when the governor, to whom numerous and energetic representations had been made, graciously dispensed him from going."<sup>\*</sup>

"I know of nothing more helpless and hopeless than the existence of these unfortunate persons who accompany convict gangs 'not in the guise of prisoners.' I know of nothing more horrible than the treatment which they receive at the hands of the authorities and from the ringleaders of the prisoners, both on the march and in the prisons; for they have to submit to imprisonment on their way like the rest. They are pariahs among the offscourings of the criminal world, who insult, degrade, rob them, and do them all manner of violence. At night they are cast out of the plank beds and forced to sleep under them, on the cold, slushy, or frozen ground. The old men among them are beaten, the old women scoffed at and insulted, the

<sup>\*</sup> *Law Messenger*, No. ii. p. 337.

<sup>†</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>†</sup> *Ibid.* p. 338.

<sup>\*</sup> *Law Messenger*, p. 339. M. Krassotsky is still living in Ufa.

girls and boys are violated and abused by convicts and guards alike."\*

These things are hard facts, which need no commentary. They cannot be denied or explained away, and no pæans sung to Howard's memory at the Prison Congress should cause them to be forgotten. If

those English optimists who eulogize Russian prisons are aware of them and continue as ecstatic as before, the matter passes naturally from the hands of the logician and moralist into those of the psychologist.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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S. MARINA.

BY LEWIS MORRIS.

"IN Egypt long ago a humble hind  
Lived happy. One fair daughter of his love  
Was his, a modest flower, who came to bless  
The evening of his days. But time and change  
Came on his well-loved home, and took from him  
The partner of his life; and when the blow  
Had fallen, loathing of the weary world  
Took him, and, leaving his young girl behind  
With some who tended her, he wandered forth  
Across the desert sands, and in a cave  
Long time he mused, a pious eremite  
Withdrawn from men. But when the rapid years  
Hurried his child to budding maidenhood,  
Knowing the perils of the world, his soul  
Grew troubled, and he could not bear the dread  
That day and night beset him for her sake;  
So that his vigils and his prayers seemed vain,  
Nor bore their grateful suffrage to the skies,  
Since over all his mind would brood a doubt  
For her and her soul's health, revolving long  
How she should 'scape the world and be with him,  
Because no woman might approach the cell  
Of any pious hermit. At the last  
He counselled her, taking the garb of man,  
To come to him, leaving the world behind;  
And the fair girl, loving her sire, obeyed,  
And lived with him in duty to the end.  
And when he died, leaving the girl alone,  
The brethren of a holy convent near,  
Seeing the friendless youth, and pitying  
His loneliness, and holding high his love  
For his dead sire, offered him food and home  
Within the holy house; and there he served,  
A young man in the blossom of his age,  
Sweet natured, pious, humble, drawing to him  
His comrades' friendship and the love of maids.

But all her soul was rapt with thoughts of Heaven,  
Taking no thought for earth, and so it was  
The youthful Brother grew in every grace  
And great humility, and was to all

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\* *Law Messenger*, No. ii. p. 336.

Example of good life and saintly thought,  
And was Marinus to the monks, who loved  
Their blameless serving-lad, nor knew at all  
That 'twas a maid indeed who lived with them.

Now, as in all humility he served,  
The Abbot, trusting him beyond the rest,  
Would send him far across the desert sands,  
With wagons and with oxen, to the sea,  
As steward for the House ; and oftentimes  
The young man stayed far from his convent home,  
With some rude merchant who purveyed their food ;  
And oft amid the wild seafaring folk  
His days were passed, and coarse disordered lives ;  
And oftentimes the beauty of the youth  
Drew many a woman's heart who deemed him man.  
But still the saintly tenor of her way  
The maiden kept, clothed round with purity,  
So that before her face the ribald rout  
Grew sober, and among the styes of sense  
She walked a saint clothed round with purity,  
A youth in grace, keeping a virgin heart.

But one, the daughter of his host, would cast  
A loving eye upon him—all in vain ;  
For careless still he went his way, nor took  
Heed of her love nor her, and oftentimes  
He would reprove her of his maiden soul,  
Knowing a woman's weakness, and would say,  
' Sister, I pity thee think of whom thou art,  
And set a wratch upon thy feet.' But she,  
Hating the faithful candor of the youth,  
Fell into utter wretchlessness of sin ;  
And when her sire, discovering her disgrace,  
Threatened her for her fault, a shameless thought  
Seized her, and she, with feigned reluctance,  
Swore he deserted her, and with her child  
Came to the saintly Abbot, where he sate  
Judging the brethren. And great anger seized  
The reverend man that at his heart he nursed  
A viper which thus stung him, and he cried,  
' Vile wretch, who dost disgrace our sacred house !  
False hypocrite, soiling the spotless robe  
Of saintly purity ! I do denounce  
Thy wickedness. No longer canst thou be  
A brother to thy brethren here, who live  
Pure lives unstained. My sentence on thee is  
That thou be scourged, and from this holy house  
Withdraw thyself, and work what viler work  
The brethren find for thee ; and this poor child  
Take thou with thee, and look that thou maintain  
Its growing life, since thus thy duty bids thee.  
Or if my mercy spare thee from the stripes  
Thou hast deserved, 'tis for its sake, not thine.  
Go, get thee gone, and never dare again  
Pollute my presence.'

Long she strove to speak,  
 But her lips formed no word. And then she rose  
 Meekly, and, answering no word, went forth,  
 Bowed down with shame, and yet not ill content,  
 Deeming it but the penance which her sins  
 Had merited. And when the little one  
 Stretched forth its hands, she clasped it to her breast,  
 Her virgin breast, and all the sacred glow  
 Of motherhood, which lurks within the hearts  
 Of innocent maidens, rising soothed her pain ;  
 And, wandering forth, she found some humble hut  
 For shelter. There by alms and servile tasks,  
 'Mid great despite of all who held her high  
 In days of honor ; hungry, lonely, poor,  
 And oftentimes begging bread, she lived long time,  
 Till the young life Heaven gave her throve and grew  
 In happy innocence, and all who passed  
 Might hear twin voices rising in the hymns—  
 The father's, who was mother, and the child's—  
 And wondering went their way.

So that pure soul  
 Grew tranquil even on earth. Yet in her heart  
 Deep down the rankling sorrow dwelt, and burned  
 The sources of her life, until at times  
 Her penance grew too hard, and almost broke  
 The bonds of silence ; then again her soul  
 Took courage, persevering to the end,  
 Loathing her sins, and knowing well her pain,  
 Though undeserved, was nothing to the sum  
 Of her offence, dear heart ! and hoping from it  
 The fair reward of utter faithfulness.

But not the less the insults and the shame  
 Consumed her life and strength, and day by day,  
 When now the innocent she loved had grown  
 To happy childhood, weaker and more weak,  
 Her failing forces waned, till on her bed  
 Stretched helpless lay the maid. And when she knew  
 Her hour was come, she summoned to her side  
 An aged woman whom she knew of yore,  
 What time she seemed a frank and eager youth,  
 Ere her shame took her ; and when she was come,  
 Quickly with trembling hand she beckoned her,  
 Giving her charge, when she was dead, to take  
 Her child to the good brethren, with her prayer  
 That they should keep it safe.

Then with weak hand  
 She bared her innocent virgin breast and smiled,  
 A sad wan smile, and, looking up to Heaven,  
 Breathed her last breath.

And she who saw, amazed,  
 With mingled joy and tears, composed with care  
 The virgin limbs, and wrapped her in her shroud,  
 And hasting to the convent with the child  
 Left orphan, told the tale. And when he heard,

The holy Abbot knelt with bitter grief  
 All night before the altar, asking grace  
 Of Heaven, that he had wronged that stainless soul  
 By base suspicion ; and the brotherhood  
 Mourned for the pure girl saint, who bore so long  
 In blessed silence taunts and spite and shame,  
 Obedient and in great humility."

—*Murray's Magazine.*

## A JOURNEY TO THE CAPITAL OF TIBET.

BY GRAHAM SANDBERG.

THE recent visit of the Chinese Resident in Tibet to Calcutta and his official reception by our Viceroy have indeed brought to a close our petty war with the mystic land of the Lamas ; but this recognition of China's rights over Tibet will have given the Celestial a hold upon the latter country he never had before. Chinese influence in Tibet has ever been for evil ; and our unscrupulous policy in treating directly with the Emperor of China concerning a kingdom to which he had no shadow of claim, can have only strengthened that baneful influence. Neither shall we find the country rendered one whit more accessible to exploration and commerce. Nevertheless, to the sentimental and adventurous it may be matter for congratulation that at least one huge region of the world will still remain an unknown and forbidden land. A halo of fascination has long been wreathed round the very name of Tibet. " You may not enter there " has been the seductive influence. Men of every nation have been allured magnetically to that one goal. One by one they have manfully assailed the ice-bound, mountain-girt land of mystery. Every physical obstacle which its unique inaccessibility of situation involved has, indeed, been readily overcome. Each adventurer in turn has even stepped upon " Tom Tiddler's ground " ; but each one has been inevitably ordered back again by Tom Tiddler's subjects, and, however unwillingly, has had to obey and re cross the frontier.

However, there has been one exception to the general rule. He, this exception, has not only succeeded in scaling in the depth of winter the formidable passes through which alone Tibet can be entered ; but he has outwitted the vigilant frontier-

guards, visited all manner of uncanny places, and finally set foot in the far-famed capital, the sacred city of Lhá-sá. In averring that one traveller has at length succeeded in the enterprise, I do not allude to the feats performed by the Indian Survey spies. On several occasions, indeed, these men have managed to reach Lhá-sá ; but they are semi-Tibetans themselves, and have been, moreover, destitute of the recording capabilities of fully-educated Europeans. True, our successful traveller was not an Englishman, but a Bengali ; nevertheless, he proved himself in learning, in powers of observation and assimilation, as well as in ability to narrate his experiences, quite the equal of any modern British explorer. His achievement, in its results, was therefore equivalent for all practical purposes to the success of any of the European travellers who have been attempting the same feat without avail.

The strangest part of the affair, however, is this—the utter ignorance of the general, as well as of the scientific, public that the adventure had ever been made and satisfactorily accomplished. Kansack the " Proceedings " of the Royal and other Geographical Societies, where every scintilla of news concerning Tibet is always carefully recorded ; yet not one line appears respecting the important results of this mission, and the name of Babu Sarat Chandra Dás, the clever explorer we are referring to, is not even mentioned. The writer of the present paper, in an article published a few months ago, was the first to refer publicly to this exploit. The truth was, knowledge of the affair was confined to a certain number of officials in India ; and the valuable information obtained locked up in a " Secret Report."

Two or three years ago, just after the Babu had made his report, I (who for some time had been studying the Tibetan language) happened to be put in possession of the full facts of this remarkable journey. Few written notes were made at the time, but so vividly did the recital impress me that the incidents of the adventure and line of route still remain in nearly every detail in my memory. Another opportunity of refreshing my remembrance having fortunately occurred, I think it may be well to put into shape these important travels at once.

#### DARJILING TO TASHI-LHUMPO.

The most convenient hill station from which the confines of the forbidden land may be approached is Darjiling. This modern health resort is perched on a spur of the Himalayas, 7000 feet above the level of the sea. It is no longer accredited to Sikkim; but lies some eight miles south of the new southern border line of that little State. Nevertheless, in and around Darjiling have settled hundreds of families of Sikkim-Tibetans, of Wallung Bhutias from Nipal, and other kindred tribes, as well as of pure Tibetans from the heart of the snowy land itself. At Ghum, not four miles distant, any Englishman may see the customs of Tibet in full swing—the women with their ruddy cheeks blackened; the hand prayer-wheel revolving in the right hand of garrulous comrades whose prayers and chatter can be conveniently carried on simultaneously; and an old Mongol lama beating his *damru* or skull-drum and reading a Dosutra over the sick as naturally as in the real country beyond.

Babu Sarat Chandra Dás has long resided at Darjiling. He has built for himself a neat house on a crag overhanging a wooded gorge, which echoes at night time with the music of many waters that tumble along in the bottom 3000 feet below. Naturally enough the owner has named his dwelling "Lhasá Villa," and has fitted it up in facsimile of the better-class residences in Tibet. And it was from this little retreat that the worthy Bengali set forth one December evening on the adventure which, for many a month, had occupied his heart. At 9 P.M. he bade farewell to a highly-placed Government official, who was stationed at Darjiling—a kind friend who had encouraged him in

the expedition, and had obtained Government funds for its prosecution. At 10 o'clock he was joined in the Darjiling "Mall"—then dark and lonely and wind-stricken—by one who was to be his companion on the risky journey. This was Ugyen Gyá-ts'o, from the Bhutia village overhanging Lepong spur. He was then, as now, a stout, smiling-faced Sikkim lama, a staunch friend to British authority, even if it were destined to penetrate the Sacred Land itself. However, we will not go so far as to say that Ugyen's fidelity has anything to do with the £150 per annum which he receives from our Government as nominal sub-inspector of schools. Ugyen likes English ways, and, in spite of lamaistic vows, has taken to himself as pretty a wife as you could wish to see.\*

The nearest route to the mighty peaks which sentinel the Tibetan frontier would have been due north, from Darjiling to Pema Yangtse Monastery in Independent Sikkim, and so through the latter country by way of the La-chhen valley, whence, over the Kongra Lamo Pass, access could be readily obtained into Tibet. As all the passes were then beginning to become blocked with the fresh-falling snow, it would have been well to have chosen this, the easiest of them, or at least the low Tipta Pass from Wallung Valley in Nipal. But the journey required the greatest secrecy. The Babu, though disguised as a Tibetan, could not have ventured to traverse Sikkim by the regular mountain paths, as he was well known to many of the traders to Darjiling, and any recognition would have led to word being passed from village to village over the frontier, when all ingress would have been stopped by the Tibetan soldiery stationed within a day's march of the Sikkim Passes.

Chandra Dás and Ugyen took, therefore, a more arduous but less used route. Soon reaching the Rang-nyit valley, separating our territory from Sikkim, before morning they were beyond Gok and well on their way to the rocky ranges and deep valleys radiating out from Mount Kabru. Their intention was to surmount the three

\* Since the expedition narrated in the present paper, Ugyen has distinguished himself by accomplishing, together with his wife, an independent journey to Lhasá and back. As a Tibetan, however, his access to the country would be comparatively easy. An account of this journey has been issued in a Government Report.

deep passes dividing these valleys from Nipal, and, gaining the latter country by the last pass just south of Kangchen-junga, so to thread their way up the Nipalese river-courses to the dangerous Kang-lachen Pass. We shall not dwell on this portion of the journey. Secrecy was kept, and when well in Nipal, they even ventured to put up at two or three of the villages. Eastern Nipal is chiefly inhabited by people of the weird Limbu race, some of whom are often to be seen at the Sunday-morning bazaar in Darjiling. Thus they had little to fear. Coolies with baggage had been sent on ahead of the travellers, who had been represented as traders who would follow. In a Wallung-Tibetan village, two men who knew Tibet well were presently engaged, and, after much suffering and a hazardous journey along a hog-backed ridge of ice with deep crevasses on either hand, the *lap-tse*, or head of the pass, was reached. The portly Ugyen, it seems, the evening previous had spent their few hours' halt in a cave cut in the snow, roaring with an outrageous stomach-ache. As reward for his anguish he had consequently got himself carried up the steep snow-drift to the top of the pass on the back of one of the newly chartered Wallung-pa. Wily Ugyen! All the party having shouted in chorus the usual invocations to the mountain deities who guard the pass, a descent from this point, which is 17,200 feet above sea-level, was attempted. Such a height, in the middle of December, was not to be easily borne. The worthy Babu seems to have suffered intensely in his lungs, and to have contracted internal mischief which, later in his journey, nearly terminated fatally.

But enthusiasm was lightening all hearts now. They were actually over the frontier, and descending, descending into Tibet! But what a descent it was! A sheer steep of solidified snow sloping rapidly to depths unknown below. Guiding themselves with poles, they seated themselves on the slippery incline and then slid at amazing speed, whither, they hardly could guess. There was a hairbreadth escape from a yawning chasm; but before nightfall level ground, of a kind, was reached, free from snow.

Here dangers of another kind set in. A few miles to the east from this spot was known to be an out-post of Tibetan sol-

diery. The name of the guard-station is Tashi-rakpa. During the Tibetan war with Nipal a lofty wall of mud and stone was built near this place in an unbroken line for many miles. In parts it has now been cut through, and the gap in the wall through which the only road in this difficult country lies has been made at Tashi-rakpa. The travellers had to pass through the gap, and a guard was stationed close at hand. Happily it was very dark and very near midnight when the travellers reached the dangerous spot. A line of great Buddhist chhortens (cenotaphs to saints) had been set up there, and passing behind these monumental piles an easy evasion of any challenge seems to have been achieved.

Sleeping amid some ruined walls, but not daring to light a fire, a little rest was now allowed. Next day was begun a long and dreary journey along the bank of the Arun river, first east and then northeast. This track is described as stretching for many, many miles in unbroken desolation. A few hamlets occur; but the denizens seem plunged in the deepest poverty. There is little or no cultivation attempted in this district; in striking contrast to the state of things still further east, in the main valley of the Penam Nyang River, and in the numerous branch valleys down which the many tributary streams enter that larger stream.

At length the boundary of the Province of Tsang was reached, and once within this province the apprehensions of Chandra Dás seem to have been all put aside. This province is in some respects independent of control from Lhasá; the temporal as well as the spiritual government of its internal affairs under the local authority of the Panchhen Rimpochhe Lama of Tashi-Lhümpo. In the last century, when Turner made his journey to the capital of this province, the "Teeshoo Lama," as this most blundersome traveller styles him, was apparently supreme in his own domains. Now, though under much control, the Panchhen has the power of issuing passports to traders, and prior to his departure from Darjiling the Babu seems to have found means to procure, through an old friend high in office at Tashi-Lhümpo, a *lamyig*, or permit, to enter and travel in the province. Proceeding now without fear, he dismissed the coolies, hired ponies, and struck an easy

route leading over one pass in a lateral range, due north to TASHI-LHUMPO.

Three weeks after leaving Darjiling, Chandra Dás and Ugyen, with the Wal-lung'pa P'urchhung, arrived at this famous and extensive monastic establishment. It is placed at the southern base of a steep and sheltering hill, and the numerous buildings composing the monastery are encircled by a massive wall. A few hundred yards to the east of the eastern gate flows the Penam Nyang Chhu, here 120 feet broad, on its way to join the waters of the great Yeru Tsang-po, 4 miles further to the north. About three-quarters of a mile to the north-east of the monastery has been built the town of SHIGATSE, the lay capital of Tsang. It is situated on shelving ground, nearer to both the Nyang and the Yeru rivers; and a broad *maidan* or grassy plain, where the market is held and ecclesiastical pageants take place, separates the lay-town from its more puissant and religious sister. Shigatse has a castle, many streets and shops, military barracks, and 12,000 inhabitants; nevertheless it is deemed but an appurtenance of the saintly Tashi-Lhümpo, hard by.

#### RESIDENCE AT TASHI-LHUMPO.

Our friend, the Babu, entered the great monastery by the western gate. Having previously attired himself in lama costume, he walked slowly and deliberately along the lane from within the gate, not lifting apparently his eyes from the ground, after the orthodox manner of a learned and meditative monk. Dwelling-houses of several stories, and official buildings lined this lane, which was one of several radiating from the central court-yard of the establishment. Presently he was accosted by an old acquaintance, who was also the servant of a high Tibetan functionary who had urged and furthered the Babu's visit to Tibet. The man informed Chandra Dás that his patron the high functionary, who was Prime Minister and chief ecclesiastical adviser to the Panchhen Lama, happened at present to be away from the monastery, but had left directions for the greatest care being taken of the travellers. Chandra Dás was soon installed in a residence, dreary, comfortless, and infested with what he touchingly styles as "demon bugs." It was not the Minister's abode, who, though a saintly Khempo and head of a strict Tantrik College within the mon-

astery walls, seems in spite of ascetic vows to have generally comported himself in earthly affairs with a rigid regard to personal comfort.

Here the two intruders from India lay quiet a while. The Babu, who was known to his monastic friends as Pandib-Lha (that is, "Sir Pandit"), read Tibetan volumes with assiduity; while the less studious Ugyen, being no Hindu himself, amused his leisure in the market-place on the adjoining plain, and in the temporal town beyond. All the sights he saw in Shigatse and all the gossip he heard in the market he faithfully reported to the recluse.

After the lapse of a day or two, Ugyen's news became more exciting. It seemed that a few days previous to the travellers' arrival, notable events had fallen out in Shigatse. The junior Ampan, one of the two representatives of the Emperor of China who permanently reside at Lhásá, had been engaged on his triennial tour of inspection of the military stations in the province of Tsang. The Ambassador was by law allowed to levy on the town and village folk of the districts traversed an official charge for supposed expenses of 3½ *do-ts'e* (500 rupees) per diem. But the grasping Chinaman had arbitrarily issued and carried into execution a demand for a daily payment from the oppressed populace of half as much again beyond his allowance. Such a course naturally roused the ire of the populace; which at length reached to openly expressed indignation. When the fat and greedy Chinaman arrived in state in Shigatse, a mob formed and went so far as to fling stones at his most puissant highness. The Ampan was only slightly hurt; but he contemplated the most exacting vengeance. And now that our travellers were in the place, the ferment was higher than ever. A commission of privy councillors from Lhásá was sitting under the nominal presidency of the Panchhen Lama, and a cruel decision was soon to be promulgated.

In the meantime the Minister returned to Tashi-Lhümpo, and made much of Pandib-lha, who was removed from his first quarters and installed in an apartment off the Minister's library. Our Babu is a learned Sanskrit scholar, and this great Lama was also an enthusiast in that language, and viewed the man from Hindostan almost as one of the pandits who,



in olden times, brought learning from India into Tibet. But the Minister seems to have been a student desirous of a sphere of research wider than that which mere Sanskrit lore could open. He had been presented by our Government, by the agency of private native messengers, with several scientific works. Ganot's "Physics" became an inestimable treasure, and his great ambition was to learn English in order to have the illustrations in that book explained in detail. The Babu did his best to describe the cuts he understood himself; and moreover made certain valuable presents, including a repeater watch, to the knowledge-thirsting Tibetan. However, Chandra Dás's health had been undermined by recent hardships, and fever began to prostrate his frame. At the same time he himself was ardently pursuing his own studies, reading and copying scarce Tibetan works. For a change of air and scene, it was now proposed by the Minister, that he should visit some of the more important places higher up the Nyang valley, lying in a south-eastern direction from Tashi-Lhümpo.

Starting on pony-back with Ugyen, he made a pleasant excursion up the low sloping lands along the right-hand shore of the river. Several villages were passed with their neighboring monasteries a short distance off in the uplands. The most pleasing feature in these broad downs abutting on the river bank was the fertility of the soil, which was in every available spot most carefully cultivated; irrigation channels, cut from the numerous streamlets entering the Nyang on either side, furnished a plentiful water supply wherever needed. Barley, rape, millet, wheat, peas, beans, and Chinese buckwheat (*Fagopyrum esculentum*), form the staple products of this soil.

The first place of much account in this direction is known as Dong-tse, some twenty-five miles south-east of Shigatse. It is famed for its collegiate monastery which, on a lofty hill, completely dominates the town. Another prominent edifice is the *P'o-dang*, or palace-castle belonging to the Phála family. This is approached by an avenue of poplars and consists of a very extensive square of buildings erected about a broad courtyard 200 feet in length. The castle, which is 600 years old, has the reputation of being the loftiest edifice in Tsang. Hard by is

the huge modern mansion of the Phálas, styled Kye-pa Khangsar. The head of this family, then only a General, has lately become one of the Lhása privy councillors. It was here, afterwards, that our worthy Babu was introduced to a highly born and well-educated lady—many Tibetan women being profound scholars—the wife of the General. He describes in his diary much of his social intercourse with this remarkable woman, who afterward befriended him on his arrival in Lhása. One acquires a high opinion of the females of the better class in Tibet, as various intelligent and amiable traits in her character are portrayed. One of the most pleasing aspects in which she is seen is as the fond but judicious mother.

Beyond Dong-tse, some eight miles further up the river, the old stronghold of Gyang-tse is to be found. It is a considerable place and an important military station with large granary stores. The Babu was, of course, delighted with the huge chhorten there. A chhorten, the Tibetan variety of the Indian Chaitya, is usually a mere solid block of masonry like a tall tombstone. At Gyang-tse, however, while still maintaining the orthodox shape, the structure has been exaggerated into a lofty temple, with chambers, shrines, staircases, and several celebrated images of deities inside. It forms a mighty tower, nine stories high, crowned with crescent, globe, and *t'ok*, like the ordinary chhorten. Opposite is the great monastery of the place, founded by P'al-jor Rabtan, where the ecclesiastics of Tsang come in order to take some respectable degree in Tsan-nyid philosophy.

Returning to Tashi-Lhümpo, Chandra Dás seems to have benefited by his trip and begun to venture into the neighboring town of Shigatse. Here he found much excitement abroad. The decision in the Ampan's case had been given. The two Jong-pön of Shigatse—officials exercising magisterial and fiscal functions—were to be degraded and whipped severely. Four Ts'ok pön—the headmen of village "circles"—being of lower rank, were ordered to receive 400 strokes with the bamboo, a punishment practically equivalent to death. Some severity may have been naturally looked for in dealing with the case, although in truth the Ampan himself was the offender, the affair arising solely from his attempt at wholesale extortion. How-

ever, the main injustice consisted in visiting with corporal punishment and a degrading death officials who had taken no share in the revolt, but who, as the executive functionaries, were claimed as scape-goats for vengeance. It would be interesting to learn whether the Ampan, whom our Viceroy has been lately entertaining in Calcutta, was the perpetrator of this piece of barbarous injustice!

A gala day was then proclaimed, and the avenged Ampan rode triumphantly along the streets of Shigatse, attended by Chinese soldiery. As to the culprit, they were led slowly past the haughty hero, bound and bearing heavy boards on which were written in large letters the sentences to be inflicted. Disgraceful scenes followed. When the Ampan had retired to his quarters, the Chinese troops, rendered insolent by their triumph, began plundering the shops and market stalls, seizing articles and refusing to pay for them. The Tibetan vendors took fright, and soon deserted the market; and it was not till some days after, when this swaggering Chinaman had left Shigatse, that any food was to be bought.

There was a pitiful sequel. Chandra Dás had acquired some reputation in the place as a physician—a reputation easily gained anywhere in Central Asia—and he was sent for in haste. One of the unfortunate Ts'ok-pön, who had managed to survive his 400 bamboo-blows, and who was a wealthy man, was in strong hope that the famous Amchhi (physician) from India might be able to save his life, and offered ponderous fees for any such service. But our Babu doctor, whatever he could have done, was himself too ill to make the journey in haste; and in the end the poor battered Tibetan died.

The Chinese Government are pursuing a short-sighted policy in Tibet. Their suzerainty there is one rather of prestige than of conquest, and has never been formally conceded by the laws of Tibet, which lay stress on independence from Chinese control. The Tibetans are a peaceable nation, but the arrogant bearing of the few Chinese officials quartered in the country is destined soon to produce fruit. It is not to be wondered at that the wire-pullers in China seek to compass the death of each Dalai Lama before he attains to full power and manhood. The rise of an able Sovereign in Tibet is natur-

ally dreaded by them. Unfortunately the Indian Government, by treating directly with China in the matter of Sikkim, has lately done much to sustain the pestilent suzerainty of the Celestial in that land. However, with the abject devotion, not merely of all Tibetans, but of the entire Buddhist population of Tartary, at his disposal, such a Lama-king could easily overturn every atom of Chinese dominance in Tibet, and even in Mongolia.

#### FROM SHIGATSE TO YAMDOK LAKE.

Sarat Chandra Dás had now lived for nearly three months within the walls of the great monastery. He had made several profitable excursions, making copious written notes thereupon. Ugyen Gyá-ts'o had been despatched on still lengthier trips, partly for topographical and partly for botanical research. In the course of these journeys he had even visited the famous Sákya monastery, concerning which historical establishment no report however seems to have been furnished to the Indian Government. Many *festas* had been witnessed by the traveller at Tashi-Lhümpo, one of which involved a monster religious dance, another had included feats of rope-walking. Much has not been set forth concerning the internal economy and routine of the mighty monastery, but, personally, we have collected full information on the subject which it would be out of place to introduce here. Chandra Dás had no interview with the Panchhen Lama, the ruler of the monastery and nominal king of Tsang. This dignity secluded himself much, and nearly a year after the Babu's visit he died. The circumstances of his death are not above suspicion, though the alleged cause was small-pox.

At length, about the first day of May, Chandra Dás quitted Tashi-Lhümpo monastery. But no further was he to be accompanied by the faithful Ugyen. That worthy, it was determined, should return to the Himalayas with the scientific collections and baggage. So, alone and prostrated in health, the good Babu set out to gain the final goal of ambition, the city of Lhásá. It had been arranged that he should, at Dong-tse, join the travelling suite of the noble lady Lhacham, who herself was about to visit her town-house in Lhásá. This would prove a protection to him in journeying through a difficult tract

of country, rendered still more precarious by bands of robbers. Chandra Dás paid his adieux to the Minister. After the custom of the land, he presented to the holy man a rich scarf and some rupees, claiming at the same time his *kyabju*, or protecting benediction, and in addition a *sung-la*, or forecast, as to the issue of the forthcoming journey. Having given the rupees to the Babu's own followers, and deftly declined the scarf by tying it round the giver's neck, the Minister predicted suffering but eventual success, and bade his guest farewell. "He treated me," exclaims the tender-hearted Bengali, "quite as my spiritual father, and I felt for him the respect and devotion of a spiritual son!"

In shattered frame of body, our friend ambled along to Dong-tse with his few attendants. His route to Lhasá was to be somewhat circuitous. First dipping south-east to join Lhacham at Dong-tse, he was then to proceed from the Nyang Valley due east to Nagar-tse. There a short divergence would be made to Samding, the famous religious-house on Lake Yamdok; and so, turning due north *via* Palde Jong to cross the Yeru Tsang-po, he would skirt along the western bank of the Kyi Chhu, and thus at length reach the gates of the Sacred City.

Spending the night with a friend at Dong-tse, in the morning Chandra Dás wended his way to Lhacham's Palace. There he found the noble lady ready to start, and already on pony-back. She was attired in richest costume. On her head she wore the national feminine head-dress, the *patug*, a tall cap with hanging flaps down each cheek, after the fashion of a Q.C.'s full-bottomed wig. Lhacham's *patug*, however, was embroidered with loops of costly jewels—rubies, amethysts, turquoise, and pearl. The Babu was ravished. She looked, he enthusiastically thought, more like some Grecian goddess crowned than an ordinary Tibetan lady. However, we must not linger. Lhacham was gracious, but she was anxious about the spread of small-pox wherever they passed.

The Babu tried to keep pace with the fair one's cavalcade, and at first we find him even attempting races with the lady's sons, in which he assures us he magnanimously allowed himself to be beaten! He was courageous to the last; but the con-

tinuous travelling proved too much for him. He seems to have gradually lagged behind, and was ultimately abandoned somewhat heartlessly by his patroness, who, through dread of small-pox, left him when almost in extremity to continue her journey to Lhasá. He was left lying in a miserable hut near a fortified place, named Nagar-tse, where he lay unconscious, his two attendants only remaining faithful.

Now, by good fortune, this Nagar-tse is seated barely eight miles from a famed and most holy spot—the great Samding Monastery. Samding is one of the wonders of Tibet. It is a convent for males governed by a female; and the Lady Abbess, who alone of all women in Tibet is permitted to ride in a sedan chair, is held to be the incarnation on earth of the mighty goddess Dorje P'agmo.\* Now—another piece of good fortune—Dorje P'agmo, or "the Sow with the Thunderbolt," chanced to be own sister to the unfeeling Lhacham, who however, before departing, had granted our friend a letter commendatory to the Abbess. *She*, at any rate, could heal the sufferer. To the Sow, the Sow alone, must the Babu be got—that was the one thought of his servants.

Samding Monastery, novel in constitution, is novel also in its physical surroundings. It stands enthroned on the verge of the curious Yamdok Lake, or "Lake Palte" as our older maps have it. This lake, previous to the Babu's visit, had been always represented as forming a complete ring round an enormous island. It was now found that the supposed island was in reality a huge peninsula projecting over a large portion of the lake, but by no means nearly covering the whole area of the latter. This semi island clutches, as it were, the shore with two long narrow arms; and within these two arms is enclosed a portion of the lake, the waters of which, strange to say, have an elevation of 500 feet above the waters of the outer lake. Accordingly, the Tibetans deem these inner waters to be a separate lake which they style Dudmo Ts'o, "the lake of the She-Devil."

\* The present lady abbess, I am informed by the Babu, is a very prepossessing young woman. She appeared to him to be about twenty-five years old. Her name is "The Most Precious Power of Speech; the Female Energy of All Good."

At length the traveller was conveyed to the shores of Lake Yamdok, and was carried within the convent precincts more dead than alive. The lady abbess forthwith devised elaborate means to procure recovery. Sacred books were read over the sufferer. A likeness in effigy of the Babu was constructed and was offered to Shinje, the God of Death, who was begged to accept it in lieu of the real victim. Then finally on the urgent request of his truly faithful attendants, a sum of money was despatched to fishermen on the lake-shore, and therewith 500 fish, just caught, were purchased and reprieved from slaughter by being placed in the smaller lake—the sacred Dudmo T'so—where no man is permitted to cast net or line. This last act of Buddhist piety, or else the pure hill top air of Samding, together with the earnest prayers which the poor Babu mentions he repeatedly sent up to God, at length brought much improvement to the patient. In a word, he did not die, but lived; and, in ten days or so, was even capable of continuing his travels.

#### FROM YAMDOK LAKE TO LHASA.

Yamdok Lake lies cradled deep amidst the mountains which culminate in great root-masses, amphitheatrically ranged, just south of the Yeru Tsang po, between the 90th and 92d meridians of longitude. Its shape, with the curious peninsula protruding into its waters from the western shore, is familiarly likened by Tibetans to that of a scorpion holding on to the land by its claws. The peninsula is a knot of radiating mountains of great height, and swarms with game, none of which are allowed to be killed, the lady abbess being special patroness of all animal life. The lake is 109 miles in circumference, and has only one outlet, the Rong Nag Chhu in the north-west quarter, hemmed in by the monster headlands of the supposed island.

On journeying north from Samding, which stands at the junction of the peninsula with the mainland, you cross a long natural bridge of rock, forming a causeway, quite spanning the outflowing waters of the Rong Chhu. This curious formation is styled *Kalsang Sampa* ("The Bridge of the Blessed"). From thence you mount the steep rocky heights at the north-west border of the lake, leaving Palde Jong, with its fortified white build-

ings, on your right. Ultimately you gain the lofty summit of a pass in this range—a range separating the valley of the Yeru from the basin of the lake. It was when he had reached the cairns on this pass that Chandra Dás lost sight of the turquoise-hued waters of the mystic Yamdok. Then, looking out in front to the north, there at his feet, right and left, he gazed on the lovely panorama of the mighty Yeru Tsang-po, the broad river which, for more than 700 miles, forms the spinal column of Tibet.\* From thence he began his descent into the valley of this river. It was a tortuous way, not all descent, but up and down over shoulders and spurs from the lately surmounted range, and through darkly wooded defiles. Here, too, he all but encountered some freebooting monks.

Presently—by which is meant two days' journey from Khalamba Pass—he was traversing the sandy tracts along the southern bank of the Yeru, just opposite to where the Lhasá river, the Kyi Chhu, mingles its waters with the mightier stream. A little to the west of the point of conjunction is the principal chain ferry for crossing the Yeru. The day was far spent, and the wind coursing violently down the waters; and so broad is the river at this part that something of a storm prevailed, rendering the transit to the other side not a little dangerous. When the Babu, with his ponies, baggage, and servants, arrived at the ferry, other travellers were waiting to pass over. A bargain was struck, and the hide-boats pushed off, loaded heavily. However, with the help of the great chains, the passage was accomplished with safety. On the other bank the chains—each 500 yards in length, but supported at intervals across the channel by masonry stacks—of this so-called bridge were found by our explorer to be fastened with numerous couplings into the very core of a large stone chhorten. Hard by was a hill, upon which were quite a grove of chhortens—to the number of 108, as the Babu was informed—and, further up, was a large and ancient monastery,

\* Yeru Tsang-po is the exact colloquial name of the river; but in Tibetan the spelling is *Gyas-ru Gtsang-po*, meaning "the river of the right hand side." On its course through the left or western part of Tibet the Yeru is known as *Khabab Tum-chhok*, literally "the down-flowing mouth of the best horse."

named Palchhen Chhuwori, said to have been founded by Tang-tong Gyalpo, the builder of the chain bridges.

Having taken shelter in the cottage of a worthy couple, not far from the shore, Chandra Dás could now congratulate himself on his progress. He was now in the Province of Ui (*Dbus*) and only forty-five miles from Lhásá. Re-commencing his journey at daybreak, he found himself entering the broad valley of the Kyi which flows down to this point in a south-westerly course from Lhásá. The Babu was on the western side of the river and was sturdily crossing the flat country at the valley-head, which lay closely packed with fields of buckwheat, barley, and even radishes. Luxuriant crops were beginning to show; for the month of April was already drawing to a close. Considering that the altitude of the lowest ground here slightly exceeds 11,000 feet above sea-level, everything evinced, for the early time of the year, one would imagine, even a premature forwardness. Crossing a small stream running down from the west into the Kyi, a village of sixty houses lay about the way and a ruined fortress was seen on a mound to the left. This place bore the name of Chhu shul Jong; and several hamlets were passed a little further on. Few persons accosted the traveller. Doubtless he was only accounted as one of the ever-passing pilgrims faring eagerly on to the head-quarters of all that is holy in Tibet.

Some twenty-five miles up the Kyi the fields and villages disappear and the walls of the valley contract almost into a narrow defile, through which the river runs with considerable force. The path keeps along a ledge of the cliff overhanging the gorge—no uncommon style of pathway for Tibet. *Gag lam* is the name given to this cañon in the river's course. Further on Chandra Dás stopped at a considerable village called Nye-t'ang, which was surrounded by willows and poplars with many low shrubs bearing flowers. He put up at the *gya-khang*, a sort of circuit-house provided for the accommodation of Government officials on tour. Outside the village he passed, next morning, a temple painted bright yellow standing amidst thickly planted poplars. It was pointed out as a particularly sacred spot, for therein were lying entombed the remains of the great Indian pandit Atisha. He it was

who visited Tibet A.D. 1050 to revive Buddhist doctrine, then in a languishing condition.

Our hero was now not one day's journey from Lhásá. Classical sites abounded on every hand. Travelling rapidly across an extremely fertile-looking plain, Daipung Monastery was passed away to the left, and then the towers and glittering pinnacles of the Sacred City soon burst upon the view. Here, at length, was the object of all his dreams and of all his arduous adventures lying sedately before him on the open plain! Lhásá the mysterious, the home of occult learning, the abode of the hierarch of all Buddhism, was reached, visibly reached, at length. It was four o'clock in the afternoon as he approached the western gate of the city. Carefully did he arrange his garments, and having permitted his attendants to adjust his waist-sash exactly as an orthodox Tibetan ge-long's should be tied, he formed his party into a small procession after the manner of the newly arrived. With a small banner streaming from the head of a pike carried over the shoulder of the man who walked first, with his beasts and other servants following next, and with himself bringing up the rear, drooping wearily on his pony—thus did Sarat Chandra Dás enter bravely the gateway of the unknown city of Lhásá.

#### RESIDENCE AT LHASA.

No one offered to molest the party as they made their way through the main street of the outer city. As Chandra Dás wore colored goggle spectacles and looked somewhat of a general wreck, the loungers freely remarked upon his appearance. "Another sick man," exclaimed an idler at a Chinese pastry-shop door; "why! the city will soon be full of such." They afterward learned that small-pox was already spreading in epidemic form through Lhásá. A ride of half a mile brought the party to the inner gate of the city. Here *korchakpa* or watchmen were stationed, but they barely glanced at the newcomers, who sedately filed through the portal, and found themselves now, apparently so simply and easily, in the very heart of the place which had once seemed so far off and so impossible to attain to. The attendants of the Babu, who were in his secret, now advised him to turn into a side lane while they went in search of

lodgings. They fixed upon the common-house which was supposed specially to be appropriated to ge-longs from Tashi-Lhümpo. On their return, the Babu, who had been submitting to some catechetical inquiries from casual passers by, was hurried into a network of filthy lanes, under a dark archway, and, climbing a ladder in an inner court, was duly introduced to his suite of apartments. They were large but dark, and, as the poor Babu had suspected, and afterward could prove, haunted by a numerous detachment of "demon-bugs." The date of his arrival was May 30.

Our friend, with much elasticity, seems now to have entered with gusto into the *genius loci*. Buddhism and Tibetan literature were his fervently pursued hobbies; and here in Lhasá, the very fountain head and treasure-chamber of both, were all things of the kind lying ready to his hand and heart. Disease vanished; all his zeal was aflame and burnt out everything else. His lodgings were adjacent to the back premises of the great monastery of Teng-yai-ling; and every morning, he has assured us, he was roused to activity by the "melodious call" of the *gyu-ling*, or gigantic church trumpets, summoning the monks to their early orisons. Pador and P'untso, his servants, were soon despatched to negotiate in the Potala bazaar for native printed books and for MS. copies of the scarcer works. As he made the acquaintance of the *Parpön*, or head printer to the Grand Lama, several treasures ultimately came into his possession.

But June the 1st is *Saga-dawa*, the anniversary of Shakya T'ubpa's attainment to Nirvana. Chandra Dás accordingly was all on the alert to pay a visit on that morning to the Cho-khang, the cathedral of Lhasá, where illuminations and other grand doings were in operation for the sacred occasion. He was soon in the street hurrying to Kyilkhording Square, where the great temple stands.

To describe this fane in detail would consume many pages. Suffice it to say that all the Bodhisattwas, deities, and deified heroes in the Buddhist calendar—over 400 in number—are represented, mostly in life-size proportions; and as to such popular saints as Atisha, Tsongkhapa, King Srong-tsan Gampo, etc., there are several images of each. There is a colossal figure of the goddess Palden

Lhamo.\* On such a festival as the present one, 10,000 lamps illumine the edifice, and round the holiest of the effigies from morning to night thousands perform solemn circuits, often upon their knees.

His next visit was to Banye-shak, the town-house of his old acquaintance Lhacham. He spent a long day there, receiving a cordial reception. So interesting a description does the Babu furnish concerning this visit that I made a verbatim memorandum from his own words, which may at once be introduced into my narrative as the only quotation available:

"Arrived at Banye shak, we found the ground-floor filled with men engaged in measuring grain and flour. The principal ladder, which resembled a staircase, was filled with menials. We, therefore, went to the southern central stair-like ladder, and commenced ascending the steps, but my difficulty of breathing was so great that, after climbing up the steep ladder to the third story, I fell on the floor completely exhausted. The *shetama* (maid-servant) came running to help me and conducted me to a seat in the reception-hall, where a large paper lantern was hung. About ten or twelve Gelug-pa monks came out from a room to the north of the hall, probably having finished a religious service. Tea was about to be poured into our cups, when the maid came to say that Lhacham had returned. She received me very graciously, and conducted me to her drawing-room, a room about sixteen feet by twelve. The walls were decorated with Chinese pictures, mostly picnic and dancing scenes, and on one side were two Chinese chests of drawers. Excellent Chinese and Yarkand carpets were laid down, and the ceiling was of the finest China satin. Miniature dining tables, a foot in height, wooden bowls to hold barley-flour, stuffed rugs, and fancy tables made up the furniture of the room. Lhacham sat cross-legged on a rug to my left. The finest tea, called Du-t'ang, was forthwith served to me, and one of the shetamas placed a trayful of sugar biscuits on my table. . . .

"After a short conversation, Lhacham left the room; and presently the shetama offered to conduct me round the castle. The furniture of the rooms was of the same kind as in the first. The bedsteads were low, and the bedding resembled that in use in China. The imitation couches and chairs were ludicrously rude. The walls were painted green and blue, to relieve the uniformity of which pictures of processions, of demons, and of tutelary deities had been inserted in some places. Not a single room was furnished with chimneys, but jals or earthenware stoves took their place.

\* The British Museum does not contain a single example of Tibetan mythology. However, a very fine specimen of the goddess Palden Lhamo, brought from Ladak, is now in the possession of a gentleman in London, Mr. A. Brannstein.

Opposite the windows of some of the rooms were flower-pots.

"After half an hour's absence Lhacham returned, and resumed her seat. With her right hand she twirled a golden prayer-wheel, while with her left she caressed her son, who was seated beside her. She pressed me again to take tea and biscuits, and some bread made of buckwheat and millet was placed upon my table. At midday she ordered dinner to be brought. Several china cups, also maple-knot cups mounted in gold and silver, were then produced from a chest of drawers in the room, and a cleanly dressed boy brought in a tray filled with cups containing different dainties. Before beginning I inquired of Lhacham if there were yak-beef in the dishes. 'No, no; all that you see in the plates and cups is made of mutton of the first quality. Although we prefer yak-beef to mutton, yet, knowing that you Indians have a repugnance to this delicacy of Tibet, I ordered our cook not to mix beef with mutton.' I relished the dishes very much, using chop-sticks, and the pins which in Tibet serve for forks. Lhacham occasionally took a sip or two of tea, and conversed with me, showing great interest in my narrative of Indian marriage customs and female seclusion. But when I related to her that in India sometimes one husband had several wives, while the Piling-pa (English) and enlightened natives had only one, she stared at me with wonder.

"'One wife with only one husband,' she exclaimed, in comic surprise. 'Do not you think that we Tibetan women are happier than the Indian or Piling women, of whom the Indian must be the most miserable?'

"'Pray tell me,' said I, 'is it not inconvenient for one wife to have so many husbands?'

"'I do not see,' observed Lhacham, 'how Indian women can possibly be as happy as Tibetan women are. The former have to divide among many the affection and the property of their one husband, whereas in Tibet the housewife, one woman, is the real mistress of all the joint earnings and inheritance of several brothers. These, her husbands, being sprung from the same mother, are undoubtedly one, and therefore the same flesh, blood, and bones. Their persons are one, though their souls may be different.'

"After dinner Lhacham asked me if I would be presented to her chief husband, the Sháb-pé, to whom she said she had already made mention of me. I thanked her for her gracious kindness, and said I would avail myself of the honor of a presentation another day."

Many other wondrous sights were duly exploited by our friend. Indeed, his notes on the various localities in the city are so precise that I have been able to obtain from them particulars sufficient to compile an entirely new plan of Lhásá, and to introduce it into these pages. One tremendous spectacle, however, as yet remained unscen by him. He had not been fortunate enough to gain admission to that

holy hill just without the city walls—the far-famed Potala—there to be brought into the very presence of the Vice-Regent of Buddha on earth, the Gyal-wa Rim-pochhe or Grand Lama of Lhásá.

One day, when he visited Lhacham and instructed her in certain particulars of her faith derivable from Sanskrit literature, she asked him if he had yet beheld his holiness the Kyapgön? The Babu answered sadly that his performances in the existence just prior to his current state of being must have been such as to make it his miserable lot never to be allowed to gaze in this life on the divine countenance in question. Lhacham suddenly dismissing the subject, nothing more was said. To his surprise, however, the next morning he received a message from one of the officials of Potala that the Grand Lama was intending to give an audience to certain persons of ecclesiastic rank that day, and that if he, the Babu, would present himself with them, he too should be admitted. So unexpected an offer was eagerly responded to. Donning his church suit and accompanied by Pador, he was soon threading the byways of the city toward the north-western suburb, where is situated the grand conical mount known all over Asia. There the array of strange edifices, decorated with plated domes, golden *gyá-p'ik* and *ganjira*, and piled to an amazing height on the sacred hill, burst into view. In spite of much distress from want of breath, this man from Hindostan surmounted the numerous ladders which led to the upper regions where his holiness holds court; and there he realized at length his highest hopes. He saw and bent low in the presence of this the supreme embodiment of modern Buddhism. He gazed upon the Grand Lama of Lhásá—then a child of eight years of age; receiving his blessing and offering him in return a small ingot of pure gold. Afterward he was permitted to examine the wonders and treasures of the Palace; and so home again.

In the meantime, small-pox had been continuing its ravages in the city. Many high dignitaries were fleeing to the provinces; and the Babu's companions, seized with panic, began urging instant departure from the infected place. The worthy and venturesome traveller stood out against these fears firmly enough at first, but his patroness Lhacham, too, advised him to

set forth. He had intended a much longer sojourn, and had promised himself many excursions to famous shrines east and north-east of Lhásá. It was only a fortnight since he had entered the city so triumphantly, bent upon many weeks of residence. Yet there was no help for it. His subordinates threatened to depart in any case. Letters from Tashi-Lhümpo, begging him to return, eventually decided the matter. He sadly went to Lhacham to bid her farewell. She was not to be seen, her fear of infection conquering all regard for her Indian friend.

The following morning, June 13, poor Chandra Dás paid a farewell visit to the Cho-Khang, and made his obeisance to the great image of Buddha for the last time. Having propitiated the Lu and various other deities to grant him a safe journey, he then turned his back upon the Sacred City, never in all probability to behold its grotesque glories again.

And here it is convenient that the narrative should be brought to a close. The hero of this surprising achievement had, indeed, many further adventures to under-

go, and was destined to visit other notable places in Tibet. Moreover, in the result, nearly six months further elapsed before he found himself back on British territory and safely ensconced in Lhásá Villa—only Lhásá Villa, he who had trodden in triumph the veritable stones of Lhásá herself!

But the results obtained are permanently valuable. The mysterious capital of Tibet has been thoroughly explored by a learned and intelligent man, and fully reported upon. Routes through the unknown land have been completely surveyed. Many important places whose actual positions had been hitherto merely guessed at, have now been fixed mathematically. Yamdok Lake has been re-explored. Finally, a new map of the central parts of Tibet—replete with an indefinite number of place-names, newly ascertained, and with the courses of rivers and mountains accurately traced on paper for the first time—has been constructed mainly upon the information obtained with such pains by Babu Sarat Chandra Dás.\*

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### A WALTZ OF CHOPIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE HAND AND MUCKLE GOLD," "AUT DIABOLUS, AUT NIHIL," ETC., ETC.

#### I.

It has been my custom for many years to spend the season of Christmas out of England, and thus avoid that epidemic of compulsory joviality which attacks our rude island society at that time. As commemorating the visit of the Day-spring from on high by an excessive indulgence in the gross appetites of the flesh has become an honored custom in our country, I invariably in the early part of December retire to the French capital, and there accordingly I found myself, not many years ago, on an evening in the week preceding the sacred day, alone, as was my wont on such occasions. So completely had I abandoned myself to the melancholy thoughts which were partly inspired by the solemn lessons of the season, and partly occasioned by the host of sad memories which must inevitably assail one who revisits alone scenes hallowed by the spirit

of the days that are no more, that I had listened to the strange suggestion of the sempiternal Ernest (who doubtless read my familiar face as a book), and so found myself dining quite alone in that celebrated chamber of the Café Anglais, known as *le Grand Seize*. Alone, said I? Nay, not alone. The room was crowded with the phantoms of gay, graceful, witty revellers who had come back across the Stygian river, forgetting the terrible secrets that had been revealed to them, leaving the realms of desolation to troop in and keep me company once again in the capital of Pleasure, and drink one more glass of St. Marceaux à la santé des billes! There is Barucci, *élégante* as usual, and looking

\* This map of Tibet has been since published in a budget of reports on Tibet and Nipal issued last year. It is inaccurate in one important point; the second capital of Tibet, Shigatse, being placed in it to the N.W. of Tashi-Lhümpo, instead of to the N.E., on the banks of the Nyang river.



none the worse for her visit to the Plutonian shore, teasing *le Duc Darling*, whose harsh voice vies with the guttural, husky tones of poor *Citron* in discordancy; and Anna Deslion breaking in with ironical epigrams, learnt like a poll-parrot from Plon Plon; while Paul Demidoff, handsomer than ever to-night and nodding across the table to Narischkine, recites with sardonic glee Louis Bouilhet's farewell to his sweetheart:

Et maintenant, adieu! Sais ton chemin, je  
passe :  
Poudre d'un blanc discret les rougeurs de  
ton front ;  
Le banquet est fini—quand j'ai vidé ma tasse,  
S'il reste encore du vin, les laquais le boi-  
ront !

which brutal lines so distress Léontine Massin as to melt her to tears. But the vision vanishes! Like the shade of Proteilaus these phantoms had departed, and I was alone in the Grand Seize with my cigar and the sparkling wood fire, while from without came upon my ears the ceaseless clamor of *boulevard* life, the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; the noise of the revolving wheels of the great Mill of Pleasure into which is cast youth, beauty, rank, wit, riches, honor, purity and hope, and which returns to us in lieu of these—ashes and worse than ashes!

But it was getting late: my ghosts had been such good company that I had forgotten to take count of time and it was eleven; so, deciding to take a bath of fresh air and a glimpse of humanity after my long draught of dreams, I rang and departed, wondering as I passed the lodge whether the Great Reaper in some idle moment had perchance thought it worth his while to gather even Isabelle into his sheaf. It was a grand night, frosty and very cold, but the moon was up and flooding the gay, crowded streets with silvery beams. The shops were all ablaze with lights even at that late hour, for the Christmas and New Year's presents were on exhibition. Being fond of children, I am of course fond of toys, and so my steps naturally, and almost without my knowing it, led me to the famous toy-shop in the Passage Jouffroy, a shop which may be easily recognized from afar by reason of the immense india-rubber elephant which swings clumsily over its portal. Skirting the crowd I paused for a moment before the window, deciding

within myself that the few purchases I had intended making could probably be made with less discomfort early the following morning, and was about to stroll on when my attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a youth, child or man (I could not at first exactly tell which he was), who came running up by my side and then, after having paused and raised himself up on tip-toe, for he was very short, in order to catch a glimpse of the toys which the surging mob prevented him from seeing, began pushing his way with feverish impetuosity to reach the window. What impulse prompted me to stop I cannot say. I hate a crowd, and here was a very large and very unfragrant, albeit good-natured, concourse of people; I detest and fear draughts, and now the wind came careering up the passage, asthma vaulting over bronchitis in wheezy joy—and yet I stayed. I wanted to see the face belonging to that strange, stunted figure, to learn why he had been so feverishly anxious to see these toys. Yet perhaps after all he was but a thief, and this struggling to get a front place at the show was but the result of a vulgar desire to relieve some gaping citizen of his purse. Just then the crowd opened violently and the mysterious little individual who had been occupying my thoughts emerged, greeted as he fought his way through the mob with many angry remarks not unadorned with imprecations. I could see his face plainly now, but whether it belonged to a child prematurely old through suffering, or to a young man, I could not say, but about the ugliness and the power of the face there could be no doubt; it was that of an emaciated juvenile Danton, the leonine expression being very striking at that moment, for the countenance, deeply pitted with small-pox, was illuminated by a look of insolent joy and triumph. He fell up against me when he had at length fought his way out, and looked up, apparently about to apologize for crushing my foot, but when his eyes met mine, he said nothing, and giving vent to a deep sigh of relief turned into the shop. The glance, however, which had met mine was so extraordinary, so full of what I can only describe as spiritual light, that I followed and stood in the doorway listening.

"I want that doll," I heard him say, in a tone of deep agitation, but the voice was strangely musical, in no wise resembling

the husky whine of the Paris *voyou*, to which class he apparently belonged. The shopman stared at him.

"Which doll?" he inquired, with a strong tinge of insolence in his manner; for the very shabby, though not exactly ragged costume of the youth, and his pale, worn, ugly face, which would indeed have been hideous but for the light and power shed from between the red, tired eyelids, evidently had not predisposed the vender of toys in favor of his customer. "We have many dolls here."

"I want that one," exclaimed the shabby youth; and turning, he pointed in an imperious fashion with his forefinger to a doll in the window, much in the same way as Danton would have denounced an enemy in the Mountain and pointed him out for sacrifice.

The shopman took out the doll rather reluctantly and laid it on the counter before his strange customer. The toy was certainly a beautiful one, representing a lady dressed in the height of fashion, the *toilette* being composed of silk, satin, velvet and lace, the golden curls crowned with a stylish bonnet and the tiny ears decorated with imitation gems. What in the world could such a shabby little dwarf want with such a dainty toy, I wondered; the contrast between the smiling, richly dressed puppet and its wan, half-starved, poverty-stained purchaser being indeed very striking.

"Well," exclaimed the youth impatiently, as the man said nothing, "what are you about? I told you I'd take it; pack it up for me at once, I will take it with me now; I am in a hurry."

The man hesitated. "This doll is not a cheap one," he began, "and—"

"Pack it up for me, I tell you; do you suppose I'm not going to pay you? I know the price; I asked it a month ago—it's a hundred francs," exclaimed the shabby little Danton haughtily.

Then the man began carefully, but with very evident reluctance, to pack the doll, enveloping it in many sheets of soft paper. When it had been carefully deposited, surrounded by cotton-wool, in a neat card-board box, and the whole tied with smart ribbon, the parcel was handed over to the careworn, haggard youth, who put it eagerly under his arm and then began fumbling in his pocket; but even as he did so, his sallow face turned to an

ashen pallor, and an expression of anxious agony came into it which was heart-rending to behold.

"I have been robbed!" he gasped, still keeping the precious box tightly clasped under his arm, and still fumbling with wild despair in his pocket. "I have been robbed! I had six louis when I left home, and I had them when I turned into the passage, for I stopped on the *boulevard* and counted them, and now—now they are gone!"

The shopman's face broke into a sardonic grin. "Oh, robbed of course! *Je connais celle là!* Why, you never had six louis in your life, *petit vaurien!* What do you mean by coming in here and taking up my time for nothing? Do you hear me? What do you mean? Robbed, indeed! You look like it, to be sure! Why, you're nothing better than a thief yourself! Come, give me back that parcel at once, or I'll call a *sergent de ville* and have you marched off to the lock-up!" and coming from behind the counter, the fellow approached the lad in a threatening manner. The poor boy put down the parcel, and though his eyes were wet with tears, he stared the enraged shopman in the face defiantly. At this juncture I stepped into the shop.

"Take care," I said to the shopman. "You have no right to touch this gentleman. He has given you back your parcel, so you have nothing to complain of. He has been robbed—that is clear. Here is your money, I will take the doll," and putting down six louis on the counter I took up the box.

"But, Monsieur—" stammered the man.

"*Assez!*" I said. "You have got your money now and the toy is mine." Then, turning to the lad, I said in my most gentle and courteous manner, "Will you come out with me, Monsieur? I should like to talk with you, if you would allow me." The poor lad did not answer, but, staring at me as one in a dream, followed me in silence out into the passage. When we had gone a few yards from the shop-door I stopped short, and turning to him said, "Forgive me, Monsieur, for thus interfering in your private matters, but I happened to be standing by and heard and saw all. You have evidently been robbed, and the shopman insulted you most grossly."

This strange pale-faced gnome, who might have been any age from fourteen to forty, looked at me fixedly, his luminous eyes seeming lost in wonder. "Yes, I have been robbed," he said simply and very slowly, each word sounding like a sob.

"You seemed very anxious to have this doll," I continued very gently, my whole heart going out in sympathy to this poor waif.

"Yes, Monsieur, very anxious. I had saved up my money for a month to buy it."

I hesitated for a moment and then said: "I hope, Monsieur, you will forgive me and not think me rude if I ask you why. It was not for yourself, I suppose?"

The lad's face flushed. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed quickly. "It was not for myself—" and then he stopped abruptly, a look of shyness suddenly softening his rugged countenance. "It was for a friend, a friend who is dying." And the tears welled up to the poor tired eyelids.

"Forgive me," I exclaimed. "I must beg of you to forgive me, Monsieur. I did not mean to cause you pain. I must be old enough to be your father, for you can hardly be more than—"

"I am twenty," interrupted the lad.

"Twenty! Then you're only just beginning life."

He shook his head, and then said with a forced smile, looking at me kindly in the face, "That depends, Monsieur:

*On ne vieillissait pas si vite au temps jadis, Et l'on n'arrivait pas au jour avant l'aurore..*"

What in the world had I stumbled over now, I wondered—a poet? Here was a lad almost in rags quoting Marc Monnier! But before I had time to recover from my surprise the youth, who had been looking at me very earnestly, exclaimed in my mother tongue: "Are you English, Monsieur?" Here was another mystery, for the lad's accent was perfect!

"Yes," I exclaimed, greatly astonished. "And you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am an Englishman, although I was born in Paris; my father was an Englishman."

"Then we are fellow-countrymen," I exclaimed, "and ought to be friends. Is your friend, your friend who is—who is so very ill, English too?"

The lad's face saddened again. "No,—she is French."

Then I paused for a moment. "I wonder if I might ask you to do me a very great favor?" I said gently. "I should have asked you in any case, but now that I know you are an Englishman like myself I feel sure you will not misunderstand me. I only bought this doll for you, so you must take it and give it to your friend."

"Bought the doll for me!" he echoed. "Why, you don't know me!"

"Perhaps I don't, but I bought the doll for you, and you must take it. You and I are fellow-countrymen and in a foreign country, and I am old enough to be your father, so you must not refuse me, *mon ami*. Remember it is not for you, but for your dying friend!" Then, as I said these words and thrust forward the box, a poor thin emaciated little hand was raised timidly and took it.

"Thank you, sir," he said simply. "I will take it for my friend. You are very kind, but I will pay you in a month. I can save the money by that time and will send it to you then, if you can wait so long."

"Oh, yes, my dear boy, I can wait, and for more than a month, or two, or five, or twelve months. You must not trouble yourself about that."

"Then I will take it, sir," said this strange boy, "if you can wait, for my little friend is dying, and Death will not wait! You must give me your name and address, please, and I will give you mine. Believe me, you shall have the money back in four weeks, if——" and he hesitated, "if I live." Then he fumbled in his pocket, took out a soiled envelope and gave it to me. "I have an absurd name," he said, "but that's not my fault; Roselin Tudor, 298 Rue St. Marc. I am a copyist; most of the authors in Paris know me; M. Dumas has been very kind to me."

"Thank you, Mr. Tudor. Here is my card; there is no address on it, but if you write to me to the Club, London, it will be sure to find me. In the mean time, I am staying here in Paris at the Hotel Westminster for ten days longer. I hope you will let me see something of you. I should like——" and I hesitated. "I should like you to let me be your friend." Once again the tears mounted

to those strange luminous eyes and welled up to the poor tired eyelids that showed very evident tokens of work done by night.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "You are very kind to me; but you are a gentleman, and I am only a copyist."

"Never mind," I replied with affected gayety. "You are certainly my superior in one way, for you work, whereas I, unfortunately, do nothing,—except perhaps harm."

He shook his head and smiled sadly, and then proceeded with great precision and gravity, but in a listless tone that seemed to indicate a terrible fatigue bordering on despair: "As I have taken this doll you have been kind enough to offer me, and as I am forced to keep you so long waiting before I can repay you, I must tell you why I do it."

"No, you must not; not if it pains you."

"Nothing pains me: nothing will ever pain me any more. This doll is for a little girl who is dying. She is only seven, but she is consumptive, and the doctors have given her up. She is living with me, and just before she was taken ill,—more than a month ago now—she saw this doll. We were walking here together one morning and she saw it, and wanted it—not exactly as a plaything—" here he paused, and then continued in a lower tone—"because it reminded her of her mother." Then, after another pause, he added, "Her mother is dead!" So I decided to save my money and buy it for her," he continued. "Of course I said nothing to her about it at first, for I was not sure of saving so much money, but then she fell ill, and then—and then—the doctor gave her up, and then I managed to get some extra work to do, and saw that I was certain of being able to save the money, so I told her. I told her ten days ago that she might be happy at least once before she died; and since then every morning and every evening we have counted up what was saved, and I have come here to make sure the doll was not yet sold. This evening I got the last five francs for a play I am copying for M. Sardou, and went home and told Marie and then came on here. You know the rest. She is waiting for me; it would break her heart if I came back without the doll. That is why I take it."

Then came a pause. Of course I could not speak—who indeed could have spoken at such a moment?—but I took his hand in mine, and pressed it, and he understood me. "Is this little girl related to you?" I said at last.

He turned his head aside. "No, she is not related to me; neither she nor I have any relations; but—but—I knew her mother."

"And is there really no hope? Has she had the best medical advice? Surely if she were sent to a warm climate she might recover."

He shook his head. "No,—there is no hope. She has had the best medical advice; M. Gondinet sent Dr. Potain to see her. Her time has come and she must go!" These last words came almost as a wail.

After a pause I resumed timidly, "Did she inherit this consumption from her mother, do you think?"

He turned on me quickly, almost fiercely, but on failing to recognize what he had evidently feared to read in my face, he dropped his eyes and shuddered. "No," he said, almost in a whisper, "she did not inherit it. It is trouble that has brought it on,—her mother did not die of consumption."

Then, after another long pause, I broke the silence. "Well, I am more than glad to have met you, Mr. Tudor, but I must not keep you any longer now. You must go back to her, for she will be waiting for you. Will you let me come and see you? I can't tell you how thankful I should be if you would only let me try to make your little friend happier while she lives."

He stretched out his hand, which I grasped warmly.

"Thank you," he murmured, greatly agitated; "but you have done all already. She will want nothing now, and I want nothing. I can work."

"But you will let me come to see you?" I urged.

He hesitated, and then said gravely, "No, perhaps you had better not; we have only two rooms, and she is so very ill your visit might disturb her, but if you care to see me—" and he paused.

"Well, I do care to see you; tell me where and when I can."

"Do you know a little *café* near the corner of the Rue St. Marc,—nearly op-

posite the stage entrance of the Opéra Comique?"

"I do; when can I meet you there? Any time will suit me, late or early, but let it be to-morrow."

"To-morrow then, at four in the afternoon. And now good-by till then. I shall not thank you, sir, again; you are giving the first joy she has known to a dying child,—how can I thank you for that?" And again we clasped hands. "Good-by."

"Good-by, Tudor, till to-morrow. Good-by, and God bless you!" And then we parted, and I stood still in the passage watching the stunted, frail figure of the poor boy, as he eagerly threaded his way through the gay crowd of loungers and merry makers, clasping his precious box in his arms and hurrying to the death-bed of a child that haply he might be in time to bring her joy before the Great Consoler came. But I now, standing there alone, became conscious almost for the first time of the cold wind, and making my way out of the passage to the *boulevard*, I turned to the left, deciding that it would be far less uncomfortable, on the whole, to walk than to get into a draughty cab. What should I do,—go to the club or go to bed? It was too early for the latter, and moreover, my interview with this youth had so affected me that no thought of sleep was possible, so when my idle steps brought me to the Place de l'Opéra, I turned into the Opera House and went up to the club box. The opera was over, but the ballet, *La Korrigane*, had but just begun, and as I entered, the well-known graceful music reached my ears and the dainty Rosita Mauri came slowly from the back in the *pas de la Sabotière*. The club-box was packed tight, and indeed the whole house was crowded; but feeling no desire either to talk scandal with the men or pay my court to any of my many fair friends, I, after having given my tribute of admiration to the grace of Rosita, left the box and the house, intending to stroll up to the Cercle de l'Union and then go to bed. As I stood on the steps of the Opera House lighting a cigar, I felt a hand placed lightly upon my shoulder, and turning, I saw an old acquaintance of mine, the famous *savant* and fashionable physician, Leopold Maryx, the great specialist for all disorders of the nervous system, and cer-

tainly one of the most curious products of our civilization. Of his early years but little really was known, but the legend ran that he had at one time been immensely rich, owning a great number of slaves and vast plantations in South Carolina, and that then, having had a taste for medical science, he had attended to and experimented on his own slaves when a mere boy, in this way gaining a wide practical experience at an age when most youths are trying to stumble through Virgil at school. The War of Secession had, of course, ruined him, but as he was at that time still quite young, he determined to dedicate the remains of his fortune to completing his medical studies, and had for that purpose come to Europe and sat under most of the scientific celebrities of the day, laboring incessantly and sparing neither time nor money in his endeavors to realize the dreams of his ambition. He very soon became famous, astonishing with his audacious experiments the more sedate and prudent medicos of the old world; and of course his sudden fame made him many enemies, "Charlatan" and "Quack" being the least unkind epithets levelled at his head by his envious colleagues. At length Maryx could stand it no longer, and challenging a very eminent physician who had insulted him, but who was old enough to be his father, he shot him through the heart. "That's the first patient I have lost!" he cynically remarked when his opponent fell before his fire. Then the scientific world of Europe set up a howl of execration, which Maryx quietly answered by restoring to health a Prime Minister and a Hebrew financier, both of whom had been given up for lost by all the leading physicians of the day. There was no withstanding such arguments as these, so the fatal duel was forgotten and Maryx once more became the rage. He resided in Vienna—where indeed I had first met him—but he had a *pied à terre* in Paris, where many of his most influential and illustrious patients lived. He was an avowed atheist, a man of the loosest morals, a confirmed and desperate gambler, and a hardened cynic; but as his visits almost invariably restored health to the ailing, and always afforded amusement to the idle, his society was courted by all who were really unwell and by all who imagined themselves to be so, that is to

say, in other words, by the vast majority of mankind.

"What, Maryx!" I exclaimed as I shook hands warmly with my illustrious friend. "You in Paris at Christmas time!"

"I am only here for forty-eight hours. I came on to see the Princesse de Birac, and return to Vienna to-morrow night. I haven't seen you for months! Have you anything special to do to-night? Any engagement?"

"No. Why?"

"Would you like to see a man guillotined? Because, if you would, you had better come with me. It's a bore going alone, and I don't want a man with me who is likely to make a fool of himself."

"I shall certainly not do that. When is it?"

"To-night, or rather to-morrow morning. I have cards from the Prefecture."

"Who is it?"

"Corsi."

"The man who killed that woman in the Rue Louis le Grand?"

Maryx nodded.

"I remember seeing that poor woman play in the *Trois Margots* at the Bouffes two or three years ago."

"She was pretty, was she not?" asked Maryx.

"Yes, very."

"*Tant pis!* there are not many!" exclaimed this extraordinary man. "Well, will you come?"

"Is it very horrible?"

"Certainly not; not at all. This will be the seventh I have seen. The worst part is the waiting—the trick itself is done in a minute," and the great physician made a gesture with his hand to indicate swiftness.

"Well, I'll go, doctor, of course, for the pleasure and honor of your society." Maryx nodded and smiled. "What time does it take place?"

"About five."

"Five! *Diable!* And what are you going to do till then, Maryx?"

"Try my luck there," he said, smiling and pointing to the Washington Club. "And you?"

"I am going to the Union for a few minutes, for I want to see a man from our Embassy if I can, and then I shall go back to my hotel. Will you call for me? I'm

staying at the Westminster; it's on our way."

"Very well then; I'll be with you at about half past three or four. It's a devil of a distance, you know, to the Place de la Roquette, so don't keep me waiting."

"I sha'n't keep you waiting. You will find me there waiting for you, probably asleep."

"Capital! till half-past three then," and the great specialist picked his way across the *boulevard* to the gambling rooms.

I failed to find the man I was in search of at the Cercle de l'Union, and so within an hour of having parted with Leopold Maryx I found myself seated alone by my fire-side at the Westminster, having given orders to admit the doctor when he should call in the early morning. As I lighted my cigar and seated myself by the blazing logs the thought occurred to me how odd an evening I had been spending, to be sure! One thing I was determined to do, and that was to look after the welfare of this dying child and this strange lad. I knew I should meet with opposition from the latter, for I could see that his was a high-spirited and independent nature, but I told myself that I would let nothing daunt me and that, no matter at what expense of time or money, I would labor unceasingly to bring these two—the child and her self-sacrificing protector—to look upon me as a friend in whose power perchance it might lie to bring sunlight into their joyless lives. Having so decided I threw away my cigar, took up the *Débats*, and ere long had fallen into a profound sleep from which I was awakened by the voice of the great doctor saying calmly: "Come; we must not be late; it is time!"

## II.

It was four o'clock in the morning and piercingly cold, and the Rue de la Paix looked perfectly deserted as my companion and I, both well muffled in furs, hurried into the *fiacre* which the doctor had come in from the club, Maryx giving the ominous order, *à la Roquette!* to the coachman in what seemed to me a needlessly melodramatic tone of voice.

"I shall have to leave you after a while," explained the great man, puffing at his cigar, "for you can well imagine I am not taking all this trouble out of mere

morbid curiosity. I am going as a professional man, and to study. I have a special permission to accompany the officials to the condemned cell when they go to tell the convict he must prepare to die, and I shall stay close by the man until his head falls. Of course, however, I can't take you with me." I shuddered.

"I would not accompany you if I could, *mon cher*," I exclaimed. "Do they suffer much, do you think?"

Maryx nodded his head wisely. "That depends upon the individual. They would probably suffer, and suffer greatly, were it really the knife that killed them, but in nine cases out of ten the convict is practically dead when he is thrown on to the plank."

"But what do you expect to see that will interest you in your special department before the man is killed?"

"What do you call my special department?" inquired Maryx with an amused smile.

"The nerves and all that sort of thing, of course."

"*Quel toupet!*" murmured the great man. "I don't as a matter of fact expect to see anything very interesting, but still I may, for Corsi is, they say, no ordinary criminal, and perhaps his death will be no ordinary death. His courage is, I believe, not assumed, but the real thing, not bravado, but real bravery—an absolute contempt for death. I shall be interested to see whether this keeps up to the very last." Then, after a pause, he added: "We whose business it is to prolong life can never fail to learn something by perching as close to death as possible, clinging as it were around those about to depart until the one is suddenly pulled in, and click! the door is slammed in our faces!"

This was one of those peculiar speeches for which Maryx was famous, and which his numerous enemies declared that he made for the gallery, but which at all events were one of the causes of his being constantly in hot water with his less talkative brother *savants*. We both now relapsed into silence, Maryx evidently enjoying his cigar, and I vainly endeavoring to find in my heart some excuse for thus sinning against the elementary laws of taste and good feeling by going to see a fellow-creature put to death out of mere morbid curiosity.

Suddenly Maryx leant forward. "Here we are!" he said, and let down the window as the carriage stopped. We alighted, and the doctor telling the coachman where to wait for us, we passed on through the crowd to the *cordon* of Gardes de Paris. "*Cartes de la Préfecture*," murmured my companion, producing them. The brigadier after a close inspection, both of the cards and of ourselves, muttered a gruff *Passez!* and we penetrated into the infernal circle wherein the Dance of Death—but this time *à pas seul*—was shortly to be performed. The soldiers lined the great Place de la Roquette, keeping the mob back, so there was a large open space absolutely empty save for the presence of a few shadows, which I took, rightly or wrongly I know not, to represent reporters for the press.

Maryx looked at his watch. "We shall not have to wait long now. *Tant mieux!* It is desperately cold!" he murmured, and then turning to me said, "You won't mind my leaving you now, will you? I ought to go into the prison."

"Go, by all means," I replied. "I would rather be alone."

"Very well then. Do you see that bench? When the men come to erect the guillotine the police will force you all back to the sidewalk. You will not find a better place to see from than that bench, so when it's all over I'll come for you there, and if I don't find you there, you know where our cab is—I shall go on there at once and wait for you."

"Very well," I assented; and Maryx disappeared in the gloom in the direction of the prison where the condemned man lay. I walked to the bench he had indicated to me, and sat down and waited.

The Grande Roquette, wherein the prisoners condemned to death sleep their last sleep on earth, faces the Petite Roquette or prison for juvenile offenders, so that here we have in this comparatively small space the whole history of human villainy—from the first petty larceny which brings the mere infant to the reformatory to the cruel murder leading to the condemned cell from whence the hardened outcast walks to the scaffold. Horrible as the place is at the best of times it is of course rendered ten times more detestable on such a night as the one I am describing, by the fact of all that is more vicious and evil in the French capital being attracted thither

to see the last act of the tragedy played out and the curtain and the knife fall together on the story of an ill-spent life. The authorities had, as I have said, encircled the *place* wherein only persons provided with tickets of admission were allowed to penetrate, but coming from beyond this infernal circle, could be heard the cries and murmurs of the mob massed on the other side of the *cordon*, laughing, singing, cat-calling and chattering like jackals.

Voyez ce Corsi :  
Voyez ce Corps là !

some hoarse voice broke out, braying to the well-known tune in *Les Cloches de Corneville*, and the refrain was at once taken up by a hundred cynical mountebanks. Could the sound of this ghastly mirth reach the condemned cell I wondered, and this gay strain wedded to such terribly significant words be the first warning to the doomed man that the end had come ?

I began walking up and down to keep warm, longing for the dawn to break, the shadows in the enclosed space becoming every moment more numerous as the hour for the final expiation drew nigh. Now the half hour struck and some verses of poor Albert Glatigny came to my mind.

Espoirs ! Ruines écroulées  
Le bonheur avare s'enfuit ;  
Voici les heures désolées  
Qui tentent dans la grande nuit.

Was he awake, I wondered—the man for whom this night would be, dark as it was, the brightest he could hope to see forevermore ! Awake and thinking, the chambers of his memory, which might have been illuminated with the pure light of tenderness and pity, transformed by a hideous slaughter-trick into a noisome dungeon re-echoing with the wailing of the Fates !

Évite tout ce que l'on aime ;  
Fuis jusqu'à la fleur ; reste seule  
Et dans ton navrement suprême  
Drape-toi, comme en un linceuil.

How dark it was ! The moon had gone long ago, and the stars had gone, and the dawn would not yet come ! Death had perhaps told Light to wait until the tragedy on the scaffold should be over, and morning, finger on lip, was standing hushed with awe, hesitating to unfold her

gleams of hope until the shadows of despair should have dispersed.

Suddenly I saw a light, and then another and another, and then the crowd that had during the last few minutes been chilled and tired into comparative silence broke forth again, as if reinvigorated and refreshed by what it saw approaching—the guillotine ! Slowly up the ascent, drawn by a white horse and with policemen walking on either side came a long *fourgon* or covered cart, and through a small window in the side a light was seen gleaming, revealing shadows passing to and fro—the shadows of the guardians of the instrument of death, of the valets of the guillotine. The first cart was followed by another, but this second one was altogether dark and sombre, and as these two terrible vehicles came lumbering slowly up, they were followed by a common cab—that in which the priest would proceed to the cemetery, when the guillotine should have done its worst. The two carts stopped, one behind the other, but the driver of the cab turned quietly to the left and drew up by the curbstone, as if bespoken by Death and willing to wait patiently, knowing that his fare would not deceive him. The police now pressed us back to make more room for the coming performance. *Place à sa Majesté La Mort !* they might have cried as they drove us back, and as men looking like carpenters suddenly emerged from the surrounding darkness, and opening one of the carts with a key began taking out the beams and posts, the cross beams and bolts, laying them carefully on the ground preparatory to the building up of the throne on which the King of Terroirs would shortly sit to hold his court. I turned my head aside in horror, but my eyes lighted on a still more hideous sight—two baskets, the one small but deep placed close to the guillotine and on a level with it in front—the other, long and comparatively shallow, placed to the right of the fatal plank ; in the first mentioned, the small but deep one, a tall burly youth with bare arms was scratching out a place in the sawdust for the head, and the pungent particles as they mounted made him sneeze ! I closed my eyes ; and as a sardonic whisper came to my memory the words of Jean Paul—“ When the heart is made the altar of God, then the head, the mental faculties, are the lights on that



altar!" Aye! but when the heart is made the altar of the Devil—what of the head then, friend Richter? When I opened my eyes again the night had taken one terrible leap toward morning. The dawn was breaking, and I then, for the first time, noticed the double row of mounted *gens-d'armes* facing the scaffold, the officers in front; and this sight, reminding me, as it did, that it was a stern act of justice and not a revelry of revenge that I was about to witness refreshed me as a breath of air coming from a purer world.

"Ah! there they go!" murmured in a hoarse whisper a man standing by my side, and following the direction of his eyes I saw the significant movement to which he alluded—five or six individuals slowly disappearing into the prison through the little wicket-gate, which closed noiselessly behind them. They had gone to tell him, it had at length begun, the prelude to the end, and if the condemned wretch had not heard or suspected anything before that night he would be knowing now! This thought was terrible to me. The sight of the merciless composure of the sombre prison-walls, while my imagination whispered to me what must be going on within them, drove me mad and filled my heart suddenly with immense pity for the man about to die. Everything was against him, everything and everybody—but here a prolonged gasp of horror proceeding from a thousand throats chilled my heart to silence, and turning, as if spell-bound, my reluctant eyes were riveted to what they fell upon. The great central gate of the prison was open wide, and from it a white figure and a black figure emerged side by side, the condemned man and the priest, the felon looking like an armless doll, fashioned to amuse a nursery full of gibbering demons, for his head was shaved, his arms pinioned back, and his legs tied so tightly together that he could only totter or waddle forward, pushed gently from behind by the headsman's aid, like a baby learning to walk or like a toy moving by clockwork. I was vaguely conscious that the priest was in a voice broken with emotion endeavoring to encourage and comfort his charge, holding up in his trembling hand a crucifix before the hideous face which seemed to pay no heed, to see no cross, no Saviour, no hope—only the guillotine, the red

beams, the knife, the baskets. But I was only vaguely conscious of the words and movements of the priest, for my whole attention was taken up by the other, the one who would go on when the priest should be forced to stop, the one who would have to continue his journey alone, and only stop—ah, where would his dreadful journey end, and what at that journey's end would be awaiting him? And so, waddling, tottering, he who had once been a man, but who now looked hardly human, came out to death; his gaze—if anything so inexpressibly terrible could be called a gaze—never being removed from the upper beam of the guillotine, or rather from that part of the scaffold that was the most full of meaning to him—the knife. When this terrible couple—the man in black and the thing in white—had advanced within two yards of the guillotine the priest stopped, took the felon in his arms, kissed him twice, and then stepped quickly back. Even as he did so the white thing was seized and hurled with great violence forward on to the plank, the executioner waved his hands, the plank fell forward and the knife shot down with a re-echoing, tremendous crash, and then a wild scream rent the air, and turning, I saw some one who had been standing not far from me fall backwards in a dead faint, doubtless overcome by the horror of the scene, and as he fell I recognized my strange young friend and fellow-countryman—Roselin Tudor.

### III.

PUSHING my way roughly through the crowd I was by the lad's side at once.

"I know him," I exclaimed, "he is a friend of mine." Then, turning to the policeman, I said, "I came up here with Professor Leopold Maryx, and—"

"Ah! Dr. Maryx!" exclaimed a young man standing near. "There he comes." And, indeed, just at that moment the head of the great *savant* was seen towering over the crowd and advancing in my direction.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed, rather gruffly, and evidently not in the best of humors.

"This young fellow is a friend of mine and has fainted, that's all," I explained. "I know where he lives and want to get him home."

In an instant I had a hundred offers of

assistance, for the sight of the red rosette of a Commander of the Legion of Honor, which the doctor wore in his buttonhole, acted like a charm. The lad was still unconscious, and Maryx, after having stared at him for a moment, suggested that he had better be carried to a neighboring wine-shop and fortified with some cordial before being taken home. So two stalwart men lifted the light burden and led the way to the nearest *bastringue*, Maryx and I following in the rear.

"Well," I ventured to inquire, "and were you pleased? Did you succeed in observing anything of special interest?" Maryx shook his head savagely.

"Interest!" he echoed. "Why, it has been an absolute waste of time coming here. If I'd known what I know now, I'd have given you my card to come alone and stuck to the *baccarat*. Why, the man was such an arrant coward that he almost had a fit when the barber's scissors touched his neck cropping his hair. I have seen many criminals die in many countries in my life, but I never saw such an uninteresting cur as this Corsi!"

"But they told you he was brave."

"Bah! Mere bravado. He counted on the President commuting his sentence at the last minute. Have you got a cigar?"

We had now reached the shop and, having explained matters to the landlord, we were shown into an inner room where the boy was laid on a table and Maryx began to attend to him. No crowd had followed us, for I fancy fainting-fits are not uncommon events in that quarter on such occasions, but the front room of the wine-shop was nevertheless packed tight with a vile mob of ruffians of every description, who discussed the ghastly spectacle they had come to witness over their absinthe and brandy. As their remarks were wholly unedifying I closed the door, and as I turned saw Tudor opening his eyes. As his mind seemed to grasp the situation his face flushed—the strangely powerful, rugged, ugly face—and he made a violent endeavor to spring from the table, but Maryx held him down gently but firmly.

"Be still, my boy, be still," he said, in a quiet tone of command.

"Where am I? Who are you?" gasped the boy in French, but then as I approached and his eyes fell upon me, he fell back overcome with astonishment,

murmuring in English, "You here? Am I dreaming?"

"No, my dear fellow," I replied cheerfully, "you are not dreaming. You are all right now. You fainted, that's all, and I happened luckily to be by and took the liberty of taking care of you. You'll be all right in a minute."

"Where am I?" he inquired in a husky voice. "How did I faint? Where did I faint?"

"Why, you came up here as I did, I suppose, to see the man guillotined, and—"

"Oh, I remember!" murmured the poor lad, in a tone of horror, and falling back he became once more insensible. This second fainting-fit lasted much longer than the previous one, lasted indeed so long that I could see it caused Maryx considerable anxiety, although he said nothing. "Ah, it's all right now," he murmured at length as the lad gave signs of recovering consciousness, "and high time too." Then, taking up a glass of kirsch he bent over the lad as he opened his eyes, saying, "Drink this at once, it will do you good." A look of suspicion crossed the scarred leonine face, but then the poor eyes lighted on the magic rosette, he glanced at Maryx who was smiling, and then at me, and then, as if reassured, he opened his mouth and drank the cordial.

"Ah," said the doctor. "That's a good boy, now you're all right."

"Thank you, Monsieur," murmured the lad in French, "you are very kind to me."

"You will be all right in a minute or two, Tudor," I said, speaking in English, "but you must let me see you home. You are too weak to go home by yourself."

"Oh, no," he exclaimed. "I can get home perfectly well by myself in a minute. I'd rather."

"I don't care what you'd rather do," broke in Maryx, with affected sternness. "I know better than you do, and I tell you you are not in a fit state to go home by yourself. If you will not let my friend here take you home, I shall go with you myself. Where does he live?" he added, in a low tone.

"298 Rue St. Marc," I replied in a whisper, but the lad heard me, opened his eyes and smiled.

"Ah! you remember!" he murmured.

Maryx had taken out his note-book, and after scribbling a few lines on a page, tore it out and gave it to me. "He lives near a friend of mine, Dr. Tangpy, Rue Louis le Grand, 94. Send for him at once and use my name. I hope you take no particular interest in this lad, for he has not a year's life left in him." Maryx watched me narrowly as I read what he had written, but my face evidently revealed to him nothing of importance, for as my eyes met his, he smiled and nodded his head. Then he went to the door and called for the frightened landlord.

"Is there a chemist near here?" he inquired.

"Yes, Monsieur—only two steps off." Maryx wrote a few lines and gave them to the man, at the same time extracting a louis from his pocket.

"Bring back the chemist and his medicine with him in five minutes and I will give you this. Now be off! Make haste!" When the man had gone Maryx turned to me. "You had better go to our cab and have it brought to the door here at once. I shall take this lad back with me myself; he interests me. There will be no room for you, so you had better go on to his home before us and prepare his friends. You are no good here, and you may be useful there. We shall be there soon after you." I hesitated.

"What is it?" asked the great man; then he added impatiently, almost rudely, "Why don't you do as I tell you?" I had intended telling Maryx what I knew of the lad's home, but the imperative tone in which these last words were uttered closed my lips and I departed. When I had found our cab and driven back in it, the chemist had already arrived, and Maryx had given orders that no one was to be admitted to the inner room. So I left word that I had gone on, hailed a passing *fiacre*, jumped in and drove off to the address the lad had given me. The Rue St. Marc is an old street, and No. 298 is one of the oldest houses in it, a house that had very evidently been built for some one of the wealthy citizens of Paris about a hundred and fifty years ago—an old *hôtel* in fact, with a splendid gateway and spacious courtyard, the lower part of the building being now used for commercial purposes, but even the upper rooms being only let out to most respectable tenants.

It was now nearly seven, and Parisians being (although such is not generally supposed to be the case) much earlier risers than Londoners, I found the *concierge* busy washing the courtyard. He was an old man and I could see at a glance one of kind and gentle nature. I told him at once my story; how M. Tudor, who was a friend and fellow-countryman of mine, had fainted in my company an hour or an hour and a half before, how he was having the best possible medical attendance, and how I expected him home every moment, and had come on beforehand to tell his friends of his accident.

"M. Tudor?" exclaimed the worthy man, almost letting the broom fall in his astonishment and consternation. "You mean little Roselin?" I nodded assent. "Fainted!" he continued, "and where? He has lived here two years, and I never knew him out so late before, although he often sits up copying all night. And to-night of all nights!"

"Why do you say 'to-night of all nights'?" I inquired. The man looked at me evidently surprised.

"Well, and Corsi? Wasn't it for this morning? The papers say so." I saw I was treading on dangerous ground and so held my peace, not wishing my pretended knowledge to elicit any particulars concerning the lad's life which he himself had not told me; but my discretion was of no avail, for the *concierge*, interpreting by my silence and increased sadness of aspect that I knew all the circumstances of the case, proceeded "*Ce gredin de Corsi!* He ought to be guillotined twice over, for he really killed two people. M. Roselin will never get over the murder of Mdlle. Marie."

"Mdlle. Marie!" I echoed, now fairly amazed. "I don't understand!"

The man looked at me for a moment in astonishment and then said suspiciously, "I thought you said you were a friend of M. Tudor?"

"So I am," I stammered, "but I have not known him long, and—"

"Bah!" interrupted the man. "Then his private affairs can hardly interest you. I'm sorry I spoke. I naturally thought as he sent you on to let us know that—"

"He did not send me on, he does not know that I have come on, he—but here he is!" I abruptly broke off as a cab drove up to the door. Maryx leant out

of the carriage window and beckoned to me and the *concierge*.

"He tells me he lives on the fifth floor; he must be carried up; he can't walk." But here Tudor, who was lying half back in the arms of the chemist's assistant with his head on a pillow in a half swoon, opened his eyes, and on recognizing the *concierge* an expression of great anxiety came over his face.

"Aristide," he whispered, catching his breath, "she doesn't know, does she?" The honest *concierge* shook his head and his eyes filled with tears.

"No, *mon pauvre ami*, she knows nothing. We didn't know you had gone out, you said nothing to us about it; but when my wife went up as usual this morning she found the little one sound asleep with the doll in her arms. That was only half an hour ago."

"I ought not to have left her; it was selfish of me, but I am punished for it." Here he closed his eyes wearily. Maryx got out of the cab and took the *concierge* and myself aside.

"This," he said, "I fear will be a very serious case. His nervous system has received a very terrible shock, and his constitution seems to me to have been always weak. Perhaps he works too hard." Here the *concierge*, seeing that he was speaking to a man of importance, cast his discretion to the winds and began eagerly: "Oh, yes, Monsieur, he works very hard and he was never strong, I—"

"Never mind now," interrupted the doctor. "The first thing to do is to get him to his bed. Pray go and tell your wife and then come back and help us carry him upstairs to his room. He is suffering from a series of fainting fits and I want to get him to bed at once. Pray lose no time; I don't want him to faint in the cab." The wife of the *concierge* now put in an appearance, and being like all the Parisiennes a most sensible and practical although most tender-hearted woman, she wasted no time in vain lamentation but gave me at once some useful information. I explained everything to her in a moment.

"M. Tudor is an Englishman, as you know, and I met him last evening for the first time. He greatly interested me, and I am only anxious to be of service to him."

"Ah!" she interrupted, "is Monsieur

then the gentleman who bought that beautiful doll for little Mariette?" I nodded. "Oh, if you had only seen the pleasure it gave her! *Chère petite!* What she has suffered and what M. Roselin has suffered, God only knows!"

"She is asleep now, is she not?"

"Yes, at least she was half an hour ago—asleep with the doll in her arms. But she is so weak she sleeps most of the time!"

"There is no one else living with them, is there?" I inquired.

"No one; M. Roselin lived here alone until the mother of the little one was murdered, and then he took her to live with him. But she will not live long; the doctors say she may die any day now." These few words of explanation took only a minute or two and were spoken as the chemist's assistant and Aristide were making, under the surveillance of Maryx, preparations to lift the inanimate form (for the poor boy had fainted again) from the cab.

"Let me," said the *concierge*, "I can easily carry him alone. He weighs nothing, *pauvre petit!* Here, Caroline," addressing his wife, "take the key and go up with the gentlemen first."

"You go with her," said Maryx, turning to me, "and see that all is right. I will stay here and see the boy is properly lifted." So turning into the courtyard I followed the woman, who with key in hand led the way.

"We need not disturb the little one," she explained breathlessly as we mounted the stairs, "M. Roselin's bedroom where he sleeps and works is next to hers, but there is a thick wall between and she will hear nothing if we are careful. I had no idea he had gone out; he ought to have told us. He came in at midnight with the doll; we were just going to bed, but he dropped in to see us to ask us to come up and see the little one's delight. So we both left the *loge* and went up with him. She was waiting for him wide awake, for he had told her he was going to bring it to her. She has talked of nothing else for weeks past. Oh, Monsieur, if you had only seen her joy it would have made you cry! She heard us coming, for as I opened the door M. Roselin called out, 'I've got it, *chérie*, I've got it!' and we found her sitting up in bed trembling with excitement, her arms outstretched. Then M. Roselin ran up to her and put the box

in her arms and took her in his and kissed her and fondled her. He was crying, Monsieur, I saw the tears streaming down his face. But the little one hardly seemed to notice him, she was so anxious to see the doll," and here the woman paused breathlessly.

"And when she did see it?" I inquired.

"Ah, Monsieur, when she did see it she cried out in a piteous way, '*Maman! Maman! Maman!*' and took it in her arms and hugged and kissed it, and then we all cried and laughed together. Then we left them, my husband and I, and we heard nothing more. M. Roselin said nothing about going out, but as I always come up at seven to see how Mariette is I found he was not in, and the little one was alone and asleep, and so I went away without waking her. He must have crept out in the early morning."

We had now reached the fifth floor, and the worthy woman unlocking a door to the left of the landing we found ourselves at once in a large, lofty, wainscoted, old-fashioned room very poorly furnished and with the floor littered with papers. In one corner stood a small iron bedstead, in the centre of the room a writing-desk also covered with papers; and these, with three shabby chairs which might at one time have been green but which were now no color in particular, a chest of drawers, and a washing-stand completed the furniture of this humble dwelling. The looking-glass over the fireplace was crowded with letters, memoranda, and cards.

"The little one sleeps next door," whispered the woman nodding in the direction of a thick green baize door which was closed, "and the walls are so thick that when the door is closed you have to call to be heard." While thus speaking she was opening and smoothing the bed which had evidently not been slept in, and now, as I heard the tread of men carrying a burden mounting the stairs, she began making the fire, I standing by her side the while and half unconsciously reading the open notes and cards lying on the mantel-shelf, when my eyes lighted on a photograph of a young actress, and I recognized at once the girl I had seen three years before acting in *Les Trois Margots*, at the Bouffes—Marie Dufresne, the woman Corsi had assassinated, the mother of the child sleeping in the next room. How

well I understood now the look of horror which had come into his face when he said, in reply to my question, "Her mother did not die of consumption!" But the sound of footsteps slowly mounting the stairs drew nearer, and Maryx entered the room.

"Ha!" exclaimed the great man drawing a long breath, "Your friend lives too near paradise to suit me, but he has comfortable enough quarters when you get here. Here he is—be careful—be careful—" and the *concierge* came staggering into the room, carrying in his arms the unconscious lad and followed by the chemist's assistant. "Lay him on the bed—there—gently—so. We will undress him and put him to bed presently. Lift his head higher—there, that's right." Then turning to me he said, "What do you intend doing? I am going to stay here. I have nothing special to do this morning, and this case interests me."

"Of course I shall stay," I replied. "I can't tell you how much I am obliged to you, Maryx," and I tried to take his hand. But he laughed, and ignoring my proffered hand ran his fingers through his beard.

"How absurd!" he exclaimed. "I am merely indulging in a caprice; that is all. Is he living alone?"

"No, he has a child, a little girl, living with him. She is asleep now in that room and knows nothing." And then, speaking in German, I told him in a few words what I knew, Maryx all the while listening to me, but keeping his eyes fixed on the prostrate form of the lad on the bed.

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed suddenly to the chemist's assistant, who had unbuttoned the boy's collar, extracted a small bottle from his pocket, uncorked it, and was about to apply it to the lad's lips. "Leave him alone. I will attend to him presently myself. But if you want to make yourself useful, get this made up for me at once and bring it back yourself," and drawing up a chair to the writing-desk he sat down, pushed all the papers and books on to the floor carelessly, seized a pen and piece of paper and began writing, talking as he wrote. "When you have got this made up and have brought it back to me yourself, go to Dr. Tangpy's—you know where he lives, just round the corner, don't you?"

"Yes, M. le Docteur."

"Well, go to him, wake him if necessary, and tell him I want to see him here at once and shall wait until he comes. Tell him in fact what you like, but bring him back with you." The man, delighted beyond measure at being entrusted with a message from so illustrious an individual as Professor Leopold Maryx, bowed and departed.

"Now," said Maryx, speaking very quickly and in German, "I must repeat to you what I said before. This is a very serious case. I will not bore you with scientific terms you would not understand, but I tell you frankly the boy is dying—that is, he will not, may not at least, die now, but he certainly will not live a year unless some extraordinary change for the better sets in, which I can hardly hope for. He is insensible now and will remain so until I choose to bring him round, which I shall do presently. But he will need constant care and watching. I will stay by him till my friend Tangpy comes," and here Maryx divested himself of his hat, gloves, and voluminous fur coat, and began arranging his disordered evening dress, smoothing his white tie and examining with great care a rather damaged gardenia, as if he were about to wait upon an arch-duchess—"and I will tell Tangpy what I think and then leave your *protégé* in his hands, for I am lunching with Vulpian at twelve, and leave for Vienna to-night. What do you intend doing?"

"You asked me that before and I told you. I shall stay here also," I replied, following the example set me by Maryx, and throwing my great coat and other accoutrements on top of his. "I shall wait until you think I can go back to the hotel and change my dress, and then come back here again. I can't tell you how this poor lad interests me."

Maryx nodded, then changing into French and addressing the *concierge* and his wife, whose horror at hearing the detested language spoken had been somewhat modified by the unexpected sight of two gentlemen in evening dress standing before them: "Tell me about this little girl—my friend here tells me she is very ill." The woman nodded. "She is sleeping in there," she said, pointing to the green baize door. "Shall I go and wake her?" Maryx hesitated.

"No," he said after a pause, "I think

I will go in myself. If she is asleep I shall have time to watch her, listen to her breathing and see what I think of her. If she is awake I will call you in." And so saying Maryx walked to the green baize door, opened it softly and passed into the next room on tip-toe, the door swinging to noiselessly behind him. But in a moment he was back again, saying very gently, and in almost a reverent tone, "Poor little child, she is dead!"

"Dead!" echoed the *concierge* and his wife, "Dead!"

"Come and see," said the doctor, opening the door, "she has been dead an hour at least."

The room into which we now passed was even more large and airy than the one in which poor Tudor lay, and had evidently been tastefully decorated by him for his little friend. There was a sofa and a *chaise longue* and many easy chairs, and an open piano with a piece of music standing on the rest as if the player had suddenly been interrupted in his playing; and there were violets on the table and pretty pictures on the walls, and toys on the mantelshelf and on the chest of drawers and table—cheap toys, but the best he could afford to buy—and a child's picture-book lying open on the little table by the bed, with a crucifix by it and a closed prayer book; and the bed itself was white and bright and pretty, and had dainty little pink curtains hanging over it and half hiding it; curtains which Maryx now drew back to show us that he had not been deceived. There she lay, a pretty little baby-girl, lying as if asleep, with a smile upon her face, clasping tightly in her arms the beautifully dressed doll, the bright, pretty face of the puppet with the staring blue eyes, the golden curls, the little earrings, and the fashionable bonnet, lying close beside the ashen cheek of the dead child who had so longed for it and so loved it because it looked like her murdered mother, and who now in God's mercy had been taken to that mother. Death, more capricious than any pretty woman, had put aside all aspect of sombre majesty here, had come on his mission of peace unaccompanied by any horror, but lay nestling there like a soft white dove hiding under a pretty toy.

"How very beautiful!" murmured Maryx in German, and my heart echoed his words. "How very beautiful!"

And so we three stood there speechless and in awe—spell-bound at the sight of this most vulgar accident of life—the ending of it, that common event which Schiller says is so universal that it must be good. And gazing on that fair dead face, the thought came to me how strange it was that I, by the merest accident, should have been the means of enlivening it with its last smile, and yet have come too late to make smiles dwell thereon as I had hoped to do. And then the love, the simple self-sacrificing love this dying lad in the next room bore to the dead child lying there, how everything told of it,—the doll she held in her arms most of all! And as this thought came to my mind, my eyes left the two pretty and inanimate child-faces lying cheek by cheek on the pillow,—the one as lifeless as the other, but both smiling—and fell upon the music lying open on the piano. I recognized it at once, for it was one of my favorites—a waltz of Chopin, a posthumous work,\* one of the saddest and most touching expressions of a broken heart. Innocent and tender in its utterance as this child's life, but sad as her untimely death, no piece of music ever composed by a great master mind could possibly have been more in harmony with what so lightly lay upon that bed than this.

Maryx was the first to break the silence. Turning to the man he said, "You had better go to the Mairie and report this at once. My friend, Dr. Tangpy, who will be here in a few minutes, will see about the rest. In the mean time you had all better leave me here alone."

So we three, the man and his wife and I returned to the adjoining room, where we found Tudor still lying on his back insensible, looking indeed far more like a corpse than she whose breath had really sped forever; and it was in fact probably the majesty of his stillness and the great pathos of the repose of this lad, who would soon be called back again to life to have his heart once more cruelly wounded, that checked the outburst of violent emotion which I had seen foreshadowed in the face of both the *concierge* and his wife.

"Hush!" I said in a whisper, pointing to the lad, as if he could hear us, "we must be quiet and make no noise. It is all over with her—we must now only think

of him." Then turning to the man—"You had better go at once to the Mairie," I said, "but send me the first *commissionaire* you meet on your way. Your wife will stay with me for a moment,—I have something to say to her." When the man, who by this time could with difficulty restrain his emotion, had left the room, I said to his wife, who stood as if half dazed, looking at the unconscious youth and with the tears streaming down her cheeks, "Have you any vacant rooms in the house?"

At first she could hardly trust herself to answer me, but at length she said, "Yes, there is a large apartment on this same floor to be let, on the other side of the landing, but it is unfurnished."

"Well, I will take it for the time being, until the *propriétaire* lets it. I will pay him beforehand, so he need fear nothing. You can easily hire or buy for me what is necessary. I am going to stay here"—and I put money into her hand, the poor woman gazing at me with an astonishment that almost interrupted the falling of her tears. Then I sat down and wrote two letters,—one a line to my servant at the hotel, telling him to bring me what was necessary, and then a letter to one of my dearest friends, the Duchesse de Lussac, who is as good as she is fair and as fair as she is good, and what can I say more? I hurriedly told her all, adding that I knew I could rely upon her aid and advice, and that I should wait impatiently until she could come and give it to me. Just as I had finished the *commissionaire* arrived, and almost directly behind him came the physician whom Maryx had sent for. I told him all in as few words as possible; he looked at the lad for a moment, felt his pulse, shook his head, and then went into the next room to join his colleague without saying a word.

But what took place during the next few days I need hardly linger over. When Tudor was brought round his mind was found to be wandering, and then brain-fever set in. Madame de Lussac came in great haste at eleven, and her husband, the duke, who was never behindhand in good works, followed her at two. When Maryx returned from his breakfast with Dr. Vulpian, he found his colleague Tangpy paying his second visit, and so we five—the duke and duchess, the two physicians, and myself—held a council of

\* Book iv. 1836. *Op.* lxix.

war. That I should stay by the lad until the last or until he should have sufficiently recovered to permit of my moving him to more comfortable quarters I had decided, and all present approved of my decision. All pecuniary details I of course took upon myself; Tangpy promised to do all that science and his own experience (coupled, if need be, with that of his friend), could achieve, while Madame de Lussac undertook the most precious part of all, the tender care, nursing and sympathy. So Maryx was justified in saying, when he departed late in the afternoon and only just in time to dine in haste and catch his train, that he left his interesting patient in good hands, and that if he did not recover it would certainly not be for lack of care. The funeral of the little girl took place on the following day. The duke and his beautiful duchess undertook all the details connected with that ceremony and converted the death-chamber into a *chapelle ardente*, in the middle of which stood, literally covered with flowers, the coffin containing the dead child and her doll, which at the suggestion of Madame de Lussac was buried with her. During all that time poor Tudor lay partly in a swoon and partly delirious, but wholly ignorant of what was taking place around him, and mercifully unconscious that his little friend had left him and was being taken to her last resting-place without a farewell kiss from his lips.

And now an extraordinary phenomenon took place,—one of those things which I think could only be possible in Paris. Suddenly this delirious, dying lad, this poor, ugly, almost deformed youth, who was a foreigner by birth and who lived by the few paltry francs he could earn by copying, became the fashion, and the right to watch by his bedside (of course I had engaged a trained nurse recommended by Tangpy) came to be looked upon as a coveted privilege by the ladies of the Noble Faubourg, and all that was bluest of blood, fairest of face and most richly endowed with acres, ducats and power in the patrician world of Paris took turns by day and by night to watch by the bedside of this broken-hearted little waif, not carelessly and capriciously, but earnestly and tenderly. Madame la Marquise coming from the Opera to take the place of Madame la Comtesse who was due at a *soirée*, and Madame la Marquise in turn being re-

lieved by Madame la Baronne on her return from a ball. The tenderness and care and skill which these *grandes dames* gave proof of in nursing seemed to me marvellous and almost incredible. Ladies whom I had considered incapable of any more strict obedience to the Divine Will than that which may be comprehended in being absolutely adorable in grace, beauty and refinement, showed a patience, sympathy and kindness which even Florence Nightingale could hardly have excelled. But these garrets in this old house in this shabby street were not only thus transformed into a vision-house, wherein a most sweet dream of fair and good women rested as a perfume, but they furthermore became the *rendezvous* of all the most prominent men of letters in Paris, most of whom knew Tudor personally, and from whom I learnt some of the particulars of his past life.

His father, an Englishman by birth, had come to Paris in early youth and had been engaged in some literary capacity by the benevolent Galignani, but he had left them after some years and started for himself as a bookbinder and printer on a small scale at Rueil, near Paris. From what I could gather he would appear to have been a man of considerable culture and refinement, but a visionary—weak and self-indulgent, and feebly ambitious. The lad's mother had been a famous model, and had thus been brought in contact with all the celebrities of the artistic world of Paris, Théophile Gautier having been her staunchest and truest friend and the godfather of her son and only child, to whom he had given the absurd name of Roselin, after the legend of the Quatre Fils Aymon. When Astarte, as Baudelaire had christened the beautiful model, married plain John Tudor, the struggling English printer, great had been the wailing and gnashing of teeth in the artistic world; but, as she died eighteen months after her wedding-day, the memory of her beauty had not had time to fade away, and all the painters, sculptors, poets, and *littérateurs* of Paris came forward to do their best to aid the heart-broken widower and the infant Roselin, foremost among them of course—as he was always in the front rank when a deed of delicate kindness was to be done—being Jules Sandeau, who took a special interest in the child's education and training, and eventually got him a berth in a



bookseller's shop in the Rue des Saint Pères where, if the salary was but meagre, the lad had the run of all the classics in every language; his good natured employer, himself a famous scholar, taking delight in teaching the clever boy Italian, Latin, Greek, and German, and thus introducing him to the best works of the greatest thinkers. Then a great misfortune befell the lad; he was seized with smallpox in its most virulent form, and after months of suffering, during which his father died, he left his bed at the hospital disfigured and debilitated for life, to find that his employer had failed and left Paris. In this emergency Jules Sandeau had again come to the rescue and, reminding his literary colleagues that they could not let the son of Astarte die of starvation, had procured dramatic and other copying work for him in connection with the house of Deporte, the leading men of letters moreover banding themselves together at the instigation of Sandeau to invest for the lad in the form of an annuity a sum in the Rentes, small of course but sufficient to keep him, especially when supplemented by what he might earn by copying, from absolute indigence. Such was the simple story. When, where, and in what way he had ever become acquainted with Marie Dufresne, the murdered actress, nobody seemed to know; but then, as de Lussac reminded me, the *pauvre ver de terre amoureux d'une étoile* is a common enough event in the artistic world of the Ville Lumière.

Many a long and weary day and night passed before an opportunity presented itself of telling the poor boy of the death of his little friend. I had thought the matter over and consulted with my friends, and taking into consideration what the doctor had said about the lad's death being merely a question of weeks, and recalling to mind what he himself had said about his desire to die, I had decided that in the circumstances the news that his little friend had gone before him would come to him as a joy rather than as a fresh sorrow. Nor was I mistaken in this conjecture, although I was indeed spared the pain of breaking the news to him, for he divined it. It came about in this wise. After a terrible night of delirium he had fallen into another swoon, and on his recovery from this came his first lucid interval. Madame de Lussac, the trained nurse

and I were by his bedside, when he opened his eyes and looked at me for the first time with a glance of recognition. His eyes then wandered around the room and I divined what he was looking for, and then as I saw he wished to speak, I bowed my ear to his lips.

"Is she asleep or dead?" he whispered.

"Which would you wish her to be?" I inquired.

"Dead," he murmured.

"She is not asleep," I said. He looked at me, and my eyes told him what he sought to know.

"Thank God!" he murmured, "for I am dying too!"

A week after this the end came, but three days before his death the delirium left him and he became very calm; and when at length he was allowed to speak, we told each other all we had to tell. I told him all that had taken place since that terrible night on the Place de la Roquette, and very plainly informed him that he was right and that he was dying, but that I should be with him to the last.

And he in his turn told me the simple story of the only romantic episode in his life, his love for the murdered actress; of how he had first seen her in a fairy piece at the Porte St. Martin and lost his heart to her; of how she had laughed at him and scorned him, but still allowed him, out of pity for his great love of her, to see her sometimes as a humble and devoted friend who would willingly lay down his life for her; and of how by degrees he had brought himself to look upon this privilege as a greater and more precious joy than if she had given him her heart. Then came the advent of the handsome and mysterious adventurer, Corsi, whom the girl had met and fallen in love with, at Monte Carlo, and then the robbery and the murder. The victim had no parents, and so Tudor had taken her little child. The rest the reader knows. The story, as I say, was a most simple one, but told in the lad's strangely dramatic way it was a terrible one. His mind indeed seemed to me like a most curious armory in which might have been found perhaps almost any weapon from the brave lance of the pure-hearted knight to the jewel-hilted dagger of a Borgia; the result doubtless of many morbid influences, the unhealthy fruit of precocious and misdirected study spring-

ing from an overtaxed imagination, nourished by unsatisfied passion, and strengthened by a spirit of revolt against the accidents of life which had kept his soul from soaring. He was a true *fleur d'asphalte*, born of a caprice and nourished in the unhealthy atmosphere of the studios and *coulisses*; and had it not been for the vigor and spirit which were very apparent even on his death-bed, and which he had inherited from his English father, his many great though undeveloped talents might have led him into crime, backed up and spurred on as they were by a vanity which had lost nothing of its morbid strength by the fact of its never having met with that partial justification which comes with success. As it was, the innate manliness of the lad had induced him to

assume the haughty attitude of a disdainful rebel, and given to his rugged, disfigured countenance that expression which, as I have said, reminded one of Danton.

Roselin Tudor lies in the cemetery of Père la Chaise; and now, when at Christmas time I find myself alone in Paris, there is one invitation which is resistless, one hospitable challenge which may not be refused, coming in a noiseless whisper from that lonely grave. And while I stand there looking down upon the simple little mound, there invariably steals into my ear the sad despairing melody of that posthumous waltz of Chopin which always seems to me to tell, almost in detail, the story of Roselin Tudor's life.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

#### THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

WE are only now in a position to realize what the sober and enlightened part of America thinks of the rejection of the Copyright Bill by Congress. It is a curious fact, that in spite of the intimate and ever-increasing connection between the United States and ourselves, the geographical isolation of the American continent continues to delay, and even to obscure, our conception of American events. Between us lies "the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea," and so long as our principal newspapers are more solicitous about providing their readers with minute telegraphic information from Philippopoli than from New York or Washington, and so long as the *Times* continues to regard Philadelphia as the capital of that Transatlantic Republic, of which it has so vague a conception, we must continue to wait for our exact news, until some other event nearer home has destroyed the freshness of its interest. Hence it was quite impossible, in the light of any of the telegrams sent off last month, to know what the honest section of American society and of the press thought of the unexpected and, as it seemed to us, overwhelming blow dealt to the principles of literary integrity.

The post has now brought letters and newspapers, and we may consider the question without the hysterics either of denunciation or of despair. America is very

much ashamed, and not a little angry, but apparently continues in firm hope of a prompt return to sanity on the part of Congress. Among the desultory statements which the letter-bag has brought, one is of peculiar interest. Dr. Harris, who is United States Commissioner of Education, speaking directly after the rejection of the Bill, remarked:—

"I feel the strongest possible interest in the passage of the Copyright Bill when it comes up for re-consideration, and I have little doubt that it will get through this time. The principle of strict justice is behind it. It is in the interest of honesty, and this is a case where, most emphatically, 'honesty is the best policy.' The present state of things is not stimulating to our patriotism."

It is not, indeed; and this has been almost universally felt among the educated classes. The misfortune seems to be that in America, where a certain kind of education is more widely diffused than in any other country, the Congressman who is incompetent to deal with a question like copyright knows just enough to prevent him from being willing to leave the matter to the consideration of his betters. Eight or nine years ago Spain passed, without the least difficulty, an admirably compendious law for the protection of intellectual property. Has the Spanish Cortes, then, more interest in books, and pictures, and music than the American House of Representatives? Probably

not ; but in Spain the average Parliamentary man leaves to his government a question which is indifferent to him, but which is not quite indifferent to the semi-educated and abnormally political representative of Illinois or Indiana. Congressmen, of course, are not thinking of the literary coteries of Boston, but, it must be presumed, of supposititious masses of uncultivated, yet book-buying constituents, among whom "deficiency of culture and deficiency of conscience" may, they hope, in Colonel John Hay's phrase, go hand-in-hand.

It has probably not been made plain to English readers how the representatives in Congress of this class of voters have been influenced in raising their insane opposition. The arguments which seem to have done most to affect the division in the House of Representatives were those formulated (and, I am told, with an eloquence and charm of manner worthy of a decent cause) by Mr. Payson, of Illinois. The other leading opponent of copyright, Mr. Hopkins, is also an ornament, by the way, to Illinois ; and the passion for other people's chattels would seem to be particularly keen in that amiable neck of land which divides Lake Michigan from the Mississippi. Mr. Payson's speech, which it was so agreeable to listen to, is passably dull to read. The sweet, piercing notes with which this Mercury charmed the hands of his countrymen into the pockets of their neighbors have lost tone in crossing the Atlantic. But the following passage seems to present to us Mr. Payson at his most persuasive moment :—

"I have no doubt that if I could go into the library of the gentleman from New York, every book that I would find there would be bound in morocco, sumptuous books, and shelves crowded with them ; every engraving upon his walls would have a mammoth gilt frame about it ; all that great wealth could buy would be there without regard to expense, except [? unless] the gentleman from New York is in favor of putting art upon the free-list, as I have understood ; so his pictures would come in free of duty. Men who are millionaires and have no end to their money are in favor of this thing—free pictures for themselves and high-priced books for the poor ; but the poor man who handles a dollar only when it bears upon it the impress of a hand that is calloused with toil, and which is moistened by sweat which comes from his brow, if he wants to read a copy of the Fortnightly Review, possibly even in his lowly station, having more delight in literary matters than

the gentleman from New York may have (ap-  
plause), and yet [sic], by the legislation which the gentleman from New York is strenuously endeavoring to pass here, he is asked to pay 75 cents for that, when the American publisher will furnish it to him for 40 cents. I say to the gentleman from New York, I am for legislation for the benefit of the poor, rather than for the man who lives in a palace."

The accents of the Chrysostom of Illinois must be dulcet indeed if he is able to win a majority of twenty-eight with such stuff as this. The fallacy about the callous-handed son of toil was promptly exposed by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, with all his ancient vivacity, remarked, "I cannot see that a callous on the palm confers any better claim to fair treatment than a furrow in the forehead and an aching in the brain." As to the extremely vulgar gibes about the mammoth gilt frames and the morocco bindings, a child might have twitched Mr. Payson's mantle, and have suggested to him that you can bind Hawthorne just as sumptuously as you can Thackeray, and that a Sheraton shrine will hold tooled first editions of Poe no less conveniently than those of Tennyson. (The former are much more hard to get, but that does not affect Mr. Payson.) The rich or the homely covering given to books when once they exist in America has nothing to do with the question at all. There is no copyright in frames or in bindings, and voters should be competent to realize that fact even in the recesses of Springfield, Ill.

It is plain, of course, to a mean capacity, that Mr. Payson and his fellows were only darkening counsel when they introduced their catch-penny diatribes against the ostentation of New York collectors. This was merely done with the genius of the professional demagogue, to make them seem the champions of the poor. The real argument, the only decent pretext upon which any honest man can build his objection to copyright, is the hypothesis that it is the duty of Congress to strain a point of morality, and legislate for the benefit of the poorer members of the State. All sorts of hidden strings were pulled, it is understood, but the one ostensible argument, the solitary suggestion that the Illinois pirates dared to produce in favor of their piracies, was that the humble citizen will be deprived of a benefit. Even if it should be proved that this is the case, the

pedant would have much to say. If the humble burglar enters my house at night, and is driven away before he makes off with my electro-plate, he is deprived of a benefit to the amount of several shillings, yet the law frowns upon his enterprise. But let us take the lower view of morals—the view accepted in the State of Illinois. Let us waive morality, and ask whether it is a fact that the poor man is benefited by the present system.

At first it may seem as though he is. He is able to buy certain kinds of books which would cost him several shillings in England for a modest tenpence. It therefore appears that the remote person in the cabin of Dakota does really obtain the benefit of the difference between these two sums by the act of rapine which his Government makes legally possible to him. But the more minutely we examine this advantage of his, the more it dwindles, and the less certain does it become that any real gain is involved. In the first place, whatever gain there is, in all the vast existing body of English literature, would be still at his service. Not only does the projected Bill not cover the classics of our race, but it is not retrospective by a day. If it had passed the jealous janitors from Illinois, their favorite backwoodsmen would not merely possess Shakespeare and Dickens, Bunyan and Thackeray, in all perpetuity, but could have gone on indulging in twenty-cent issues of Mr. Haggard's *Beatrice*, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*. When we consider what English literature, and particularly English fiction, consists of, the importance and attractiveness of the books still left totally unprotected would be pretty considerable. But not merely will all English books of the past, published up to the eve of the passing of the law, remain cheap, but the English books of the future, if they are first-rate or of high popular interest, will become cheap also. To follow this we must bear in mind what the conditions of book-buying in the United States are.

In all this question of copyright it is mainly fiction which is under consideration. Prohibit by a fiat all writing of novels, and the discussion about copyright would sink into desuetude. As far as fiction is concerned, then, a radical difference exists between the procedure of England and of America. In England, as we

know, the library system prevails. The vast majority of novels are issued in the form of three large volumes, no copies of which are bought by the public, but all by the proprietors of lending libraries, who pass them from hand to hand among their clients. If there is much said about a novel, every one wants to borrow it; the circulating libraries find that it is greatly in demand, and they buy more copies for lending, and ever more. It is in this way, at the price of thirty-one shillings and sixpence, that English novels make their way. If they are greatly successful, they pass into the second stage, that of the one-volume form, priced at three and sixpence or six shillings, and this is bought for private possession. Now the opponents of copyright pretend that people want to force down the throats of American buyers the three-volume novel at thirty-one and sixpence, and they eloquently contrast this with the modest twenty cents. But, under no circumstances would the three-volume novel exist in America, where the library system is quite unknown. In that country people do not borrow, they buy their books, and if copyright were passed a dozen times, the novel would be originally issued in what is its second form with us, the one volume at three and sixpence or less.

Whether copyright is passed or no, British writers, and in particular, British novelists, must learn to realize that the day of expensive popular books is over in America. There will always be beautiful issues and *éditions de luxe*, such as certain American publishers know so well how to produce, but unillustrated books for use, such as novels and travels, will never again be produced on the old expensive system. America is like France in this respect, and when copyright is gained, it will be gained for books which will have to be issued as much as possible in the form of the three francs fifty yellow-covered *roman*. It must not be forgotten that a buying public for such issues has been formed in America, such a public as does not yet exist in England, and there may even be said a good word, in retrospect, for the old fashioned American book-pirate. It was he who first taught Americans to buy books; he was the means by which the habit of purchasing to read, instead of borrowing to read, was made a national one. We may now drop a tear upon his unregarded

grave, since his day is certainly over, while the practice of book-buying survives, and will doubtless continue to survive.

The possible harm to be done to the callous-handed son of toil in Illinois or Dakota is therefore whittled away to this, that if he desires to read future novels by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Thomas Hardy, directly they are published, he will probably be obliged to pay from two to three shillings for them instead of tenpence. But, as I have said, if a book is liked, it will very soon come down to a lower and fully reasonable price. It will not, to be sure, come down to twenty cents, but is it desirable that it should? No one who is familiar with what the competitive enterprise of piratical firms has reduced English fiction to in America will be likely to say that it is desirable. The stolen British novel is brought out in a shape that is not merely ugly and undignified in itself, but calculated to produce a contempt for literature, a besotted idea of what a book is. The cheapest forms of European fiction in America are not to be distinguished from the baser sorts of newspaper. You find them thrown away in the carriages of the elevated railroad. People buy them at one station on a country railway and toss them away at the next. No one keeps them after reading them; they would debase the most modest cottage bookshelf. They have nothing whatever in common with a library. If Mr. Payson thinks that it does people any good to force literary shoddy of this kind upon them he is welcome to his opinion, but he is likely to get few thinking readers to agree with him.

If it be an excellent thing to read many bad books, then, indeed, it is possible that the present system is one of considerable service to the community. But if not, then the American reader may surely bear with equanimity the prospect of a change which will have the result of tending to the extinction of bad fiction. At present anything can be taken for nothing, and therefore there is no reason why whatever will just sell enough to meet the expenses of printing should not be passed through the pirate's mill. But when something has to be paid to the maker of the book, when the owner of the intellectual property is protected by the law, then only those books in which there is a real value will be able to exist. The good novels

will enjoy such a success as their authors never dreamed of before; but there will be a great massacre of innocents and idiots. Desolate persons in Dakota may have to pay twenty pence instead of tenpence for a good story, but they will hardly require our sympathy for that. They must read their books twice over.

We see, therefore, that there will be no real injury done to any class in America, and that even the apparent injury will be confined within a very narrow and problematical range. This being the case—and these facts are of course much more patent in America than here—what can be the secret of opposition to the Bill? Who opposes? We are told by the Congressmen that "the people" of America are unfavorable to international copyright. In the face of such a statement, it is well to look somewhat closely into facts and see who are the supporters of the proposed legislation to which "the people" are so adverse. It can hardly be the Government, as at present constituted, which opposes the movement, for President Harrison said in his last message to Congress, December 3, 1889, "The enactment of such a law (insuring copyright) would be eminently wise and just." It can hardly be the leaders of the other side in politics, since, three days later, Ex-President Cleveland wrote:

"It seems to me very strange that a movement having so much to recommend it to the favor of just and honest men should languish in the hands of our law-makers. It is not pleasant to have forced upon one the reflection that perhaps the fact that it is simply just and fair is to its present disadvantage."

It is not the authors of America, so patronizingly protected by the zeal of Illinois, who long for this particular species of "protection," since 144 authors, 18 more than the Congressmen who voted with Messrs. Hopkins and Payson, signed the petition in favor of copyright. Almost every name that ever was heard of is there, from the venerable George Bancroft down to that youngest of the Graces, the vivacious Amélie Rives. In the arts and sciences, in the vast body of the active representatives of education, among doctors, lawyers, and professional men generally, scarcely a voice has been raised save in approbation of the principle of Copyright. Even the American publishers and printers have given their support to the

scheme, although with the introduction of what is supposed to be a dangerous clause, the little rift within the lute, of which not enough account has been taken, the proviso "that no modifications be accepted that fail to provide for the printing [in the United States] of foreign books securing American copyright." Of this snake in the grass, something must presently be said, but with this personal demand granted, the publishers and printers are at one with all other educated persons in recommending copyright. Since the action of Congress, the American press, universally, and without respect to shades of political opinion, has protested that "the stain of the defeat of the copyright measure must be wiped out." Yet, says the benevolence of the House of Representatives, "the people" are adverse. Who and what are "the people," in a question of literature, if all the classes in any way affected by or interested in literature are excluded?

The answer perhaps is that the buyers are "the people," and they, as buyers, are silent. It cannot be said that the buyer has ever, in this orgy of confused property, discriminated between authorized and unauthorized editions. He has been apathetic, and it is his deplorable inactivity or indifference which gives a handle to demagogues to pretend that he is in opposition. But an opportunity has now, at last, been given him of thoroughly comprehending the position of affairs, and there can be little doubt that he will let Mr. Payson and his comrades see pretty plainly on which side the cat jumps.

Much has been said about the supposed danger of the demand to which I just now referred, the proviso that, as the International Typographical Union expressed it last year, "said bill shall contain a clause which guarantees absolutely that all books copyrighted in this country [America] shall be printed from type set within the limits of the United States." The question is a technical and a difficult one, but I confess that the importance given to it by some English critics seems to me exaggerated. No doubt the ideal Copyright Bill would leave the trade in books absolutely free, but, in the first experiment, it is too much to expect that vested interests, like those of the printers of America, will not make themselves heard. Whatever system of copyright is introduced is

not likely to be final. Half a loaf, or even a loaf with a disagreeable proportion of alum in it, is better than no bread. We cannot expect a great nation to be so unselfish as to legislate at once on the naked moral principle. Because the authors are prominent and active, we are apt to forget how few they are. What does Congress care for the interests of authors, as human beings, a body of persons, that is to say, possessing certainly fewer than five hundred votes in all? The authors are scarcely a profession. The publishers and printers, though themselves very few in number, do constitute, in combination, a kind of guild. It is absurd and troublesome, no doubt, that books should be set twice, but it is very commonly done even now, when there is no obligation. Many books, on the present system, are set more often than that. I am told that Mr. Haggard's *She*, on its first appearance in America, was simultaneously set six times. Of course, the English printer says that this clause takes the bread out of his mouth, but it scarcely concerns the English author. Indeed, it will probably prove a positive advantage to the novelist that he should be printed at once, in America, in the form adapted to the habits of the American book-buyer.

In the mean time, let no one suppose that copyright is postponed for another fifty years. The news of the defeat the other day was received in this country as though the whole question was settled in the negative forever, and Prospero's broken staff buried certain fathoms in the earth. But, on the contrary, the general opinion of all those who know America best, in America itself, seems to be that the passing of copyright by Congress is a certain thing, and even now at hand. The fact is that although the educated classes in the United States have taken an interest in this abstract idea of copyright, this vague development of the toleration of intellectual property by the law, the great mass of the people has hitherto not understood the matter in the least, has not followed the arguments for it, and has slumbered on in complete apathy. But at last something has happened which has roused universal attention. Congress has committed an act which the press from Maine to Arizona clamorously declares to be an infamy. "What was a blot on the good name and fame of this nation," say the

newspapers of every class, "has become a stain." America, exceedingly apathetic as its public opinion is on ordinary occasions, has an extraordinary faculty for unanimous action when it has really perceived that a condition of things is a "blot" on its moral reputation. The cry of "Stop thief!" has been shouted through the length and breadth of the Republic, and I am informed that even among his own remote constituents, Mr. Payson has won nothing of esteem by his pretentious defence of "the privileges of the poor." The American Copyright League has not been dismayed, nor has it sat down for a moment after the defeat.

It has struck the moral iron of the nation while it was hot, and all over the United States Mr. Lowell's excellent quatrain is winning converts:—

"In vain we call old notions fudge,  
And bend our conscience to our dealing,  
The Ten Commandments will not budge  
And stealing *will* continue stealing."

"This is the very moment," writes another leader of public opinion in America, Mr. R. W. Gilder, "for every citizen who has regard for the national honor to write to his Congressman in behalf of the Bill—which is, in fact, still pending." This is literally true, since only three weeks after the rejection of the old measure, the House Committee on Patents ordered a favorable report on a Bill introduced by Mr. Simonds, of Connecticut, which is identical with the rejected International Copyright Bill, with a solitary exception, namely, that it contains a section providing that "it shall be of effect only where reciprocal advantages are granted by foreign countries to American authors." We have every reason to expect for this measure a very different reception from that which startled us all last month, and which really meant nothing more than the trick of a few adventurous demagogues trading upon the apathy of Congress.

But when Copyright passes at length, when some morning we wake up to read that America has wiped off this stain upon her character, what is to be the result? The first result, one fears, will be a great disappointment to scores of moderately distinguished English authors, who imagine that Congress has but to legalize the status of foreign intellectual property in America, to double or even treble their receipts. There is a good deal of vague

and optimistic hope felt in literary circles, and nourished, I am afraid, not a little by rose-colored beams darted through the spectacles of our friend Mr. Walter Besant, to whom the profession of author owes so immense a debt for his encouragement, sympathy, and active partisanship. It is ugly to throw cold water on these hopes, but what are the facts? Certain persons—perhaps at the extreme limit, fifteen authors, male and female—will experience an instant and large increase in the value of their future property. A considerable number of other authors, almost wholly novelists, will be able to make rather better terms than they make now, and will secure somewhat improved receipts. But the bulk of the writing tribe, and among them some who have the most celebrated of living names, will find that American copyright improves their financial condition not an iota. Unless books are comparatively short, unless they are strictly popular in character, unless they have some sudden impulse given them from without, they are, at the present time, when they could be snatched for nothing, not reprinted in America. I may mention a case which is sufficiently startling. As I am positively assured, Darwin's *Origin of Species* and his *Descent of Man*, the former now more than thirty years old, have never been reprinted in America, no pirate having cared to compete with the New York firm which buys plates of the editions of those great works from Darwin's English publishers. If this be really the fact, it is one which is calculated to moderate the hopes of English producers of all literary wares except novels, since Darwin's property in his books must have been precisely, or almost precisely, the same during those thirty years, as it would have been if copyright had existed all that time.

The people who will benefit from the adoption of copyright, and that instantly and largely, are the authors of America. The present condition of the law is positively annihilating American literature. It is becoming more and more difficult every year for a young novelist to publish a book in the United States. The publishers must have great faith in his present vigor and in his future popularity to print his volumes for him. Who is going to buy these new and unknown books at six shillings each, when he can get Meredith and

Norris and Mrs. Oliphant for a small fraction of that sum? We are apt, in this country, to form a false idea of the condition of the literary market in America. As a matter of fact the number of persons who support themselves entirely by literature is at present very much smaller in America than in England. Because there are three or four great magazines and reviews which pay well, and which are lavish in their terms when they wish to secure European contributors of eminence, we imagine that to wield a pen in the United States is to incur the fate of Danaë, and to wallow in gold. But this is an error. These great hospitable magazines are few, and they share a monopoly. They are not flanked, as the leading English reviews are, by a numerous body of more or less

flourishing and paying magazines. In America you sink from the great periodical almost abruptly to the newspaper; and the pressure may be gathered from a statement made in the June number of the *Century Magazine*, to the effect that its editor has been obliged to reject 8,500 manuscripts during the last two years. The first direct action of the Copyright Law, when it passes, will be to destroy an immense crop of base English fiction, and to give the young American novelist, of the better class, a chance of being heard. It will also, it is to be hoped, put a good deal more money into the pockets of our few leading novelists. It appears to me Utopian to imagine that, for some time to come, it will do much more in a financial direction.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### ANGELIC IMMORALITY.

BY FREDERIC H. BALFOUR.

FROM the time of those learned Schoolmen who, for days together, employed their sagacious intellects in determining how many angels could dance on the point of a needle, down to the present year of grace, when so many estimable persons profess familiarity with the materialized denizens of another, if not a better, world, the customs, habits, and characteristics of the Choir Invisible have constituted a favorite subject for speculation and research. And, in common fairness, it would be too much to say that the inquiry has been absolutely fruitless, though there may be some cynical minds to whom its results do not appear to be fraught with such practical benefit to society at large as to justify the expenditure of so much time and effort. Thus, it has been proved beyond all cavil that, whatever may be the case with the spirits of dead men, angels proper are provided with wings; though whether these appendages are of the transparent and diaphanous material one generally sees in pictures of Puck and Ariel, or more closely resemble the white, heavy, feathery pinions of actual swans and geese, a Schoolman alone could decide. We know, further, that angels can wield swords; and there are instances on record in which they have been seen to wield that instrument which

is even mightier than the sword—the pungent and intrepid pen. But of angelic composition no eye has ever read one line. Tradition seems to favor the notion that its style is generally the historical, or rather, perhaps, the biographical; and that the subjects of angelic biography are we poor men and women. Who knows? And yet an angel's poem ought to be pretty reading, and one cannot help wondering a little how Milton's "Creation" epic, with its lumbering Satan, lying rood on rood, and ready-made lions struggling with frantic effort to free themselves from the encasing soil, would compare with a descriptive idyl by Raphael or one of the Seraphim, who were eye-witnesses of the stupendous scene.

It might well be imagined that of the literary style affected by angelic writers we have, and can have, no idea whatever. That, however, seems not altogether to be the case. Probably no reader of these lines has ever read an angel's essay, romance, or ode; nor has any human compositor undertaken the task of setting up from an angel's copy. But we can boast at any rate one gifted author whose compositions are said, upon high authority, to possess a gleam of the angelic fire, to echo, however faintly, the sweetness of angelic melody, to be inspired with something of



angelic tenderness. Nor is this all ; not only did he—for he is now an angel himself ; at least, we hope so—not only did he write like an angel, but talked, actually talked, like one of those accomplished creatures which, in their jewelled ornaturness and power of soaring heavenward, resemble angels quite as nearly as any other beings upon our globe. Let us, then, in a spirit of becoming reverence, turn to this great writer's greatest work, and try to discover all there is which seems to savor most of the angelic in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*.

Perhaps the only word of unqualified censure or contempt which, as far as we remember, ever appeared about the immortal "Vicar" was penned by mistake.\* "It would be unjust," wrote Lord Macaulay in his most judicial vein, "to estimate Goldsmith by the *Vicar of Wakefield*." He meant to write, and doubtless thought he had written, *History of Greece*, and the substitution of one title for another was a very ordinary and intelligible slip. The mysterious and inconceivable part of it is that, when he read over his proofs in cold blood a few weeks afterward, he should not have detected the blunder. However, the consequence was that, in the words of Sir George Trevelyan, he had to "pose before the world for three mortal months in the character of a critic who thought the *Vicar of Wakefield* a bad book"; and to Macaulay the exasperation must have been rasping. For whether Goldsmith's masterpiece be bad in a moral sense or no—the question we have now to consider—it is beyond question a work of transcendent ability ; a work which generations have combined to praise for the perfection of its pathos, the purity of its language, and the simple heroism of the principal character ; a work which has drawn tears from countless eyes, and furnished a plot for a play which, in the supremely skilled hands of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, is perhaps the most genuinely affecting drama ever put upon the London stage. This is what all can see, and so they extol the "genius" of the book and of its author ; not recognizing the fact that the characteristics they so much admire are no more

\* It is only fair to point out that the same writer criticises the latter part of the story somewhat severely elsewhere.

than the stage-trappings of the drama, and that the "genius" of its creator is seen, not in the pathos, or the music, or the grace, but in the marvellous skill with which he has palmed off upon them, as a "work of genius," a book so radically coarse, so utterly and hopelessly immoral.

To show how all the grace and pathos which adorn this book can and do exist side by side with so much that is vicious and unworthy, is by no means a difficult task. The general view of the *Vicar of Wakefield* is that it is a pure and delicate idyl, portraying the life of a simple country parson's family ; a family whose members are chiefly noticeable for their innocence of the world, and for that guileless credulity which, though it may provoke our smiles, can scarcely fail to command our sympathy. How far this view is borne out by facts we will now proceed to inquire.

Dr. Primrose is an elderly clergyman of fortune, who is represented in the first two chapters as vicar of a place called Wakefield. Suddenly, through the dishonesty of his agent, he loses all his money at a blow ; whereupon, having already made over the revenues of his living to the orphans and widows of his brother clergy, he is forced to accept a small cure of fifteen pounds a year in a distant neighborhood, and thus ceases to be Vicar of Wakefield as early as the third chapter of the book. At this juncture his family consists of six children—George, Moses, Olivia, Sophia, and two others who are unnamed ; of whom their father says that "they had but one character—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive." This statement is important. The ex-vicar's wife, meanwhile, is said to be "a good-natured, notable woman ; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more."

On their way to the distant neighborhood that is to be their home henceforth, the family pass the first night at an inn, from the host of which they obtain the information that Squire Thornhill, Dr. Primrose's new landlord, is a practised and notorious seducer, there being scarcely one farmer's daughter within ten miles who has not found him successful and faithless. People used plain language in those days, and it is not to be supposed that Miss Olivia and Miss Sophia were ignorant of

what seduction meant. But though this account gives the pious vicar "some pain," it has "a very different effect" upon the generous, credulous, simple, inoffensive girls, whose features instantly brighten with the expectation of approaching triumph; while their own mother is equally delighted at such glowing prospects. Now this is pretty strong. That two innocent girls should go into raptures at hearing that their new Squire ruins and betrays every young woman he comes across makes an unpleasant impression on one's mind, to say the least of it, but it is nothing less than revolting when we find the good-natured and notable Mrs. Primrose sharing their unnatural delight. This lady, however, soon shows herself in her true colors as an ignorant and vulgar shrew, and we are not surprised when, a few pages farther on, all three women are represented as being addicted to finery of the gaudiest and unseemliest description. Their first acquaintance is one Mr. Burchell, who saves Sophia's life at the risk of his own, and for some time is treated with tolerable civility by the whole family; but he is speedily cast into the shade when the true Prince Charming appears in the person of the fascinating Squire. The following passage contains a specimen of the conversation of this accomplished person, and the ladies' appreciation of his wit.

As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us, the day before, that he [Mr. Thornhill] was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception; but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath that he never knew anything more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: "For, strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St. Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we; the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humor.

We see, then, what to expect. The Squire's coarse jest at the expense of a young lady who was to have been Olivia's sister-in-law affords the most exquisite delight to that amiable *ingénue*, and his subsequent snubbing and bullying of her little brother Moses are all that is required to convince her that he is a very fine gentle-

man indeed. But we are scarcely prepared for what follows. Mr. Thornhill, already bent upon the seduction of Olivia, brings a couple of flash women with him to the parsonage, who are readily accepted by the whole family as ladies of the first fashion from town; and, there not being enough chairs to accommodate the company, characteristically proposes that every gentleman should sit upon a lady's lap. This suggestion is too much even for the easy-going parson, who promptly forbids its adoption; but the virtuous and notable Mrs. Primrose is evidently much pleased with it, for she meets her husband's veto with a look of disapprobation, and is clearly disappointed that her own daughter should not be allowed to accommodate, upon her lap, a profligate young man who had seduced all the girls in the neighborhood. This point settled, a dance is set afoot, in which the Cyprians "swim, sprawl, languish, and frisk" with such energy as to evoke the exclamation from one of them that, "By the living jingo, she is all in a muck of sweat"; a phrase which seems to have struck Dr. Primrose as coarse. They then begin to chatter about various fashionable topics, occasionally garnishing their conversation with an oath. This the worthy clergyman appears at first to wince at, but is immediately comforted by the reflection that profane swearing is the surest symptom of distinction; in fact, the "finery" of the women "threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation." At last matters come to such a point that Thornhill openly proposes to make Olivia his mistress. This rather scandalizes her father; he makes an effort, however, to "suppress his resentment," and reads the Squire a lecture upon family honor—regretting, almost immediately afterward, the "warmth" with which he has spoken. To this the Squire replies by an observation which rather enhances his offence, and a severely virtuous conversation ensues, at which Thornhill is so deeply affected that he requests the vicar to engage in prayer.

From this time forward, the girls go from bad to worse. Nothing is too vulgar, too ridiculous, too outrageous for them to do. They fall easily into the schemes of Thornhill, and it is at last arranged that they shall be sent to town with the two demi-reps, who pass under the names of Lady Blarney and Miss

Skegge. From this catastrophe, however, they are saved by the intervention of Burchell, a copy of whose letter to the intending kidnappers of so much simplicity, innocence, and virtue, falls into the vicar's hand. Now nothing could be clearer than this letter, and we defy a child of ordinary intelligence to misunderstand its import. Yet so complete is the fatuity of the parson and his whole family that it appears to them "one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude" that they have ever met with, and the parson is entirely unable to account for it otherwise "than by imputing it to the desire of detaining his youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview." While they are in this state of blind rage, "ruminating upon schemes of vengeance," Mr. Burchell appears upon the scene, and Dr. Primrose, husbanding his indignation, offensively refers to a remark of Burchell's as coming well from a man "whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast." On the copy of his letter being flourished in his face, Burchell not unnaturally denounces the conduct of the vicar in "so basely presuming" to break it open, adding, that the offence was a hanging matter. The scene ends in a storm of violent insult, and Mr. Burchell is driven from the house.

Two incidents have meanwhile occurred, which, as they have some bearing upon the sequel, may fitly be mentioned here. Dr. Primrose and Moses, on two different occasions, are swindled by a disguised sharper named Ephraim Jenkinson, who, in each instance, robs his victim of a horse. This personage performs a leading part in the last scene of the comedy.

Having deprived themselves of their only guardian by their outrageous treatment of Burchell, the vicar's family now set to work in earnest to catch Thornhill for Olivia. No tricks are too impudent, too bare-faced, to bring about this result. The hopes of having this notorious profligate for a son-in-law blind the vicar—according to his own refreshingly candid avowal—to all his imperfections; while as to Mrs. Primrose, her husband tells us that she lays a thousand schemes to entrap him. She tells him that he and Olivia are very much of a size, and makes them stand up together to see which is the tallest. Then she has the whole family

painted—herself as Venus (!), Miss Olivia as an Amazon in a green joseph, and Miss Sophia as a shepherdess; while the pastor, in gown and bands, presents Venus with his books on the Whitsonian controversy. This incredible folly is crowned by the introduction of an additional figure into the picture, that of Thornhill as Alexander the Great; a triumph which justifies the highest hopes of the ambitious mother. But by this time scandalous reports are beginning to circulate at the family's expense, and no wonder. The idiotic vicar, however, refuses to be warned, and attributes the rumors in question to what he calls "the malice of his enemies"; the enemies being his own neglected parishioners. Meantime a more serious anxiety makes itself felt. In spite of all the machinations of the vicar, his wife, and his daughter, Thornhill makes no proposals. This is a terrible mortification, and steps must be taken to bring him to book at once. We here approach one of the most detestable incidents in the story. There is a worthy farmer in the village named Williams, who has paid his addresses to Miss Olivia ever since they first arrived at the parsonage. Him they pitch upon as their decoy-duck, their cat's-paw, their victim. Miss Olivia, duly instructed by her parents, proceeds to deceive Williams basely. In order to arouse the jealousy of Thornhill, and bring him to the point, she pretends to lavish all her tenderness upon this man, and, as her father says, acts the coquette to perfection. Thornhill is visibly piqued, but makes no further sign; and at last Olivia is driven to the desperate resort of formally engaging herself to Williams, and naming the wedding-day. Even this has, at first, no perceptible result; indeed, Thornhill discontinues his visits altogether. It is not until four days previous to the proposed marriage with Williams that the catastrophe takes place, and dramatic justice is vindicated by Olivia's disappearance under disgraceful circumstances.

Their plot having thus miscarried, the family are thrown into considerable distress. Mrs. Primrose, who has stuck at nothing to humiliate her daughter, and teach her the very worst lessons that a girl could learn, now bursts into a torrent of abuse, ludicrously intermingled with the most pious exhortations; in one breath calling on the vicar to read her a

chapter in the Bible, in another raving at Olivia as a vile strumpet, an ungrateful creature, the vilest stain upon their family, who should never darken its "harmless doors" again. Her husband more practically starts out in search of the fugitive, and, after a variety of adventures in which we need not follow him, finds her deserted, and listens to her confession. "It was Mr. Thornhill who seduced me," says Olivia. This announcement causes the most intense astonishment to the addled vicar, who up to that moment seems to have been under the firm conviction that the real villain was Mr. Burchell! The next incidents follow each other rapidly. Olivia accompanies her father homeward, but remains at an inn for one night in order that the family may be prepared for her reception; the vicar reaches his house at midnight, and finds it in flames; the wife and children are rescued, but all their effects are lost; and then the news is broken of Olivia's return. Mrs. Primrose receives her with a series of ungenerous taunts, but is soon silenced by the vicar, and in a few days we find them all under shelter again, thanks to the assistance of their neighbors, prominent among whom is that Farmer Williams they had used and abused so shamefully. Then comes the report that Thornhill is paying his addresses to Miss Wilmot, the young lady he had previously called a fright; while, to make things pleasanter for Olivia, her mother actually insists upon her singing, for their entertainment, a song descriptive of her own disgrace!

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom, is to die.

Conceive a person just sentenced to be hanged being forced to recite an Ode to the Halter for the amusement of his friends! Could refinement of cruelty in its grotesque form go farther than in the case of this miserable girl, seduced, abandoned, and put to eternal shame, being thus compelled, by her own mother, to quaver this musical comment on her own infamy!

Just then the seducer drives up, and is very properly denounced by the father of

his victim as a poor pitiful wretch, a liar, a vile thing, and so forth. Thornhill replies with an outrageous insult, and is thereupon stigmatized as a reptile; he, in rejoinder, calmly threatens to evict the parson for rent and to proceed against him for a forfeited bond, concluding with an invitation to the parson and Olivia to assist at his marriage with Miss Wilmot. Upon this he is desired to make himself scarce, and departs abruptly, vowing to be revenged.

Now occurs another of those little incidents which show the utter lack of anything like self-respect that characterizes Mrs. Primrose and her daughters. The Squire's threat is put into execution the very next morning, and the women, in their agitation, positively implore the parson to "comply with" the seducer "upon any terms," even begging him "to admit his visits once more"! Is this an intentional travesty? Is Oliver Goldsmith a bitterer satirist of human nature than the author of "The Houhynym"? The parson, however, has not fallen quite so low, and is marched off to jail in due course. We pass over his experiences in this place, and approach the climax of the story, which, for extravagance and monstrosity of conception, transcends anything we ever met with in the domain of serious literature.

Dr. Primrose is visited in prison by the despised and flouted Burchell, who now reveals himself in his true character as Sir William Thornhill. All previous misunderstandings having been cleared up, and the baronet placed in full possession of his nephew's villainy, the nephew himself arrives; and now mark what follows. Sir William receives him with a torrent of scathing invective; the young man prevaricates and lies; exposure promptly follows, whereupon he sinks into a condition of abject surrender, fawns, cringes, grovels on his knees, and, "in a voice of piercing misery," implores compassion. The uncle, meanwhile, treats him with withering scorn, calls him a viper, a stain to humanity, a wretch whose pleasures are as base as himself, and so on, over several pages. Certainly, no human being was ever reduced to so pitiable and contemptible a plight, or made to appear so thoroughly and hopelessly ridiculous, as the fascinating vanquisher of Olivia. Surely we may fancy them all congratulating them-

selves that the mock marriage she had undergone with so poor a cur *was* a mock marriage, and that while her own innocence of intent preserved her honor intact she would be henceforward safe from the misery of having such a husband! But no; Ephraim Jenkinson, the sharper, had been employed by the Squire to procure a sham license and a sham priest. He turns out not to have done so, but, playing his master false, took care to get him the real articles; so that Olivia is now tied for life to one of the basest and most pitiful scoundrels in creation. Let us see how the discovery of this terrible calamity is received.

A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment; our joy even reached the common room, where the prisoners themselves sympathized, and shook their chains in transport and rude harmony. Happiness was expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's cheeks seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends, and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But perhaps, after all, there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear-loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusion.

So ecstatic, indeed, is everybody's joy, that Sir William Thornhill immediately insists upon Sophia marrying Jenkinson; a man who has been a common swindler, a sort of superior thimble-rig frequenter of fairs and inns, who has twice robbed

the family of valuable property, and has never evinced the smallest wish himself to marry Sophia. The young lady very naturally and indignantly refuses, and Jenkinson has the satisfaction of being rejected, to his face, by a person he has never proposed to or probably even thought of. Then Sir William offers himself, and is accepted; the vicar recovers the fortune he lost at the beginning of the book, and the story closes with a double wedding.

Such, then, are the main incidents in a work of fiction which has probably gained for its author more praise than any other production of its size in the English language. Goethe says that its effect upon him was indescribable. "That lofty and benevolent irony, that fair and indulgent view of all infirmities and faults, that meekness under all calamities, that equanimity under all chances and changes, and the whole train of kindred virtues," proved, he says, his best education at a critical moment of his mental development. We need not travel farther afield than this. Did Goldsmith "write like an angel"? Was he, in sober truth, a man of transcendent genius? He must have been, and that of the highest order. No inferior intellect could have achieved so wonderful a triumph as to win, for a work instinct with such ignoble import, grotesque improbability, and inverted morals, the enthusiastic admiration of Goethe, and the suffrages of the entire reading world. —*National Review*.

#### CULTURE AND PHYSIQUE.

Men who dislike female education—and they exist, though the class is rapidly diminishing—when they grow spiteful, always assert that it is only the ugly women who learn hard, and that the most successful among them would exchange all their triumphs in the schools for the gift of beauty. Novelists, on the other hand, who are supposed to be observers, and especially female novelists, are apt to make intelligence and good looks, especially in men, supplements, and even in many cases causes, of each other. Miss Brontë created a passing admiration for intelligent ugliness; but her successors have reverted, and their heroes, military or clerical, are as remarkable for their clear-cut features

as for the incisive and original thoughts of which we hear. There is absolutely, so far as we know, no sufficient ground for either assumption, and certainly neither can be justified by *a priori* reasoning. Boys and girls alike study, for the most part, either because they wish to succeed in life, that is, to earn independent incomes, or because they have the instinct of students, and never think of their own looks in connection with the matter. Some women may, a little later on,—the inborn desire to attract acting as a spur, and urging them to remedy inferiority of one kind by superiority of another, as it also urged that unusually ugly person, John Wilkes; but they begin their course

before personal vanity has any decided power. As a matter of fact, in both sexes, successful students have been occasionally noted for unusual physical beauty (take Crichton and Lady Mary Montagu), and for exceptional absence of form (take Socrates, and the philosopher who was said—unjustly, as we think—to be his own missing link). The truth we take to be that the modern world almost unconsciously confounds expression with beauty, and fancies that because intelligence in most cases produces expressiveness—there are marked exceptions—therefore there must be some intimate relation between beauty and intelligence, or even, a much more remarkable error, the possession of knowledge. There is, however, no such law, and no reason why there should be, the power of the brain, and the shape of the bones and flesh, being almost entirely disconnected. Beauty is a result of race, of circumstances, such as personal freedom and mode of life, and of continuous diet, not of intelligence, and still less of the acquisition of knowledge, which latter can only benefit the individual, whose features are fixed past serious change before study is even commenced. A man or a woman inherits his or her face, and mental habitude, though it may greatly affect its meaning, can no more alter its shape than assiduous training can turn a smooth fox-terrier into the wiry kind from Airedale.

It may even be doubted, strange as many will deem the assertion, whether continuous education will produce beauty, whether the growth of intelligence will even in ages yield the physical result which we notice the authors of Utopias always assume, as if it were a scientifically demonstrable consequence of the new society. The most beautiful black race in Africa, a tribe in Nyassaland, on whose looks even missionaries grow eloquent, and who are really as perfect as bronze statues, are as ignorant as fishes, and though they have discovered the use of fire, have never risen to the conception of clothes of any kind. The Otaheitan, when discovered, was as uncultured as the Papuan now is; yet the former approached as nearly to positive beauty as the latter does to positive deformity. The keenest race in Asia, and, as all who know them assert, the strongest in character, the Chinese, is decidedly the ugliest of semi-civilized man-

kind; while the Hindoo, if sufficiently fed, is, even when as ignorant as an animal, almost invariably handsome. The Circassians, who know nothing, and are rather stupid than exceptionally intelligent, are physically a faultless race, far more so than the Germans, who, though the best trained people in the world, display a marked commonness of feature, as if the great sculptor Nature had used good clay, but taken no trouble about the modelling. Some of the very ablest among them belong to the flat-nosed, puffy-cheeked, loose-lipped variety. The keenest race in the world, and probably the one most susceptible of culture, the Jew, presents few types of beauty, being usually at once hook-nosed and flabby-cheeked, though in physique, as in thought, that race occasionally throws out transcendent examples. The tamed Arabs of Egypt, who seem to possess poor brains, and, of course, have no education, are often extraordinarily handsome; while in 1860 the grandest head in Asia, a head which every artist copied as his ideal of Jove, belonged to an Arab horse-dealer who, outside his trade, knew nothing. No modern men of culture would pretend, in mere perfectness of form, to rival the old Greek athletes, who intellectually were probably animals, or the Berserkars, who were for the most part only hard-drinking soldiers. The Royal caste, which has been cultivated for a thousand years, seldom produces beautiful men, and still seldomer beautiful women; most Princesses, though sometimes dignified, having been marked, as to features, by a certain ordinariness often wanting in the poor, and especially the poor of certain districts, like Devon in England, and Arles and Marseilles in France. Devon is no better taught than Suffolk, but mark the difference in peasant forms. In the last century, the ablest men in Europe were remarkable for a certain superfluity of flesh, of which Gibbon's face is the best known and most absurd example; and in our own time, intellect, even hereditary intellect, is constantly found dissociated from good looks, and even from distinction, some of the ablest men being externally heavy and gross, and some of the ablest women marked by an indefiniteness of cheek and chin as if they had been carved by the fingers in putty. No stranger ever saw Tennyson without turn-

ing round, but Browning would have passed unnoticed in any English or Austrian crowd. The air of physical refinement, which is what continuous culture should give, is precisely the air which is often lacking among the cultivated, as it is also in many aristocratic families. Indeed, though caste must mean more or less hereditary culture, it is doubtful if it secures beauty. It does not in the Royal houses, and in any regiment, though an officer or two will probably stand first, the proportion of splendid men will be found greater among the non-commissioned than the commissioned officers. Why not? Just as no man can by taking thought add a cubit to his stature, so no extent of culture, even if continued for generations, can make straight hair wave, or reduce high cheekbones, or cut away a hanging lower lip, or refine that most frequent of drawbacks, a cheek without contour. We might as well say that it would alter color, which, as far as evidence can prove, is independent of everything, whether mental or physical in influence, except possibly—and that as yet is only a guess—of ages of hereditary starvation.

It is not, perhaps, to the injury of the world that the effects of culture should be thus limited. We rather dread the spirit of caste as an operating force, believing that it tends to a segregating exclusiveness, and already we see that the world is dividing itself into two classes, those who speak with the trained voice and those

who do not, the members of which instantly recognize each other, even in the dark, and have very little in common. If the cultured were likewise the beautiful, and the uncultivated the ugly, the Queen would indeed be ruling two nations more widely apart than were ever the rich and the poor in Mr. Besant's novels. Already *mésalliances* are growing fewer, and it is considered as monstrous for the educated to marry the ignorant as ever it was for nobles to marry plebeians. The separating influences from which the world is never free are strongly at work again, and new Brahmins are looking down on new Pariahs with a contempt which is only externally gentle. That spirit needs no intensification, and it is not a bad thing to remember occasionally that science can no more make a Circassian than a one-legged race, and that the physical attributes, like the grace of God, are independent of thinking. If they were not, we should some day have a race of heroes indeed, stalking among lesser men as Kingsley depicts his Goths stalking among the far more quick-witted and better cultivated Alexandrians. An entire race like Alexander the Great, the man in whom, of all mankind, brain-power and physique were united in their highest perfectness, would soon be more intolerable than the "Venetian" aristocracy whom Mr. Disraeli derided, denounced, and worshipped.—*Spectator*.

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### THE FUTURE OF AFRICA.

BY A. WERNER.

"Is civilization a failure?" asks Truthful James, beset by a horrible misgiving; "and is the Caucasian played out?" Without yielding an unqualified assent to the latter half of this double-barrelled query, we may—while emphatically negating the first—still admit the possibility of the fact suggested by it. History repeats itself—and that not once or twice only; and if we compare our own era with others which have preceded it, it may seem more than likely that, in one sense at least, "the Caucasian is played out." Nations and races have their rise, their period of dominance—overlordship or hegemony, whichever we like to call it—

and their decline. But civilization—which I take to mean that progress of the race which, halting, blundering, frequently recoiling and returning on itself, has yet been, on the whole, an onward and upward one—still goes on. One race reaches its height, sinks, and falls, and, in its fall, hands on the torch to another, whose day is only just beginning. Such—as a survey of history shows—has been the general course of social evolution, by which we mean the Divine education, through mistake and failure, of that complex, enigmatic, helpless, and yet all-achieving being we call Man.

Attention has often been drawn, some-

times in bitter cynicism, sometimes in deepest sadness and despair, to the unmistakable analogies to be perceived between our own country during the latter half of the present century, and the Roman Empire from the days of Tiberius onward. It is foreign to our present purpose to follow out in detail the various points of resemblance: the unwieldy extent of dominion abroad, the social discontent at home—the crumbling of old faiths and old ideals, the spread of intellectual knowledge, and the weakening—real or seeming—of moral obligations—all these have been dwelt upon again and again. I would only remark, in passing, that while no doubt a great deal of what has been said on the subject is true, it seems to me the outlook is by no means so hopeless as it has appeared to some among our noblest and best. George MacDonald, I think it is, who has pointed out that the progress of the world, apparently a circle, as it were, is really a spiral; so that, when we seem to have come round again to the same point we reached a thousand years ago, we are really above it. Our epoch corresponds, alas! only too well to the age of Tiberius. Yet in some points it is better, if only in that we are ashamed of doing things which then no one felt to be wrong; and it is these points which represent the advance, the higher plane to which the spiral ascent has brought us. So that, even granting—which we are by no means prepared to do—that the present age has exhausted all the possibilities of Europe, we see that the world has not been left where it was at the beginning of the Christian era; it has advanced, and though the advance may seem trifling, God's Providence, which has all Eternity to work in, can afford to wait.

Again, the decadence of the Roman Empire, hopeless as the outlook may well have seemed to a St. Augustine or a Sidonius, was not the decadence of the world. Out of that seething Medea's caldron—as Charles Kingsley puts it—of the wrecks of kingdoms and the dross of nations, new states were even then springing into being, and the Empire, already dead, lived again in their life. Rome gave them their law and their civil institutions; she handed on to them the religion which she had received, but in her decrepitude could not worthily assimilate; she supplied them, in some cases, with a

language to be moulded into fresh shapes by their own young and living thought.

The question suggests itself: Who is to carry out the parallel? Where is the raw material to be found, out of which, moulded by our stored up experience, the civilization of the future is to be shaped? Who is to work out in nobler, truer practice, the theories we have so imperfectly acted up to? The great Oriental Empires have had their day, so have the Latin races; the Teutons have seemingly passed the zenith of their glory. Whether the Slavs are to come on the European stage, to play out the last act of the drama which began with Alfred and Charlemagne, remains to be seen. Personally, I think it very probable, though it is hard to say what they will make of it. America is, so far as regards its white population, merely a replica of old-world civilizations, more vigorous in its Teutonic, less so in its Latin elements. Whether the aboriginal stock dying out in the Northern Continent, is equally so in the central and southern, seems at present an unsettled question.

Whether Japan and China—now, after centuries of seclusion, modifying their national characteristics by intercourse with the western world—are destined to see any vigorous life of their own, it is difficult to decide. It may be that the activity shown at present is but a reflex from the stirring life of the West, and may turn out to be the last spasmodic struggle which precedes dissolution. Both contain, socially and morally, elements of decay which have been fatal to societies in all ages. These evils are not, so to speak, crudities incident to the raw-material stage of society, which will disappear with growth and culture—they are deeply-seated diseases, exceedingly difficult to eradicate, and, unless eradicated, fatal. But this is a point on which I would speak with extreme diffidence; and it is, after all, foreign to my main purpose, which is, to inquire whether there exist, at present, any races which can properly be termed raw-material, and which stand in the same relation to Europe of the present, as the Alemanni and the Gauls, the Goths, Saxons, Jutes, and Vandals did to Rome of the past.

It seems to me that we must look for an answer to this question to the much-discussed and hotly-debated Dark Conti-



ment. "What can be made of Africa?" is a query which has often been put, with varying connotation, according to the questioner's standpoint, by Englishmen, Germans, Belgians, capitalists and philanthropists—missionary and other. We think of Thomas Clarkson exhibiting his collection of West Coast knives, "country cloth," and palm fibre baskets, to the Czar Alexander, in order to prove that the African was an intelligent and even rational being, perfectly capable of legitimate industry and commerce, and to induce the capitalist with money to spare, to speculate in india-rubber and gum-copal rather than in slaves. He of course—in deadly earnest, if ever man was—had the welfare of the African for his chief consideration, but he was not above appealing to the pocket of the Guinea merchant; and he tried to demonstrate, with this object, that a great deal could be made out of Africa. The same has been asserted, over and over again, by English explorers, with practical suggestions for Manchester consideration, and German explorers with dreams of "Kolonialbesitzungen," and by a Belgian Company which waves "a banner with a strange device," and has sounded its trumpet before it pretty loudly for the last dozen years or so. And, all the same, there is a prevailing impression that, as a whole, "Africa doesn't pay"—even strenuous, much-tried, hard-working Cape Colony (which, after all, one somehow scarcely realizes to be part of the Dark Continent), though Witwatersrand shares may be up in the market, and speculators making a big thing of it out on the reefs.

Well, and if not! Has that awful mysterious land, girt about with darkness and wonder, with its mighty lakes and mountains and table-lands, where the bare bones of the earth seem to have the shaping hand still on them; with its huge primeval beasts, and vegetation that seems to belong to some unknown prime of the world—has it been so long and strangely hidden from the sight of the nations only to furnish a market for Manchester cottons, or a drill-ground for German officers, or an outlet for the surplus pauper population of Europe? Why was it thus covered with darkness—thus withdrawn from outside knowledge and contact—kept utterly dumb and passive in relation to the movement of the world's history? Some

would say, on account of innate, indisputable, and irremediable worthlessness. I should prefer to apply (with a difference) Emerson's words:

Lo! I uncover the land  
I hid of old time in the West,  
As the sculptor uncovers the statue  
When he has wrought his best!

"Africa will be civilized one day," said an African traveller not so very long ago to the present writer, "but it will not be in my day nor in yours."

No; and neither will that change take place for the sole behoof and benefit of the white nations who now talk so loudly of developing and "exploiting" it. But—it may be a fanciful notion—yet I believe that, when that day comes, a civilization such as the world never saw before—a civilization as much above ours as ours is superior to that of the Roman Empire—will emerge from that weltering chaos of barbarism, and, while following to a certain extent in our footsteps, represent phases of thought and conduct which we have neglected, or never known.

All that I have read on the subject has suggested to me, over and over again, that Africa (it is so homogeneous, in spite of its diversity, that I cannot but regard it as a whole) is a country in process of formation. Geologically speaking, this would seem to be implied by the changes which have taken place even within the knowledge of recent travellers—e.g. the alterations in the level of Lake Tanganika. The types of animal and vegetable life seem, in part, to represent an age which has elsewhere passed away. From the ethnologist's point of view, a transition state is equally apparent. There is a shifting and shaking going on—an unsettling of boundaries and mingling of races, which recalls the days of the *Völk-erwanderung* in Europe.

The vexed question of African ethnography has not, I suppose, been entirely settled; but it seems pretty clear that, apart from such distinctly immigrant races as the Arabs and the Ethiopians of Abyssinia, there are three, if not four, distinct stocks. First, those who may be considered the aboriginal or prehistoric Africans, a vanishing race, whose remnants exist scattered up and down the continent, as Bushmen and Hottentots at the Cape, Wambatti in the Aruhwimi forests, Akka on the Upper Nile, and so on. Perhaps

they correspond to the dwarfish, cave-dwelling savages who seem to have inhabited pre-Aryan Britain, and, indeed, all northern Europe; certainly they seem in some points—as far as our knowledge goes—to resemble them. They present a very low type of humanity, and their language—where they have kept their own, and not adopted that of neighboring tribes—is characterized by the famous “clicks,” and has caused some writers to doubt whether it ought to be classed as articulate speech at all.

Secondly, we have the Bantu family, stretching from Natal to Lake Victoria, and from Zanzibar to the Congo mouth, and characterized by a wonderful uniformity of speech. Müller, and others following him, enumerate a negro race as distinct from the Bantu, comprising the tribes on the Niger and the West Coast. Certainly their languages present curious and radical divergences from those of the Bantu nations,\* and there are other marked differences which we shall touch on later; but the physical characteristics appear to shade off from one to another in a very perplexing way, in the district between the Oil rivers and the Congo estuary; and it is not easy to draw exact racial distinctions.

Thirdly, there is the Hamitic race—a type so different from the preceding that it would seem, at first sight (in spite of the familiar associations of the name), to be distinctly un-African. But the Hamites are, so far as known, the aborigines of that part of Africa which they inhabit. They include the Berbers, Tuarges, and Kabyles, from whose ancestors Dido bought the site of Carthage, the ancient Egyptians, and their descendants the modern Copts; as well as the Somali and Gallas, with the allied tribes in the district of the Upper Nile, and the “Unknown Horn” to the east.

Müller reckons as a distinct group the “Nuba-Fulah” race, including the Nubians of the East, and the Fellatas of the West. This classification, however, is merely an uncertain and provisional one;

\* The relationship to each other of the languages in this group is by no means proved, and in some cases exceedingly doubtful. The appellation is, as Dr. Cust remarks, a convenient heading for unclassified languages, which cannot be proved to belong to any known family.

and it may be that the tribes thus bracketed together are not really related. On the whole, this group, lighter in color and more marked in feature, presents a higher type of humanity than the black races, properly so called.

The American Indians are, in all probability, a dying race. Their development attained its highest point in the civilizations of Mexico and Peru—civilizations which were already beginning to decay before the incoming of the Conquistadores. The brown races of the Pacific islands—whatever their origin—seem also to be decaying. Has Africa any racial vitality, or is she in like case?

Now, it seems to me that the racial vitality of Africa is simply enormous; that from the earliest ages the impenetrable continent has been, so to speak, a reservoir for the storage of force.

The strong vitality of the black race—I use the more comprehensive term here for convenience' sake—has survived sufferings which would long ago have swept a declining people off the face of the earth. The rock-tablets of Philæ recount the number of negroes slain or made slaves of by Amenophis III. The Mohammedan conquest of North Africa inaugurated the slave raids carried on in our own day by Mlozi and Salim Ben Mohammed. In 1440 Antonio Gonzalez brought home (from Rio del Oro) the first Guinea slaves ever seen in Portugal, while a hundred years later, in 1563, Sir John Hawkins laid the foundations of that trade which Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton, and Sharp gave the best years of their lives to abolish. On a larger scale, even, was the Spanish and Portuguese traffic to the New World, which Las Casas, in his anxiety to spare the native Caribs, unwittingly initiated. In 1652, Jan Van Riebeck, landing at the Cape of Good Hope, founded the colony which, in “commandoes” and Kaffir wars, has contributed its quota to the “harrying of Afric.”

Add to all this the intestine wars and slave-driving forays which have been carried on by the natives among themselves since the memory of man; the almost universal burial “customs” and other ceremonial human sacrifices, which reach their height in the despotisms of Dahoni and Mwata Yamvo's kingdom; the equally widespread belief in witchcraft, which demands a life for every death taking place

from natural causes; and the havoc wrought by diseases and liquor introduced from abroad; and the wonder is—not that the coast tribes have deteriorated—not that whole districts, once flourishing, are now depopulated—but that Africa has any population at all.

The Caribs of the West Indies have been all but exterminated in less than the 400 years which have elapsed since the discovery of those islands. Many North American tribes have utterly disappeared within even a shorter period. The island of Tasmania has been entirely cleared of its native population in less than a century; and the aborigines of the Australian colonies—whose centenary we only celebrated last year—seem to be dying out more or less rapidly.

As it is, the state of affairs in Africa reminds one of Charles Kingsley's words concerning the old Norse Vikings: "The loss of life, and that of the most gallant of the young, in those days, must have been enormous. If the vitality of the race had not been even more enormous, they must have destroyed each other, as the Red Indians have done, off the face of the earth."

It is the great Bantu race which, spreading over the whole central portion of the continent, and showing, amid its diversity, such remarkable uniformity of speech\* and other characteristics, seems to represent the most characteristic aspect of Africa. The distinction between it and the negro race is one somewhat difficult to draw—it may, indeed, be non-existent;\* for, though the difference between a Zulu, or a small-featured, almond-eyed inhabitant

of the Lunda uplands, as described by Livingstone, and the typical Guinea-coast negro, is so marked—the tribes of the lower Congo are difficult to distinguish from those of the Niger delta, though the former speak Bantu dialects, while the latter do not. But practically and broadly, the difference amounts to this: the Bantu is a *primitive* race, the Negro a *degraded* one.\*

Taking the highlands of South-Eastern Africa as the headquarters, perhaps the starting-point, of the Bantu race, we may find in the Zulus and Matabele its highest average type. We see a pastoral people, roving the country with their flocks and herds, and living in a more or less military organization, under powerful chiefs. They only till the ground intermittently, and when this is done it is the task of the women. When sufficiently powerful they live, to a great extent, by forays on their weaker neighbors—like the Welsh and Highlanders of a former day. They practice polygamy—when they can afford it, and buy their wives like cattle—but, in a rude sort of way, the tie is recognized and respected. And frequently, especially in districts where living is hard, and her aid is valuable—as among the poor Manganja of Lake Nyassa, who between Angoni raiders and Arab slavers can scarcely call their souls their own—the wife is treated with some amount of consideration. Mr. Scott describes a Manganja and his wife hoeing yams together in their garden-patch, he taking his fair share of the work, and only proud of the fact that, being stronger, he can get to the end of his row more quickly than she. She is not a person lightly to be disregarded, as Mr. Scott found out on one occasion. He had been in treaty with a man who was to accompany the mission-party as carrier, and the latter had already consented, when his wife, who had not been consulted, marched up to him, and clapped him on the shoulder. "You are not to go and carry the white man's things. You are

\* Were it permissible to start a theory, I might suggest that the negroes are really degenerate Bantus, enslaved by clans of the Nuba-Fula (or Ethiopic) race, whose language they have partially adopted. This would account for the languages (whose relationship has yet to be determined) differing totally in type from the Bantu. The reigning families of the great despotisms appear to be usually of a lighter color and higher type of feature than the bulk of the natives; and Speke seems to have looked upon it as certain that the kings of Uganda originally came from Abyssinia. As for the Nuba-Fula people themselves (Atlantids in some classifications) they are a puzzle. They may be scattered fragments of the great Hamitic race, the most progressive part of which attained its culminating point in ancient Egypt. But the whole question of African ethnography is a complicated one.

\* I must acknowledge my indebtedness for this idea to the Rev. D. Clement Scott, of the Blantyre Mission, Nyassaland, who suggested it in the course of an extremely interesting conversation, in February 1887, in which he contrasted the merely negative religious consciousness of the "primitive" Manganja and Yaos with the "degraded" religion of positive idolaters, as the Hindoos and Pacific Islanders.

to come with me ; I want you at home. Do you hear ?" And the obedient husband turned and went.

The Bantu's ideas of the Unseen are vague and formless. He has no worship, properly so-called—his use of charms to avert the evil influence of malevolent nature-spirits and the ghosts of the dead can hardly be included in the term. His religious consciousness is, on the whole, negative. It is curious to observe how idolatry appears more and more distinctly as we cross the continent from east to west, and at the same time the system of charms or fetishes (*nkishi grigri*, or *monda*) becomes more and more elaborately developed. Cameron figures small idols very roughly kneaded out of clay, and placed under little roofs outside the villages. These, I think, begin to occur in the region west of the Lualaba. Farther west, they become larger ; their attributes are more distinctly recognized. In the region of the Congo cataracts, Johnston found idols typifying the productive powers of nature. Passing to the West Coast proper, we find, in the Niger delta, Dahome, a kind of mythology, with a regular system of idol-worship, unspeakably loathsome and degraded in character, and combined with human sacrifices.

In like manner, in the department of morals, near Lake Nyassa, we have, at worst, the primitive animal ; in Dahome, deliberate devilry "sought out of them that have pleasure therein." Some of this has been attributed to European influence—it may be so, especially on the coast ; but I should be inclined to suspect that those strange, unwholesome, blood-stained despotisms of the West Coast have something to do with it, at any rate as a fostering influence. What is known of Uganda rather bears out this idea. However, be the causes what they may, such is the fact ; there is no need to say any more.

In like manner, it seems to me that there is a distinction to be drawn in the matter of cruelty. Reckless of human life primitive man is everywhere, and tolerably callous to the sufferings of others. His notions of what constitutes a fair fight are of considerable latitude, and, knowing no higher law than self-preservation, he feels no compunction in knocking witches and other objectionable persons on the head at the earliest opportunity. But there is a

difference between this and the fiendish delight in blood and torture for their own sake, which marks, say, a Domitian or a Mwata Yamvo. And this is precisely the difference between Bantu and Negro.

Cannibalism cannot be treated as an isolated fact, but it is by no means universal. It does not seem to extend farther to the south-east than the Manyema country, between Tanganika and the Upper Congo, or Lualaba. The Zulus have a tradition of a man-eater—a monstrous being who lived in a cave, and was scarcely regarded as human—proving that they, at any rate, look on the practice with horror.

Taking the mass of the African continent, and the Bantu race as a whole, I do not know that the latter—allowing for differences of temperament arising from climatic and other causes, which need not necessarily be inferiorities—are very much worse savages than our Norse and Saxon forefathers. Umziligaza wasted the land of the Bakone far and wide, when his Matabele "slew till their hands were weary of the spear"—but he probably did not cause more destruction than Guttorm, the Dane. The chiefs of the Langa-Langa, on the Upper Congo, drink palm-wine out of the skulls of their dead enemies. Alboin, the Lombard, treated the skull of Kanimund, King of the Gepidæ, in a similar fashion ; and, moreover, he made Queen Rosamond, the dead man's daughter, drink out of it likewise, and so came by his death, as whoso will may read in his Gibbon. King Mata Bwyki, the stalwart chief of Iboko, used to drink his twelve gallons or so of *massanga* in the course of a day—but what of Norse jarls and Saxon thanes, when the horns of ale and mead went round ?—to say nothing of the Reverend Thangbrand, sometime missionary to Iceland, who ought to have known better, being a cleric.

But, it may be said, while the Zulus, or any other African race you like to name, may have plenty of savage traits in common with the old Teutons, whence we sprang—is there any touch of the heroism, the poetry, the aspiration, which made these latter something more than mere savages ? I think there is. One hears a story now and then that stirs the blood like an old Norse saga. Not very long ago, two Englishmen went shooting into Lobengula's country. He allowed them to go, on condition that they would con-

fine themselves to hunting and not search for gold, and provided them with an escort of two hundred men, who were strictly charged to prevent them from "prospecting." The Englishmen, however, entered the gold-bearing country in spite of them. Lobengula heard of the matter, and immediately had the Englishmen escorted in safety beyond his frontier, but sent for the Matabele, and told them that, as they had disobeyed their chief's orders, they must die. And the two hundred stood up, in line, and were speared, one by one, dying without a word.

Or take another instance, which comes, not from the works of Mr. Rider Haggard, but from Moffat's "Labors and Scenes of Missionary Life in South Africa"—where, so far from being introduced for the sake of effect, it is related with a decided air of disapprobation, as a particularly shocking occurrence—the story of Umziligaza's Induna, who, found guilty of some crime, was told that his death sentence would be commuted, for the white man's sake, to one of exile and perpetual disgrace. He would not accept the offer. "O king, afflict not my heart—I have merited thy displeasure. Let me be slain like the warrior! . . . No, I cannot live. Let me die, O Pezulu!" And then, never flinching, "he was led forth, a man walking on each side. My eye followed him till he reached the top of a precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep pool of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were yawning to devour him ere he could reach the bottom."

Umziligaza himself, the resistless warrior, the stern ruler of his people, with his iron justice and open-handed generosity, and the great tender heart, which felt the white man's nobleness and gave to him instinctively—is a Homeric figure—one that would have gladdened the soul of a saga-man of old time. So, no doubt, but more grimly terrible, were T'Chaka and Mpanda; so also, but gentler and more truly and loftily heroic, is Khama of Shoshong.

It is no part of my intention to follow out the parallel in detail—I merely suggest a comparison. Nor do I wish to imply identity of character and circumstance; history is apt to repeat itself, but each time with a difference. The differences in this case need not be insisted on; they

are many and obvious, as might be expected in a race which is to furnish an entirely new type of development.

Of the three divisions of the Old World, two have already contributed their quota to human progress. Asia developed thought, Europe work—what is left for Africa?

Taking Asia as the brain, and Europe as the hand, will it be thought fanciful if we look upon Africa as the heart of humanity?

The East (with which Greece under one aspect may be included) is the home of science, philosophy, contemplative mysticism. In the West, we have the Greeks with their ideal of citizenship and the commonweal—the Romans, with their ideal of law, order, and the strong hand of the ruler; and modern Europe, with its development of commerce and industry. We of the West—Europe with England at its head—have had to learn, and, so far as in us lies, to teach to the world, the lesson of fair play and justice—the great, stern, inexorable law of righteousness. Poorly and blunderingly enough we have fulfilled our task—yet who shall say we have not done it at all?

But after justice comes love—after the law comes the Gospel. The head must govern the heart while the heart is wayward and untrained, but once turned in the right direction, it becomes a law unto itself, and a surer guide than the understanding. It is so with the individual—perfect, all-embracing, all-enduring love is the last and hardest lesson of life. "Add to brotherly kindness *love*"—love in its highest and widest sense. Even in our national life we are beginning to know a little of this—to be swayed by sentiments and considerations which would have seemed mere foolishness to Cæsar or Pericles. We know what it is to be Christians—in the fullest sense—in our private and personal relations; we have a Christian ideal of citizenship, and can point to many—and yet, alas! too few—who have fulfilled it; we are even beginning to grasp the idea that a State may be Christian in its relations to another State. Yet who knows but the race crushed and oppressed for so many ages by us and others—despised by us still—may be the one chosen to live out this ideal?\*

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\* This idea had often occurred to me before I found that it—or something like it—had

Our civilization has not done all that might be expected of it—nay, there is much in it (whether inherent or accidental I will not stop to inquire) which is positively antagonistic to the highest good. Why is it that Gordon—a mythically heroic figure against the background of Khartoum—would seem, amid ordinary English surroundings, somewhat unreal and uncanny to the average English mind? Why is one struck with a sense of incongruity in trying to imagine a white—or at any rate an English—Khama? Surely—if we know that what is good therein will survive and be the seed of yet higher good—it cannot be matter for regret, even though this boasted civilization of ours should perish—or rather be tried by the fire which only destroys in it that which is worthy of destruction.

It seems to me that most of the general assertions which have been made about the African character have started from mistaken assumptions. There is, on the one hand, the so-called "Exeter Hall" theory, which assumed that the negro differed in no essential point from an uneducated Englishman, and that when you had taught him to read and write (after, of course, persuading him to wear clothes—which usually did not fit him), you had put the key of knowledge into his hands and might safely leave him to his own devices. On the other hand, we find it stated that he belongs to a radically and unchangeably inferior race, and that his only destiny is to serve his betters, because he is imitative, like all children, and, like the Celts and Teutons in their child like stage; because his nature is largely emotional, and he has a dog-like capacity for hero-worship; because, though he feels injuries deeply at the time, he easily forgives them (considering the fierce vindictiveness of some acknowledged savages, some of them of very low type, one would think this trait was susceptible of a double interpretation); because Hayti and Liberia have been miserable failures, and because, since Africa has been known to our august

selves, we have perceived no great improvement in the natives thereof.

Granting the truth of this latter clause—which, as I shall try to show presently, I am not altogether disposed to do—does it not savor of what some one has called "Macaulayan cocksureness," to assert that thus it must be for all time, and that the race has no possibilities of development for the future? Who knows how long the Germans had pastured their flocks in the clearings of the Hercynian Forest, before Cæsar made their acquaintance through the medium of Ariovistus and his host? It has been contended that the African's essential inferiority is proved by his physical structure. I am not qualified to enter into the anthropological side of the question; but would only note that many peculiarities which we consider objectionable are the result of climatic and other unfavorable conditions, or of habits incidental to the savage state, and would disappear with improved ways of living; also, that the race, like the country, may be in process of formation, and that we cannot foresee the type that will ultimately prevail.

That the African race is not at present fitted to be a ruling race cannot be questioned; neither were the hordes of Cimbri and Teutons who poured down on Italy in the time of Marius and Sulla. Whether they ever will be is another matter: personally, I think not, if by a ruling race is meant one conquering others and upholding its power by force. The Teutons having once learnt of Rome sufficient to show them their own strength and her weakness, overran and conquered her kingdoms. Whether African barbarians will overrun and conquer the kingdoms of modern Europe, time will show. I am disposed—but this, again, may be laughed at as mere fancy—to think not; and that herein will be that difference which is always manifested in the repetition of history. The reign of physical force is already drawing to a close. Perhaps it may be reserved for them to inaugurate the era of moral force.

That Hayti and Liberia should be failures both laughable and lamentable, need not surprise any one who will examine the matter carefully. Their order of development has been forced and artificial. The whole organization of society and government is a crude imitation of what in

been expressed by Miss Martineau, in *The Hour and the Man*. Perhaps it is originally due, in my case, to a sentence of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's—which struck me forcibly, I cannot tell how long ago, but certainly before I was ten years old—and of which I can now only recall the words, "God has chosen poor Africa in the furnace of affliction."

Europe has been the natural outgrowth of character and surroundings in the course of centuries, and is as grotesque as the appearance of the average negro in average dress clothes. The imitative spirit is not necessarily the outcome of a low racial type—though it may belong to a low stage of development. It may be the result of the honest admiration and reverence felt by a rude and primitive race for a more advanced one. The Romans imitated the Greeks, as the Germans of later ages imitated the French: in both cases the mere imitation had a disastrous effect, while the stimulating influence of what was best in the foreign institutions was a lasting benefit. In the cases we are considering, the imitation is entirely irrational and misdirected. The forms have been transplanted—of the spirit and purpose of the institutions little or nothing is understood. Little wonder that the Liberian and Haytian constitutions “will not march.”

No African is suited for town-life, as we understand it, and town-life is the great characteristic of European civilization, so that the attempts we have seen at reproducing the latter involve a violent transition from the purely pastoral or at most rudimentary agricultural stage at which the native tribes have arrived. But where these latter are left to their natural course of development, as conditioned by their own soil, climate, and national idiosyncrasies, the case is widely different. The African race is quite capable of producing men who, in such a patriarchal state of society, prove firm, just, and able rulers, though in a differently constituted state they might be as “impossible” as the Emperor Soulouque.

Msidi of Garenganze, as described by Mr. Arnot,\* is evidently no contemptible king in his way, though, before the missionary's arrival, he had never seen a white man. With such a chief and people the influence of an Englishman of the right sort may be the instrument of untold good. It may be—and all the more because working gradually and imperceptibly—a more powerful lever than any amount of direct English government. Livingstone's Sebituane is a case in point—another, if we may be pardoned for recurring to an illustration already used, is Khama,

chief of the Bamangwato.\* I look upon Shoshong as the most hopeful field of progress in Africa, and, from that standpoint, should have viewed with unfeigned regret its annexation by the Cape Colony.

Missionaries seem to be coming more and more, of late years, to adopt this view of the case. This is not the place to enter into what may be called the great missionary discussion—now, I suppose, virtually over: but one may, without disparaging the devotion and heroism of the early mission pioneers, allow that they made mistakes—and sometimes very grave ones. Moffat—who, if not the earliest, was yet very early in the field—with his sound, Scottish common sense, recognized and respected the principle of nationality, as also did Livingstone. They saw that they might make Christians of Bechuanas and Matabele without attempting to turn them into Englishmen. Not seeing this is the mistake that has made the West Coast Missions—which have cost so many noble lives—comparatively ineffective. We hear a great deal about the futility of negro conversions, even when apparently sincere; and the inferiority of the Christians to the unconverted Heathen or Mohammedan—as in the story of the Wesleyan Methodist, who helped himself from the storehouses of his neighbors, because he did not believe in the charms to which they in their simplicity trusted to protect them; and I fear that the assertions, though coming from hostile critics, cannot in fairness be denied. But surely this state of things may—in part at least—be traced to the mistake alluded to above, and the temper which originates it—a certain business-like, unimaginative, peculiarly English habit of mind—which need not prevent a man from being an excellent citizen, a fervent Christian, or even, among his own set, an eloquent and spiritual preacher—but which is utterly unable to enter into the workings of an un-English mind. It is a suggestive fact that the greatest and most successful of British missionaries have been Scotch, dowered with that *perfervidum ingenium*,† that

\* Garenganze, pp. 16, 22, 23. See also *Austral Africa: Losing It or Ruling It*, by the Rev. J. Mackenzie.

† It may be mentioned that this was written before Mr. Stanley's celebrated eulogy of the Scotch—penned in Ugogo last autumn—had seen the light.

\* Garenganze, pp. 173, 174.

spark of Celtic fire and imagination, which the canniest of Lowlanders carries hidden about him somewhere. Be that as it may, recent missions, profiting by the blunders of their predecessors, appear to have considerably modified their tactics in this respect. The Blantyre Mission on Lake Nyassa is carried on entirely in accordance with Livingstone's ideas. From the report of a Baptist missionary in an entirely different quarter—the Lower Congo—I take the following, which speaks for itself:

One matter of importance has become prominent . . . the question of dress. I feel very strongly that we must be very careful not to denationalize our native converts. . . . It is a question concerning which there are many opinions out here. Personally I hope that our converts will be Christian Kongos, and not endeavor to efface their nationality, lest they thereby lose their influence over their fellow countrymen.\*

Direct efforts to civilize Africa, religious or secular, have hitherto amounted to comparatively little. The most considerable attempt to do this on a large scale has been the Egyptian occupation of the Equatorial Provinces, of which we have just witnessed—apparently—the disastrous end. Whatever may have been the motives of the Egyptian government—and the late Khedive was probably well intentioned enough—there are few parts of the world on which so much disinterested heroism and sheer hard work have been expended to so little purpose. Baker, Gordon, Emin, one after another strove to put down anarchy and bring Cosmos out of Chaos, and all has gone for nothing, and the noblest of the three has perished in the attempt. All is as before, only, seemingly, more hopeless still. One could almost think that no good could come from the efforts of so accursed and blood-stained a thing as the Khedivial government—so corrupt in its union of the worst points of East and West, that the individual good intentions of its head, and the nobleness

of the instruments he secured to work out those intentions, were powerless to redeem it. Can it be that all the rotten fabric of Turkish power, touched up with French varnish, must be swept away before the rush of Omar Saleh's hosts, fighting, in their own wild way, in the name of God, of purity and righteousness—just as it was necessary, once before, that the so-called Christian Alexandria should go down before the hosts of another Omar! We can only say, in all reverence—God knows.\*

Taking a wide survey of the field of history, and realizing the helplessness of man, individual or collective, before the dread might of the Divinity that shapes our ends, we sometimes feel inclined to despair, to sit down with folded hands and say: "Allah Akbar!—we are nothing. We cannot alter the course of the world. Why should we make any effort at all?" Yet not to this are we called. We may, in utter unconsciousness and even against our will, be made to work out the design of the Highest; we may also, while knowing it but in part, or scarcely at all, work it out consciously and gladly. We do not know the course in which history will shape itself; we *do* know, in a simple, practical way, the things which make for the kingdom of God. By doing those things, we may set our stitches aright, though we cannot tell—unless, looking at what is already finished, one may now and then dimly guess—what the pattern of the tapestry is to be.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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\* I have not entered on the question of the influence of Islam in Africa. The subject would require a separate paper to itself. But I cannot help thinking, with Canon Taylor and others, that, cruel as is the suffering involved, the Mohammedan conquest is (for part of Africa, at least) a necessary step in evolution—a *Præparatio Evangelica*, if one likes to put it so. The easy, sunny, tropical nature needs to feel the terrors of the law, to pass through a course of discipline akin to the austerities of Judaism, before it can rise to the height of the Gospel. This consideration suggests another cause for the unsatisfactoriness of negro Christians. So many of them are practically Antinomians.

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\* Letter from Rev. W. Holman Bentley, in *Baptist Missionary Herald* for August 1888.



## RUSSIA : AN ODE.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## I.

Out of hell a word comes hissing, dark as doom,  
 Fierce as fire, and foul as plague-polluted gloom ;  
 Out of hell wherein the sinless damned endure  
 More than ever sin conceived of pains impure ;  
 More than ever ground men's living souls to dust ;  
 Worse than madness ever dreamed of murderous lust.  
 Since the world's wail first went up from lands and seas  
 Ears have heard not, tongues have told not things like these.  
 Dante, led by love's and hate's accordant spell  
 Down the deepest and the loathliest ways of hell,  
 Where beyond the brook of blood the rain was fire,  
 Where the scalps were masked with dung more deep than mire,  
 Saw not, where the filth was foulest, and the night  
 Darkest, depths whose fiends could match the Muscovite.  
 Set beside this truth, his deadliest vision seems  
 Pale and pure and painless as a virgin's dreams.  
 Maidens dead beneath the clasp of lash, and wives  
 Rent with deadlier pangs than death—for shame survives,  
 Naked, mad, starved, scourged, spurned, frozen, fallen, deflowered,  
 Souls and bodies as by fangs of beasts devoured,  
 Sounds that hell would hear not, sights no thoughts could shape,  
 Limbs that feel as flame the ravenous grasp of rape,  
 Filth of raging crime and shame that crime enjoys,  
 Age made one with youth in torture, girls with boys,  
 These, and worse, if aught be worse than these things are,  
 Prove thee regent, Russia—praise thy mercy, Czar.

## II.

Sons of man, men born of women, may we dare  
 Say they sin who dare be slain and dare not spare ?  
 They who take their lives in hand and smile on death,  
 Holding life as less than sleep's most fitful breath,  
 So their life perchance or death may serve and speed  
 Faith and hope, that die if dream become not deed ?  
 Naught is death and naught is life and naught is fate  
 Save for souls that love has clothed with fire of hate.  
 These behold them, weigh them, prove them, find them naught,  
 Save by light of hope and fire of burning thought.  
 What though sun be less than storm where these aspire,  
 Dawn than lightning, song than thunder, light than fire ?  
 Help is none in heaven : hope sees no gentler star :  
 Earth is hell, and hell bows down before the Czar.  
 All its monstrous, murderous, lecherous births acclaim  
 Him whose empire lives to match its fiery fame.  
 Nay, perchance at sight or sense of deeds here done,  
 Here where men may lift up eyes to greet the sun,  
 Hell recoils heart-stricken : horror worse than hell  
 Darkens earth and sickens heaven ; life knows the spell,

Shudders, quails, and sinks—or, filled with fierier breath,  
 Rises red in arms devised of darkling death.  
 Pity mad with passion, anguish mad with shame,  
 Call aloud on justice by her darker name ;  
 Love grows hate for love's sake ; life takes death for guide.  
 Night hath none but one red star—Tyrannicide.

## III.

“God or man, be swift ; hope sickens with delay :  
 Smite, and send him howling down his father's way !  
 Fall, O fire of heaven, and smite as fire from hell,  
 Halls wherein men's torturers, crowned and cowering, dwell !  
 These that crouch and shrink and shudder, girt with power—  
 These that reign, and dare not trust one trembling hour—  
 These omnipotent, whom terror curbs and drives—  
 These whose life reflects in fear their victims' lives—  
 These whose breath sheds poison worse than plague's thick breath—  
 These whose reign is ruin, these whose word is death,  
 These whose will turns heaven to hell, and day to night,  
 These, if God's hand smite not, how shall man's not smite ?”  
 So from hearts by horror withered as by fire  
 Surge the strains of unappeasable desire ;  
 Sounds that bid the darkness lighten, lit for death ;  
 Bid the lips whose breath was doom yield up their breath ;  
 Down the way of Czars, awhile in vain deferred,  
 Bid the Second Alexander light the Third.  
 How for shame shall men rebuke them ? how may we  
 Blame, whose fathers died, and slew, to leave us free ?  
 We, though all the world cry out upon them, know,  
 Were our strife as theirs, we could not strike but so ;  
 Could not cower, and could not kiss the hands that smite ;  
 Could not meet them armed in sunlit battle's light.  
 Dark as fear and red as hate though morning rise,  
 Life it is that conquers ; death it is that dies.

—*Fortnightly Review.*

## THE NIHILISMS AND SOCIALISMS OF THE WORLD.

BY JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

THE hour has come for a resolute facing of the most sinister problem of this century, and for a fearless and unconventional attempt to solve it. Such a facing of it and such an attempt to solve it have not hitherto been possible : and, even now, only a beginning can be made.

I cite the Nihilisms and Socialisms of the world ; but might go farther afield, and include the Communisms, Chartisms, and Fenianisms of the world ; for, in reality, their cause, their temper, their aspirations, and their aims are the same ; and the key to one is the key to all.

What is really at the heart of this weird and terrible-looking thing which, genera-

tion after generation, comes in such a questionable shape ? Is it the demon it often seems to be, or is it some angel in disguise, or some angel in process of development ? How many are, even now, prepared to ask that question, or to consider it, with even the thinnest veneer of patience ?

These sinister and dangerous subjects can be dealt with in four ways. We can ignore them altogether, or try to ignore them ; we can run away from them ; we can hit out against them ; or we can consider them.

The first seems, to some people, a comforting method of refuting the old proverb

that where there is smoke there must be fire. But when the smouldering question becomes a burning question, nay, a blazing or explosive question, to ignore it is to be lost. We may deal with it by simply running away from it in indignation or disgust or dislike. But running away from an ugly thing does not settle it; running away, indeed, may settle not it but us. A third method is to hit out against the sinister thing; simply to hit out. It is the old way of the world. Don't consider, don't question, don't answer; simply hit, kick, stifle, smother. That seems to succeed the best of all, as the prisons, gibbets, and Siberias of the world attest; but only for a time. Nemesis arrives. A time comes when the mightiest despot shivers, shrivels, and fails. The only other way of dealing with these sinister signs of the times is Hamlet's way: "Thou comest in such a questionable shape, that I will speak with thee." That is the way I propose. Perchance the ugly thing we took for a demon may be an angel in disguise.

What Carlyle said of the dingy, soiled, and rugged toiler, we might say of many an uncouth social disturber of the peace: "Thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell; and, fighting our battles, wert so marred." Oscar Wilde, with real insight, touched a right note when he said:

"I love them not, whose hands profane  
Plant the red flag upon the piled-up street  
For no right cause: beneath whose ignorant reign  
Arts, culture, reverence, honor, all things  
fade,  
Save treason and the dagger of her trade,  
And murder, with his silent, bloody feet.  
... And yet, and yet  
These Christs upon the barricades—  
God knows, I am with them, in some  
things."

It will surely be a great gain if we can show that the barricades of the world have their Christs—if we can prove that these sinister and dissonant things are only manifestations of right aims under wrong conditions—if we can see that they are ugly mainly because they have to confront and grapple with ugly things—if we can detect in them all aspirations, emotions, instincts, ideas essentially beneficent and good.

What if, underneath even the demonism of dynamite and the horrors of Parisian petroleum, there is discoverable the de-

spairing anguish of human nature's longing for justice and right? Fresh in our memory is the frightful upheaval in Paris, after the French and German war. "It was Hell broke loose," said one. Yes, and yet we know that at the heart of the apparently diabolical Commune there were passionate longings for the triumph of the people's cause against class selfishness and official frauds. We know that glorious dreamers, unchastened seers, unselfish martyrs, and untamed lovers of liberty, as well as petroleum fiends and incendiary hags, went down in that horrible chaos of blood and dirt and fire. And to-day, as in the past, the suggestive and tragic truth comes out that keen philosophers and gifted poets and devoted patriots and noble-hearted women are among the leading Nihilists, even to the dooming of a Czar to death.

Millions fail, and naturally fail, to see how an angel could look so much like a devil; but it is precisely what we must try to understand.

The most forbidding form of that ugly sign of the times we are trying to understand is Nihilism; but, fortunately, that furnishes us with the clearest demonstration of the fact that, however ugly it may be, it is only the product of something still uglier. Let these Nihilists speak for themselves. Some years ago they issued a manifesto to the Czar, in which they said: "Why the sad necessity for this sanguinary struggle? For this reason—that a just Government, in the true sense of the word, does not exist among us. A Government should be the expression of the aspirations of the people, and should carry out the will of the people." In the most solemn and touching manner they revealed the open secret of their revolt. They said to the Czar: "The Government in Russia has reduced the masses to such poverty and misery, that they are not even free to act for their common interests, are not secure against the most infamous inquisition, even in their very homes. Only the blood-sucking officials, whose knavish exactions remain unpunished, enjoy the protection of the Government and the laws. . . . This is why the Government in Russia has no moral influence over the people; this is why Russia produces so many revolutionists; this is why even an event like the killing of the Czar excites sympathy among a

great part of this very people." In this way, the Nihilists reversed dock and judgment-seat, called Czar and administration to account, put the nation's rulers on their trial, and cited the judges to appear at the judgment bar.

The popular idea of a Nihilist is that he is a ferocious ruffian, ready for rapine and thirsty for blood, bating restraint and loathing the law.\* It would astonish multitudes to learn that "he" is often a woman, and a woman of a very noble order of mind and spirit, too. Here is a picture of one who stood in the front rank, as an "anarchist": "She was girlhood personified. Notwithstanding her twenty-six years, she seemed scarcely eighteen. A small, slender, and very graceful figure, and a voice as charming, silvery, and sympathetic as could be, heightened this illusion. It became almost a certainty when she began to laugh, which very often happened. She had the ready laugh of a girl, and laughed with so much heartiness, and so unaffectedly, that she really seemed a young lass of sixteen. She gave little thought to her appearance. She dressed in the most modest manner, and perhaps did not even know what dress or ornament was becoming or unbecoming. But she had a passion for neatness, and in this was as punctilious as a Swiss girl. She was very fond of children, and was an excellent schoolmistress. There was, however, another office that she filled even better—that of nurse. When any of her friends fell ill, Sophia was the first to offer herself for this difficult duty, and she performed that duty with such gentleness, cheerfulness, and patience that she won the hearts of her patients for all time. Yet this woman, with such an innocent appearance, and with such a sweet and affectionate disposition, was one of the most dreaded members of the Terrorist party." This gracious woman perished in a horrible gallows-butchery in Russia a

\* Referring to the late arrests of Nihilists in Paris, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says:—"All the Russians now in prison are esteemed by their neighbors, and the students among them by their professors. Mendelssohn and Lavrenius are the wealthy members of the settlement. The wife of the former is qualified by her elegance to be a leader of fashion. . . . Mendelssohn . . . is the son of a rich Warsaw banker, and brother-in-law to a well-known author in Berlin. . . . Nakatchiz is a Russian prince."

few years ago. Her letter to her mother, a few hours before her execution, will tell the rest:—"My dear, adored mother—The thought of you oppresses me always. My darling, I implore you to be calm, and not to grieve for me; for my fate does not afflict me in the least, and I shall meet it with complete tranquillity, for I have long expected it, and known that sooner or later it must come. And I assure you, dear mother, that my fate is not such a very mournful one. I have lived as my convictions dictated, and it would have been impossible for me to have acted otherwise. I await my fate, therefore, with a tranquil conscience, whatever it may be. The only thing which oppresses me is the thought of your grief, oh, my adored mother! It is that which rends my heart; and what would I not give to be able to alleviate it! . . . I hope that you will be calm, that you will pardon me the grief I have caused you, and not blame me too much; your reproof is the only one that would grieve my heart. In fancy I kiss your hands again and again, and on my knees I implore you not to be angry with me. . . . Good-by till we meet again, my dear mother. Once more, I implore you not to grieve, and not to afflict yourself for me. My fate is not such a sad one after all, and you must not grieve about it.—Your own SOPHIA."

Here is a glimpse of the men who were Nihilist pioneers:—"Everything that is noble and sublime in human nature seemed concentrated in these generous young men. Inflamed, subjugated by their grand idea, they wished to sacrifice for it, not only their lives, their future, their position, but their very soul. They sought to purify themselves from every other thought, from all personal affections, in order to be entirely, exclusively devoted to it. Rigorism was elevated into a dogma. For several years, indeed, even absolute asceticism was ardently maintained among the youth of both sexes. The propagandists wished nothing for themselves. They were the purest personification of self-denial."

Of one of these, Stepniak gives an intensely interesting and enlightening account. Describing a Nihilist meeting of a somewhat depressed character, he says:—"Among the few persons present, there was, however, one who succeeded in arousing the general attention, whenever, during the languishing discussion, he

made some little observation, always spirited and slightly whimsical. . . . His voice, somewhat slow in utterance and always pitched in the same key, soothed the ear, like the low notes of a song. It was not a musical voice, but it had the power of penetrating into the very heart, so sympathetic was it. He was very poorly clad. Although the Russian winter was raging, he wore a linen jacket with large wooden buttons, which from much wear and tear seemed a mere rag. A worn-out black cloth waistcoat covered his chest to the throat." This was Lisogub, a millionaire, with large estates in one of the best parts of Russia, who, for the cause, risked or spent all that he had. Of him, Stepniak says: "I will not say that Demetrius Lisogub was the purest, the most ideal man whom I have ever known, for that would be to say too little of him. I will say that in all our party there was not, and could not be, a man to compare with him in ideal beauty of character. . . . Under an aspect tranquil and placid as an unclouded sky, he concealed a mind full of fire, of enthusiasm, of ardor. His convictions were his religion, and he devoted to them, not only all his life, but, what is much more difficult, all his thoughts. He had no other thought than that of serving his cause. He had no family. Love did not disturb him. His parsimony was carried to such an extreme that friends were obliged to interfere in order to prevent him falling ill from excessive privation. To every remonstrance he replied, as if he foresaw his premature end: 'Mine will not be a long life.' And in truth it was not. . . . He was arrested at Odessa in the autumn of the year 1878, on the accusation of his steward, Drigo, who was a friend, but who betrayed him because the Government promised to give him what still remained of the patrimony of Lisogub—about £4000. . . . Nothing else was laid to his charge than that of having spent his own money, no one knew how. The evidence, however, of Drigo left no doubt upon the very tender conscience of the military tribunal. . . . On August 8, 1879, he was taken to the scaffold in the hangman's cart with two companions, Ciubaroff and Davidenko. Those who saw him pass, say that not only was he calm and peaceful, but that his pleasant smile played upon his lips when he addressed cheering words to his companions.

At last he could satisfy his ardent desire to sacrifice himself for his cause. It was perhaps the happiest moment of his unhappy life."

These glimpses of Nihilists do for Nihilism what a lightning flash does for a landscape. After reciting the insanely despotic methods of the Government, Stepniak asks: "What did it represent but brute force? Against such a Government, everything is permitted." "It is no longer a guardian of the will of the people, or of the majority of the people. It is organized injustice. A citizen is no more bound to respect it than to respect a band of highwaymen who employ the force at their command in rifling travellers." The Terrorist, he says, "fights not only for the people, to render them the arbiters of their own destinies, not only for the whole nation stifling in this pestiferous atmosphere, but also for himself; for the dear ones whom he loves, whom he adores with all the enthusiasm which animates his soul; for his friends, who languish in the horrid cells of the central prisons, and who stretch forth to him their skinny hands imploring aid."

Every Nihilist knows well what are his chances in that grim campaign. The life of a Nihilist is the life of one who is doomed. The average free life of such as he is about two years; and he knows well, too, the penalties. The fearful rigors of a Russian prison have been often described. Here they are, revealed by the lightning-flash of only one ghastly incident: "In the course of the investigations in the trial of the 193, which lasted four years, the number of the prisoners who committed suicide, or went mad, or died, reached 75."

But there is no ebb to that silent, sad, and mighty flow. Raid after raid is made upon that mysterious sea, but to no purpose. The dark waves close, and throb on. The Nihilist Executive once told the Czar: "The Government may continue to arrest and hang as long as it likes, and may succeed in suppressing single revolutionary bodies. We will even admit that it may succeed in destroying the essential organization of the revolution. But this will not change the state of things. Revolutionists will be created by events; by the general discontent of the whole of the people; by the tendency of Russia toward new social forms."

And now, what are these "new social forms" which the revolution demands? The Nihilist Executive deliberately stated them in its daring but dignified Address to the new Czar, ten days after the "execution" of the Czar, Alexander II. In that document, they said: "The rigors of the Government, after 1878 and 1879, gave birth to the Terrorists. In vain the Government, slaughtered Kovaleky, Dubrovin, Ossinsky, Lisogub; in vain did it crush and destroy dozens of revolutionary bodies. For these imperfect organizations, more strongly constituted bodies were substituted by a species of 'natural selection.' At last the Executive Committee appeared, against which the Government still struggles in vain. If we cast an impartial glance upon the last sorrowful decade, we may unmistakably and easily foresee what will be the future of the revolutionary movement should the policy of the Government not change. It will increase; it will extend; the acts of the Terrorists will be felt more acutely; the revolutionary organization will take a more perfect and a stronger form. Meanwhile there will continually be fresh cause for discontent; the confidence of the people in the Government will go on diminishing. The idea of the revolution, its possibility and inevitableness, will constantly gain ground. A terrible explosion, a sanguinary revolution, a spasmodic convulsion throughout all Russia, will complete the destruction of the old order of things. Your Majesty, this is a sad and frightful prospect. Yes, sad and frightful. Do not believe that these are mere words. We feel more than anybody what a calamity the loss will be of so much talent and energy in the work of destruction and in sanguinary encounters, at a time when the same forces, under other circumstances, might be devoted to fruitful labors, to the development of the popular intelligence, to the general welfare. . . . The conditions which are necessary in order that the revolutionary movement should give place to a pacific development have not been created by us, but by events. We simply record them. These conditions, according to our view, should be based upon two principal stipulations. First, a general amnesty for all political offenders, since they have committed no crime, but have simply done their duty as citizens. Second, the con-

vocation of the representatives of the whole of the people, for the examination of the best forms of social and political life, according to the wants and desires of the people. We, nevertheless, consider it necessary to point out that the legalization of power by the representation of the people can only be arrived at when the elections are perfectly free. The elections should, therefore, take place under the following conditions:—First, the deputies shall be chosen by all classes without distinction, in proportion to the number of inhabitants. Second, there shall be no restriction of any kind upon electors or deputies. Third, the elections and the electoral agitation shall be perfectly free. The Government will, therefore, grant as provisional regulations, until the convocation of the popular assemblies: (a) Complete freedom of the press. (b) Complete freedom of speech. (c) Complete freedom of public meeting. (d) Complete freedom of electoral addresses. These are the only means by which Russia can enter upon the path of peaceful and regular development. We solemnly declare, before the country, and before the whole world, that our party will submit unconditionally to the National Assembly which meets upon the basis of the above conditions, and will offer no opposition to the Government which the National Assembly may sanction."

"Such," says Stepniak, "were the proposals then made by the revolutionary party to the Government, and they have been several times repeated. The Government replied by fresh executions, by again exiling thousands to Siberia, by fresh rigors against the press, and against every liberal tendency. The impartial reader will judge, therefore, who are the partisans of justice, moderation, and order, and who are the true 'disturbers of public tranquillity.'"

Following these clews, the serious-minded but dispassionate thinker will assuredly end by seeing that Nihilism in Russia is only an extreme instance of what has been happening all over Europe. He will soon find light thrown upon many dark and sinister things. He may even be able to himself throw light upon our own troubles, and solve problems nearer home.

Even the dreaded and detested Fenians of Ireland were not, at heart, the impa-

and demons we are apt to imagine them ; and the Chartists of forty years ago were only reformers before the time. At the heart of all these social and political upheavals there beat the same longing for the people's good. Take a character like that of Ernest Jones, who was imprisoned in our day as a rebel, and who, if he had lived a little time before, would have been hung. Ernest Jones, whose coat I saw literally torn off his back at a Birmingham Town hall Reform Meeting, and who was kicked down the platform steps by the Liberals of that day, with John Bright sitting there unmoved, was one of the finest spirits of his day. He was a true teacher of the people, in all things pure and sweet and good—a scholar and true gentleman—a man of refined and delicate moral and intellectual tastes, and almost, if not quite, a first-rate poet. But the majority of his fellow-countrymen thought of him and treated him as a rowdy, a rebel, and a brute.

But, in some respects, these early pioneers, these John the Baptists in the wilderness, are bound to be startling characters. John the Baptist himself was. He wore a blanket of camel's-hair and a leathern girdle about his loins, and lived on locusts and wild honey ; altogether, a most irregular and painful person, not at all "respectable," whose head, to please a harlot, was hacked off by a king. But he was the forerunner of "The Saviour," who also, by the way, came to be Saviour only after Calvary and the cross. And John the Baptist, in other circumstances, might himself have been that "Saviour" ; for, in these matters, success often makes all the difference, determining whether a man shall be written down a rebel or a patriot, a traitor or a deliverer, a rank fanatic or the Saviour of the world. We venture to say that Nihilism alone, during the last twenty years, has given to prison, to Siberia, and to the gallows genius enough, self-sacrifice enough, and love enough to have created and inspired a dozen epochs in the history of the world.

We are now fully prepared for the main question. What then in spirit are these Nihilisms, Socialisms, Fenianisms, Communisms, and Chartisms of the world ? What is the soul of good, if there is any, in these things that seem evil ? What is the impelling spirit underlying the sinister action ; the inspiration that breathes

through the agonizing cry ? What are these sorrowful things saying to us ?—what is their message to mankind ?

Grant error, folly, ignorance, madness, crime ; still there are great permanent ideas that lie beneath these ugly things as the rocks lie beneath the torn seaweed, the dead star-fish, and the shivering foam on the beach. These ideas are :

1. That the men and women of a nation are a family, and that all legal, social, and political arrangements should be, as far as possible, based upon that understanding.

2. That there are rights of poverty as well as rights of property.

3. That in reality there exists no absolute and unrestrained right to "do as I like with my own."

4. That every nation should govern itself, and freely find out and carry out what is for its own good in its own way.

5. That the soil of a country belongs to the country, and should be used and improved for the country's good, and not for the creation of classes that, in time, appropriate all the accruing uses and values of the land upon which the nation stands.

6. That the work done and do-able in a nation should be, as far as possible, done for the general good, and not be hammered out of labor for the creation of an irresistibly wealthy class.

All the revolutionary and even anarchic movements of modern days have had these ideas at the heart of them ; often dimly or not at all understood, but still there : often expressed in tones more like the howl of a wild beast than the voice of a rational man, but still there : always at least the dim, wild, sorrowful longing for justice, pity, help.

The time has fully come for facing the ideas which, we say, lie behind all these sinister movements as their inspiring force. The profoundest and most pregnant signs of the times are there.

1. The men and women of a nation are a family. Superb ideal ! and not entirely the nightmare of a demon, one may say. But that is Socialism and Nihilism, clothed and in their right minds. Utopian ? Why, it is only a portion of the larger truth which the State clergy teach us when they read in our hearing that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." But if true of "all the face of the earth," how much more true of any one nation on

the face of the earth ! Is it impossible ? Ah, then, that could only be because the ideal is too great and beautiful to realize in such a fool of a world as this—or in a world where the majority are such fools—or worse. But let no one blaspheme against humanity by saying that we are rebels and iconoclasts, when we declare that this is a Brotherhood not a mob, and that all our political and social arrangements should be based upon that fundamental fact. We are a family. One is weak and another strong ; one sick, another well ; one has bad luck, another good ; one is wise, another is a fool ; one is bright and apt, another dull ; one is successful in the battle of life, another gets kicked into the gutter, and over his body the successful men get across the dirty road. What do we do in the little home where, in miniature, most of that is true ? We do not play each for his own hand : no : but the home ideal is that the strong should help the weak ; that the well should care for the sick ; that the bright should encourage the dull, not plunder them ; and that the wise should protect the foolish. That is so in a civilized home, and it should be so in a civilized nation. In so far as that ideal is made real, we make the best and not the worst of everything—the crooked things become straight, and the rough places plain. It is not mere sentiment, it is practical politics, to say that human happiness and prosperity keep exact pace with the world's realization of the Brotherhood of Man.

2. There are rights of poverty as well as rights of property. An ugly proposition ! But society is more and more being driven to admit it and act upon it. The doctrine of ransom lost none of its force when the modern preacher of it dropped it : and it will have to be worked out. The man who makes a gigantic "pile" does so, as a rule, at somebody's expense, probably at the expense of a great many people—possibly as the lucky last comer when the thing is ripe—perhaps as the lucky competitor in the general scramble. Here come in the rights of the men who are down. Poverty must be alleviated, and the strugglers must be left free. Property must pay. Some day that will be one of the strongest planks of the Democratic "platform." There are, undoubtedly, some forms of poverty without

any claims to more than existence ; but, to cite only one crying evil, our treatment of the aged poor is, in England, something that should make us all ashamed.

3. The statement that there exists no absolute and unrestrained right to do as one likes with one's own will not escape derision ; and, indeed, it might easily be pushed to monstrous or even inalignant extremes. But this doctrine, again, is already very extensively recognized, and, of late years, the legal recognition of it startles even some Radicals. Our Poor Laws, our Factory Acts, our Sanitary Laws, our Education Acts, our Land Laws (chiefly in Ireland), all prevent people doing as they like with their own, even with their own children. That is not tyranny ; it is civilization, for civilization is the art and science of living together. The policy of grab and hold may be very English, but it is essentially barbaric. Tennyson, not long ago, described a very characteristic English habit when he wrote : "Britons, hold your own." It was not necessary to urge it. It is the one thing we never forget. As a nation, we not only hold our own, but as much of other people's as we can lay our hands on. But the ideal is not that.

Anyhow, in the nation itself that is not the ideal. In an ideal community, every personal possession would be held in trust for the whole. It is the only humanitarian (to say nothing of the only Christian) theory of life. The very idea of society carries this with it, and suggests that, as everything comes from the whole, everything should, as far as possible, be returned to the whole. Beneath the maddest and most wasteful extremes of the Socialists there is a truth to which they bear witness, and it is that truth which has got to be brought into living relations with the practical politics of the future.

4. The proposition that a nation should govern itself in its own way and for its own advantage ought to be the sheerest commonplace ; but it is the very essence of Nihilism, and, but for its repudiation on the part of a governing gang, Nihilism would cease to exist. Home Rule is everywhere an elementary right ; and where it is denied there must be struggle and clash. If brutally denied, passion and indignation and despair will call forth crime—as in Russia, France, Ireland—as more than once in England. In every age



the rebels are, as a rule, the patriots, the lovers of liberty ; not the turbulent spirits, but those to whom chaos and strife are really hateful, and whose longing is that the nation shall live.

5. The idea that the soil on which the nation stands belongs to the nation, and should be improved and used for the good of the people, and not for a class, some may call a vain dream. That is not denied ; but what is denied is that it is the dream of a demon. It is really the dream of a very sympathetic and noble type of man. It is a dream that may have come too late ; but the spirit of that dream is the spirit of a profound patriotism, inspired by the longing to see the nation come to the possession of its own, and to let the greatest good of the greatest number prevail over the plunder of the public, by private greed.

6. Of the last idea I will only say that, however unattainable it may be in its entirety, it is full of practical value as well as of ideal beauty—that all the work done or do-able in a nation should be done for the nation's good, and not for the creation of an irresistibly wealthy class—always a danger as well as a tower of strength in a nation, tending to make flesh and blood too cheap, and money too mighty.

This, rightly understood, is the message of the Nihilisms and Socialisms of the world ; and this, with very varying modes of manifestation, has been the inspiration of the revolutions and rebellions of our century.

One lesson, at all events, these weird reformers teach us—the divinest lesson of all—that of uncalculating self-sacrifice. For, condemn or dread them as we will, it is notorious that no selfish thoughts taint the simplicity of their aims. It is for an ideal that they give up all that the world counts dear ; it is for an ideal that they become confessors or martyrs, criminals or Christs ; it is for an ideal that they will “ even dare to die.”

But, after all, some may say : Grant all ; and yet, what is the use of pursuing the impossible, however beautiful it may

be ? My answer is : I have never yet discovered what that same “ impossible ” may be : nor will I ever stop, or say what bright dream may or may not come true. But I believe in looking at bright things—at pictures of places I may never hope to see—at grand mountains I may never hope to climb—or even at what poets only see in dreams. I do not mind men calling these ideals “ visionary,” for the history of the world is the history of the realization of derided dreams. “ He that hath a dream, let him tell a dream,” cried the old Hebrew prophet ; for the dreamers have been the creators, the hearteners, the leaders, and the saviours of the world.

And yet we know the sorrowful long road that still lies before us. The majority will thrust the subject aside, as disagreeable or dangerous ; and, at the best, will say : “ It is no business of mine.” This is the too prevalent gospel of our time. But even the practical Englishman might do worse things than remember that it was a murderer who said : “ Am I my brother's keeper ? ” This “ It is no business of mine,” sometimes only means, “ It is not to be helped. It is natural that the weakest should go to the wall.” Perhaps ; but if it is natural for one man to fail, or to sink in the swirl of the stream, it is equally natural for another man, or for ten, or a hundred, or a thousand men to befriend him. No, it is not Nature that is to blame. It is

“ Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

But it will all come right—though after long waiting, through many weary years. The ape and the tiger will be worked out of the human race, and we shall lose the last survival of the old primeval snarl. The survival of the fittest will be the survival, not only of the toughest knuckles or the hardest head, but the survival of the most gracious spirit or the tenderest heart. And all that has been done and suffered for the race will shine out in large repayments in the end.—*Contemporary Review*.

## THE LATEST DISCOVERIES IN HYPNOTISM.

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## II.

## SUGGESTIONS.

SUGGESTIONS form one of the most striking features in hypnotism and deserve a careful consideration. They are a late discovery and have only recently been employed, thanks to the patient investigations of French doctors, who have given to these interesting problems an importance formerly unknown. From the point of view of hypnotic phenomena, suggestion is the setting in motion of the patient's brain by the hypnotizer, who directs it to any point that he pleases. The patient under the influence of suggestion is thus experimentally affected by another's will which is substituted for his own, and which makes him think, feel, and act just as if he was himself the motive power, but with no consciousness of what is going on, without any recollection of it on waking, and therefore without the smallest responsibility for what he has done.

Hypnotic suggestion, however strange to one who studies it for the first time, is nevertheless no new phenomenon in the series of psychological operations. It constitutes, in reality, a normal phenomenon to which hypnotization gives an expansion and an impulse which are quite out of the common. In hypnotism, indeed, as in many other matters, the old saying is ever true, "There is nothing new under the sun," and a few instances will sufficiently show how all of us, in the course of a single day, undergo ourselves and exercise on others a series of unconscious suggestions. The lecturer who talks to us, the author whose works we read, the friend who listens to and advises us, each and all exercise genuine "suggestions" upon us. Does not the journalist who boasts that he directs public opinion act in the same way? His part is to supply every morning to his customers a series of his own ideas, ready made, which become the necessary food of those who live on his strength. All the particular advertisements on the walls, telling us of the marvellous discoveries of this or that inventor, panaceas for all diseases,

marvellous programmes of candidates offered to astounded electors—are not all these so many "suggestions" which first strike the eye and finish by fatally impressing themselves on the mind? Everywhere, at every moment, we find the signs of suggestions given and received; in the world of science, of literature, or of art, we find the dominant individual, the "Master," as the phrase is, who possesses ideas and suggests them all round him to those who have none. Heads of schools, leaders of sections, leaders of parties, kings of fashion—the great man is a genuine social hypnotist: he becomes the leader of a group and gives the word of command to his followers; the chief man in meetings which he entrances by his eloquence; and all those unconsciously entranced persons, more or less struck with "*crédibilité*," applaud him, live on his words, and are content to be thus guided. Natural credulity is the second element in suggestion, so truly, indeed, that, from the social point of view, the hypnotizer and the hypnotized attract and serve as complements to each other, like the mower and the field of grass, like the sportsman and his game—thus it is that men of energetic will influence their fellow men and give to them a special direction and impart to them the ideas which they have engendered. In the midst of this combination and of this subordination of human minds the one to the other, one is surprised to think how precarious is the condition of human freedom, influenced as it constantly is by the force, more or less recent and more or less apparent, of what other people say. The power of suggestions is strongest in the period of somnambulism. They penetrate to the understanding through the organs of hearing. They are loud and expressed by sound, absolutely differing from the silent suggestions which we have treated of in the stage of catalepsy.

Suggestions are simple or complex—they are fresh, temporary, or of definite operation. Simple suggestions given to a patient appear with the same characteristics which belong to illusions and hallucinations.

nations. You tell a patient that he is in a garden, and he takes what you say as the fact: he believes that he is in a garden and tries to pick imaginary flowers; or tell him he is near a watercourse, and you thus arouse in him an association of ideas: he wants to fish, to bathe, to row in a boat. In this there are genuine illusions of the patient's sight. You can in this stage change one color to another; if you show him a yellow paper and tell him it is blue, he will agree with you; or if you show him a column of figures to add up, and tell him not to see this or that figure, he will reckon up the total omitting the numbers which he is told not to see. You may even tell him not to recognize a given person when he awakes, and this suggestion, termed negative, will operate when he awakes and will last for a variable period of time. The individual thus transformed can live side by side with one of his neighbors and not see him at all, if such a suggestion has been made to him. In this manner various suggestions may be presented to him: for instance he may be told, "When you awake you will be completely paralyzed on one side of your body and will not feel stabs or burns on that side." The faculties of feeling, of hearing, of taste can be acted on in the same way. You can tell a patient that ten minutes after he awakes he will hear a peal of bells, or a familiar melody, and he will begin to sing it; you may place a bottle of ammonia under his nose and tell him it is eau de cologne, and he will agree that it is; you may make him swallow a pellet of paper, telling him that it is mint, and he agrees and perhaps adds that it is rather strong mint. On his motive power similar suggestions will have similar influences, *e.g.*, if you tell him that when he wakes he will be paralyzed in an arm or a leg, that he cannot move his tongue or speak, and the like—this will produce a temporary inability to talk. Difficulties of digestion, difficulties of childbirth, and similar medical matters have been relieved and regulated in our hospital by this practice of suggestion; while peculiar marks on or discolorations of the skin have been made to disappear.

One of the special peculiarities of suggestions is the exactness with which they operate at a specified moment, once they have been impressed upon the patient's brain; an influence which has been placed

in reserve in the patient's mind will remain silent for several days in succession, even for several weeks, and appear at a given moment prescribed by the hypnotizer. The patient unconsciously carries in himself the germ of activity belonging to some one else, ready to burst out at a specified moment. The following instance is one from my own personal observation.

I said to X—, a young hysterical woman, who was a very impressionable patient, "To-day is Saturday: next Saturday you are to take a parcel which I will give you to such and such an address." After the suggestion had been given I awakened the patient. During the interval of seven days I saw the same patient nearly every day, and always asked her, "What is it that you have to do next Saturday?" Each time she replied very simply that she had nothing to do in particular on the following Saturday. On the day mentioned I went at the appointed time to the house that I had mentioned, and to my surprise I saw X— arrive in ten minutes and hand to the appointed person the parcel which had been given to her, and go away without saying a word after having exactly carried out the suggestion.

In all cases, the acts suggested are repeated by reason of the same mechanism. The strange thing which must strike us more particularly is the special condition of the patient under suggestion, keeping within him an impulse from without by which he arrives unconsciously at the moment when the act is to be done and, by virtue of the unconscious forces which for the moment are uppermost, faithfully carries out the mysterious suggestions made to him. He acts just like a torpedo which is primed to explode at a specified instant, and goes off at that very instant.

The acts done by patients under suggestion have peculiar characteristics in their manner of execution, showing the all-powerfulness of the automatic activities that are brought into play. In fact, at the moment when the patient dimly feels that the time for the act is come, if you examine him you see a strange gleam in his face; his glance becomes unsteady and wavering, his motions are sudden and violent, and sometimes he is affected by a temporary absence of sensation; this is a special condition which is developed with an absolute beclouding of his conscious-

ness of the external world. Under these circumstances the explosion of the super-induced influence operates, and once accomplished the patient experiences a sensation of expansion, and gradually comes back to his normal condition, without remembering what has occurred. It thus seems a kind of passing madness, and when we see patients accomplish acts suggested to them with incredible speed and violence, we cannot fail to compare them to the impulsive acts of genuine lunatics. I should add that, while as a rule patients under suggestion say nothing about the impulses which they have received, there are still circumstances in which these same suggestions exhibit themselves by outward signs and produce states of pain and discomfort in the persons who have received them. I have seen a patient in a state of profound sadness about which he could give no explanation; he began to sob without knowing why, and to move about with no apparent motive. The sudden effacement of the saddening suggestion re-established his calmness and tranquillity of mind, and then the patient, unconsciously calm again, was astounded at the change which had been wrought within him. The effect of suggestions lasts for variable periods according to the receptivity of the patient and the nature of the suggestion. Bernheim, among other writers, cites a case where the suggestion took effect sixty-three days after it had been given.

The enormous influence of another person's words upon the nervous activity of a patient has been shown. This power can be used as a means of cure by its operation on sick people. The organic tissues of internal vitality can be modified and various alterations produced. These will be briefly dealt with hereafter.

*Fascination or Entrancement* (minor hypnotism).—Outside these various conditions of the higher hypnotism already treated, there is another series of similar phenomena constantly met with in actual practice, which represents, so to speak, a mixture of these different hypnotic states side by side in the same person. This mixed state has been principally studied by Dr. Brèmand, under the name of fascination. Some of its symptoms are akin to those of catalepsy, others to those of somnambulism. The symptoms peculiar to catalepsy are a fixity and wildness of look, motionlessness of limbs, which remain

in postures assigned to them; the features are stereotyped in a mute expression of profound surprise, and at the same time a kind of anxiety is manifested, the breathing is quickened, especially at the beginning of the crisis. The anæsthesia of the skin and of the mucous membranes is complete. They may be pricked with needles, gripped with pincers, and so on; but the fascinated persons feel nothing. The symptoms peculiar to somnambulism are as follows. The fascinated patients hear and reply to questions; but it must be remarked that the mental isolation from one's surroundings is never so complete as in the genuine state of somnambulism of the higher hypnotism. Some traces of memory remain, so that they know where they are and who it is that speaks to them. Still, they are liable to the suggestive influence, and may be guided in a definite direction, and particularly in the matter of therapeutic treatment, just as one gives suggestions to them. Fascination, then, is a juxtaposition of catalepsy and somnambulism. It is a special phase with nothing original in itself, but only a mixed intermediate condition. It has been produced by Dr. Brèmand either directly by a look or by a bright substance. I have found my revolving mirrors especially fitted to produce it, and in daily practice for the purpose of effecting useful cures, I prefer simple fascination to the production of the phases of the higher hypnotism. This is *par excellence* the field of hypnotism most fitted to be investigated; it is easily produced, rapidly developed in many patients, and absolutely without any risk. I have met with no disagreeable incident as yet in employing it. Thus it is peculiarly useful for therapeutic treatment.

The most remarkable fact about it is that it is compatible with the necessities of social life. Most of the persons on whom I have employed it are not hospital patients. They are usually men of business, clerks, shopwomen, and the like, whom one meets in the streets. They are generally brought in by friends who have had dealings with magnetizers; or they are instinctively attracted by the public exhibitions of hypnotism, and they come for any kind of ailment—a tired brain, dizziness, a dull aching, weakness of memory, and place themselves in the doctor's hands. They are sent to sleep by a re-

volving mirror and wake up relieved. After a week or so the sedative dose has spent its effect, and they come again to my consulting-room to renew their nervous forces. They are social types of a distinctive character, and their attitudes have not yet been made use of by novel-writers. It is difficult to get any statistics of the proportion of persons who are fit subjects for fascination. All we know is that a large number of persons with different social surroundings have a predisposition to it, and no doubt this number will vastly increase as the phenomena become popularly known and the powers of fascination become stronger. My own opinion is that, as an approximate average, thirty to thirty-five per cent. are liable to fascination.

#### PHENOMENA OF EXCESSIVE ACUTENESS OF SIGHT.

We have previously spoken of those strange phenomena, by virtue of which, in hypnotic states, the torpidity of certain faculties is found accompanied by the exaltation of others. Thus, in the somnambulistic phase, the subject does not see his surroundings; talk to him and he will recognize you by the sound of your voice, by the touch of your hand, but he does not see you; he does not see the place where he is, nor the person speaking to him; he is, as it were, in a dark place, or like one with his eyes bandaged. Well, in this special condition of diminution of visual impression, it is nevertheless strange to observe that there is a whole group of optic faculties which have reached a degree of extreme exaltation by a kind of compensation, while others are in a state of temporary effacement. Mental vision is absent, and physical vision rules alone.

Indeed, in certain circumstances, some subjects are so much out of equilibrium, that they cannot only read a few lines of a newspaper through the fissures of a thick pad of cotton-wool placed on their eyeballs, and kept in its place by a band, but they can even see special things which our eyes do not perceive. The nervous elements of their retina, acted on by a transitory hyperæmia, reach an extra-physiological degree of exaltation, which enables them to experience new sensations unknown by us. Thus they see the flames rising from the pole of a magnet;

they behold them with pleasure, and are astonished not to be burnt by them. All the subjects on whom I have up till now experimented have unanimously declared that they saw flames rising from the poles of a magnet; and flames of different coloring at the south pole and at the north.

Here is an experiment which gives an idea of the excessive acuteness of sight developed in a subject in a somnambulistic state: for instance, I give a subject, Ch., twenty pieces of white paper similar in appearance, at least to our eyes. I make a mark on the back of one of these pieces of paper, and I say to the subject in the somnambulistic phase: "Look at this piece of paper; there is a design on it; it is the portrait of Mr. X. Look well and tell me if you can see the portrait clearly." This done, I shuffle the twenty pieces of paper and I say to the subject: "Among these pieces of paper tell me where the portrait of Mr. X. is." He examines them in succession, and when he reaches the one I marked on the back, he does not hesitate, he instantly points it out. This is another phenomenon of excessive acuteness of physical vision: the subject saw on the marked piece of paper some spots, some peculiar unevennesses which escape us; he saw differences where we see none. It is he who can see and we who are blind; and by reason of this accidental and excessive keenness of sight he recognized the piece of paper that had been marked.

#### THE SEQUENCE OF THE PHASES OF HYPNOTISM.

We have already explained, in the course of this paper the regular sequence of phases in hypnotism showing that in the midst of the complex and various states comprised under that name, simple states similar to each other could be discerned, endowed with their own peculiar characters, and constituting, as it were, the fundamental colors of an actual spectrum, melting into each other by imperceptible gradations. We have shown that the various conditions—lethargy, catalepsy, and somnambulism—are developed in a regular series; and that the subject can be passed from the lethargic state to the cataleptic, and from the cataleptic to that of lucid somnambulism, just as in the analysis of the solar spectrum, blue, yellow, and red are seen to melt into each

other by the help of the intermediate tints of green and orange.

I have shown in my lectures the truth of this point of view, by an experiment easily repeated. I take, for instance, a small sphere of cast iron, of the size of a small orange. I hang it by a thread to a T-shaped fulcrum, so that when left to itself it may be able to describe a series of movements in horizontal rotation round its centre of suspension. This done, I place a subject underneath it at a distance of about ten to fifteen centimetres. He is awake, and is seated in a convenient position. I then give the little sphere a movement of rotation in space; it begins to turn round like a regular plumb-line. When it has revolved a few times, the subject, who has not been told about it, is seen to fall into lethargy; he goes to sleep spontaneously, and his condition is proved by the appearance of excessive neuro-muscular excitability. Then, the ball continuing to turn, and no word about it being said, the subject is seen of his own accord to open his eyes, pass into the higher phase, and present the state of catalepsy. The ball continuing its course, the process follows its natural evolution, and the subject enters the phase of somnambulism; he speaks, and then again he quickly changes his expression, and spontaneously reaches the phase of awakening. The experiment may then be stopped. The subject, who went to sleep spontaneously, awoke spontaneously, through the unexplained influence of the ball describing above his head a rotating movement. If the experiment is continued, a new cycle begins; the subject again falls into lethargy, then rises to catalepsy and somnambulism, and reappears again in the light of real life. The subject may thus unconsciously describe a series of ascending and descending curves, without the employment of any command, and merely by developing in him latent automatic activities.

The experiment may be varied by stopping the rotating movement of the ball at any intermediate phase, and in this way the cataleptic or somnambulist condition may be maintained.

This demonstration of the sequence of the hypnotic phases is clearly confirmed by setting in motion the nervous system of sensitive subjects by means of another sense—that of hearing. In fact, experi-

ments prove that by setting in motion the acoustic centres by a mechanical process, such as a soft-sounding whistle, or a few notes of Trouvè's foghorn, a series of the same conditions may be developed in succession. Thus, the sensitive subject, hearing a quick sound, falls immediately into lethargy; at another sound, he passes into a state of catalepsy; then, by means of another whistle, he becomes somnambulist; and, finally, through a last stimulus of sound, he is brought back to the awakened condition. A subject may, in this way, be led step by step from the lethargic to the awakened state; and, according to the wish of the operator, he may be left stationary for a long or a short time in any of the different phases.

#### POINTS OF LEGAL JURISPRUDENCE.

Obviously, these new conditions developed in mankind, these phases of sudden unconsciousness, these states of profound torpor, and these suggested impulses casually excited must cause a number of new problems to arise, which the administration of the law will have to take into consideration. New phenomena in psychology are here suddenly brought to light. Absolute astonishment is caused by them, and one cannot but think of a whole series of criminal acts carried out unconsciously by persons under suggestions, who have been sent in a given direction without their knowledge—acts which defy the law, because of the condition of irresponsibility in which the actors are. I can only here deal succinctly with the few points following, and refer my reader to my other works for detailed cases.

In the lethargic and cataleptic stages the patient is exclusively passive; he loses all consciousness of the world around him, and is therefore exposed defenceless to any attack and any outrage. He can be made in these states to swallow poison by a simple suggestion, inhale noxious gases, or become completely intoxicated without leaving any trace behind. Unconscious violations and indecent assaults may take place; even pregnancy has been produced without the patient having any recollection of its cause. Such cases are not very uncommon, and I am confident that doctors will come to find out in the course of time that many women who have been ruined have been under the influence of hypnotism. The somnambulist, too, is a malle-

able subject, capable of being directed in any fashion, reacting passively under the influence. He can be led to make a manual gift of property, and even to sign a promissory note, a bill, or any kind of contract. He is ready to carry out the most minute legal formulæ with a calm assurance which would deceive the most skilful lawyers. Indeed, how can notaries or witnesses suspect any fraud, when even the doctor needs all his experience and all his skill to avoid falling into error? In criminal matters, a man under suggestion can bring false accusations, and maintain earnestly that he has taken part in some horrible offence. Homicidal suggestions appear not to have been noticed by medical jurists, and hypnotical criminals have not yet been so fortunate as to be detected in an unmistakable manner. But as it is impossible to decide exactly how far such things may go, it is desirable that the minds of men should be turned in this direction, and that we should recognize that hypnotism produces in certain persons an extra-physiological condition and a kind of transitory madness which renders them dangerous to themselves and to others.

#### INFLUENCE OF CHEMICAL AND OTHER SUBSTANCES.

I have already alluded to the curious effects of certain substances when placed in certain parts of the bodies of hypnotized persons. The subject is new and requires a great deal of care and attention. I can here only succinctly sum it up by saying that the hypnotic state may develop in patients a peculiar over-excitability of the nervous system which renders them liable to the impressions of influences to which physically speaking they are wholly insensible. In order to produce the effects we may practice with any substances in small quantities in solution, used in tubes of glass closed and corked. These tubes may be laid on the skin, on the front part of the neck, either on the right or left side, in front of the ear, eye, nose, or lips, and the appropriate reactions are immediately brought about. They vary usually according to the side touched, the right or the left. To start with, the patient should be thrown into the lethargic stage, and the substance experimented with should be placed in front of the neck, care being taken not to utter a word. If

it is strong enough as, *e.g.*, strychnine, the patient opens his eyes directly and passes to the cataleptic stage of his own accord, then the specific action of the drug is set free and local contractions take place, or general contractions if strychnine is used. As soon as the tube is removed the terrifying symptoms gradually disappear, and the patient sinks back into lethargy. If other drugs are applied, spirituous drugs or opium, we must wait till the effect of the preceding substance has been got rid of; unless this is done, the experiment will not succeed and one only gets mistaken results. The test of their being got rid of is when the muscular over-excitability can be again produced on the surface of the forearm. If alcoholic liquid is used or laudanum, more complex effects follow. The patient is peculiarly excited, he goes up an ascending scale and passes through the cataleptic stage to somnambulism, and then, since the capacity of speech is natural to this stage, he talks and expresses his feelings. If he is under the influence of a tube containing brandy, he shows signs of drunkenness, he is dizzy or has symptoms of sickness; in some instances his speech is thick, and when the influence is prolonged, he falls down in the genuine condition of one overpowered by drink. Take away the tube and the symptoms of experimental alcoholization cease, and if the patient is left alone and not a word said to him, he puts himself by automatic movements into the primitive lethargic condition. Thus he has travelled up and down the scale and come back to where he started from. The effects of opium are shown in the same manner; it seems to produce special hallucinations of the power of hearing. The patient hears pleasant musical sounds; his memory brings back to him opera airs which have struck his fancy and sometimes he begins to sing.

I must now pass to the influences exerted by one hypnotized subject upon others. By the effect of hypnotism the nervous system is rendered excessively excitable. The emotional faculties reach a pitch of extraordinary excitement by reason of which a shock coming from one person is transmitted to another, if there is a natural sympathy between the two. If the one is separated from the other by a screen, and the one is put into a state of

depression and repulsion by placing a blue ball before his eyes, the other who is behind the screen is immediately affected in the same manner; he also becomes melancholy and tries to get away. A yellow ball has the opposite effect, making both of them lively and happy. Persons who are not sympathetic toward each other cannot produce these results. In a group of eight or ten persons put to sleep, I have seen some whose natures are unsympathetic in their normal condition, show by repellent and violent motions the special kind of dislike which affected them. This phase cannot fail to be of interest and to deserve careful study, leading as it does to the genesis of passion and to what is ordinarily termed instinctive attraction and repulsion. In this class of ideas I have discovered one new phenomenon which may give to suggestions a greater intensity and a greater energy than they at present exercise. I had a patient once under my care subject to epileptical vertigo. This man was seized at a given moment with the mad hallucinatory idea that he was poisoned; it was impossible to get a word from him, and for four days like a man who had really taken temporary leave of his senses, he refused all kinds of food. Naturally alarmed at this dangerous obstinacy, I endeavored to make suggestions to him by ordering him to eat, and telling him that his would-be poisoners were in the hands of the police. Four times I repeated this suggestion but in vain; the man merely repeated the phrase, "I will not eat." On the fourth day of this unexpected fast, I was about to have the man sent to an asylum where he could get special attention, when the idea occurred to me to make the suggestion to him through the medium of a patient in a state of hypnotism instead of through myself. I thought that if I brought together two persons in a similar psychical condition I might be able to establish a harmony between them and cause the one to understand the other. So I said to the intermediary whom I employed, "Go and tell your companion that his poisoners are arrested and that he must take his meals." The order was thus transmitted to him, and judge of my surprise and that of my assistants when we saw the man who was suffering from the delusion that he was poisoned, listen to the sympathetic voice and immediately reply that he would eat

his meals. In fact, on his awakening this man proceeded to eat whatever was put on the table for him, and had no consciousness of the period of delusion through which he had passed. Here we have again a new fact with regard to the influence exercised by the hypnotic state of one subject on another in a state of hypnotism, a fact which tends to show how we may be able to combat and get rid of obstinately fixed ideas and certain pathological disturbances, at any rate while they are fresh and have not had time to become imbedded in the mind.

#### THERAPEUTIC APPLICATIONS.

All these interesting investigations into the different hypnotic states which we have just set forth would be barren of result, and would deserve to be condemned as empty speculations, if they did not contribute therapeutic applications of the highest interest, destined to resound in the domain of acute and chronic diseases of the nervous system. Medicine finds in them quite a new means of action which will enable it to further extend the influence of a beneficent system of therapeutics. The new hypnotic therapeutics borrows its means of action chiefly from purely physical processes, which, acting on the peripheral extremities of the nerves, bring about central reactions of vital importance. The chief agencies are the vibrations of light and of magnetism, in the shape of rotating mirrors and magnetized rods or rings.

#### I. ROTATING MIRRORS.

Seeing the special influence of bright surfaces in rotation on the eyes and nervous system of larks, and keeping in mind at the same time the specially fascinating influence, pointed out by Braid, of a bright object on the human eye, I asked myself if these same bright surfaces of mirrors *à alouettes* might not produce identical effects on the eyes of man.

So I at once set about investigating in this direction, and I had the satisfaction of seeing that my forecast was correct. I placed some subjects whom I thought sensitive in the presence of these new engines of fascination, and to my great satisfaction I established the fact, that one could develop in them a special nervous state: viz., the minor hypnotism characterized by anæsthesia, the cataleptic con-



dition of the muscles, and the openness of the mind to suggestion.\*

Armed with this new means of action, I was enabled to apply the processes of hypnotic therapeutics to a larger number of subjects. These new instruments are like unwearying workmen, who multiply the isolated action of the hypnotizer. With them all the old processes are at once abandoned, which were so slow to set in motion, so uncertain in their results and tiring in practice; such as, fixing the look by means of the eye or a bright object, prolonged shutting of the eyes, and so forth. These are impersonal instruments untroubled by emotion; with them you go straight to the mark, and my personal experience proves to me every day that when used with method and discrimination they produce definite results; and, moreover, their use is quite harmless. I have never had the slightest accident with them. They may be used, firstly, alone, as a means of fascination; secondly, concurrently with electrization or suggestion. Their influence is effective in the case of nervous diseases in general, and in all the vague and diffuse forms of neuropathy, which are constantly met with in hysteria, epilepsy, chorea, vertigo, headache, insomnia; and I may say, even in the department of psychiatry, by modifying certain hallucinatory conditions. I may add that in obstetrics their anæsthetic influence may be very successfully made use of, and I have pointed out that in certain cases one may produce during the latter period of pregnancy, without any inconvenience, a state of fascination in some women, and thus end the lying-in painlessly. I have had already several instances of this.

In chronic diseases of the nervous system, the sedative influence of the rotating mirrors, used with discrimination, is again called upon to play a beneficent part. Following the example of Braid, I penetrated this special department, until now untouched by French doctors, and was able to accomplish truly surprising cures, the details of which I shall not give here.†

These are facts which have been con-

firmed every day in current practice, and which will stimulate the remarkable interest now legitimately aroused by hypnotic research.

## II. THE INFLUENCE OF MAGNETS. TRANSFERENCE.\*

This new method of therapeutics, which consists in the transmission of the nervous state of a diseased subject to a subject hypnotized by means of a magnetic rod, is one of the most curious and strange phenomena that have latterly been brought to light; and the results already obtained are so rapid and so marvellous and, I may add, so inoffensive, that I do not hesitate to say that this is a new method, of unknown power and incontestable efficacy, which in the near future is destined to govern the therapeutics of nervous diseases, not only in their acute, but also in their chronic manifestations, which, thanks to it, can be successfully modified. In addition to this, I say that psychiatry is destined to profit by these new processes, since the laws that regulate the dynamics of the elements of psychic activity are analogous to those regulating the purely neurological activities, and there is every reason to believe that the therapeutic methods which influence the latter must produce identical reactions on the former. Some experiments I have recently made confirm this opinion, and I reserve for some future time the communication of the results.

In what consists this new method called "transference?" Suppose a subject, A, afflicted with hysterical contraction, another, A', with shaking paralysis, and another, A'' with lateral hemiplegia, the result of an embolus in the brain. Each of these subjects, *without being put to sleep*, and wide awake, is placed in succession before a sensitive subject, B, who is in the phase of lethargy. This subject becomes for the time partner with A. A lays his hands on those of the sleeping subject, and an assistant, holding a big magnetized rod with three branches, moves it for a minute or two in front of the arms of the two subjects placed before him. He follows the line of the limbs, forming thus a circuit of continuous magnetization, and at the same time he takes good care only to work with the north pole (this is of

\* *Review of Hypnology*, 1890, p. 7, "On Fascination."

† See the *Review of Hypnology*, the hypnotic clinical bulletin of "La Charité" Hospital.

\* See the *Review of Hypnology*. "On Transference as a Therapeutic Method," p. 41.

vital importance), when he stops at the painful places pointed out by the patient.\*

After a few seconds, the contraction of A passes to his partner B, who has served as a receiver. This moment is announced by nervous shocks which appear in the arm of B, and indicate the moment of impregnation. The hands of the two partners are then separated and the patient A remains isolated. B, who has received the transfer of the morbid condition, is then taken in hand, and as he has remained in the lethargic condition, he is methodically awakened by passing him through the phases we have already indicated of catalepsy and somnambulism. When he has reached the stage of lucid somnambulism, it is well to stop in order to question him. A strange and convincing phenomenon then occurs which shows the study of neurological phenomena in quite a new light. Thus B speaks, but he no longer speaks as if he were B, as if he were himself; under the influence of the magnet, the nervous state of A with his contraction has been imparted to him: and with his contraction he has borrowed from him his psychic personality, and if, for example, B is a woman, she talks of her mustache, of her whiskers, of her short-cut hair: she takes the name of A, and gives the details of his illness, which are sometimes very precise, and have occasionally enabled me to make a more accurate diagnosis.

The experiment can also be varied thus: If you place in the presence of B a subject, A, suffering from tremors or shaking paralysis, B immediately receives the tremors of his partner and trembles in a rhythmic and continuous way, with all the characteristics of the real patient. If he be placed in connection with a subject, A' or A'', afflicted, for instance, with hemiplegia, by proceeding in the way we have just indicated with a magnet, the hemiplegia of A' is bodily transferred to B, together with flabbiness of the arm, loss of power in the leg, and, what is more, with deviation of the tongue and difficulty in speaking. In fact I have noticed that in certain circumstances, a subject suffering from palpitations could transfer to a receptive subject his own palpitations, and the increase in the heart-

beats could be detected instantaneously by auscultation. Sometimes the relief was immediate.

The transmission of the nervous state of a subject, A, to a receptive subject, B, is so manifest a reality, that by means of a dynamometer examined before and after the experiment you can measure the dynamic power lost by the receptive subject B and gained by the patient A. This quantity of acquired dynamic power is not always equal to the quantity emitted, but the physical fact in itself is proved. Paralytics who have for some time undergone transference gain on the left or the right side a dynamic power they did not possess before. Sometimes this gain amounts to 10 and 12 kilos after a few days, as can be confirmed by examining the clinical acts of my term of office at the Charité Hospital,\* and therein lies the true secret of the cure of certain chronic paraplegias and of the remarkable relief of a great number of nervous troubles of long standing.

As soon as the receptive subject B, in a state of lucid somnambulism, has revealed his neurological condition, and undergone the transference of the morbid condition of A, you awake him by the usual processes. The awakening takes place instantaneously, and at the same time that he becomes conscious of the exterior world, you witness that strange immediate disappearance of all the morbid conditions, of which he was the temporary support. Thus the phenomena of contractions and tremors vanish on the spot, and the impassive subject, unconscious of all that has passed, retains no memory, no feeling of suffering, and even asks for a new transference: for you must know that the subjects used as transfers are all neuropathic, and have a dim idea that in this way they get rid of some of their ill-balanced nervous force. The sole result is the relief of the patient, whose condition is sometimes modified at once, or, as a general rule, after the expiration of two or three hours.

These are indeed strange phenomena which upset what we think we know in neurology, and in some respects approach the marvellous. But whatever one may say or think, they are real facts. They are therapeutic effects which are verified

\* See the isolated influence of each pole of a magnetized rod at the end of this article.

\* See the clinical bulletins in each number of the *Review of Hypnology*.

every day, and may be confirmed by the clinical bulletins of the Charité. I rejoice to think that these new studies, true daughters of modern hypnotic research, of which they are the practical incarnation, will in the near future take that legitimate share of influence in the treatment of nervous illnesses to which they are entitled. Their harmlessness is in their favor; they present no danger. They can be rapidly and easily used, and their sphere of influence is considerable: it extends at once into the domain of psychic and into that of purely neurological activity.

#### THE PSYCHIC INFLUENCE OF MAGNETS.

In the group of therapeutic influences the results of which I have just given, I cannot pass over in silence the special influence of magnetized rods on psychic phenomena in the case of hypnotized subjects; and the special way in which they modify the centres of emotion. I have in fact noticed that if you present the north pole of a magnetized rod to a subject in a state of lethargy,\* you arouse in him movements of joy and expansion of feeling, and that if you connect him with the south pole, movements of repulsion appear; and, finally, that if one of his hands be put in contact with the north pole and the other with the south, a special condition is observed—an emotional resultant of the two forces previously indicated, an actual state of alternating experiences.

You take, for instance, a large rod with three branches, and place it in a horizontal position, the north pole being directed toward the sensitive subject in a state of lethargy. After a few seconds, the magnetic influence becomes manifest, the subject stretches his hand toward the magnet, takes it, and after suffering a slight shock which indicates that he is penetrated by the magnetic influence, he takes the magnet by the north pole and contemplates it with delight. He passes into the somnambulistic state and then he speaks; he communicates his impressions and emotions.

"What do you see?" you ask him, "and why are you so pleased?"

"I see flames," he says, "flames of various colors, and I love to look at them.†

Oh, how happy I am! I feel so well; I should like to live always in this condition."

If, at this conjuncture, the pole of the magnet is suddenly changed and the north pole is replaced by the south, an instantaneous alteration is visible in the subject. Terror and profound uneasiness appear; the subject, with irritated looks and a shrinking expression, pushes away the magnet and throws it violently on the ground. There is in this scene a series of acts which brings to mind the repelling movements of the magnetic needle in the presence of a pole of the same denomination.

Finally, the subject having returned to a state of lethargy, if one pole of the rod is placed in one hand and the other pole in the other hand, two opposite counterbalancing forces, the attracting element and the repelling, are united in the same subject; the reaction on the regions of emotion is logical; the patient is influenced by two forces of different natures, which reveal their characteristics in the shape of a neutral condition, a kind of resultant; and the impassive subject interprets this nervous state by a characteristic phrase: "Do with me what you will: it is all the same to me: I am quite indifferent."

These curious studies, which are still in their infancy, are, in my opinion, susceptible of practical applications of some importance from the point of view of therapeutics, namely, in certain psychopathic conditions accompanied by sadness and depression. It has already happened with certain sensitive subjects presenting emotional conditions of a gloomy tendency that I have subjected them for some time to the beatifying influence of a magnetized rod; and I have observed a remarkable change in their temper and a relief from their depressed state. These are delicate experiments on the value of which it is not yet possible to pronounce an unqualified judgment, but we think, nevertheless, that when they have been accurately studied they will enable us to introduce into the order of psychological phenomena some modifications of the greatest importance.—*Fortnightly Review*.

\* *Review of Hypnology*, p. 74.

† Reichenbach in his experimental studies already observed the fact, that hypnotic sub-

jects perceive flames at the poles of magnets. We have often verified this discovery.

## FISH AS FATHERS.

COMPARATIVELY little is known as yet, even in this age of publicity, about the domestic arrangements and private life of fishes. Not that the creatures themselves shun the wiles of the interviewer, or are at all shy and retiring, as a matter of delicacy, about their family affairs; on the contrary, they display a striking lack of reticence in their native element, and are so far from pushing parental affection to a quixotic extreme that many of them, like the common rabbit immortalized by Mr. Squeers, "frequently devour their own offspring." But nature herself opposes certain obvious obstacles to the pursuit of knowledge in the great deep, which render it difficult for the ardent naturalist, however much he may be so disposed, to carry on his observations with the same facility as in the case of birds and quadrupeds. You can't drop in upon most fish, casually, in their own homes; and when you confine them in aquariums, where your opportunities of watching them through a sheet of plate-glass are considerably greater, most of the captives get huffy under the narrow restrictions of their prison life, and obstinately refuse to rear a brood of hereditary helots for the mere gratification of your scientific curiosity.

Still, by hook and by crook (especially the former), by observation here and experiment there, naturalists in the end have managed to piece together a considerable mass of curious and interesting information of an out-of-the-way sort about the domestic habits and manners of sundry piscine races. And, indeed, the morals of fish are far more varied and divergent than the uniform nature of the world they inhabit might lead an *a priori* philosopher to imagine. To the eye of the mere casual observer every fish would seem at first sight to be a mere fish, and to differ but little in sentiments and ethical culture from all the rest of his remote cousins. But when one comes to look closer at their character and antecedents, it becomes evident at once that there is a deal of unsuspected originality and caprice about sharks and flat-fish. Instead of conforming throughout to a single plan, as the young, the gay, the giddy, and the thoughtless are too prone to conclude, fish are in reality as various and variable in their mode of

life as any other great group in the animal kingdom. Monogamy and polygamy, socialism and individualism, the patriarchal and matriarchal types of government, the oviparous and viviparous methods of reproduction, perhaps even the dissidence of dissent and esoteric Buddhism, all alike are well represented in one family or another of this extremely eclectic and philosophically unprejudiced class of animals.

If you want a perfect model of domestic virtue, for example, where can you find it in higher perfection than in that exemplary and devoted father, the common great pipe-fish of the North Atlantic and the British Seas? This high-principled lophobranch is so careful of his callow and helpless young that he carries about the unhatched eggs with him under his own tail, in what scientific ichthyologists pleasantly describe as a sub-caudal pouch or cutaneous receptacle. There they hatch out in perfect security, free from the dangers that beset the spawn and fry of so many other less tender-hearted kinds; and as soon as the little pipe-fish are big enough to look after themselves the sac divides spontaneously down the middle, and allows them to escape, to shift for themselves in the broad Atlantic. Even so, however, the juniors take care always to keep tolerably near that friendly shelter, and creep back into it again on any threat of danger, exactly as baby kangaroos do into their mother's marsupium. The father-fish, in fact, has gone to the trouble and expense of developing out of his own tissues a membranous bag, on purpose to hold the eggs and young during the first stages of their embryonic evolution. This bag is formed by two folds of the skin, one of which grows out from each side of the body, the free margins being firmly glued together in the middle by a natural exudation, while the eggs are undergoing incubation, but opening once more in the middle to let the little fish out as soon as the process of hatching is fairly finished.

So curious a provision for the safety of the young in the pipe-fish may be compared to some extent, as I hinted above, with the pouch in which kangaroos and other marsupial animals carry their cubs after birth, till they have attained an age of complete independence. But the

strangest part of it all is the fact that while in the kangaroo it is the mother who owns the pouch and takes care of the young, in the pipe-fish it is the father, on the contrary, who thus specially provides for the safety of his defenceless offspring. And what is odder still, this topsy-turvy arrangement (as it seems to us) is the common rule throughout the class of fishes. For the most part, it must be candidly admitted by their warmest admirer, fish make very bad parents indeed. They lay their eggs anywhere on a suitable spot, and as soon as they have once deposited them, like the ostrich in Job, they go on their way rejoicing, and never bestow another passing thought upon their deserted progeny. But if ever a fish *does* take any pains in the education and social upbringing of its young, you're pretty sure to find on inquiry it's the father—not as one would naturally expect, the mother—who devotes his time and attention to the congenial task of hatching or feeding them. It is he who builds the nest, and sits upon the eggs, and nurses the young, and imparts moral instruction (with a snap of his jaw or a swish of his tail) to the bold, the truant, the cheeky, or the imprudent; while his unnatural spouse, well satisfied with her own part in having merely brought the helpless eggs into this world of sorrow, goes off on her own account in the giddy whirl of society, forgetful of the sacred claims of her wriggling offspring upon a mother's heart.

In the pipe-fish family, too, the ardent evolutionist can trace a whole series of instructive and illustrative gradations in the development of this instinct and the corresponding pouch-like structure among the male fish. With the least highly-evolved types, like the long-nosed pipe-fish of the English Channel, and many allied forms from European seas, there is no pouch at all, but the father of the family carries the eggs about with him, glued firmly on to the surface of his abdomen by a natural mucus. In a somewhat more advanced tropical kind, the ridges of the abdomen are slightly dilated, so as to form an open groove, which loosely holds the eggs, though its edges do not meet in the middle as in the great pipe-fish. Then come yet other more progressive forms, like the great pipe-fish himself, where the folds meet so as to produce a complete sac, which opens at maturity to let out its lit-

tle inmates. And finally, in the common Mediterranean sea-horses, which you can pick up by dozens on the Lido at Venice, and a specimen of which exists in the dried form in every domestic museum, the pouch is permanently closed by coalescence of the edges, leaving a narrow opening in front, through which the small hippocampi creep out one by one as soon as they consider themselves capable of buffeting the waves of the Adriatic.

Fish that take much care of their offspring naturally don't need to produce eggs in the same reckless abundance as those dissipated kinds that leave their spawn exposed on the bare sandy bottom, at the mercy of every comer who chooses to take a bite at it. They can afford to lay a smaller number, and to make each individual egg much larger and richer in proportion than their rivals. This plan, of course, enables the young to begin life far better provided with muscles and fins than the tiny little fry which come out of the eggs of the improvident species. For example, the cod-fish lays nine million odd eggs; but anybody who has ever eaten fried cod's-roe must needs have noticed that each individual ovum was so very small as to be almost indistinguishable to the naked eye. Thousands of these infinitesimal specks are devoured before they hatch out by predaceous fish; thousands more of the young fry are swallowed alive during their helpless infancy by the enemies of their species. Imagine the very fractional amount of parental affection which each of the nine million must needs put up with! On the other hand, there is a paternally-minded group of cat-fish known as the genus *Arius* of Ceylon, Australia, and other tropical parts, the males of which carry about the ova loose in their mouths, or rather in an enlargement of the pharynx, somewhat resembling the pelican's pouch; and the spouses of these very devoted sires lay accordingly only very few ova, all told, but each almost as big as a hedge sparrow's egg—a wonderful contrast to the tiny mites of the cod-fish. To put it briefly, the greater the amount of protection afforded the eggs, the smaller the number and the larger the size. And conversely, the larger the size of the egg to start with, the better fitted to begin the battle of life is the young fish when first turned out on a cold world upon his own resources.

This is a general law, indeed, that runs through all nature, from London slums to the deep sea. Wasteful species produce many young, and take but little care of them when once produced. Economical species produce very few young, but start each individual well-equipped for its place in life, and look after them closely till they can take care of themselves in the struggle for existence. And on the average, however many or however few the offspring to start with, just enough attain maturity in the long run to replace their parents in the next generation. Were it otherwise, the sea would soon become one solid mass of herring, cod, and mackerel.

These cat-fish, however, are not the only good fathers that carry their young (like woodcock) in their own mouths. A fresh-water species of the Sea of Galilee, *Chromis andreae* by name (dedicated by science to the memory of that fisherman apostle, St. Andrew, who must often have netted them), has the same habit of hatching out its young in its own gullet: and here again it is the male fish upon whom this apparently maternal duty devolves, just as it is the male cassowary that sits upon the eggs of his unnatural mate, and the male emu that tends the nest, while the hen bird looks on superciliously and contents herself with exercising a general friendly supervision of the nursery department. I may add parenthetically that in most fish families the eggs are fertilized after they have been laid, instead of before, which no doubt accounts for the seeming anomaly.

Still, good mothers too may be found among fish, though far from frequently. One of the Guiana cat-fishes, known as *Aspredo*, very much resembles her countrywoman the Surinam toad in her nursery arrangements. Of course you know the Surinam toad—whom not to know argues yourself unknown—that curious creature that carries her eggs in little pits on her back, where the young hatch out and pass through their tadpole stage in a slimy fluid, emerging at last from the cells of this living honeycomb only when they have attained the full amphibian honors of four-legged maturity. Well, *Aspredo* among cat-fish manages her brood in much the same fashion; only she carries her eggs beneath her body instead of on her back like her amphibious rival. When spawning time approaches, and *Aspredo's*

fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, the lower side of her trunk begins to assume, by anticipation, a soft and spongy texture, honeycombed with pits, between which are arranged little spiky protuberances. After laying her eggs, the mother lies flat upon them on the river bottom, and presses them into the spongy skin, where they remain safely attached until they hatch out and begin to manage for themselves in life. It is curious that the only two creatures on earth which have hit out independently this original mode of providing for their offspring should both be citizens of Guiana, where the rivers and marshes must probably harbor some special danger to be thus avoided, not found in equal intensity in other fresh waters.

A prettily marked fish of the Indian Ocean, allied, though not very closely, to the pipe-fishes, has also the distinction of handing over the young to the care of the mother instead of the father. Its name is *Solenostoma* (I regret that no more popular title exists), and it has a pouch, formed in this case by a pair of long broad fins, within which the eggs are attached by interlacing threads that push out from the body. Probably in this instance nutriment is actually provided through these threads for the use of the embryo, in which case we must regard the mechanism as very closely analogous indeed to that which obtains among mammals.

Some few fish, indeed, are truly viviparous; among them certain blennies and carps, in which the eggs hatch out entirely within the body of the mother. One of the most interesting of these divergent types is the common Californian and Mexican silver-fish, an inhabitant of the bays and inlets of sub-tropical America. Its chief peculiarity and title to fame lies in the extreme bigness of its young at birth. The full-grown fish runs to about ten inches in length, fisherman's scale, while the fry measure as much as three inches apiece; so that they lie, as Professor Seeley somewhat forcibly expresses it, "packed in the body of the parent, as close as herrings in a barrel." This strange habit of retaining the eggs till after they have hatched out is not peculiar to fish among egg-laying animals, for the common little brown English lizard is similarly viviparous, though most of its relatives elsewhere deposit their eggs to

be hatched by the heat of the sun in earth or sandbanks.

Mr. Hannibal Chollop, if I recollect aright, once shot an imprudent stranger for remarking in print that the ancient Athenians, that inferior race, had got ahead in their time of the modern Loco-foco ticket. But several kinds of fish have undoubtedly got ahead in this respect of the common reptilian ticket; for instead of leaving about their eggs anywhere on the loose to take care of themselves, they build a regular nest, like birds, and sit upon their eggs till the fry emerge from them. All the sticklebacks, for instance, are confirmed nest-builders: but here once more it is the male, not the female, who weaves the materials together and takes care of the eggs during their period of incubation. The receptacle itself is made of fibres of waterweeds or stalks of grass, and is open at both ends to let a current pass through. As soon as the lordly little polygamist has built it, he coaxes and allures his chosen mates into the entrance, one by one, to lay their eggs; and then, when the nest is full, he mounts guard over them bravely, fanning them with his fins, and so keeping up a continual supply of oxygen, which is necessary for the proper development of the embryo within. It takes a month's sitting before the young hatch out, and even after they appear this excellent father (little Turk though he be, and savage warrior for the stocking of his harem) goes out attended by all his brood whenever he sallies forth for a morning constitutional in search of caddis-worms, which shows that there may be more good than we imagine, after all, in the domestic institutions even of people who don't agree with us.

The bullheads or miller's thumbs, those quaint big-headed beasts which divide with the sticklebacks the polite attentions of ingenious British youth, are also nest-builders, and the male fish are said to anxiously watch and protect their offspring during their undisciplined nonage. Equally domestic are the habits of those queer shapeless creatures, the marine lump-suckers, which fasten themselves on to rocks, like limpets, by their strange sucking disks, and defy all the efforts of enemy or fisherman to dislodge them by main force from their well-chosen position. The pretty little tropical walking-fish of the filuroid tribe—those fish out of water

about which I once discoursed in this magazine—carry the nest-making instinct a point further, for they go ashore boldly at the beginning of the rainy season in their native woods, and scoop out a hole in the beach as a place of safety, in which they make regular nests of leaves and other terrestrial materials to hold their eggs. Then father and mother take turns—about at looking after the hatching, and defend the spawn with great zeal and courage against all intruders.

I regret to say, however, there are other unprincipled fish which display their affection and care for their young in far more questionable and unpleasant manners. For instance, there is that uncanny creature that inserts its parasitic fry as a tiny egg inside the unsuspecting shells of mussels and cockles. Our fishermen are only too well acquainted, again, with one unpleasant marine lamprey, the hag or borer, so called because it lives parasitically upon other fishes, whose bodies it enters, and then slowly eats them up from within outward, till nothing at all is left of them but skin, scales, and skeleton. They are repulsive eel-shaped creatures, blind, soft, and slimy; their mouth consists of a hideous rasping sucker; and they pour out from the glands on their sides a copious mucus, which makes them as disagreeable to handle as they are unsightly to look at. Mackerel and cod are the hag's principal victims; but often the fisherman draws up a hag-eaten haddock on the end of his line, of which not a wrack remains but the hollow shell or bare outer simulacrum. As many as twenty of these disgusting parasites have sometimes been found within the body of a single cod-fish.

Yet see how carefully nature provides nevertheless for the due reproduction of even her most loathsome and revolting creations. The hag not only lays a small number of comparatively large and well-stored eggs, but also arranges for their success in life by supplying each with a bundle of threads at either end, every such thread terminating at last in a triple hook, like those with which we are so familiar in the case of adhesive fruits and seeds, like burrs or cleavers. By means of these barbed processes, the eggs attach themselves to living fishes; and the young borer, as soon as he emerges from his horny covering, makes his way at once into the body of his unconscious host,

whom he proceeds by slow degrees to devour alive with relentless industry, from the intestines outward. This beautiful provision of nature enables the infant hag to start in life at once in very snug quarters upon a ready-made fish preserve. I understand, however, that cod-fish philosophers, actuated by purely personal and selfish conceptions of utility, refuse to admit the beauty or beneficence of this most satisfactory arrangement for the borer species.

Probably the best known of all fishes' eggs, however (with the solitary exception of the sturgeon's, commonly observed between brown bread and butter, under the name of caviare), are the queer leathery purse-shaped ova of the sharks, rays, skates, and dog-fishes. Everybody has picked them up on the seashore, where children know them as devil's purses and devil's wheelbarrows. Most of these queer eggs are oblong and quadrangular, with the four corners produced into a sort of handles or streamers, often ending in long tendrils, and useful for attaching them to corallines or seaweeds on the bed of the ocean. But it is worth noticing that in color the egg-cases closely resemble the common wrack to which they are oftenest fastened; and as they wave up and down in the water with the dark mass around them, they must be almost indistinguishable from the wrack itself by the keenest-sighted of their enemies. This protective resemblance, coupled with the toughness and slipperiness of their leathery envelope or egg-shell, renders them almost perfectly secure from all evil-minded intruders. As a consequence, the dog fish lay but very few eggs each season, and those few, large and well provided with nutriment for their spotted offspring. It is these purses, and those of the thornback and the edible skate, that we oftenest pick up on the English coast. The larger oceanic sharks are mostly viviparous.

In some few cases, indeed, among the shark and ray family, the mechanism for protection goes a step or two further than in these simple kinds. That well-known frequenter of Australian harbors, the Port Jackson shark, lays a pear-shaped egg, with a sort of spiral staircase of leathery ridges winding round it outside, Chinese pagoda wise, so that even if you bite it (I speak in the person of a predaceous fish) it eludes your teeth, and goes dodging off

screw-fashion into the water beyond. There's no getting at this evasive body anywhere; when you think you have it, it wriggles away sideways, and refuses to give any hold for jaws or palate. In fact, a more slippery or guileful egg was never yet devised by nature's unconscious ingenuity. Then, again, the antarctic chimera (so called from its very unprepossessing personal appearance) relies rather upon pure deception than upon mechanical means for the security of its eggs. The shell or case in this instance is prolonged at the edge into a kind of broad wing on either side, so that it exactly resembles one of the large flat leaves of the antarctic fucus in whose midst it lurks. It forms the high-water mark, I fancy, of protective resemblance among eggs, for not only is the margin leaf-like in shape, but it is even gracefully waved and fringed with floating hairs, as is the fashion with the expanded fronds of so many among the gigantic far-southern seaweeds.

A most curious and interesting set of phenomena are those which often occur when a group of fishes, once marine, take by practice to inhabiting freshwater rivers; or, *vice versa*, when a freshwater kind, moved by an aspiration for more expansive surroundings, takes up its residence in the sea as a naturalized marine. Whenever such a change of address happens, it usually follows that the young fry cannot stand the conditions of the new home to which their ancestors were unaccustomed—we all know the ingrained conservatism of children—and so the parents are obliged once a year to undertake a pilgrimage to their original dwelling-place for the breeding season.

Extreme cases of terrestrial animals, once aquatic in habits, throw a flood of lurid light (as the newspapers say) upon the reason why this should be so. For example, frogs and toads develop from tadpoles, which in all essentials are true gill-breathing fish. It is therefore obvious that they cannot lay their eggs on dry land, where the tadpoles would be unable to find anything to breathe; so that even the driest and most tree-haunting toads must needs repair to the water once a year to deposit their spawn in its native surroundings. Once more, crabs pass their earlier larval stages as free-swimming crustaceans, somewhat shrimp-like in appearance, and as agile as fleas: it is only by gradual meta-



morphosis that they acquire their legs and claws and heavy pedestrian habits. Now there are certain kinds of crab, like the West Indian land-crabs (those dainty morsels whose image every epicure who has visited the Antilles still enshrines with regret in a warm corner of his heart), which have taken in adult life to walking bodily on shore, and visiting the summits of the highest mountains, like the fish of Deucalion's deluge in Horace. But once a year, as the land-crabs bask in the sun on St. Catharine's Peak or the Fern Walk, a strange instinctive longing comes over them automatically to return for a while to their native element; and, obedient to that inner monitor of their race, down they march in thousands, *velut agmine facto*, to lay their eggs at their leisure in Port Royal harbor. On the way, the negroes catch them, all full of rich coral, waiting to be spawned; and Chloe or Dinah serves them up hot, with bread-crumbs, in their own red shells, neatly nestling between the folds of a nice white napkin. The rest run away, and deposit their eggs in the sea, where the young hatch out, and pass their larval stage once more as free and active little swimming crustaceans.

Well, crabs, I need hardly explain in this age of enlightenment, are *not* fish; but their actions help to throw a side-light on the migratory instinct in salmon, eels, and so many other true fish which have changed with time their aboriginal habits. The salmon himself, for instance, is by descent a trout, and in the parr stage he is even now almost indistinguishable from many kinds of river-trout that never migrate seaward at all. But at some remote period, the ancestors of the true salmon took to going down to the great deep in search of food, and being large and active fish, found much more to eat in the salt water than ever they had discovered in their native streams. So they settled permanently in their new home, as far as their own lives went at least; though they found the tender young could not stand the brine that did no harm to the tougher constitutions of the elders. No doubt the change was made gradually, a bit at a time, through brackish water, the species getting farther and farther seaward down bays and estuaries with successive generations, but always returning to spawn in its native river, as all well-behaved salmon do

to the present moment. At last, the habit hardened into an organic instinct, and nowadays the young salmon hatch out like their fathers as parr in fresh water, then go to the sea in the grilse stage and grow enormously, and finally return as full-grown salmon to spawn and breed in their particular birthplace.

Exactly the opposite fate has happened to the eels. The salmonoids as a family are freshwater fish, and by far the greater number of kinds—trout, charr, whitefish, grayling, pollan, vendace, gwyniad, and so forth—are inhabitants of lakes, streams, ponds, and rivers, only a very small number having taken permanently or temporarily to a marine residence. But the eels, as a family, are a saltwater group, most of their allies, like the congers and murænas, being exclusively confined to the sea, and only a very small number of aberrant types having ever taken to invading inland waters. If the life-history of the salmon, however, has given rise to as much controversy as the Mar peerage, the life-history of the eel is a complete mystery. To begin with, nobody has ever so much as distinguished between male and female eels; except microscopically, eels have never been seen in the act of spawning, nor observed anywhere with mature eggs. The ova themselves are wholly unknown: the mode of their production is a dead secret. All we know is this: that eels never reproduce in fresh water; that a certain number of adults descend the rivers to the sea, irregularly, during the winter months; and that some of these must presumably spawn with the utmost circumspection in brackish water or in the deep sea, for in the course of the summer myriads of young eels, commonly called grigs, and proverbial for their merriment, ascend the rivers in enormous bodies, and enter every smaller or larger tributary.

If we know little about the paternity and maternity of eels, we know a great deal about their childhood and youth, or, to speak more eelishly, their grigginess and elverhood. The young grigs, when they do make their appearance, leave us in no doubt at all about their presence or their reality. They wriggle up weirs, walls, and floodgates; they force their way bodily through chinks and apertures; they find out every drain, pipe, or conduit in a given plane rectilinear figure; and when all other spots have been fully

occupied, they take to dry land, like veritable snakes, and cut straight across country for the nearest lake, pond, or ornamental waters. These swarms or migrations are known to farmers as eel-fairs; but the word ought more properly to be written eel-fares, as the eels then fare or travel up the streams to their permanent quarters. A great many eels, however, never migrate seaward at all, and never seem to attain to years of sexual maturity. They merely bury themselves under stones in winter, and live and die as celibates in their inland retreats. So very terrestrial do they become, indeed, that eels have been taken with rats or field-mice undigested in their stomachs.

The sturgeon is another more or less migratory fish, originally (like the salmon) of freshwater habits, but now partially marine, which ascends its parent stream for spawning during the summer season. Incredible quantities are caught for caviare in the great Russian rivers. At one point on the Volga, a hundred thousand people collect in spring for the fishery, and work by relays, day and night continuously, as long as the sturgeon are going up stream. On some of the tributaries, when fishing is intermitted for a single day, the sturgeons have been known to completely fill a river 360 feet wide, so that the backs of the uppermost fish were pushed out of the water. (I take this statement, not from the "Arabian Nights," as the scoffer might imagine, but from that most respectable authority, Professor Seeley.) Still, in spite of the enormous quantity killed, there is no danger of any falling off in the supply for the future, for every fish lays from two to three million eggs, each of which, as caviare eaters well know, is quite big enough to be distinctly seen with the naked eye in the finished product.

The best caviare is simply bottled exactly as found, with the addition merely of a little salt. No man of taste can pretend to like the nasty sun-dried sort, in which the individual eggs are reduced to

a kind of black pulp, and pressed hard with the feet into doubtful barrels.

In conclusion, let me add one word of warning as to certain popular errors about the young fry of sundry well-known species. Nothing is more common than to hear it asserted that sprats are only immature herring. This is a complete mistake. Believe it not. Sprats are a very distinct species of the herring genus, and they never grow much bigger than when they appear, *brochets*, at table. The largest adult sprat measures only six inches, while full-grown herring may attain as much as fifteen. Moreover, herring have teeth on the palate, always wanting in sprats, by which means the species may be readily distinguished at all ages. When in doubt, therefore, do not play trumps, but examine the palate. On the other hand, whitebait, long supposed to be a distinct species, has now been proved by Dr. Günther, the greatest of ichthyologists, to consist chiefly of the fry or young of herring. To complete our discomfiture, the same eminent authority has also shown that the pilchard and the sardine, which we thought so unlike, are one and the same fish, called by different names according as he is caught off the Cornish coast or in Breton, Portuguese, or Mediterranean waters. Such aliases are by no means uncommon among his class. To say the plain truth, fish are the most variable and ill-defined of animals; they differ so much in different habitats, so many hybrids occur between them, and varieties merge so readily by imperceptible stages into one another, that only an expert can decide in doubtful cases—and every expert carefully reverses the last man's opinion. Let us at least be thankful that whitebait by any other name would eat as nice; that science has not a single whisper to breathe against their connection with lemon; and that whether they are really the young of *Clupea harengus* or not, the supply at Billingsgate shows no symptom of falling short of the demand. —*Cornhill Magazine*.

## THE PREHISTORIC RACES OF ITALY.

BY CANON ISAAC TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.

NOWHERE in the world is there such a mixture of races—such a *conlucies gentium*—as in Italy.

At the beginning of the historic period we find Siculi and Sicani in the south, Etruscans in the north, and in the centre Umbrians, Latins, Sabines, and Samnites, all speaking Aryan languages. At a very early time the Carthaginians made good their footing in the west of Sicily, and the Greeks established colonies in the east. Southern Italy became Magna Græcia—so that the greater Greece lay beyond the Adriatic, just as the greater Britain now lies beyond the Atlantic. The Greeks pushed their trading posts as far as Cumæ in the Bay of Naples, and the Phœnicians established theirs at Cære, twenty miles from Rome.

In the fourth century B.C. the Gauls poured over the Alps into the plain of the Po, establishing a Gallia Cisalpina in the north, answering to the Magna Græcia in the south.

And then, when the Roman legions had conquered Italy and the eastern world, Rome herself was overrun by the peoples she had subdued. Rome became an oriental city. The Orontes, as a Roman writer complained, had emptied itself into the Tiber. A flood of Syrians, Jews, Greeks, Egyptians, Africans, Spaniards, Gauls, and Dacians—slaves, freedmen, or adventurers—poured into the Eternal City, making it a *cloaca maxima*—the universal sewer of the world. Then came the inroads of the northern hordes—Heruls, Goths, Vandals, Huns, and Lombards—who rushed in to appropriate the treasures which during four centuries had been plundered from Africa and Asia. Next came the inroads of Normans, Moors, Spaniards, French, and Germans, and, lastly, the peaceable invasion of winter residents.

These are the races which, in historic times, have been added to the prehistoric peoples of the land.

At the beginning of the historic period we find the Etruscans established north of the Tiber, the Latins and other tribes speaking Aryan languages further to the

south, and an earlier aboriginal population in the Apennines and Calabria.

In books written only thirty years ago the oldest civilization of Italy is attributed to a mysterious people, who are called the Pelasgi. We hear of these Pelasgi in Greece as well as in Italy. Those megalithic structures which still excite our wonder—the walls of Mycenæ and Tiryns, as well as those of Cortona and Rusellæ—are called Pelasgic. Cære and Cortona are said to have been Pelasgic cities prior to the Etruscan conquest. We must, therefore, begin by asking who were these Pelasgi. The modern doctrine, it is hardly needful to say, is that the word has no ethnological significance, the name Pelasgic being merely equivalent to “ancient” or “aboriginal.” The term was a term of ignorance, like the word “natives” now applied to Polynesians, Patagonians, Red Indians, or Maoris. We may, therefore, leave the Pelasgians out of account; or, rather, try and find out what races were grouped together by ancient writers under this convenient but delusive appellation. What we may call “the ethnological horizon” has wonderfully widened of late years. For vast periods, for many millenniums, we are able to trace the history of man in Europe. He is now proved to have been the contemporary of the great extinct carnivora and pachyderms, and to have followed northward the retreating ice sheet of the last glacial epoch. The history of these primeval races has been traced by the tools and weapons which they have left, and by the shape and character of their skulls.

Archæologists have distinguished the successive ages of stone, bronze, and iron. The bronze age in Italy is believed to have commenced some four thousand years ago. The stone age, which preceded it, is divided into two epochs, the Palæolithic age, or age of chipped flints, and the Neolithic age, when the flint implements were ground or polished. The Palæolithic people were utter savages, clad in skins, living in caves or rock shelters, making use of no fixed sepulchres, subsisting on shell fish or the products of the chase,

ignorant of pottery, without bows and arrows, and armed merely with spears, tipped with flint, horn, or bone.

Skulls which are believed to be of Palæolithic age have been found in various parts of Italy—at Olmo, at Isola del Liri, at Mentone, and in some Sicilian caves. They are all dolichocephalic, or long skulls. Owing to the presence in their refuse heaps of human bones which seem to have been broken in order to extract the marrow, it is believed that these people occasionally practised cannibalism. But their chief food seems to have consisted of wild horses of a small breed, which then roamed over Europe in immense herds. Enormous refuse heaps, consisting mainly of the bones of horses, have been found outside the caves which were inhabited by this race. In the caves at the foot of Monte Pellegrino, near Palermo, the floor is formed by a *magma* of the bones of wild horses, which were either stalked with spears, driven by the hunters into pit-falls, or chased over the cliffs. Similar deposits have been found at the cave of Thäyngen in Switzerland, and in front of the rock shelter at Solutré, near Macon, where there is a vast deposit, the relics of the feasts of these savages, nearly ten feet in thickness, and more than 300 feet in length, composed entirely of the bones of horses, and comprising the remains of from 20,000 to 40,000 individuals.

The Palæolithic period must have lasted for unnumbered millenniums. Archæologists conjecture that it came to an end some 20,000 years ago, when it was succeeded by the Neolithic period, which may have lasted for some 16,000 years. At the beginning of the Neolithic age, when regular sepulchres were first used, we find savages, who may probably be the descendants of the Palæolithic people, spread over Western Europe. They were clad in skins, stitched together with bone needles. They wore bracelets of shells, and painted or tattooed their bodies with red oxide of iron. Broca considers that this early race is allied to the North African tribes, their language probably belonging to the Hamitic class, without inflections, and almost without grammar.

To us the chief interest of these people lies in the fact that their descendants may probably be traced in the present inhabitants of Sardinia and of Southern Italy, as

well as in some parts of the British Islands and of Spain. They are usually called the Iberian race. In the early Neolithic period we find skulls of the Iberian type all over Western Europe, in Caithness, Yorkshire, Wales, and Somerset, in the South of France, in Spain and Italy. This race was swarthy, with olive complexion and black curly hair; it was orthognathous, leptorhinc, and highly dolichocephalic, with a low orbital index, and short stature, averaging about five feet four inches. Their present descendants are found in Donegal, Galway, and Kerry, in some of the Hebrides, in Denbighshire, and in the counties bordering on Wales. They are also to be recognized among the Spanish Basques, the Berbers, the Kabyles, the Guanches of Teneriffe, the Corsicans, the Sardinians, the Sicilians, and the people of Southern Italy. Pausanias informs us that the Sardinians were Libyans, or what we should now call Berbers. Seneca says that Corsica was peopled by Iberians and Ligurians. Thucydides and Ephoros also inform us that the oldest inhabitants of Sicily were Iberians.

There are several prehistoric skulls of this race in the Kircherian Museum at Rome, and the Falerian skull in the Villa Papa Giulio belongs to the same type. These skulls are orthognathous and dolichocephalic, resembling the modern Sardinian skull and ancient Iberian skulls found in caves at Gibraltar and in Sicily.

This ancient type is still predominant in Southern Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica. Professor Calori, of Modena, has measured more than 2,400 skulls in different provinces of Italy. In Southern Italy only 36 per cent. are round-headed, with a cephalic index\* above 80; whereas in Northern Italy the proportion is 87 per cent. In Northern Italy less than 1 per cent. are of the extreme Sardinian type, with the index below 74; while in Southern Italy 17 per cent. belong to this type. The difference of race, as shown by the difference in the shape of the skull, may account to some extent for the difference in the existing civilization in the north and south of the peninsula.

Early in the Neolithic age, before the

\* The cephalic index gives the proportion of the breadth of the head to the length, and is obtained by dividing the breadth by the length from front to back, and then multiplying by 100.

reindeer had withdrawn from Belgium, another race makes its appearance in Europe. They were a round-headed people of short stature, with a mean cephalic index of about 84. We first find their remains in the sepulchral caves of Belgium and Central France, whence they extended to Savoy and to the Rhetian and Maritime Alps. They manufactured rude pottery; their weapons were axes of flint, carefully chipped and roughly polished, and spears tipped with bone or horn. The skull is of the same shape as that of the Lapps, whom they resembled in their short stature. Their original speech is probably represented by the Basque, and a few of their words may be preserved in mountain names of the Alpine region, such as *Cima*, "a hill," which is seen in the name of Cimiez near Nice, of the Cima de Jazi, and of the Cevennes. They are designated as the Auvergnat, Rhetian, or Ligurian race.

In the early Neolithic period we find in Italy only these two races, the dolichocephalic, or long-headed, Iberian race, who are physically allied to the North African tribes, and the brachycephalic, or round-headed, Ligurian race, allied to the Lapps and Finns. These two races inhabited the same caves, together or in succession. Thus, in a Neolithic cave at Monte Tignoso, near Livorno, two skulls were found, one of the Iberian type, with an index less than 71, and another of the Ligurian type, with an index of 92. In another Neolithic cave, called the Caverna della Matta, an Iberian skull was found with an index of 68, and a Ligurian skull with an index of 84. No anthropologist would admit that these skulls could have belonged to men of the same race.

We now come to the third Italian race, which may be called the Umbrian or Latin race. They spoke an Aryan language, and must be regarded as the ancestors of the Romans. They made their appearance in Europe at a much later time, probably not more than 6000 or 7000 years ago. They were taller and more powerful than either of the earlier races, and were orthocephalic, with an index of from 79 to 81. When we first meet with them they are no longer mere savages, living solely by the chase, but are a pastoral people, who had domesticated the dog, the ox, and the sheep, and who had invented the canoe, and even the ox-wagon, in which they followed their herds over

Central Europe. They no longer, like the two earlier races, sheltered themselves in caves, but lived in huts made of boughs plastered with clay, and in winter in pit dwellings roofed with poles and twigs.

We can trace this race all over Central Europe. We find their remains in the round barrows of Britain, but more especially in the pile dwellings which they erected in the lakes of Germany, Switzerland, and Northern Italy.

From Southern Germany they spread to Western Switzerland, where we find the remains of their settlements in the lakes of Constance, Neuchâtel, Bienne, and Geneva. These Swiss settlements began in the stone age, but were in many cases continuously inhabited from the age of stone through the age of bronze, coming down, in a few cases, to the age of iron. We can trace these people advancing gradually in civilization, at first subsisting mainly on the chase of the stag and the wild boar, afterward, as these beasts became scarce, depending more and more on their domesticated animals, the ox and the sheep, and gradually taming the goat, the pig, and the horse. At first we find them without cereals, and evidently ignorant of the rudest agriculture, laying up in earthen pipkins stores of acorns, hazel-nuts, and water-chestnuts; and then, after a time, growing barley, wheat, and flax, learning to spin and weave, to tan leather, and even to make boots. They are identified with the Helvetii, a Celtic people.

This race gradually extended itself to Italy, crossing the Alpine barrier either through Carniola or by one of the western passes, and occupying by degrees Venetia, Lombardy, and the Emilia, and, finally, the whole valley of the Po.

When they first appear in Italy they were still in the stone age, and had domesticated the ox, but were ignorant of agriculture. Now the bronze age is believed to have begun in Italy not later than 1900 B.C., and therefore this Umbro-Latin Aryan race must have entered Italy considerably more than two thousand years before the commencement of our era.

On arriving in Italy they built pile dwellings in the North Italian lakes, similar to the pile dwellings of Switzerland and Southern Germany, and disclosing much the same stage of civilization. We cannot doubt that they belonged to the same race, and this is confirmed by the close

connection between Celtic and Italic speech.

In Italy, as well as in Switzerland, the pile dwellings began in the age of stone and lasted down into the age of bronze. Many of the small lakes have been converted into peat-bogs, and in digging out the peat the remains of these settlements have been disclosed.

One of these settlements has been discovered in a peat moor at Mercurago, near Arona. This moor was formerly a shallow lake, in which a pile dwelling was built by some of the earliest settlers of the Umbro-Latin race. They had no knowledge of agriculture, but fed on hazel-nuts and wild cherries. They had rude pottery, and polished flint implements. A dug-out canoe, a disk of walnut wood, which had evidently formed the wheel of an ox-cart, and one bronze pin were found, showing that the settlement was not finally abandoned till the age of bronze had commenced.

Farther north, in the Lake of Varese, there are seven villages built on piles, two of them large, with numerous huts, which might almost be called towns. One of these towns belongs entirely to the stone age, exhibiting no trace of metal, but with remains of the stag, ox, goat, and pig. The other was founded in the stone age, but survived into the age of bronze, a pin, a fish-hook, and two spear-heads, all of bronze, having been found.

Another large pile dwelling in the Lago de Garda, opposite Peschiera, was founded in the stone age, and was in continuous occupation through the age of copper to the age of bronze.

Perhaps the most instructive of these lake settlements is the pile dwelling in the Lake of Fimon, near Vicenza. It must have been founded very soon after the Umbrians first reached Italy, and was destroyed before they had passed from the pastoral to the agricultural stage of civilization. There are two successive relic beds, separated by an interval, which shows that the earlier town was burnt, and then, after a time, rebuilt. In the oldest bed there is no trace of agriculture, even of the rudest kind. The inhabitants lived chiefly by the chase, but had domesticated the ox and the sheep. The bones of the stag and the wild boar are extremely numerous, and these animals evidently formed the chief food of the people, the bones of the ox and the sheep being rare. There is no

grain, and no cereals of any kind, but great stores of hazel-nuts have been found, together with water-chestnuts (*Trapa natans*), wild cherries, and stores of acorns. The acorns were roasted for food, as is proved by fragments adhering to earthen pipkins. Flint tools and rude pottery are found, but no trace of metal. The settlement was burnt, and after a time rebuilt. The newer relic bed contains numerous flint chips, and one bronze axe, showing that the age of metal had commenced. But the notable fact is that at the time of this new settlement the people had passed from the hunting to the pastoral stage. Wild animals had now become scarce, bones of the stag are absent, and those of the wild boar are rare, but those of the ox and the sheep have become common. The agricultural stage had not, however, been reached when this second settlement was destroyed, the only farinaceous food being hazel-nuts, cornel cherries, and acorns. The dwellings were round huts, built of wattle, and plastered with clay. The remains of a canoe have been found.

We learn, therefore, that when the Umbro-Latin people reached Italy they were ignorant of metals and of agriculture, living mainly by the chase, and on wild fruits, nuts, and acorns.

After the lakes at the foot of the Alps had been occupied, the population increased, and gradually extended itself southward, building pile dwellings in the marshes in the neighborhood of Mantua. The race next crossed the Po, erecting on dry land in the plain of the Emilia similar villages of pile dwellings, the remains of which are very numerous, and go by the name of *terre mare*. These *terre mare*, or "marl beds," are small knolls or elevations, rising a few feet above the plain, and are most numerous in the provinces of Parma, Reggio, and Modena. They consist of beds of brownish or dark-colored earth, rich in phosphates and nitrates, and which are now used by the peasants for manuring their fields. They are plainly the refuse heaps or middens of ancient villages, which were pile dwellings erected on dry land. They vary from an acre to three or four acres in extent, and usually rise some ten feet above the plain, resembling the Arab villages in Egypt, each standing on its *tell*, raised above the inundation. These knolls are composed

solely of the refuse of habitation, of the bones of animals, and of broken pottery thrown out from the huts, which were built on platforms resting on piles. The lower strata of rubbish belong to the age of stone, while in many cases the upper strata belong to the age of bronze. They must have been occupied for many centuries, to allow of such vast accumulations of refuse. They were protected by a square earthen mound or rampart, surmounted by palisades, like a New Zealand *pah*.

These *terre mare*, of which nearly a hundred are known, disclose clearly the civilization of the first Aryan settlers in Italy, the ancestors of the Latin race. They made mats from the bark of the cleimatis, they knew how to prepare and to weave flax, they even obtained amber beads from the Baltic, but they possessed no swords, fibulæ, or rings. They had neither iron, gold, silver, nor glass. Bronze was cast, but not forged. We find strainers for preparing honey, and hand mills or querns for grinding grain, but there is no sign of bread having been baked. The vine was cultivated, but the art of making wine had not been discovered. No idols of any kind have been found. Certain earthenware crescents, supposed at one time to have been symbols used for lunar worship, prove to be neck-rests, used for sleeping on the ground, so as to avoid disturbing the elaborate coiffure. The dwellings were merely huts of wattle and dab, no stone or mortar having been used in their construction. The people hunted the stag, the roe, and the wild boar, and kept dogs, oxen, sheep, goats, and pigs. They had no fowls. The ass was unknown, and it is doubtful whether they had tamed the horse. They had dishes perforated with holes, which were probably used for making cheese, but no fish-bones or fish-hooks have been found. They grew wheat, beans, and flax, and gathered wild apples, sloes, and cherries. Acorns were carefully preserved in jars for winter use.

These peaceful people must have inhabited the plain of the Po for at least a thousand years, probably for a much longer time, two or even three thousand years. They had advanced to the bronze age, and must be regarded as the ancestors of the Latins and the other Aryan tribes of Italy.

At some period in the bronze age they were suddenly overwhelmed by the invasion of the Etruscans, a fierce and savage race which broke in on them from the North. All their settlements were destroyed—not one survived to the iron age, which probably commenced in Italy in the ninth or tenth century B.C. On other grounds it is believed that the Etruscan invasion was not later than the eleventh century B.C. We learn from Varro that the Etruscan era began 291 years before the Roman. The Roman era began in 753 B.C., and therefore the Etruscan era dates from 1044 B.C. But it is not likely that the Etruscan era began before the conquerors had settled down into an organized state—the *duodecim populi Etruriæ*, or confederation of the twelve Etruscan tribes. We may therefore, with some probability, place the Etruscan invasion of Italy in the twelfth century B.C. It may, not improbably, be connected with the great movement of races about this period, which began with the conquest of Syria by the Hittites, and of Egypt by the Hyksos, and ended with the Thessalian and Dorian invasions of Greece, and that consequent emigration of the older Greek tribes to Asia Minor which lies at the base of the Homeric Epos. It is possible that the Etruscans may themselves have been an Asiatic people, akin to the Kheta and the Hyksos. This supposition derives support from the similarity in the appearance of the Hittites and the Etruscans as portrayed on their respective monuments, from the old tradition which connects the Etruscans with Asia Minor, and also from the recent discovery in Lemnos of inscriptions believed to be in a language of the Etruscan type.

After overwhelming the Umbrian settlements in the valley of the Po, the Etruscans extended their dominion across the Apennines to the Arno and the Tiber. It seems probable that the foundation of Rome was due to the Umbro-Latin fugitives, who placed the Tiber as a barrier between themselves and the invaders, establishing themselves on the Palatine, as their Etruscan foes did at Veii, eleven miles north of Rome. Just as the foundation of Venice is attributed to the fugitives from the invasion of Attila and the Huns, so the foundation of Rome may be due to fugitives from the invasion of the Etruscans. This is supported by the fact that

the *terre mare* and the *palafitte*, which are believed to constitute the primitive settlements of the Umbro-Latin Aryan race, are not found south of the Apennines beyond the Emilia and the valley of the Po. The Etruscan dominion and civilization endured for some 700 years. At length it fell before the invasion of the Gauls in 400 B.C., just as the Umbrian civilization had fallen before the inroad of the Etruscan hordes. And thus Etruria Circumpadana, the former Umbrian land, became Cisalpine Gaul, its possession reverting to a people who in race and language were nearly akin to its former inhabitants.

The settlements of the Gauls are recognized by the torques and the long iron swords which are found in their graves. At Bologna, in the cemeteries of the Certosa and Marzabotto, we have the tombs of the three successive races, Umbrians, Etruscans, and Gauls, all different in character, and easily to be distinguished.

Thus it appears that the fertile plain of the Po was occupied by many successive races, whose descendants may, with greater or less certainty, be recognized in the present population of Italy. We have first the Palæolithic Iberian savages, mere hunters and probably cannibals, living in caves, ignorant of pottery, whose descendants may be traced in Sardinia and Southern Italy. They were followed, in the early Neolithic period, by the Ligurians, possessed of pottery, but without domestic animals. Their descendants now occupy the Rhætian and Maritime Alps. They were succeeded toward the close of the Neolithic age by the Umbro-Latin race, who lived in huts and pile dwellings instead of caves, who possessed oxen and sheep, canoes and wagons, and who gradually acquired a knowledge of bronze. In the bronze age, some time before the middle of the eleventh century B.C., they were overwhelmed by the Etruscan inroad, their villages were destroyed, and they fled southward from the invaders. Then, at the close of the fifth century B.C., the Etruscan dominion was destroyed by the Boii and other Gaulish tribes, who were in the iron stage of civilization. Finally came the conquest by the Romans, and afterward those of the Heruls, Goths, Huns, and Lombards.

The people who lived in the pile dwellings in the valley of the Po, and who are

usually called Umbrians, were clearly of the same race as the ancient Romans. The skull is of the same shape, the type of civilization was the same, and Latin and Umbrian were merely dialects of the same language.

Owing to the practice of cremation genuine Roman skulls are rare, and of skulls ostensibly Roman many turn out to be those of freedmen or provincials. But, judging from the few we possess, the shape of the head was almost identical with that of the Umbrians, of the Swiss lacustrine people, and of the Celtic round barrow race of Britain. The great breadth of the Roman skull is well seen in the portrait busts of Tiberius, Nero, Vespasian, Titus, and Marcus Aurelius.

That the Romans were originally in the same pastoral stage of civilization as the Umbrians is shown by the fact that the words for money and property, *pecunia* and *peculium*, are derived from *pecus*, cattle; while the ox, which appears on some early Roman coins, may indicate the fact that the ox was the standard of pecuniary value. The hut urns found in the ancient cemetery of Alba Longa show that the Latins at first lived in huts like those of the Umbrians. The *ædes Vestæ* in the Forum, the most venerable relic of early Rome, was originally a hut of wickerwork and straw, and so was the *casa Romuli* on the Palatine.

The population of Italy has now become so mixed that in many provinces it is difficult to detect and separate the original elements. But the Sardinians and the peasants of Southern Italy still display the primitive Iberian type, and the Greek type survives on the sites of some of the old Greek colonies. For instance, at Naxos and Syracuse about twenty-four per cent. of the people have blue eyes, while at Palermo, which was never a Greek city, the proportion is less than one per cent. In some parts of Lombardy Teutonic village names are numerous, and Teutonic names, of Gothic or Lombard origin, are common among the nobility. Filiberto, Humberto, and Gribaldi are genuine Teutonic names; so also is that of the Italian seaman, Amerigo Vespucci, who bore the Gothic and Lombardic name of Amari, which he has given to the New World.

It is curious that America, the continent which has become the patrimony shared



nearly equally by the Teutonic and Latin races, should itself bear a Teutonic name, whose Latinized form bears indisputable witness to the Teutonic conquest of the oldest seat of the Latin race in Italy.—*Contemporary Review*.

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THE HEBREW HELL.

BY JAMES MEW.

ISAAC BARROW, in his *Sermons on the Creed*, speaking of the clause "He descended into hell," asks the following questions: "Is hell a state of being, or a place? if a place, is it that where bodies are reposed, or that to which souls go? if a place of souls, is it the place of good and happy souls, or bad and miserable ones; or indifferently and in common of both these? for such a manifold ambiguity these words have, or are made to have; and each of these senses are (*is*) embraced and contended for." It is proposed in the present paper to attempt a solution of these questions, and others of a similar kind about the condition of hell, its names, its locality, its creation, its final cause, its extent, its rulers, its victims, its tortures, and its duration, from a Rabbinical point of view.

The soul of man, when separated from the body, seems to have been to the earliest imaginations a weak and flaccid thing, seeking for itself some place of rest and security, to compensate for that earthly home of which it has been deprived. Its local habitation was probably at first supposed to be the grave, afterward some vast unseen territory, and ultimately, in the case of the bad soul, a place of punishment. These three different senses have all been included under the Hebrew term for hell in the Old Testament.

It seems probable that the early Hebrews had no idea of hell in our modern sense of a place of punishment. Until the majestic solitude and original simplicity of Hebrew theology was tainted by the adulterations of an alien belief, *Sheol*, or hell, was for them the one place whither all go, where the dead are which know not anything, where man hath no pre-eminence over a beast, where one lieth down and riseth not again—the silent dark, into which none that go down can praise God. There was the home of that feeble congregation of shadows, the in-

habitants of the land of stillness. There they rested like hybernating buds or beasts, to which no summer may ever come again. There, in fine, was peace. "Why," asked the ghost of Samuel of Saul, "why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" That was its first question, as if the ffitting spirit resented a return to the upper world from that haven of repose where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

The belief in a place of punishment hereafter seems to have arisen from a reflection in the minds of the crudely philosophical on the prosperity of the wicked. A certain sense of poetic justice and of ultimate compensation introduced probably the doctrine of a penal hell. And much discussion has arisen about the question whether the Jews borrow their hell from the Greeks or from the Persians after the Babylonish captivity. There seems, however, no sufficient reason why they should have been indebted for their ideas on this subject to either. When Job and the authors of some of the Psalms consoled themselves by the reflection that the triumph of the wicked was short, that they would fly away ultimately as a dream and perish forever, that though they spread themselves like green bay trees (trees indigenous to the soil in which they grew), and sprang and flourished like grass, yet it was to this end only, that they should be forever destroyed, they set out on the line which leads to the terminus of an avenging hell.

The word hell has been used in the A.V. as a translation of the Hebrew word *Sheol*. The LXX render the word Hades sixty-one out of sixty-five times in which it occurs. In the A.V. in about half that number of times it is translated hell. This translation is unfortunate, because the common meaning of hell is a place of punishment. The R.V. has, therefore, in many passages left the original *Sheol*, or substituted another rendering. For

instance, in 2 Sam. xxii. 6, "cords of Sheol" is substituted for "sorrows of hell." Two derivations have been suggested for the word *Sheol*, from two Hebrew roots, the one signifying "to ask," the other "to be hollow." The former is supported by the passage in Proverbs concerning the four things that are never satisfied: the grave—the *Orcus rapax* of Catullus—is continually asking (Prov. xxx. 15); or by the idea that those in *Sheol* are under the "question," in the sense in which it is used by Ayliffe, of rack or torture; or by the fact that the state after death is the subject of universal inquiry—the thing about which all men are inquisitive. The latter derivation, which Gesenius seems to regard with favor, speaking of other etymological conjectures as hardly worth a mention, is supported by one of its admirers as connected with the German *holle hohl* (hollow), and *Höhle* a cavity, from which *Hölle* or hell is, according to this scholar, derived. But hell is perhaps better understood etymologically as a covered place, *locus visibus nostris subtractus*, as Grotius calls it, the unseen, the Greek Hades. Ihre rejects both these conceptions in his derivation of the old Scandinavian *hæl*, since he says the notion of death preceded that of hell, and the first of mankind wanted probably a word for death before they wanted a word for the realm of Pluto or the domiciles of the dead. *Sheol*, as interpreted by biblical science rather than polemical theology, is, we learn from various passages in the Old Testament, correspondent in several respects to the hell of Homer. It is underground, in the land beneath; it is deep, it is dark. Poetry gives it gates and bars, "the gates of the grave" (Is. xxxviii. 10); "the bars of the pit" (Job xvii. 16). Metaphor provides it with valleys. It is cruel as jealousy (Cant. viii. 6). It is insatiable as the barren womb, the earth, and the fire, opening its mouth without measure and swallowing down all the pomp, and pleasure, and bravery, and glory and gallantry of the world. It is the evening land where all things are forgotten; the place of darkness and inactivity and sorrow, where there is no work nor device nor knowledge. It is the abode of the Rephaim (curiously translated in Prov. xxi. 16, "the synagogue of giants," by the LXX), of the congregation of the shadows of the dead,

of all the trees of Eden, of the choice and best of Lebanon, of Asshur and of Elam, of Tubal and Meshech, of Pharaoh, of the Zidonians, and of Edom (Ezek. xxxii.); it is the abode of the good as well as of the wicked; it is the grave in the widest sense of the word, a state of being rather than a place, no receptacle of wood or stone, in earth or sea; it is almost commensurate with death, or rather the permanent mansion in death. Persons cremated or eaten by tigers may be said to be in *Sheol*. Jacob said, "I will go down into *Sheol* unto my son mourning, but an evil beast hath devoured him."

*Sheol* is also understood by some philosophical Jews to mean *hiyuli harishon*, or *ύλη*, or *materia prima*, which in the language of the law, says R. Bechai, is called *Tohu*. A discussion of this signification would lead the reader too far away from the subject of the present paper. It is for this reason that no notice has been taken of the varied esoteric meanings of the strange Rabbinic stories which will be found in the following pages, though they have the liveliest interest for those who care to study them. These inquirers are, however, comparatively few. Maimonides hardly thought of the ordinary public when, in his "Teacher of the Perplexed," he told his disciples to number themselves among "those who are anxious to unriddle the enigmas of prophecy, to awake from oblivion's sleep, to escape from the sea of silliness, and to rise to the realms of supernal truth."

But though few have labored to unriddle, many have rejoiced to revile these fanciful allegories of the learned Rabbis, these figurative lessons of Haggadic or homiletic exegesis in their literal sense, and to laugh to scorn the extravagances which are the outcome of their own system of interpretation. They read, for instance, how R. Benjamin, owing to the multiplicity of demons—those millions of errant, unseen, spiritual creatures in whom Milton seems to have believed—advised his pupils to be cautious how they opened their eyes, lest devils might enter between the lids, and then cry aloud with the excellent Wagenseil, "O was für ein scharf-fer Rabbinischer Verstand lässt sich hier wieder sehen," and ask, are these of the oracles which Saul of Tarsus allowed to be the pre-eminent privilege and advantage

(Rom. iii. 2) of the sons of Israel? They read the well-known Midrash of the precious stone of healing which was transferred from Abraham's neck to the surface of the solar star, and regard it as an actual occurrence rather than a symbolic vision. And they read the fable of the trees trembling at the creation of iron, and of the reply of the iron, "I cannot hurt you, unless yourselves give me a handle," without apprehending or caring to apprehend its moral or secondary meaning, of the danger likely to arise to Israel from internal disintegration.

The names of hell in Hebrew are, according to a Rabbinic commentator, seven. It is called *Abaddon* or Destruction, according to Joshua ben Levi, in the passage—"Shall thy loving kindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in destruction?" (Ps. lxxxviii. 11). *Tsamaveth*, or the Shadow of Death, in "such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death" (Ps. cvii. 10). *Sheol* in the commencement of the lamentation of the prophet Jonah, when he says, "Out of the belly of hell (*Sheol*) cried I" (Jonah ii. 2). *Shachath* or *Bir Shachath*, corruption or the well of corruption, in "neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption" (Ps. xvi. 10). *Bor Shaon*, the cistern of sound, that is, the sound of the echoes in its hollow vastness, in "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit" (Ps. xl. 3). These last two words, having the marginal annotation Heb. *a pit of tumult*, are interpreted "a cistern of sound" by Joshua ben Levi. *Tit Hayyaven*, or mire of clay, as in the continuation of the preceding passage, "out of the miry clay," and *Eretz tachtiith*, the lower land, or the "nether parts of the earth" (Ezek. xxxi. 18). To these may be added *Topheth*, *Emek habacha*, the valley of weeping, or *Bacha*, or balsam, or mulberry, (Ps. lxxxiv. 7), and *Alukah*, the horse-leech or the vampire (Prov. xxx. 15).

All these names seem to indicate hell in its primary sense of Hades—the covered or unseen world—not hell in its popular intendment of a place of torment. The common Hebrew word for hell in this latter signification is Gehinnom. Gehinnom, the valley of Hinnom, or Ge ben-Hinnom, the valley of the son of Hinnom—for it bears both these names in Joshua, who mentions it in his description of the bor-

ders of the tribe of Judah—was, says Rabbi David Kimchi, or Radak, as, he is commonly called, from the first letters of his name, a place in the land lying near Jerusalem, and the place was contemptible, and people cast there their carcasses and pollutions, and there was there a fire perpetually to burn their pollutions and their bones (2 Kings xxiii. 10). Therefore, by way of simile, says Radak, the place of judgment of the wicked was called Gehinnom. Elias Levita in his celebrated "Tishbi" says the Rabbis called the place of the punishment of the wicked after their death Gehinnom, because the valley of the son of Hinnom, lying near Jerusalem, was a place befouled, where children were burnt in honor of Molech. The children, says R. David de Pomis in his "Tsemach David," were burnt in one of the chancels called in Jeremiah vii. 31 the "high places" of Topheth. A description of the idol and of the process of burning is given in Yalkut, a collection of Midrashim. It is taken from the particular and well-known Midrash of Tanchuma or Yelammedenu. The houses of idols, says the Rabbinic exegetist, were generally within Jerusalem; that, however, of Molech was outside of it. This idol had seven chancels. Its face was that of a calf. Its hands were stretched out, as those of a man who stretches out his hands to receive somewhat from his companion. They kindled fire within it, for it was perforated and hollow, and every man came in after the value of his offering or Korban. He who came in with a fowl entered the first chancel, he who came in with a sheep entered the second, with a lamb the third, with a calf the fourth, with a heifer the fifth, with an ox the sixth, but he who came in with his own begotten child, him they caused to enter the seventh. He entered, and kissed the idol. This serves to explain the passage in Hosea xiii. 2: "Let the sacrificers of men kiss the calves." Then the child was set before Molech, and the father kindled the fire within the idol till its hands were red like flame, and took the suckling and set it within its hands; what time the priests beat drums and smote them with a mighty sound, so that the voice of the young one might not come forth and his father hear it, and his bowels yearn upon his son. The passage concludes with an etymology. The place

was called Ben Hinnom because of the roaring of the child from the force of the fire, or because the bystanders cried out "May it profit thee," that is, "May it be sweet to thee, and season thy food." The Hebrew words for "roaring" and "profit" bear some resemblance to Hinnom. Rabbi Shelomoh ben Yitschak, the celebrated Rashi, tells us that the idol was made of brass, and that Topheth was so called from Toph, the Hebrew for a drum. The form of the word, however, betrays a foreign origin. It may be Assyrio-Persian, and derived from *taftan*, to burn. The derivation from the Chaldees obsolete *tuph*, "to spit," is rendered unlikely by the fact that the place was so called by the devotees of Molech themselves. The Chaldees interpreter of Isaiah xxx. 33 explains Topheth or Tophteh by Gehinnom, and it is certain that it is one of the later names of hell.

The Cabalists (or more exactly Kabbalists) conceive that there are two hells, or two kinds of Gehinnom, the upper and the lower, one for the body in this world, another for the soul in the world to come hereafter, wherein it will be entirely purged; and the place comprehending these is called *Arka*, and therein are seven lodges of agony for the damned, namely, Gehinnom, and the Gates of Death, and the Shadow of Death, and the Pit of Corruption, and the Mire of Clay, and Abaddon, and Sheol. So wrote Joseph ben Abraham Gikatilla in his "Garden of the Nut," the *chef d'œuvre* of Cabalistic theology. The punishments in these lodges are carefully graduated according to the guilt of the sinners. The lodges are set one under the other, and as the lodges differ, so also the fires differ. Ordinary fire is one-sixtieth (in the Muslim hell it is one-seventieth) of the heat of the fire of Gehinnom, which is one-sixtieth of the heat of the fire of the Gates of Death; the fire of the Gates of Death is one-sixtieth of the heat of the fire of the Shadow of Death, and so on till Abaddon, which is one-sixtieth of the heat of the fire of Sheol; and these, says Joseph ben Abraham, are matters which no man can demonstrate to be false. The light sinner will be judged with light fire, and the heavy sinner with heavy fire, and the punishment will be according to the guilt, and of this there is no doubt. For instance, the lodge of Absalom is the second

lodge; that of Korah, the third; that of Jeroboam, the fourth; that of Ahab, the fifth; and that of Micah, the sixth. The guilt of him who sows a vineyard with divers seeds, or wears a garment of divers sorts, though a heavy guilt, is not as the guilt of him who slays a man, or profanes the Sabbath with intention, or worships idols. The hell above corresponds in its lodges, and in every other respect, with the hell below, but the soul is afflicted with a more subtle fire. After the separation of the soul from the body, the body eats its corporeal fruits in the corporeal world, the soul eats its intellectual fruits in the intellectual world which is to come. So far the exponent of the Cabala, Joseph ben Abraham Gikatilla. The Rabbis add that the upper hell is for the sinners of Israel who have transgressed the commandments of the law, and have not repented. The lower hell is for the uncircumcised, the unbelievers, the Sabbath-breakers.

Maimonides, in his *Law of Man* (folio 97), gives a somewhat different account of these lodges. According to him, there are in every lodge ten peoples of the seventy into which the Gentile world is divided. Absalom is in the first, Doeg in the second, Korah and his company in the third, Jeroboam in the fourth, Ahab in the fifth, Micah in the sixth, and Elisha, son of Abuya, in the seventh. R. Joshua ben Levi says that these are not struck or burnt as the others, because they are of God's dear ones, who said on Sinai, "We will do and be obedient" (Ex. xxiv. 7). This Rabbi measured the lodges and found them all equal—one hundred miles long and fifty broad, with very many pits and lions of fire therein. Nineteen angels preside, says the Koran, over hell. Here we find that in every lodge is an angel; in that of Absalom is Kushiell; in the others, Lahatiell, Shaftiell, Maccathiell, Chutriell, Pasiell, and Dalkiell in order. These avengers beat the sinners with rods of fire, and then cast them into one of the pits, where the lions devour them, after which they rise again, are again beaten, and cast into another pit. The repetition of punishment is shown in Pa. ix. 18, where the words are not "go down" but "shall be turned." This takes place seven times a day and three times in the night, and no one of the sufferers sees his fellow, because of the darkness, for all

the darkness which was before the creation of the world is there.

The seven palaces or lodges of hell correspond with the seven appellations of the *Yetser Hara*, which is called by God, Gen. viii. 21, the evil imagination; by Moses, Deut., x. 6, the uncircumcised; by David, Ps. li. 10, the unclean; by Solomon, Prov. xxv. 21, the enemy; by Isaiah, lvii. 14, the stumbling-block; by Ezekiel, xi. 19, the stone: and by Joel, i. 20, the northern or midnight wind.

We learn from other authorities that every lodge is a journey of 300 years in depth, and that all the seven angels are under the control of Duma, of whom it is said that he was formerly of the gods of Egypt, but afterward became the angel of silence or of death, and the supreme prince of hell. Every angel has thousands and tens of thousands of assistants; and two scribes are continually busied in allotting to every one of the damned his proper position. None of the damned shall know his own name, but there will be more praise of God in hell than in heaven, because every one who is in a lodge above his fellow will praise God for his preferment. We are also told that in every one of the lodges are 7,000 holes, in every hole 7,000 fissures, in every fissure 7,000 scorpions, in every scorpion seven articulations, and in every articulation 1,000 casks of gall. Besides this there are in every lodge seven floods of deadly poison, the which, if a man do but touch it, he shall burst atwain.

Sinners are punished immediately after their death. The mode of punishment is chiefly by intense heat and intense cold. The cold is derived from a paraphrase of Jonathan ben Aziel in Job xxviii. 5, which he explains, "under it is Gehinnom, which for the cold of its snow is converted into fire." Some say, in every lodge of hell there are seven floods of fire and seven of hail. This may serve to throw a light on the gnashing of teeth in the outer darkness of the Evangelist, which seems less appropriately considered the result of heat than of cold. The wicked spring from the hail into the fire, and from the fire into the hail, and Duma drives them as a shepherd drives his sheep, from mountain to hill, and from hill to mountain. So Ps. xlix. 14, "like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed (on) them." Another account says

that the wicked remain for half the year in fire, and then for half the year in hail and snow; and the cold, it is added, is a greater torture than the heat. The alternation of heat and cold, of fire and ice, is familiar to the student of Milton and of Shakespeare. It is Claudio, who fears for his delighted spirit in "Measure for Measure"—

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.

With regard to the fire, not the place, of hell, opinions differ as to the time of its creation. Some say it was formed on the eve of the Sabbath, others on the second day, as Maimonides in his *Law of Man* (folio 97), "on the second day God created the firmament and the angels, and the fire of flesh and blood, and the fire of hell," for which reason it is not said of the work of that day, as of the work of the remaining days, that God saw that it was good. Others again hold it to have been prepared as a warning, before sin existed, with the creation of the world. Ordinary fire was created by the Deity on the going out of the Sabbath. R. Josi says two things occurred to God to be created on the coming in of the Sabbath, but they were not created till its going out. Knowledge was created for Adam, like that above, and God took two stones and struck them one on the other, and produced fire. It was on this night, they add, that Adam was dismissed from Paradise. The elemental fire differs from the fire of hell. As the Sabbath is but a sixtieth part of heaven, so our fire is but a sixtieth of the fire of hell. It is dark. No light, but rather darkness visible, says Milton, borrowing his idea perhaps from the Talmudists. A land "where the light is as darkness," says Job, x. 22, referring probably to the grave, but according to some Hebrew commentators, to hell. The children of the kingdom, says Matthew (viii. 12), shall be cast out into outer darkness—perhaps contrasting the infernal gloom with the inner darkness of the mind. And the three days' darkness of the Egyptians is explained in Wisdom xvii. 14, as an intolerable night which came upon them out of the bottoms of inevitable hell. The fire of hell, moreover, is extremely fine, not properly corporeal, receiving increment from things and devouring them. The force of this fire was

set in Gehinnom as the bands of the separate Intelligences or angels were set in heaven. Rabbi Jeremiah bar Abba said of the fiery stream which issued from under the throne of glory (Daniel vii. 10) that the ministering thousand thousands would arise from it, and the ten thousand times ten thousand from the sweat of fire caused by the fear of the beasts drawing the chariot. Where will they go to? Rab Zutra bar Tobias said they will be poured upon the heads of the wicked in Gehinnom, grounding his opinion upon the words of Jeremiah, xxiii. 19, "Behold, the tempest of the Lord; His fury is gone forth, yea, a whirling tempest; it shall burst upon the head of the wicked." Probably Elias had this idea of Rab Zutra in his mind when he spoke of Gehinnom as being located above the firmament. Between the Garden of Eden and Gehinnom there is but a hair's-breadth is an expression drawn from Ps. l. 3, "a fire shall be very tempestuous round about Him." The Cabalists in their Zohar Bereshith (p. 40) place this river of fire in the third mansion of the earth, and make it flow over the heads of the damned. In this fiery stream must all the dead, even the just, be purified, except those slain for God's holiness, because these have drunk with gladness the cup of trembling in this world for the holiness of God. Sammael is also declared by the Cabalists to be the head of the evil spirits, and Ashmedai (Asmodeus), and the former is represented as gnashing his teeth in hell over the damned.

The body and soul will be judged together on the day of resurrection. An ingenious discussion between the Emperor Antoninus and Rabbi or Rabbenu Hakkadosh is mentioned in the tractate of Sanhedrin. The Emperor objected to the Jewish divine that both body and soul might excuse themselves from judgment. The body might say, "It is the soul who is the sinner, for from the day in which I was separated from it I have lain silent in my sepulchre like a stone." On the other hand, the soul might say, "It is the body which is the sinner, for from the day in which we parted company I have flitted to and fro in the air like a bird." Rabbi answered, "To what shall I liken this? I will liken it to a lord 'of flesh and blood' (a Hebrew expression for a non-Jew) who owned a pleasant orchard, wherein were

pleasant first-ripe figs. The lord set therein two keepers, one halt, the other blind. Quoth the halt to the blind, 'I see pleasant first-ripe figs in the orchard; come, carry me, and we will take and eat our fill of them.' They did accordingly. After some days the lord of that orchard came, and said unto them, 'The pleasant first-ripe figs, where are they?' The halt answered, 'Have I feet at all able to attain unto them?' The blind replied, 'Have I eyes at all to look upon them?' What did the lord of that orchard do? He mounted the one on the other pick-a-pack, and so judged them both. Thus said Rabbenu Hakkadosh, the Holy One, blessed be He, will bring the soul and cast it upon the body, and judge them as one; for it is said (Ps. l. 4), 'He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that He may judge His people.' The heavens above, that is the soul; the earth, that is the body."

The common view of antiquity placed hell, the Infernus of the Vulgate, beneath the earth. The place of hell is above the firmament, according to a tradition of the school of Elijah, and some say behind the mountains of darkness. Again, the place of hell is the centre of the world. But this centre is not to be understood, as by the mathematicians, to be an indivisible point, for the magnitude of hell is great. The Rabbis tell us that the land of Egypt is 400 miles square, and that this land of Egypt is only a sixtieth part of the land of Ethiopia; that Ethiopia is but a sixtieth of the world, of which, says R. Gedaliah in "The Chain of the Kabbala" (folio 86), the length is 520 years' journey and the breadth 500 years; that the world is but a sixtieth of the Garden of Eden or heaven, and the Garden of Eden but a sixtieth of Gehinnom or hell. In fact, the whole pendent world is but as a pot-lid when compared with hell. Some, however, say that hell is without measurement. The Cabalists hold the region of hell to be in the north. There is the lodge of devils, of earthquakes, of spirits, of demons, of lightnings, and of thunders. Thence, too, comes forth evil into the world, as it is said (Jer. i. 14), "Out of the north an evil shall break forth."

R. Jeremiah bar Eleazar said Gehinnom has three gates—one in the wilderness, through which Korah and all the men that appertained unto him went down alive

into Sheol (A.V. "the pit"), and the earth closed upon them; another in the sea, for says Jonah, "Out of the belly of Sheol" (A.V. "hell") "cried I"; and a third in Jerusalem (Is. xxxi. 9), "The Lord, whose fire is in Zion, and His furnace in Jerusalem"; and it was a tradition of the school of R. Ishmael that the fire in Zion is Gehinnom, and the furnace in Jerusalem the gate of Gehinnom. It is said in "Shabbath" that the fire of hell warmed the baths of Tiberias. But in the matter of these gates there is disagreement. Some say the gates of Gehinnom are eight thousand, others one thousand, others fifty, and others seven. This last number corresponds with that of the gates of the Muslim hell, as in the Surah *Alhijr*, or of the heaven of the Christian. There are seven hells also among the Hindoos, as there are among the Muslims.

Immanuel ben Solomon, of Rome, gives in his *Mekhabberoth*, or Poetical Compositions, a graphic description of hell. Like Dante or Æneas he has his conductor—Daniel, the man greatly beloved—who shows him, with the necessary explanations, the bridge and the tortuous path, and the boiling pots filled with molten brass and iron and tin and lead, and many other marvellous matters of which space forbids the enumeration, in the midst of bitter cries and storms of fire. There the Rabbi sees Aristotle, because he believed in the eternity of the world; and Plato, because he believed his words to be the words of prophecy; and Hippocrates, because he was a miser of his knowledge; and Galen—fulfilling what is written in Kiddushin, that the best of the physicians are in hell, because, according to Rashi, they pay little regard to God (*ubi tres medici duo athei*), and sometimes kill people, and are able to heal the poor and heal him not.

Concerning those who are punished in hell, we learn from a tradition of the school of Shammai, the austere antagonist of the milder school of Hillel, that men will be made up finally into three bands of the perfectly good, whose good works preponderate; the perfectly bad, whose bad works preponderate; and the indifferent or middling. The good will be sealed at once for life everlasting; the bad will be sealed at once for Gehinnom, called in Daniel xii. 2, "shame and everlasting ab-

horrence," two names more appropriate to hell, as it is generally conceived, than any of those seven already mentioned by Joshua ben Levi; but the middling will descend into Gehinnom for a period only. These will squeak (the equivalent given by Buxtorf for the word interpreted by Rashi "weep") and wail amid their punishments for their destined time, and then arise never to redescend. As Tobit said (xiii. 2), "He leadeth down to hell, and bringeth up again."

It is of these that Hannah spake in 1 Sam. ii. 6: "The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: He bringeth down to Sheol, and bringeth up;" and these are that third part of the prophet Zechariah, xiii. 9, which should be brought through the fire, and refined as silver is refined, and tried as gold is tried.

The question is likely to arise, Who are the perfectly bad? They are distinctly set forth as the *Minim* or heretics, the *Moseroth* or betrayers, the *Meshummadim* or apostates, and the *Epicureans*, or those who disbelieve in the resurrection of the dead, and hold the law to be a lie; those who separate themselves from the ways of the congregation, and who spread the fear of them as tyrants through the land of the living; those who sin and cause others to sin, like Jeroboam the son of Nebat, and his fellows in Israel. These shall go down to Hinnom, and be condemned therein to generations of generations. It is to these that the last words of Isaiah, lxvi. 24, refer: "their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched." The following, it is also written, shall have no share in the world to come: the generation of the Deluge, the generation of Babel, the generation of the Desert, the company of Korah, the men of Sodom, informers, and the 974 generations which were determined to be created but were not created, in consideration of the law before the creation of the world. Of these some are planted from time to time in the generations of the world. They are the people of fierce countenance, and are chiefly responsible for the miseries and evils of mankind.

Of the perfectly bad another punishment is mentioned. While the bodies of the just shall enter into peace, rest on their beds, and their souls be bound in the bundle of life, and after twelve months treasured in heaven under the throne of

glory, the bodies of these wicked ones shall have no peace, their souls shall be bridled, and God shall sling them out of the hollow of a sling—or, it is said, one angel shall stand at one end of the world, and another at the other, and sling them to and fro. Thus will they be blown with restless violence about the universe.

Said R. Chanina: "All who descend into hell rise again, except three, who descend and rise no more. They are adulterers, those who whiten (shame) the faces of their neighbors in public, and those who give their neighbors an evil name" (cf. Matt. v. 22.) The *Tosephoth*, who added to the commentary of Rashi, explains this passage to mean that they do not re-ascend immediately, but only after twelve months, and, it is added, all may escape punishment by repentance in this life.

It is not easy to reconcile—though they are doubtless reconcilable—Rabbinical views about the duration of punishment. Leon de Modena held that the torments of the damned would be perpetual, as their souls were eternal. Manasseh ben-Israel, though of opinion that the soul cannot perish, refused to affirm that punishment was everlasting, while Maimonides, and Abrabanel, and Kimchi considered that the souls of the wholly wicked would perish with their bodies.

Scattered through the Talmud are descriptions of certain persons who shall fall into hell—a doom which is commonly derived from some Biblical text, and supported by it. Among these persons are those who talk of the failings of the wise after their death, those whose spirit is puffed up, those who separate themselves from the law, those who teach pupils unworthy of their teaching, and those who, like Ahab, walk after the counsel of their wives. The Persians and Babylonians are set apart for hell. For him who uses foul language hell is made deeper. All the varieties of hell will have domination over the angry man. This opinion receives in some measure the support of the Evangelist Matthew (v. 22). He who takes money from the hand of a woman into his own hand, or from his own hand gives money into hers, in order that he may look upon her—though he be like Moses who received the law from Mount Sinai—shall not escape the judgment of hell. Here the manner as well as

the substance of the speech recalls Matthew (v. 28).

On the other hand, certain persons are mentioned who will escape hell, or have their torment therein lightened. Whoever articulates every letter while reading the Shema (Deut. vi. 4–9) will have hell cooled for him. Three kinds will never see the face of hell, those who are ground down by poverty, those who suffer from bowel sickness, and those who lie at the mercy of creditors. To these three some Rabbis, whose experience of matrimony was perhaps unfortunate, add those who have a shrew to wife. Charity to the poor, by feeding them and otherwise, opens the door of escape from hell. Whoever shears a portion of his goods for the poor, and is charitable, is released from the judgment of hell. A passage in Gittin likens the charitable and the uncharitable to two ewes passing through a river of water: the ewe which is shorn reaches the opposite bank in safety, but the ewe which remains unshorn is drowned. It is also said, Prov. x. 2, and Prov. xi. 4, charity (A.V. "righteousness") "delivereth from death." This is sometimes recited, at the present day, at a burial, by the keeper of the ground or other person, when money is commonly given for the use of the poor.

The punishment of hell is not continuous. Through God's pity the condemned have rest at prayer times, on the Sabbath, and the new moon (Is. lxvi. 23). One hour and a half is allowed them three times a day, for the morning, afternoon, and evening prayers, making four hours and a half every day, or twenty-seven hours in six days. On the Sabbath they rest the whole day of twenty-four hours. They have thus fifty-one hours of repose in the week. The fire will then smoulder, and the prisoned souls keep holiday. On Friday, however, they suffer double torture, to compensate for its remission on Saturday. In the treatise of the Talmud called Sanhedrin, Turnus Rufus, the reprobate whom Scaliger supposes to be the Emperor Vespasian, the same Rufus who is credited with having driven a plough over the city of Jerusalem and laid waste its Temple, asks R. Akiba how the dignity of the Sabbath is shown to be above that of the other days of the week. "From the sepulchre of thy father," answers R. Akiba; "for from his grave smoke as-



cends every day of the week, as he was condemned and burned, but none comes out on the Sabbath, on which day the sinners in Gehinnom have respite."

The presiding angel of hell, Duma, has three keys with which he opens three doors on the side of the wilderness, disclosing to the damned a glimmering of the light of the world. But smoke from the burning fires obscures their view. To remedy this three subordinates of Duma waft away this smoke with three vans.

An illustration of the condition of the damned is shown in Gittin (folio 57). Onkelos, son of Kalonicus, sister's son of Titus, raises up that emperor by necromancy, and inquires what is his punishment for his counsel against Israel. "I am judged," answers Titus, "and burned, and my ashes are gathered and dispersed over seven seas." Afterward he raises up Balaam in the same manner, and the prophet's reply to the same question of Onkelos reveals, as the reader may discover for himself, a torture still more terrible than that of Titus. R. Isaac said: "The worm is cruel to the dead, like a needle in the flesh of the living." Speaking of the place where Korah was swallowed up, a Rabbi says: "I saw two fissures emitting smoke. I took some wool, wetted it in water, and fixed it on the point of a spear, and put it in one of the fissures; when I took it out it was burned. I listened and heard those within," who, as Rashi here explains, went down quick into the pit, "saying, 'Moses and his law is the truth, but we are liars.'" Every thirty days, it was declared to him, hell turns them here, as flesh is turned in a pot. On a day R. Akiba was walking in a graveyard. There he lit upon a man with his face as black as a coal, laden with wood upon his shoulders, and he was hastening with it, running like a horse. R. Akiba commanded him to stop, and said to him, "My son! wherefore art thou in such hard servitude? If thou art a slave, and thy lord sets his yoke upon thee, I will redeem thee from it and set thee free, and if thou art poor, I will make thee rich." The man answered unto him, "Leave me, sir, I beg, for I cannot stay." Quoth Akiba, "Art thou of the sons of men, or of the devils?" The man answered, "I am of the dead, and every day I cut wood to make the fire in which I burn." Said R. Akiba,

"What was thy business in thy lifetime?" The man answered, "I was a collector of taxes, and accepted the persons of the rich and slew the poor—nay, more, I married a betrothed maid, on the day of Kippur." Said R. Abika, "My son! hast thou heard thy task-masters speak of aught of remedy for thee?" He answered, "Delay me not; maybe the masters of vengeance will be wroth against me! For me there is no remedy, nor have I heard of aught of redemption save this I heard them say unto me, 'If there be to thee a son who may stand in the congregation and cry aloud in the congregation, 'Bless ye the Lord, who is blessed!' then shalt thou be released from vengeance.' But I have no son. Yet I left my wife with child, and I know not whether she bore male or female; and if she bore a male, who will teach him the law?" Said R. Akiba, "What is thy name?" He answered him, "Akiba." "And thy wife's name?" He answered, "Sosmira." "And the name of thy city?" "Aldoka." And Isaac Aboab, the author of the *Menorath ha-maacor*, or "Lamp of Light," from which the foregoing is derived, goes on to tell how Akiba pitied the condemned man, and wandered from city to city till he came to Aldoka, and asked concerning him and the people replied, "May his bones be beaten in Gehinnom to dust!" Then he asked after his wife, and they answered, "May her name and memory be wiped away from the world!" Then he asked after his son, and they told him he was yet uncircumcised. Whereupon Akiba took him and fasted for him forty days, and trained him, and taught him what was requisite, and brought him into the congregation, where he cried, "Bless ye the Lord, who is blessed forever and forever!" And in that hour was his father delivered.

All inhabitants of the world, even the good, as some Rabbis opine, must descend into hell. Just as one buying vessels from a non-Jew must purify those of wood and metal, some by cold water, others by hot, and others by fire, while those of clay must be broken and never used again, so must the souls of men be purified of the stain left in them by their sin, "for there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not" (Eccles. vii. 20). Those, however, who have acted as the wicked, once perhaps or

twice, require but little purification—a washing as it were with cold water only—and are not detained in hell, but quickly pass through it. But the perfectly wicked, defiled with ill belief or detestable deeds, who have never thought of repentance, and are unwashed with the nitre of the divine commands, these like the vessels of clay are wholly destroyed. The good may bring up with them out of hell those wicked ones who have thought of repentance, but too late to make any expiation. These are naked, but the good will cover them with their own garments. Moreover, as Gehinnom surrounds the Garden of Eden, the good must need pass through the former to reach the latter.

Punishment is represented as a purgatorial process in “Chagigah” (folio 15 b), and there too is shown the efficacy of intercession for the dead. A divine decree passed concerning Acher after his death, that he should not be judged, and that he should not enter the world to come. Said R. Meir, “When I die, I will cause smoke to ascend from his sepulchre; that is, I will cause him to be judged.” Judgment accordingly took place after Meir’s death, and smoke ascended from the sepulchre of Acher. “When I die,” said R. Jonathan, “I will extinguish the fire.” R. Jonathan died and the smoke ceased; that is, the fire of Acher’s punishment was quenched. So there is a tradition of the school of Ishmael, that in the hour of David’s grief for Absalom hell was cloven beneath him, and the king was much moved. In 2 Sam. xviii. 33, and xix. 4, the reader will find that the words “My son” are repeated eight times. The seven times delivered Absalom from the seven lodges of hell, the eighth time set his head on his body, and, according to some, raised him up to the Garden of Eden.

The fire of Gehinnom has no power over the Rabbis. This may be proved from the salamander. As this beast, which is born of fire, gives immunity from burning to any one anointed with its blood, so the disciples of the wise, whose whole body is compact of fire (“Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord,” Jer. xxiii. 29), are *a fortiori* exempted from its noxious influence. Resh Lakish says that the fire of Gehinnom has no power over the transgressors of Israel, and draws his argument from the golden altar. As the

fire had during so many years no force over the altar, though its plating was but a dinar in thickness, so *a fortiori* has it none over Jewish sinners, who are as full of God’s word, which is as gold, as a pomegranate is full of pips. Such are the last words of the tractate of “Chagigah.” The meaning of “power” in these passages is power to burn, as it is elsewhere expressed in full, and corroborated by Is. xliii. 2, “O Jacob! O Israel! thou art mine; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.” A reason for this limitation of the power of fire is, that all the souls of the children of Israel come from a holy place, which is but a version of the preceding text. The fire of hell is only to alarm and terrify them, and should some few be burned awhile for their evil deeds, Abraham, who performed God’s commandments, and entered for the sake of the holiness of the Name the fire of the Chaldees, will come down and bring them up out of hell by his merit, for God showed Abraham hell and captivity, and he chose the latter. It is also said that Elijah, on the outgoing of the Sabbath, brings up from hell those whose sins have been forgiven, and occasionally takes their chastisement upon himself. Thus it is clear that debased souls may, by the intercession of the righteous, be advanced to everlasting life; when purified by their passion, they will return to their original element.

The time of their duration will be proportioned to the enormity of their sins, but it is an axiom that all Israel has a portion in the world to come. No Hebrew, however wicked, unless indeed he has reached the degree of impiety of the perfectly bad, will be tortured in hell beyond the space of twelve months. The expression twelve months is used instead of a year to avoid the addition, it is said, of the intercalary month, Veadar. The punishment of the generation of the Deluge, of the Egyptians, of Job, of Gog and Magog, extends not beyond a year. The worst of the transgressors of Israel, as the worst of the transgressors of the peoples of the world, will after the expiration of that time be wholly consumed as to their bodies, and burned as to their souls, and the wind will scatter them, and they shall be ashes under the soles of the feet of the righteous, as in the conclusion of the

prophecy of Malachi has been described. Lest, however, his relations should be supposed to have deserved so great a punishment, no Jew prays for his dead, nor ceremonially mourns them for a whole year.

For twelve months the soul goes every week to visit its body, and see if it may enter therein, but the beginning of every month and the end of the year are especial occasions. Therefore, at the present day among the Sephardim, the Hashcabah, or prayer for the repose of the dead, is said every morning of the week of mourning, and at the end of thirty days, and at the end of eleven months, as well as on every anniversary. In addition, a Hashcabah is said for eleven months every Sabbath afternoon.

The efficacy of a prayer called Kaddish is great. A good son may, by saying this prayer in public, redeem his father and mother from hell. Thus Abraham delivered his father Terah (Gen. xv. 15). Kaddish is said for eleven months only, as it is only the wicked who are punished for twelve. Kaddish will one day be said by Zerubbabel standing on his feet before the Lord. His voice will reach from end to end of the world, and all its inhabitants and all the inhabitants of hell shall answer "Amen!" Then shall God, hearing this, give to Michael and Gabriel keys to open the forty thousand doors of hell (Is. xxvi. 2). These angels shall open the doors, and because of the depth of the pits shall reach out their hands, and take up the damned as a man brings his fellow by a

cord out of a pit (Ps. xl. 2). Then shall these two angels wash them, and anoint them, and heal the wounds of hell, and clothe them with good and fair garments, and take them by the hand and lead them into God's presence. Other authorities say that they must remain till resurrection, and then the son of David, that is David himself, will pass over to deliver them.

Finally, the duration of the Hebrew hell seems to be limited. "Gehinnom fails," we are told in the Talmud. It will fail at the last judgment, but another hell will then be drawn from the sun. On ordinary occasions, before the sun rises every morning his heat is modified in a pool of water, lest the world should be burned up by his flames. But on the day of judgment God will denude him of his sheath, and the wicked will be at once consumed (Mal. iv. 1). The idea of the sheath is derived from the words "in them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun" (Ps. xix. 5). His sheath is his tabernacle. In that day the righteous will, says Rashi, be protected by the shadow of the law. "But unto those that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings" (Mal. iv. 2). And it is written also: "After the days of the Messiah, and the eating of the wild ox and the leviathan, the whole world will be renewed, the *Yetzer Hara* will be purified and become a holy angel, and hell itself will be sanctified and set on the borders of the Garden of Eden."—*Nineteenth Century*.

#### ACTING AND INTELLECT.

IN one of his many tirades against actors, Dr. Johnson very ungallantly declared that the famous Mrs. Pritchard was in common life "a vulgar idiot," but that when she appeared upon the stage, "she seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding." Johnson's expressions show the application to a particular case of a theory which he held very strongly and which since his time has often been repeated by those who have desired to break a lance with the players. Expressed in general terms, it is to the effect that to act well does not require high intellectual gifts, and that a man may easily be both a great actor and a great fool.

The holders of this theory would not, of course, deny that a person possessed of remarkable brain-power might also be a good actor; but they refuse to admit that there is any necessary or essential connection between acting and intellect. The power to act well and to think well may, they declare, be found in the same man; but this is merely due to a coincidence, and the former faculty is in no sense a derivative from the latter. This theory, though it has never been quite given up, has, however, of late years gone very much out of fashion, and it is now far more common to hear acting spoken of as an art requiring in its higher walks the

exertion of as much mental activity as the composition of a great poem or the writing of a scientific treatise. The supreme actor is reckoned as much a man of genius as the poet or the philosopher, and is considered to move in the same intellectual plane as those for whom in former times the name of "creators" was religiously reserved. Yet, oddly enough, at the moment when the world in general is willing to declare that acting, if it reaches or nears perfection, can claim the consideration belonging of right to those who exhibit intellectual supremacy, it is an actor who arises to point out that the present generation is in error, and that the older and less respectful theory is the true one.

It is not some carping man of letters who can be suspected of regarding with jealousy the favor shown to histrionic art at the present day, but the inimitable M. Got. of the Théâtre Français, who comes forward to lower the intellectual estimation in which his profession is now held. No one who has ever seen the oldest member of the Comédie Française will fail to admit that he is a really great actor, or will refuse to agree that his fifty years' experience places him in a position peculiarly favorable for forming an opinion as to the connection between acting and intellect. And yet M. Got's opinion is wholly unfavorable to the proposition that when an actor acts well, he proves himself a man of genius. So curiously "unexpected" are his words, that we must quote them verbatim. "You ask me," he replied to an interviewer, "if an actor requires intellect in order to succeed. None whatever! I would go even further, and say that the less intellect he has, the better he will get on. Speaking broadly, it is best that the actor should not be possessed of a great intellect." If we were to accept these expressions as conclusive of the fact that a man may be a truly great actor without necessarily having any more brains than a *prima donna*, it might be possible to construct a very pretty theory which would explain how a man may give a perfect impersonation of Hamlet and yet be all the time, to use Johnson's phrase, "a vulgar idiot." Does not an explanation, for instance, seem to be discoverable in the following hypothesis? To act well surely requires certain semi-physical qualities, or rather a certain physical susceptibility, with which, however, very few

men are completely endowed. The fortunate possessor of this faculty—a faculty belonging half to the soul and half to the body, and, it may be argued, analogous to that by which a violinist gets feeling out of his fiddle—is instinctively influenced by the thoughts of the poet whose words he speaks and whose characters he represents. Like the Pythoness, he has acquired the power of yielding himself up to an external influence, and is "possessed" by the poet, as she by the god. The effects of genius he exhibits are, then, not his own, but are derived from the dramatist who created the character he is acting. The best actor is, in fact, the actor who can most entirely give himself up to the workings of the spirit of another man; that is, who can put his body most completely under the control of ideas and motives which he does not originate, but imports from outside. Naturally enough, the person with least individuality, least power of will, and so least brain, will most successfully put his own *ego* aside, and allow instead the fancy of the poet to possess his physical entity. In other words, the actor submits to a process analogous to that of hypnotism. He lets himself be mesmerized by Shakespeare, and while on the stage, follows out all the suggestions of the poet. But it is people of weak, not of strong brain-capacity, who are easily mesmerized; and therefore this line of argument leads us again to M. Got's conclusion, that the greater the fool, the greater the actor.

But ingenious though this theory is, it will not, we believe, bear a close examination. It is all very well to talk of the actor abandoning himself to the poet who created the character he is acting; but if he were, in fact, to do any such thing, he would make a sad mess of his part. It is the bad actors who let themselves go. The good ones are invariably aware all the time that they are only acting, and make their performance a persistently conscious mental effort. Dr. Johnson's common sense enabled him to realize that this must be the case, and when at the end of his life he was visited by Mr. Kemble, he at once pounced upon the young actor with the query: "Are you, sir, one of those enthusiasts who believe yourself transformed into the very character you represent?" On Kemble answering that he had never experienced any such feeling,

Dr. Johnson replied : " To be sure not, sir ; the thing is impossible, and if Garrick really believed himself to be that monster Richard III., he deserved to be hanged every time he performed it." Actors, naturally enough, grow excited over their acting, and to a certain extent experience the emotions they are representing ; but that is a very different thing from imagining themselves actually the characters they impersonate. If an actor were to let himself go so completely, he would be certain to exaggerate his part absurdly. The player does not merely copy realistically the emotions of grief or joy. Rather, he endeavors to interpret the thought of the poet by means of action. Instead of the great actor allowing himself to be hypnotized by his part, he is all the time using his intellectual faculties to prevent anything like this process taking place. In this particular, at any rate, then, it is better for the actor to have brains than not to have them. In our opinion, indeed, the whole theory of " the stupider the man, the better the actor," rests upon a misapprehension of the difference which exists between the several manifestations of the human intellect. The great actors have got a name for being without the higher intellectual gifts, merely because their minds work somewhat differently from those of ordinary men. In truth, they deserve their reputation for stupidity no more than do the musical composers, from whom it is absolutely impossible to withhold the praise due to creative genius, and who yet so often have seemed devoid of mental power. In neither case is high mental capacity separable from real success, in spite of any appearances to the contrary. If any explanation of the circumstance that the great actors so often do themselves injustice is required, we think it is to be found in the fact that they usually undergo a process of intellectual development not a little calculated to render them incapable of showing a wise face to the

world. An actor may remain at bottom a man of powerful intellect, but on the surface he is apt to become affected and supersensitive, and so to exhibit qualities which we usually take as indications of the petty rather than the great mind. That this should be otherwise when actors win distinction, as they sometimes do, in a moment, and almost by an accident, is not to be expected, and the fact ought surely to be taken into account when considering the problem we are discussing just now. Byron woke up and found himself famous, but this achievement was slow when compared to that of Edmund Kean. Kean left his lodgings in Cecil Street, Adelphi, one January afternoon a poor, friendless, and almost unknown man. When three or four hours afterward he reentered his rooms, he was one of the best-known persons in London, with fame, fortune, and the adulation of the public already won. His first representation of Shylock had taken the town by storm, and a few days later a visitor found " his sordid mantelpiece strewn with bank-notes, and his son Charles sitting on the floor playing with a heap of guineas." Such experiences are not likely to develop the best sides of a man's mind, and they should make us judge the actor's follies and eccentricities by a different standard than that applied to ordinary people. Kean made a fool of himself, no doubt, by rowing on the Thames with a pet lion sitting up in the stern of his wherry ; but this does not show that he was deficient in brain-power. Indeed, we do not feel sure that he ought not to be pronounced specially hard-headed because he was not even more demoralized by his sudden rise to fame and fortune. There are very few members of the Junior Bar who could keep quite cool if they were to be suddenly made Lord Chancellor by public acclamation. Actors often rise like revolutionary heroes, and no wonder they find the process trying.—*Spectator*.

## KENNETH MACRAE.

BY JAMES GRAHAM.

## I.

ORPHEUS' lute it warbled well,  
 Over hill and over dell,  
 Making trees with pleasure dance,  
 Steeping rocks in love's fond trance ;  
 And the lays of mighty Pan  
 Stopped the river as it ran—  
 His reed-pipe calmed the bubbles,  
 And soothed the wild bees' troubles ;  
 Paganini's violin spoke,  
 E'en when half its strings were broke ;—  
 But music's own soul enchanted lay  
 In the pibroch pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

## II.

On the banks of sweet Lochawe  
 First the light of day he saw, —  
 Fitting home for Nature's child,  
 'Midst the mountains bleak and wild ;  
 High into the balmy air  
 Cruachan rears his forehead bare,  
 While beneath the Awe, sweet stream,  
 Glances onward like a dream ;  
 While Orion's bright beams burn  
 Like a halo round Kilchurn ;—  
 There, careless, he whiled youth's summer day  
 Amidst the heather, young Kenneth Macrae.

## III.

And the music of the dell  
 Into Kenneth's soul deep fell ;  
 And the beauties of the glen,  
 And the tales of valiant men,  
 And the glories of the dead,  
 And the valor of days fled,  
 Sank into his soul, and then,  
 On his pipes they lived again.  
 Brighter far than gay cascade,  
 Sweeter far than mountain maid, —  
 Like a sweet dream of heaven, they say,  
 Were the pibroch pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

## IV.

High up on the mountain-side,  
 Where rushed torrents in their pride,  
 There amidst the tufted heather,  
 There in fair and stormy weather,  
 Ever o'er his chieftain's sheep  
 Kenneth would his vigil keep ;

And his pipes, so weird and shrill,  
 Echoed o'er the lonely hill,—  
 The wild cat paused upon her spring,  
 The blackcock hovered on the wing ;  
 And the linnet hushed his song, they say,  
 To list to the pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

## V.

At a wedding or a fair  
 Kenneth and his pipes were there,  
 With their music wondrous sweet,  
 That made hearts forget to beat :  
 Playing pibrochs, warlike strains,  
 Nerving arms for battle plains ;  
 Playing love's soft lullaby,  
 Leaving but a yearning sigh ;  
 Playing coronachs sad and low,  
 Till each heart was bathed in woe ;—  
 For hope and anguish and love, they say,  
 Were born of the pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

## VI.

But like death-knell from afar  
 Tidings came of opening war ;  
 News was spread through every glen  
 The country wanted fighting men—  
 Brave men bred among the heather,  
 Who would fight and die together,  
 Who the Highland kilt would wear,  
 And the Highland claymore bear.  
 Tempted from their native land,  
 By the beck of glory's hand,  
 Many a brave fellow went, they say,  
 And foremost of all was Kenneth Macrae.

## VII.

Where before war's hand blood-red,  
 Fair peace shrieked and wildly fled,  
 While the world with bated breath  
 Watched Crimea's vale of death,  
 High above the deaf'ning roar,  
 From the plains that reeked with gore,  
 Upward to the trembling sky,  
 Rose the bagpipes' music high ;—  
 Standing there, death's shadow 'neath,  
 Cool as if on his native heath,  
 Playing his pibrochs so wild, they say,  
 Cheering his comrades, brave Kenneth Macrae.

## VIII.

He inspired the Ninety-third,  
 As they ne'er before were stirred ;  
 Nerved that thin red line of steel,  
 Till the shattered foemen reel ;  
 At his music, fierce and high,  
 Scotchmen deemed it gain to die.

High above the cannon's peal,  
 And the deaf'ning clash of steel,  
 Pointing out the path of duty,  
 With a weird unearthly beauty,  
 Clear and undaunted that awful day,  
 Rose the pibroch pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

## IX.

When the drooping wings of night  
 Gathered o'er the ghastly sight—  
 When the dreadful fight was done,  
 And the victory was won ;  
 Where, upon the gory plain,  
 Stiffened lay the gallant slain,  
 'Midst the dead did Kenneth go,  
 Alone with mournful step and slow ;  
 And the coronach's sad wail  
 Trembled on the weeping gale,—  
 O'er many a comrade dead, they say,  
 Wept the pibroch pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

## X.

But when the dark wreath had passed  
 That o'er Inkerman was cast,  
 And the veil of darkness fell  
 O'er the host who fought so well ;  
 While the night hours slowly crept,  
 And fierce battle weary slept,  
 There amidst the trenches red,  
 They found fearless Kenneth dead :  
 In his hand clasped his claymore,  
 Slung behind his pipes he bore ;  
 There, cold and pale and lifeless, he lay,  
 And his pipes were still, brave Kenneth Macrae.

## XI.

Never more in Awe's sweet glen  
 Will his pipes be heard again ;  
 No more will his music shrill  
 Echo o'er the lonely hill :  
 He has passed through death's cold river,  
 And his voice is still for ever.  
 Never more on battle-field  
 He his bold claymore will wield ;  
 He will never rise again  
 From that blood-red battle plain ;—  
 But the like will never be heard, they say,  
 To the pibroch pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*



## PRIMITIVE NATURAL HISTORY.

BY GEORGE JOHN ROMANES.

THE notions of plants and animals which were entertained in the most primitive stages of human culture may be gathered from two sources—the one indirect, general, and inferential, the other direct, special, and historical. The general character of primitive ideas of natural history before the dawn of the historical period may be inferred with tolerable certainty from the notions which are entertained by savages at the present time. In the most ancient books of the Bible—possibly the oldest, certainly the most interesting, records of early thought—these primitive ideas are exhibited in a literary and historical form. The two sources taken together present the primitive philosophy of natural history, and it is from this standpoint that I propose to examine the notions of plants and animals now held by savages, as well as those which are exhibited in the most ancient books of the Bible.

At the outset, let me ask theologians to accept one word of advice from a naturalist, and to steer clear of futile attempts at reconciliation. If their ministry is to be of any service to enlightened men and women, it must stand on a much broader basis of reasoning than any that can be furnished by such childish quibbling. They cannot both have their theological cake and eat it. If they seek to claim the support of science for the inspiration of Genesis, they must submit the account to all the rigor of the scientific methods; and this the account will not stand. Therefore in this matter let them not appeal to science, for, if they do, they will find it to their cost that to science they must go.

The notions entertained of plants and animals by existing savages are pretty uniform in different parts of the world. Whether it be owing to a speculative interpretation of their dreams, to an observation of their shadows, or to the worship of their deceased ancestors—who are felt to be in some sense alive because their names are still in use,—it is certain that savages, as a general rule, entertain a belief in the continued existence of their dead. Such existence is supposed to be

thus continued in a world of shadows, ghosts, or spirits—a world, however, which is not far removed from that in which the dead had previously lived. Indeed, so far as we are able to interpret the not very clear notions which savages entertain upon the locality and conditions of spirit-life, the locality seems still to be mundane, and the conditions to resemble those of corporeal existence as closely as is compatible with the absence of a human body; for the soul or spirit of the deceased man is still supposed to hover around the scenes of his earthly life, and it is usually supposed to be even so far material in its nature as to leave footprints upon sand, to require food and drink, and so forth.

From the idea that human beings are animated by spirits, which during the life of the body fill every part of the body, and therefore in their subsequent or incorporeal existence continue to present in every detail the form of the body—from this idea there arises another, namely, that not only all animals and plants, but likewise all inanimate objects, present a spiritual or shadow-like substratum. The resemblance of this idea to that of the schoolmen is obviously very striking. For the schoolmen distinguished between “form” and “substance.” The form was the outward physical body of an object, which admits of being cognized by our senses. The substance was that which *stood under* the form, and, although not cognizable by the senses, constituted the true reality of the object. This idea, therefore, was—and in the Roman Catholic Church still continues to be—a reproduction, if not a direct survival, of the savage idea. And it is from this idea that the doctrine of sacrifice takes its origin—a doctrine which afterward goes to constitute the backbone of all the religions of the world. The slaves who are killed after the decease of their master, are killed in order that their spirits may continue to minister to him in the land of spirits; and the food and drink which are provided for his use are supposed to be, as it were, provided spiritually. It is seen that the food and drink do not diminish,

but what of that? The spirit eats and drinks the *substance*, if he does not touch the *form*; and this is all that the spirit is supposed to care about. Similarly, also, the weapons which are given to him remain, to every appearance, untouched; but the eye of savage faith can see how the spirit of the dead man is able to use the substance of his weapons in conducting his spiritual warfare or his spiritual hunt. And, if he happens to have been a chief or a hero in the flesh, sacrifices of animals, or often of human victims, follow upon the sacrifices of food and weapons, so that his power over men may be propitiated.

Thus we find that to savage thought the world is more full of human souls than it is of human bodies, and that even inanimate objects are endowed with a kind of spiritual existence, which is an imperceptible copy of their physical existence. Moreover, the fertile and unrestrained imagination of savages peoples its ghostland with numberless spiritual existences of yet other kinds—witches, devils, beast-like shades, and so forth; the whole universe thus becoming a pandemonium.

One of the results, and probably the earliest result, of such a system of belief is fetishism. Material objects are supposed to be the abodes of spiritual beings, or fetishes; all natural forces, such as winds and currents, are supposed to be the expressions of fetish activity. According to Professor Waitz, the following may be taken as the first principles of this philosophy. "A spirit dwells, or can dwell, in every sensible object, and often a very great and mighty one in an insignificant thing. This spirit he does not consider as bound fast and unchangeably to the corporeal thing it dwells in, but it has there only its usual or principal abode." The fetish can see and hear all that the savage does in its presence; it is also able to act either for or against his interests. The savage, therefore, does all he can to propitiate his fetish; and if he thinks that the fetish of any small object is well-disposed toward him, he will wear the object about his person as a charm. Or he may store such objects in a museum, which then becomes the temple of his worship. Romer tells us of an old negro whom he once saw performing his devotions in his private fetish-museum, surrounded by about twenty thousand fe-

tishes; and was told by the old man "that he did not know the hundredth part of the services they had performed for him."

Now, seeing that even inanimate objects are thus habitually furnished by savage imagination with living and intelligent spirits, we cannot wonder that the most favorite objects of fetishistic worship among primitive men are those which are most plainly seen to present the phenomena of life. Hence, the philosophy of natural history in its earliest beginning is a philosophy of what may be termed zoolatry, or the worship of life as manifested by plants and animals. Thus, to quote Mr. Tylor, "first and foremost, uncultured man seems capable of simply worshipping a beast as beast, looking on it as possessed of power, courage, cunning beyond his own, and animated like a man by a soul which continues to exist after bodily death, powerful as ever for good or harm." In somewhat higher stages of culture, "this idea may blend with the thought of the creature as being an incarnate deity, seeing, hearing, and acting even at a distance." On this account all harmful animals, such as whales which overturn canoes, sharks, serpents, wolves, etc., are specially constituted objects of worship. And, as showing the abject contradiction of savage thought, it is curious to note the practice of some races, who, when they have killed an animal for food, ask the pardon of its spirit before they proceed to eat its body.

At a still higher level of culture, when the philosophy of the subject has become somewhat more elaborated, particular species of animals are set apart as objects of special worship, because it is supposed that the members of this species constitute, as it were, the shrines or incarnations of particular or titular deities. As a rule, these animals are never slain; and in some cases, as in those of bulls and monkeys in many parts of India, are pampered and petted in the most extravagant fashion. Thus we may say that the earliest attempt at zoological classification by any philosophical theory is the attempt which is made by the grossest superstition.

According to Mr. M'Lennan, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, the practice of zoolatry may have arisen in a different way from that which I have just briefly sketched. It is the habit among savage peoples very frequently to name

their chiefs after particular animals. When the chief dies, his name survives ; and, therefore, in process of time the personality of the man becomes confused with that of the beast, which is thereafter worshipped as the incarnate spirit of the man. For my own part, I think that if this process ever does take place (and I doubt not that it may), it is probably of subordinate importance to the more direct development of fetishism above indicated. But I have no space to go further into this question, which, after all, is one that does not affect the fact of zoolatry, but only the method of its development.

Pre-eminent among all the beasts of the field as an object of worship is the one which is regarded as the most subtle. In ancient times the serpent was habitually worshipped in Egypt, India, Phœnicia, Babylonia, Greece, and Italy. It still continues to be worshipped in Persia, Cashmere, Cambodia, Thibet, China, India, Ceylon, Egypt, South Africa, Coast of Guinea, Madagascar, and the Friendly Islands. In the New World serpent worship appears among the Aztecs, Peruvians, Natchez, Caribs, Monitarris, Mandans, Pueblo Indians, etc. In higher stages of culture the serpent becomes an emblem of eternity, of evil, of wisdom, and of sundry other such abstract ideas.

No less widely distributed than the worship of serpents is the worship of trees. Indeed if I were to make a list of all the peoples among whom this form of worship prevails, the mere enumeration would be tedious. Let it, therefore, be enough to say in general terms, with Sir John Lubbock, that "this form of religion can be shown to be general to most of the great races of men at a certain stage of mental development ;" and Mr. Ferguson regards tree-worship in association with serpent-worship as the primitive faith of mankind. In its earliest or least-developed form this faith consists in attributing to trees the same kind of souls or spirits as are supposed to animate human beings and other animals ; at this stage, therefore, trees are supposed to feel, to know, and to understand what is said to them. Later on, however, the faith becomes less and less realistic ; and as spirits gradually become converted into deities, independent of material dwelling-places, the trees become more and more symbolical of divinity rather than themselves

divine. Hence, the sacred groves of classical times were sacred as places rather than as objects of worship ; and it is no doubt a similar survival of this feeling that led the monotheistic writer of the Book of Genesis to speak of the Lord God walking among the trees of Eden in the cool of the day. Indeed, throughout the whole description of Paradise we may see the remnants of tree- and serpent-worship ; the knowledge of good and evil, and the principle of everlasting life, are both associated with trees, while the principle of evil is associated with the serpent—which again appears as an emblem in the wanderings of the Israelites. And the very last remnants of such feeling continue to linger around trees and snakes, even after all vestiges of religious belief have departed from them. Thus, for instance, not to go further afield than Scotland, there is in the Isle of Skye an oak wood at Loch Siant the trees of which, up to quite a recent period, were regarded with so superstitious an awe that no one would venture to pull from them the smallest twig.

Owing, no doubt, to such survivals in feeling of religious associations previously connected with trees, in all stages of pre-scientific culture we meet with innumerable superstitions relating to plants. The plants are no longer worshipped, but they continue to be endowed with sundry magical properties, chiefly in the way of charms. Theophrastus, for example, who may be termed the earliest botanist whose writings have been preserved, tells us that in his day it was considered the proper thing to gather certain herbs with the body turned away from the wind and anointed with oil. The mandragora was only to be cut with a sword, which was to be drawn three times round the plant, with the body facing west, and after having danced around the plant, using obscene language. Similarly, those who sow cummin should only do so while uttering blasphemies. On the other hand, while gathering the black hellebore, it was necessary, after having drawn a line around it, to stand toward the east and pray, being careful all the while to avoid the sight of an eagle, for in that case the gatherer of the plant would die within a year.

With advancing culture superstitions connected with plants become, of course, somewhat less absurd than these ; but

anyone who reads the literature of alchemy may find how hard such superstitions die. And, even in our own day, there are many country places where wise women are believed so far to have inherited the mantle of the old witches, that their dealings with herbs for medicinal purposes are invested with a dash of magic ; so that their services are more sought after than those of duly qualified practitioners.

There only remains one other feature in the primitive philosophy of natural history deserving to be noticed on account of its generality. This is the doctrine of transmigration of souls. All living things having been endowed with an immortal principle, upon the death of one temporary residence, this immortal principle is supposed to enter another. This doctrine survives in its most realistic form even in such comparatively high stages of culture as those of the ancient Egyptians and existing inhabitants of India. As a rule, the belief embodies an ethical principle to the effect that the subsequent life history of any particular soul is determined by its moral conduct while in any particular body ; so that the change of body may be either for the better or the worse. For example, the Buddhists believe that in the next stage of his bodily existence a man who is unduly proud may expect to find himself a worm ; or, if he be out and out a bad man, may not find any bodily home at all, but be doomed for ages to wander as a disembodied demon. On the other hand, if a man behaves himself well in this life, he may look for promotion in the next. "The theory of 'karnia' or 'action,' which controls the destiny of all sentient beings, not by judicial reward and punishment, but by the inflexible result of cause and effect, appears entitled to be regarded as one of the most remarkable developments of early speculation in the field of ethical thought." One of the practical results of this doctrine of the transmigration of souls is to endow the lives of the lower animals with a value equivalent to those of human beings ; and hence the dread of destroying the lower animals which is entertained by all the races of mankind who hold the doctrine.

I have now said enough to show that the philosophy of natural history in its most primitive form is universally the philosophy of animism—or the philosophy which ascribes to all living things the at-

tributes of the human soul. This having been clearly noted, the next thing we have to observe is, that with advancing culture such philosophy departs from its primitive realism. The souls of living things cease to be quite so manlike ; they become more and more detached from organisms ; they become less and less the representatives of concrete bodies, while more and more representative of abstract principles. Although they still continue to be regarded as personal, they cease to be fixed to any definite corporeal abodes ; they are now something more than spirits incarnate ; they begin to assume the nature of gods. The influence of this change of religious conception upon the philosophy of natural history is a marked influence. The sundry forces and processes of nature having been severally relegated to the dominion of personal deities, plants and animals, although still invested with innumerable superstitious ideas surviving from more primitive stages of thought, now take a place in the general system of things, subordinate to the overruling gods. Animism thus becomes transformed into theology ; and the natural history of observation gives place to the natural history of myth.

Adequately to treat of mythical natural history would require much more space than can here be allowed ; I will, therefore, merely state some of the general principles which are connected with it.

At first sight we may well deem it somewhat remarkable that man should not have been satisfied, so to speak, with the enormous profusion of vegetable and animal forms upon this earth ; but should have proceeded to people the universe with a new creation of his own fancying. And still more remarkable may it appear that, having done this, he should forthwith have proceeded to believe in the actual existence of these imaginary creatures. But here we must remember that mythology was the product of a gradual growth, springing from a desire to explain the causation of natural phenomena. The sun was observed to move across the sky ; something must therefore draw or push it ; horses were presumed to be the causes of the traction ; and, as they might reasonably be supposed to differ somewhat from horses upon earth, they were imagined to be horses of fire. It is not indeed always, or even generally, that we

can find in myths so direct a bond of union as this between the phenomenon to be explained and the ideas of causality presented by the explanation; and the impossibility of finding such a bond of union in the majority of cases has led to the most extravagant and improbable systems of myth-analysis at the hands of modern scholars. To me it appears that the safest view for us to adopt is, that the process of myth-formation, although probably always starting from an instinctive desire to explain the causal reasons of observed phenomena, has been a multifarious process, wherein real history of ancestors, allegory, metaphor, and even the most gratuitous imagination, may occur in various measures of indiscriminate quantity. Under these circumstances, and so far as our present subject is concerned, I think it is best to accept the facts of mythology as we find them, without attempting to explain the precise psychological processes which have been concerned in their production.

If, then, we take a general survey of mythological organisms, the first thing that strikes us with reference to them is the fact that they are all compounds of organisms already known to exist. Profuse as the imagination of uncultured man has shown itself to be in the way of creating novel forms of animal life, it never seems to have been able to invent such a form which was in all its parts novel. On the contrary, the animal morphology of myth for the most part consists in joining together in one organism the parts which are distinctive of different organisms—the body of a man to that of a horse, the body of a woman to that of a fish, the legs of a goat to that of a boy, the wings of a bird to the shoulders of a bull, and so on. Very often, indeed, the organs thus separated from their legitimate owners underwent sundry modifications in detail before they were re-mounted in their new positions; and when such modifications were considerable, and still more when a number of different organisms were laid under tribute to the manufacture of a new one, the resulting monster might well claim to exhibit a highly creditable degree of inventive faculty on the part of his creators. Nevertheless, as I have said, this inventive faculty never rose above the comparatively childish level of first pulling animals to pieces, and then reconstructing them

piecemeal, although in some few cases the imaginative faculty went so far as to incorporate with the parts of living animals structures of human contrivance, as in the wheeled creatures described by the prophet Ezekiel.

Concurrently with, or following closely upon, the formation of myth, we everywhere find the formation of fable; and in the latter process, as in the former, animals play a highly conspicuous part. At any of the higher levels of culture fabulous animals are well known to be but imaginary animals; so that even our children habitually draw a distinction between the real animals of nature and what they call the "pretend animals" of fable. Nevertheless, it is only because children are told to draw this distinction that they ever so much as think of drawing it. To the native or unassisted intelligence of a child, any one kind of animal is quite as probable as any other kind—and this not only with reference to form and size, but also with reference to habits and endowments. A dragon breathing fire and smoke seems no more intrinsically improbable than a serpent with poison in its mouth; nor is it more unlikely that a mouse should turn into a horse than that a tadpole should turn into a frog. Now the mind of semi-cultured man is in just the same case. Of late years a great deal of investigation has been expended upon the origin of our nursery stories, and the result has been to show that these stories are spread over all quarters of the globe—sometimes just as they are told to our own children, but more usually with a certain amount of variation, which is enough to render it doubtful whether they all migrated from a single source or were independent inventions in different localities. But in all cases the probability appears to be that when first promulgated they were accepted, not as romances, but as true histories; and that they continued to be so accepted until advancing civilization slowly undermined their credibility. Gradually, therefore, they followed the fate of myths—passing from the region of history to that of poetry, and thus following a general law of mental evolution, namely, that beliefs which are matters of serious earnest in one stage of culture, in succeeding stages survive only as matters of amusement, or, at most, of æsthetic feeling. And such is now the position which is

occupied among ourselves by the whole elaborate and multifarious natural history of myth and fable. When we look at the unicorn displaying his poetic morphology upon our royal insignia, the double-headed eagle of Germany, or any of the other monstrosities which now serve as national emblems, we may see in them the last survivals of the first attempts which were made by mankind to construct a philosophy of natural history.

When we turn to the special exhibition in the Bible of primitive ideas connected with plants and animals, and look to the authors of the Pentateuch, the Book of Job, or the supposed writings of Solomon, our attention as naturalists investigating their ideas upon natural history is arrested by the accuracy of their observations. We find, indeed, that the Mosaic writer has fallen into the error of classifying the hare as a ruminant, a bat as a bird, possibly a whale as a fish, and including under one category the most diverse natural groups as "creeping things." But all these errors arise merely from an absence of morphological knowledge, which clearly could not have been attainable at that time. Barring this necessary ignorance, however, it appears to me that these early biblical writers have displayed a really wonderful degree of accuracy in their observations of plants and animals—wonderful, I mean, if contrasted with similar observations by men of other races at a comparable level of culture. If we except certain passages in the Book of Job, which appear to assume the real existence of fabulous animals—although even here the charge of inaccuracy is not admissible, from its being impossible to determine whether the allusions are intended to be taken literally or poetically—there is no other instance where the animals either of fable or of myth are countenanced. On the other hand, remarkable accuracy is displayed by the early biblical writers in their observations of external morphology, as well as of the habits and instincts of animals. In that curious and elaborate enumeration of animals as clean and unclean with which we meet in the eleventh chapter of Leviticus, it is an accurate idea of morphological classification which leads the writer to fix upon the parted hoof and chewing of the cud as features of what we should now term taxonomic importance; and when, later on, we find the whole

animal kingdom classified with reference to merely external form, number of limbs, and modes of progression, we must not neglect to notice the systematic observation which is displayed, and which, so far as it goes, is wonderfully true to nature. There is no imagery of any kind mixed up with the facts; the classification is throughout dictated by the true spirit of science; and it cannot be said to have been subsequently improved upon until the foundations of biology were laid by the commanding genius of Aristotle.

Again, as regards the habits and instincts of animals, we read in Proverbs vi. 6-8, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." Owing to the authority of Huber, the statement here made that ants display an instinct of harvesting was regarded by latter-day naturalists as mythical. More recent observations, however, have fully vindicated the accuracy of the older naturalist, and this without impugning that of Huber. The discrepancy between the two is owing merely to their having observed the habit of ants in different geographical areas. The species of ants observed by the biblical writer in Palestine have now been found to collect grain in the summer-time, and to store it in granaries for winter consumption; while the species observed in Europe by Huber present no such instinct. But ants with harvesting instincts have now also been found in the South of Europe, in India, and in America. Seeing then that here, as elsewhere, Solomon has proved himself to have been an accurate observer, it is much to be regretted that his disquisitions on natural history, of which we read in the Book of Kings, should all have been lost. Had these been still extant, they would have presented a high degree of historical interest as the utterances of the most ancient of professed naturalists. For, "he spoke of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes. And there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon, from all kings of the earth which had heard of his wisdom."

Again, whatever may be its date, how

interesting is the natural history of Job, which, notwithstanding the writer's unrestricted flights of poetry, is, as already remarked, almost always true to fact, save where the statements are plainly hyperbolic. What, for instance, can be more graphic than the description of the ostrich: "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider"? Or what can be more accurate than the description of this bird's peculiar instincts of incubation: "She leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers"? This peculiarity of instinct on the part of the ostrich is likewise alluded to in the Book of Lamentations, where the writer contrasts it with the maternal instincts of other animals, and this in a passage which seems to indicate that the writer was aware of the mammalian character, if not of Cetacea, at all events of Seals; for he says: "Even the sea monsters draw out the breast: they give suck to their young ones."

But I must now draw to a close these few and imperfect remarks on the natural history of the Bible, and I will do so by briefly considering that portion of this natural history which, during the last fifty years, has excited more interest and more controversy than any passage of similar length in the whole literature of the world. I mean, of course, the first chapter of Genesis.

The great battle between the theologians and men of science began in the field of astronomy. Then it passed to the field of geology, and it was not until the antiquity of the globe, the reality of fossils, and all the other positions had been finally taken by the geologists, that the battle was resumed with renewed fury against the biologists. Here the points in dispute cannot yet be said to have been finally settled, if by a settlement we mean a general acquiescence by theologians in the doctrine of naturalists. The principal fight has been around the question of evolution as against special creation. But, besides this principal fight, there has been a kind of subordinate fight over the order of succession of vegetable and animal life upon the globe. Now, here the question is a simple question of fact, and ought not

to admit of any reasonable dispute. For no one nowadays ventures to impugn the accuracy of the geological record. The only question, therefore, is as to whether or not the first chapter of Genesis is in agreement with this record. And the answer to this question is perfectly plain. In some respects the two records are in agreement, while in other respects they are not. In order to show at once the points of agreement and the points of disagreement, I will place the two records together:

*Record of Genesis.*

Grass, herbs, trees.  
Aquatic animals and birds.  
Cattle, creeping things.  
Beasts of the earth.  
Man.

*Record of Geology.*

Certain cryptogamous plants.\*  
Certain invertebrata.  
Certain fish.  
Certain trees; † amphibia.  
Certain reptiles.  
Certain birds. ‡  
Certain mammals.  
Man.

Now, it is evident that we here have a general correspondence, but it is no less evident that the correspondence is only general, or that it fails in most points of detail. In the first place, while the biblical record appears to represent each group of living things as having been formed in its entirety before the appearance of the next group, the scientific record shows that no one group was ever thus completed before the appearance of succeeding groups. In the case of every group, the process of species-formation was concurrent with that of some of the other groups. Therefore, in the record of geology, I have prefaced each of the groups with the word "certain," in order to indicate that, at the period represented, only a very small fractional number of the forms comprised within that group had at that time made their appearance.

Thus, for example, we find that in the biblical record all the forms of vegetable

\* Probably.

† i.e. tree-ferns.

‡ But no actual proof of birds before mammals.

life are represented as having been in existence before any of the forms of animal life. At least it appears to me that this is the only meaning we can properly ascribe to the term grass, herbs, and trees. But, if so, of course this statement of Genesis is very far wide of the truth. Similarly it is represented that all aquatic animals appeared before any terrestrial animals. Now, although it is probably true that animal life upon this globe began in the water, it is certainly not true that all the forms of aquatic animals had made their appearance before any of the forms of terrestrial. On the contrary, it was only a small proportional part of the former which had been evolved before some of them became adapted to live upon dry land. Moreover, the Genesis account expressly includes under the category of aquatic animals, "every creature that moveth" in the waters, up even to "great whales." It thus becomes impossible to limit the class aquatic animals to aquatic invertebrata and fish. And, even if this could be done, the difficulty would still remain, that terrestrial invertebrata are represented (under the name of "creeping things") as appearing long subsequently to aquatic invertebrata, seeing that they are said to have appeared subsequently to birds, and even to cattle. For we find that birds, and even cattle, are said to have appeared before "creeping things," which we can only understand to mean insects, snails, amphibia, reptiles, etc., as these are classed together in Leviticus under the same term. Lastly, it follows from these discrepancies that matters are in no way mended by supposing the record of Genesis to mean what it does not say, or to indicate only the

earliest appearance of any "*representatives*" of the sundry classes named.

This, I think, is enough to show how misguided are the attempts of so-called "reconcilers," who endeavor to force upon the account given in Genesis the results of modern investigation. These reconcilers always proceed in the same way. They first magnify the points of agreement, and next endeavor by sundry artifices of rhetoric to cover up the points of disagreement; then they represent that, on the whole, the agreement is so remarkable that it can only be explained by the hypothesis of inspiration. Now it is no business of mine either to impugn or to vindicate the hypothesis of inspiration; but I may observe that those who have the interests of this hypothesis at heart are only displaying their own shortsightedness by seeking to befriend it in any such way as this. Even if the coincidence between Genesis and geology had been very much more close than it is, surely it would have been a somewhat slender thread of argument on which to hang so important a doctrine. But, as the matter stands, there is nothing in the cosmology of Genesis which we might not have expected to meet with in the early philosophy of natural history. The idea pervading the alleged order of succession appears to me a sufficiently obvious, and, when properly considered, a very interesting idea. It is the idea of a progressive advance from the less to the more highly organized; and I doubt not that, if the writer had known more about the internal anatomy of the animal kingdom, his record would have been in very much closer agreement with that of modern science than we have seen it to be.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

##### GLIMPSES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

IN AND OUT OF CENTRAL AMERICA. And Other Sketches and Studies of Travel. By Frank Vincent, Author of "Around and About South America," "Through and Through the Tropics," "Norse, Lapp, and Finn," etc. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Vincent made himself some reputation about a score of years since by several re-

markably lively and fresh narratives of adventure and observation in South-Eastern Asia. "The Land of the White Elephant" specially attracted attention, for Siam, Cambodia, and Burmah at that day were but little known in the literature of travel. The same author has since kept his name before the public by sundry works, but none of them were to be compared to his earlier essays, whether in the interest of the topics or the vivacity and freshness of treatment. "Around



and About South America" was recently reviewed in the *Eclectic*, and now we have before us the complement of the author's Spanish-American studies in these sketches of the five little Spanish republics between Mexico and the United States of Colombia.

Travellers in foreign countries may be classified under three titles—those who seek amusement and change, students of literature, government, social life, character, etc., and hunters for book-material. The late Bayard Taylor and the writer before us belong to the latter class. Travel with such men is a vocation like shop-keeping, and is primarily pursued for commercial reasons. That sarcasm at Mr. Taylor's expense for a long time attributed to Humboldt, but now known to have been invented by the malice of the late Park Benjamin, "Bayard Taylor has travelled more and seen less than any man of the age," applies in some degree to all professional book-making travellers. To catch the picturesque surface of things and narrate them in a rattling, touch-and-go style, seems to be the ideal of the literary globe-trotter. Mr. Vincent in his latter books on Spanish America has not risen to the standard of his earlier work. The Central American sketches, too, are distinctly inferior to the book on South America. In the hurried journey through the Central American republics the traveller's aim seems to have been to do his work both of collecting and shaping his material as rapidly as possible, and the result is slovenly and superficial; the facts presented fall far short of the material open to one who depends as much on what lies behind his eyes as on that which opens in front of them, and there is an utter absence of penetrating observation and comment. These papers are such as might be rapidly made up from the random notes of a random traveller, and would be counted passably good newspaper contributions.

Central America has lately become far more interesting to us than of old. English and American enterprise have begun to flow into these stagnant little nationalities, and their marvellous possibilities of vegetable and mineral wealth are attracting attention. The Nicaragua Canal, which may be counted on as one of the certainties of the future, will open a new page in the history of this region. The author's carelessness of treatment is shown in the omission to give his readers a clear sketch of this great enterprise and its bearings on Central American prosperity. An accurate

and painstaking *résumé* of the relations of the South American republics would have thrown a good deal of light on those imbroglios and petty wars, which, beginning in the time of the late President Barrios of Guatemala are still volcanic and have within a few weeks caused so much attention to be drawn to this region. Political destiny would seem to point to a United States of Central America, a reorganized embodiment of the ideal which first marked separation from Spain a half century since. It would be very interesting to have a statement from a competent student of Central America as to all the causes political, historical, social, and geographical, which operate for and against in this problem. To disseminate light in such matters is the highest function of the intelligent traveller. One may study such phases of foreign life with zeal, without missing the picturesque and objective sides of things.

While our author is guilty of great shortcomings in discussing those questions which make books of travel really valuable, he often offers us graphic sketches of both city and rustic life. The curious mixture of barbarism and civilization so characteristic of the cities of Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, etc., is presented in a vivid way, and the glimpses of social and governmental life are quite racy and amusing. What could be more significant, for example, than the picture of a military parade, where a battalion of ragged and barefooted privates is commanded by a crowd of strutting and brilliantly uniformed officers, almost as many in number as the rank and file? There is so much that is good in one way in these sketches that one regrets all the more the failure to touch matters of great importance. There is a place just now for a really thoughtful and comprehensive study of Central America, but Mr. Vincent has missed his opportunity, and instead of a book of lasting value has merely contributed pages of a diary fit to while away half an hour on the part of the reader. The other chapters are of more importance. The account of the vast and mysterious temple in Cambodia, the history of which antedates all reliable records, even tradition, is of great interest. This mighty fane, the monument of a past race, is in many respects a greater marvel than the Pharaonic remains of Egypt, or the ruins of Baalbec and Luxor in the Syrian desert. Its size, the symmetry of its proportions, the delicacy and beauty of the ornamentation, are such as to call forth the profoundest admira-

tion. Mr. Vincent speculates as to the origin of this colossal temple and the race of its builders with learning and discrimination, though his conclusions seem to be at marked variance with the opinions of other archaeologists who have written about it.

#### HOW IT MIGHT BE DONE.

**A SOCIAL DEPARTURE.** Or, How Orthodocia and I went Around the World by Ourselves. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. With 111 Illustrations by F. H. Townsend. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

This bright and vivacious story of adventure is fully worth the reading. One hardly knows whether it is based on personal experience, or spun out of that knowledge of distant regions which can so easily be commanded in this age of many books. On the latter assumption, the more probable one, it is but meet to acknowledge the charming ease and *raisonné* of the narrative and the realistic cleverness of the style. It belongs to a high order of genius to attain such a truth to nature and probability as to make fiction appear like history, or history read like the chronicle of an eye-witness, such a genius as immortalized Daniel De Foe in "Robinson Crusoe," and the "History of the London Plague." It is not needful that Miss Duncan should be credited with the imaginative power and grasp of one of the great classical names in English literature. But she indicates some of the same kind of quality with a great lightness and ease of touch. Yet the story which she records is not necessarily beyond the reach of two adventurous spinsters in an age when steam and electricity have welded together far-distant continents with a closeness of practical reach surpassing the intimacy of contiguous regions a century ago. "The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea" is now almost a poetic metaphor. Within a few months two young ladies of journalistic ambition have put a girdle round the world in the hope of surpassing the fictitious feat of Phineas Finn in Jules Verne's novel, and have succeeded. What is more to the point, they emphasize the fact that during the whole of this race against time they met nothing but courtesy and helpfulness from the numerous people of various classes with whom they came in contact. The simple fact is that a woman, in spite of her being young, pretty, and unprotected, can to-day, if she deports herself with ordinary prudence and dignity, journey alone around the world without difficulty.

The amusing and interesting adventures of Orthodocia and her companion are told with spirit, wit, and freshness of fancy. The supposed itinerary includes many elements of romance which, strictly speaking, would hardly come to the ordinary traveller. "Adventures come to the adventurous," and one can hardly fancy unprotected females in strange lands deliberately putting themselves in the way of meeting romantic and striking adventure. But we need not speculate on such probabilities. It is enough that the story is told with great naturalness, as well as brightness, and it is pleasant to be carried out of the beaten track of the commonplace. We can hardly fancy any one who would fail to travel most agreeably in the companionship of the spirited Orthodocia, who hardly justifies her name in the dashing and resourceful way in which she takes the most unusual happenings. That there is a little undercurrent of sentiment cropping out of the story amid all its fun and graphic liveliness of description before we part with the heroine, will not be a drawback for most of us. The charm of personal narrative and adventure is happily mingled with admirable description of countries, scenery, and people. The book will prove a most entertaining companion of idle summer hours and ought to meet with a most cordial reception from the reading public.

#### A NOVEL OF CANADIAN LIFE.

**GEOFFREY HAMPSTEAD.** A Novel. (Appleton's Town and Country Library.) By Thomas S. Jarvis. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

A fresh issue in the "Town and Country Library" is to be expected with some interest by novel-readers. The books have been so uniformly good that the presumption is always favorable. "Geoffrey Hampstead" mingles so much of strength with some features that are crude and unnatural as to awaken a feeling of perplexity. The *entourage* of the characters and the genial spirit of out-of-door life with which the story is charged are much in its favor. The description of athletic games and of yachting are lively and enjoyable, and many of the personages who move in the drama are in accordance with the healthful spirit of the surroundings amid which they are set. Geoffrey Hampstead, a Titanic sort of man, mentally and physically an athlete, is a being without a conscience, so superbly indifferent to the ordinary restraints of humanity as to believe that all

others, men and women, were made for his good will and pleasure. The author, in making Geoffrey a man of high and cultivated intellect and keenly alive to moral excellence in others, seems conscious of a radical confusion of thought. He therefore gives his hero a savage mother, of Tartar race, with a father of noble rank in England. The two strains of heredity, the one charged with the brutal, rapacious instincts of barbarism, the other by which is inherited the cumulative training and aspiration of a magnificent race, flowing side by side and unmingled, are supposed to account for the contradiction. It is a fresh version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The strain on one's ordinary observations of human character is so enormous as to be painful. Geoffrey Hampstead is even more monstrous a violation of psychological fact as observed in human beings than Stephenson's *tour de force*, where an all-potent drug is supposed to sink the one personality into the other. In the light of the surroundings under which this character is presented to the reader, we conceive it to be, if not impossible, so radically improbable as to be open to the most serious criticism.

Again the heroine, Nina, who becomes Geoffrey's victim, and is made the indirect instrument of the retribution which ruins him, is no less offensive a violation of social law. One cannot fancy for a moment that a beautiful and accomplished woman, the heir of great wealth, a pet of society, engaged honorably to another man, would deliberately yield herself body and soul to the lusts of one whom she knew did not care for her and was devotedly in love with another woman. The fact is monstrous, repulsive, and unnatural to the last degree. Mr. Jarvis seems to be uneasy over this absurdity, also, so he gives the reader the implication that Nina's downfall is caused by something like hypnotic influence. It is a pity that a clever writer should be reduced to this foolish machinery of plot to import dramatic interest into his story. The novel is too striking in other respects to justify such lack of self-confidence.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE thirty-first volume of the "Histoire Littéraire de la France" will contain among other matter an elaborate essay on the "French Rabbis of the Fourteenth Century," as a continuation of the twenty-seventh vol-

ume of the same publication. The articles on the poet Jedaiah of Béziers, the translator Kalonymos of Arles, the mystic Joseph Caspi of Largentière, the mathematician Samuel of Marseilles, and the philosopher and astronomer Levi ben Gershom (Maestro Leo of Bagnois) will form the prominent part of the work.

A LARGE mass of De Quincey's correspondence has been lately unearthed, which throws new light, it is said, on his character and career, and Mr. Heinemann is preparing to bring it out in two volumes before long, edited by Dr. Japp. There are letters from Coleridge and Wordsworth and many others of his contemporaries, and some from Charlotte Brontë, the first signed "Currer Bell," accompanying a presentation copy of the poems of the three sisters, of which the publishers tell her, she says, only two copies have been sold. The correspondence, it is declared, redounds to De Quincey's credit, showing that his claims to be on familiar terms with more than one man of rank of his time were not fictions of a vain imagination. Even the "De," for which he was quizzed, was not of his manufacture. Its use appears to have been his mother's doing. It seems the world has not yet heard the last of the unpublished works of De Quincey. A number of papers have turned up which contain the manuscripts of "The Dark Interpreter" and "The Spectre of the Brocken," mentioned in the first part, and supposed to have been burned. In all, five of the lost papers have been recovered, and will be published in course of time by Mr. Heinemann, along with a list now discovered of the intended thirty-two papers that were to have formed the complete work.

THE following are the pensions which have been granted on the Civil List for the year ended June 20th, 1890, making a total sum of £1200 : To Dr. William Huggins, £150 ; to the widow of the late Major-General Henry Scott, and the widow of the late Rev. Dr. Edwin Hatch, £100 each ; to a daughter of the late Martin F. Tupper, a daughter of the late Major-General Sir H. W. Barnard, the widow of the late J. T. Wood (of Ephesus fame), and the widow of the late Judge Motteram, £75 each ; to Lady Wilde, £70 ; to Mr. John Absolon, the Rev. Dr. E. Cobham Brewer, Dr. William Spark, the widow of the late E. L. Blanchard, the widow of a son of Dr. Livingstone, a daughter of the late Richard Shilleto, and the widow of the late Rev. J. G. Wood, £50 ;

to two unmarried sisters of the late Dr. Thomas Maguire, of Trinity College, Dublin, £25 each; and to the four unmarried daughters of the late Rev. M. J. Berkeley (the botanist), £20 each. It will be observed that by far the larger number of pensions this year are in the nature of compassionate grants to the surviving members of the families of deceased men of letters or science.

Among forthcoming linguistic publications, a primer of the dialect of the Eskimo tribes living north of the Mackenzie River districts, on the Alaska border, within the Arctic circle, is being prepared under the auspices of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. A syllabic character has been devised to express the language phonographically, closely resembling that which a native missionary of the Cree tribe of North American Indians invented, more than one hundred years ago, for the transcription of the Cree idiom, and which has been successfully adapted to the Chippewya, Tinné, and other Red Indian tongues of North-West Canada.

MR. WHITTIER has written the following letter to Mrs. A. O. Boyce regarding her pleasant book "Records of a Quaker Family," which we reviewed last February:—

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASS., 7 Mo. 1, 1890.

MY DEAR FRD.: I have read thy beautiful book with great satisfaction. As a truthful picture of the old Friendly life it seems to me perfect, and I give thee my heartfelt thanks for the privilege of reading it.

Our dear Society seems changing and becoming more and more like the Calvinistic and other Dissenting Churches, both in doctrines and testimonies. But the good work it has done, and the simple exterior of its lives in the past, will not be forgotten by the world it has made better and sweeter.

Gratefully, thy aged friend,  
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WHAT a triumph must it be considered for the poetical fame of Shelley that his centenary is to be celebrated by the publication of a Lexical-Concordance to his poems, which, from the complete and exhaustive mode of compilation, will equal in bulk Dr. Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon or Mrs. Clarke's Concordance to Shakespeare! By a sort of strange irony, moreover, this tribute to the greatness of the expelled Oxford student of 1811 is to be printed at the University Press, with a type specially cast and a paper made express-

ly for the book. Strange, too, will it be thought that so laborious and costly a work should be undertaken by two publishers. Yet so it is; for while Mr. Ellis is content to spend six of the last years of his life in the close and arduous application necessary for the preparation of such a book—which involves not only the arrangement but the careful and anxious consideration of 125,000 references to the poet's writing—without any hope of reward or benefit to himself beyond the pleasure he finds in the study of the author, his whilom business antagonist, Mr. Quaritch, has undertaken to invest his capital in the production of the volume, which is assuredly a speculation from which many a great publishing house would shrink. It is intended that the book shall be issued on the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth—August 4th, 1892.

THE last member of the Schwäbische Dichterschule has just passed away in the person of the poet Gustav Pfizer, who died a week ago at his native place, Stuttgart, at the age of eighty-three (not eighty, as some German papers have it). Pfizer's poetical activity chiefly extended, like that of Uhland, over the first period of his life only. In 1838 he was bold enough to publish a severe criticism on Heine, for which the latter took merciless revenge in his "Schwabenspiegel."

CONTINENTAL papers report that the well-known Spanish writer and politician, Señor Emilio Castelar, being engaged on a "Life of Jesus," will shortly repair to Palestine, thus following the example of M. Renan, who had also made himself practically acquainted with the scene of Christ's preaching before writing his "Vie de Jésus." Señor Castelar's work will, however, unlike the latter, be rather of a descriptive kind than critical and philosophical. It is said that he is also engaged on a history of Spain.

M. RENAN's third volume of the "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël" will appear at the beginning of October.

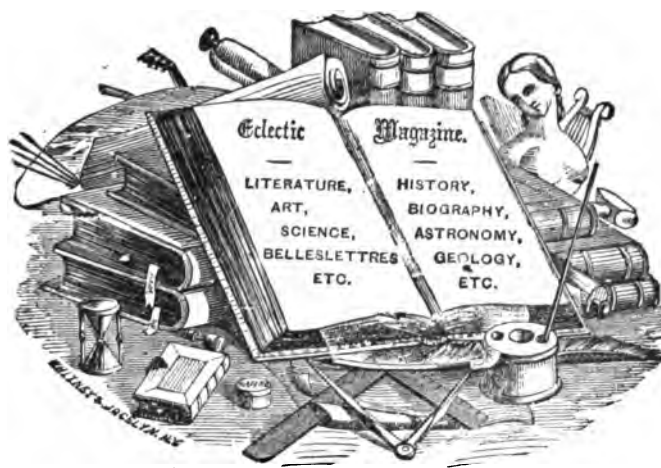
FOREIGN exchanges record the death of Professor Ivan Pavlovich Minayeff, which occurred on June 13th at St. Petersburg. The deceased scholar was well known among Orientalists as a Pali scholar of many years' standing, and a writer on subjects connected with Buddhism. Professor Minayeff had also several times visited the chief Buddhist countries, where he made collections of MSS.

## MISCELLANY.

NONSENSE ABOUT BUDDHISM.—Mr. Graham Sandberg concludes an article on philosophical Buddhism, from which we quoted some paragraphs the other day, with the remark that among modern admirers and exponents of Buddhism "meanings are given to words and doctrines such as would occur to the Christian trained mind, but they are such as the Buddhist author and Oriental reader would neither conceive nor, uninstructed, understand." Had he read a lecture Sir Edwin Arnold delivered before the Japanese Educational Society at Tokio a few weeks ago, he might have added that a scientific meaning is now being read into Buddhism which has no existence there except in the imagination of the enthusiastic disciple. "I have often said," observed Sir Edwin, "and I shall say again and again, that between Buddhism and modern science there exists a close intellectual bond. When Tyndall tells us of sounds we cannot hear, and Norman Lockyer of colors we cannot see; when Sir William Thomson and Professor Sylvester push mathematical investigation to regions almost beyond the Calculus, and others, still bolder, imagine and try to grapple with, though they cannot actually grasp, a space of four dimensions, what is all this except the Buddhist *Maya*, a practical recognition of the illusions of the senses? And when Darwin shows us life passing onward and upward through a series of constantly improving forms toward the Better and the Best, each individual starting in new existence with the records of bygone good and evil stamped deep and ineffaceably from the old ones, what is this again but the Buddhist doctrine of *Dharma* and of *Karma*?" This is something very like nonsense. If there is one idea more alien than another from the spirit of modern science, it is that of the illusiveness of sense. Men like Professor Sylvester and Sir William Thomson realize in spirit and in fact the Baconian ideal of servants and interpreters of nature; and for that reason their method is not to get above sense—the hopeless task Buddhism imposes—but to ask sense questions by experiment. What Sir Edwin Arnold would call illusion is to the scientist as real as anything else, though it may be recognized as having less permanence or, in relation to the evolution of the world, moral and intellectual value. It is the function and glory of the poet to discern similitudes, and Sir Edwin Arnold is a poet; but when he sets down his similitudes as historical analogies scientifically demonstrated, he goes beyond his

province, and places Buddhism in an altogether false and delusive light.—*Allahabad Pioneer*.

THE FUTURE OF LITERATURE.—Your thorough-going journalist blinks like a sleepy owl; much night-work has made him permanently drowsy. Now all literature tends to-day to become more and more journalistic in type and method. I don't mean merely that it is produced to a great extent in periodical form; nor even that it is more or less ephemeral in its interests and objects. I mean something deeper and more essential than that: it is produced under somewhat the same cramping conditions of stress and hurry as journalism generally—so that the leisurely quality, the fine literary aroma, the scholarly habit of rolling the delicate morsel daintily on the critical palate, are each day becoming more and more obsolete and forgotten among us. Even a great writer would find it hard to supply us with masterpieces at fifty or sixty, if he had been constantly employed for thirty years previously in grinding out a couple of novels a year for a mercantile syndicate, the head of which frankly acknowledges in print that "high-class romances" have never been known to pay for provincial newspaper purposes. But this is just the mill through which the aspiring young author of the present day has to be passed against his will, as a mere literary grindstone; in one way or another he must write to order so many pages a day, at least until he has achieved sufficient distinction to be able to say what he pleases anywhere, and to say it boldly. The date in his life at which that happy hour will strike for him must henceforth, from generation to generation, be steadily postponed ever later and later. Carlyle got his say in middle age; Herbert Spencer by the exercise of extraordinary self-denial, managed to secure it in early manhood; George Meredith is only now beginning to catch the public ear. But most young men of this and the coming crops may expect to find themselves free to follow their own bent in life at sixty or thereabouts. Now, excellent work, we all allow, may be done at sixty, but mainly by men who have been accustomed to do similar excellent work with a free hand for many years beforehand. A high authority on hosiery has lately informed us that a man seldom changes the cut of his collar after he has passed the middle term of thirty-five; he is certainly very little likely to change the cut of his style and his habits of writing when he has got much beyond the grand climacteric of fifty.—*Grant Allen*, in the "*Daily Graphic*."



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plete in 63 vols.

### THE AMERICAN SILVER BUBBLE.

BY ROBERT GIFFEN.

THE late Mr. Bagehot used to remark that the United States was a country for exemplifying by experiments on a large scale the old truths of political economy. The people were indifferent to experience gained elsewhere, while they were protected from the most serious consequences of mistakes, that would be supremely disastrous in old countries, by their magnificent resources. They were thus constantly renewing old experiments under favorable conditions and confirming, if not adding to, our knowledge of the principles of political economy. The latest experiment of this kind is the silver legislation, of which we have all heard so much during the last few months. Of all things in the world, "money," which can least bear tampering with, or anything but scientific treatment, is being made in America the bone of party contention, under the influ-

ence partly of a mining interest which desires strongly to get a better price for silver, and partly of a soft money interest, which desires to have abundant money of some kind if it cannot have inconvertible paper. The resulting legislation, which has in fact been accomplished, is certainly of a singular character, and raises questions of immediate practical as well as scientific interest, not only to Americans but to other peoples as well. Some account of the matter, then—of the fantastic ideas which influence the event, of the results which must ensue as distinguished from those hoped for and predicted, and of the consequences to wider interests—may thus be of some use. The facts are highly complex and little known and understood even in America. Two articles which have lately appeared in the *American Quarterly Journal of Economics*, one

greenbacks themselves, to about 20,000,000% only.

In addition there are about 12,000,000% of such notes still outstanding which are in a peculiar position. They have ceased to be issues as far as the banks themselves are concerned, and the banks have deposited a sum of cash equal to them with the Treasury to enable the Treasury to redeem them. Such notes have thus become in effect Treasury notes; they are practically in the category of gold certificates or greenbacks; and until the silver legislation of the present year the cash deposited to redeem them was "earmarked" and had to be specially kept by the Treasury, just like the 20,000,000% of gold appropriated to secure the greenbacks.

(f) There are also token currencies of silver and copper coin as in a monometallic system, which require no special description.

These various currencies, it need hardly be pointed out, do not add up. This is obviously the case with the silver coins and silver certificates, which can be substituted the one for the other, but it is equally the case with the national bank-notes, which are not an addition to the greenbacks and gold certificates, because the banks themselves are holders of these gold and silver certificates. Separating the Government issues from the national bank issues, the Government may be considered responsible for about 140,000,000% of paper, against which it holds upward of 60,000,000% of the standard substance, gold. If we include the national bank issues, but deduct from them the greenbacks and gold certificates held by the banks, so as to show the paper in the hands of the public, the whole active circulation may still be put at something like 140,000,000%, against which the standard substance held by the Treasury and banks together is, as we have seen, about 80,000,000%.

So various and so peculiar, therefore, are the representative currencies of the United States, while there are minor varieties which it appears unnecessary to describe. There are, for instance, certificates of the deposit of greenbacks which circulate instead of the greenbacks themselves, just as gold certificates circulate in place of the gold. But it is needless to go into further detail. The important

point is that, with all this complexity and confusion, originating in notions of making money abundant, the United States have arrived at nothing and have effected nothing which might not have been effected better by a thoroughly monometallic system with gold for the standard. The greenbacks, the gold certificates, the silver coins of unlimited legal tender, the silver certificates, the national bank-notes, and the fractional currencies of silver and copper coin, are all substitutionary and representative money only, however disguised, convertible into and exchangeable with the standard substance gold, but not themselves standard money. To give to some of these representative currencies, like the Bland silver coins and the greenbacks, the quality of unlimited legal tender in no way alters their real character. They only circulate to the extent there is a demand for them, and as the equivalent or representative of the standard substance itself, and they might just as well have that character distinctly avowed.

Another remark to be made is that the American system is extremely wasteful of cash, and, at any rate, it does not give the Americans the benefit of that economy from the use of paper which is one of the advantages that counterbalance the extensive use of paper money in lieu of the standard substance. When the United States resumed specie payments in 1879, the active circulation of paper—the paper issues in the hands of the public—was about 112,000,000%, against which the cash held in reserve, almost all gold, was about 30,000,000% only. Now the paper issues in the hands of the public are\* about 140,000,000%, but the cash held by the banks and the Treasury together is of about equal amount. The gold alone, as we have seen, is over 80,000,000%, and the visible silver is over 60,000,000% more. The liabilities of the banks meanwhile have about doubled, so that some increase of reserve cash would have been justified; but if 30,000,000% sufficed twelve years ago, as there is no doubt it did, it cannot be necessary to have 140,000,000% now. Probably the gold alone is in excess of what would be required if the system were economically worked, and the silver, which has also been accumu-

\* i.e. toward the end of last year, the date of the annual official reports of Government departments in the United States.

lated, is accordingly entirely superfluous. The Americans might be justified in saying that there is similar waste in other systems. They might have used a great deal of the silver coinage directly, for instance, as is done in the United Kingdom, without the intervention of silver certificates. The silver itself would have circulated to some extent instead of the certificates, and the consumption would have been large. This is in one sense true. In all monometallic systems there is waste, where a subsidiary metal is used for token coinage, and paper might have been used instead. But the waste of one system does not excuse waste in another. In a system, moreover, where token coinage is avowedly used for small change under automatic rules, the waste is different from, and more excusable than, the American waste, in that the object is security against the vagaries of the issuers of money, and this security is abandoned where paper itself circulates. If they cannot circulate the coinage itself, then, it is waste in the United States to lock it up and circulate the paper instead. They have all the disadvantages of paper without the advantage of its economy. The lock-up, moreover, operates against that inflation which has been the real object of all these miscellaneous currencies. The appreciation of gold would have been less than it is if the United States had not locked up so much of it. Silver is higher in price, and has been higher in price, than it would have been if the United States had not locked it up. Their action has made the market wholly unnatural.

It is this irregular and wasteful system, then, into which the recent proposals for silver legislation and finally a Silver Act have been introduced. The description that has been given enables us to characterize the new proposals very shortly.

They have all, in effect, been inspired by the party or parties which have made the United States monetary system the irregular and wasteful patchwork that it is. To create more money, to raise prices, has been the object of one party, while another party has aimed purely and directly at raising the price of silver. What has been proposed and done therefore has been something to aggravate existing evils instead of lessening them.

Two leading proposals were in compe-

tition in the Legislature. One, which need not be very much discussed, as it was not carried, though it was very nearly being carried, was a distinct proposal to introduce the double standard, to authorize the coining of silver as well as gold on individual account, and to make the dollar *either* 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  grains of standard gold *or* 412 $\frac{1}{2}$  grains of standard silver. These silver dollars would have been exactly the same as the present Bland dollars, with this difference, that any one who had silver to take to the Mint would have got it coined. The passage of this law, therefore, would have made the United States bimetallic at the ratio of 16 to 1, and the speculation would at once have been—what would happen?

It is almost a pity the experiment has not been made. Bimetallists are so sure that the great nations have only to unite upon a common double standard to make that standard effective, that it would have been interesting to witness the effect in a country which is one of the foremost among the nations that were to make the agreement. For reasons I have often urged, and according to the experience and teaching of the greatest economists, the United States, suddenly introducing such a law, could not have escaped great disasters. Silver being so much cheaper than gold, the community which tried to act upon such a law would at once have all existing debts reduced to the level of silver debts; silver would become the sole standard; and gold would be at a premium in the new money. To avoid such evils, in the interval between the passing of such a law and its coming into operation, those concerned might be expected to rush for payment of their debts in gold while there was yet time, and so create a panic. That some such disaster was apprehended clearly appeared in the course of the debates on the Silver Bill. The Senate actually passed a bill for bimetalism pure and simple, but there was immediately no small commotion and the measure was shelved.

The astonishing thing is that, to all appearance, the party which wanted cheap money and the party which wanted to raise the price of silver united in favor of this measure, which might not have raised the value of silver at all. It is not the declaration of the standard which makes the demand for a precious metal in a



country. It is the laws and customs which regulate the currency that are the most important in this respect. It is easy to make a demand for silver, with gold as the standard substance, and *vice versa*, as the experience of the United States itself has very clearly proved. Yet no one seems to have thought that the elevation of silver to the rank of standard money might *not* have led to a larger employment of silver at all; that this would depend on laws of another kind which were receiving no attention.

The other proposal, which has actually been carried, is of the nature of the Bland Act itself. It is to the effect that the United States Treasury is to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion monthly (at any price under  $37\frac{1}{2}$  grains of fine silver per dollar, which is about 60d. per ounce for standard silver), and issue notes in payment equal to the value purchased, which notes are to be payable in lawful money of the United States. At the same time the Treasury is authorized to coin as much of the silver as may be necessary into "Bland dollars" and use them in redeeming these notes. These notes are also to be unlimited legal tender. The Bland Act itself is repealed. In effect, then, the new Act may be described as an extension of the Bland Act as regards the amount of silver to be purchased and as an aggravation of the mischievous character of that measure in respect that the notes issued for the silver are to be unlimited legal tender, which the silver certificates were not, and are not to be specially redeemable in silver coin as the silver certificates were. It is an attempt to create something more than representative money, if possible, while the extension of the amount to be created makes it more difficult to apply the monometallic device of limitation of quantity, by which in part the silver certificates have hitherto been kept on a par with gold. The exact figures as regards the amount are thus important. Under the Bland Act the Treasury were directed to purchase not less than \$2,000,000 worth of silver monthly and not more than \$4,000,000 worth. In fact, the Treasury has always purchased the minimum only; this minimum, however, at the low price of silver in 1889, amounting to 29,000,000 ozs. in the year. Under the new Act the purchases are to be of 4,500,000 ozs. monthly, or 54,000,-

000 ozs. per annum, an increase of the annual purchases by 25,000,000 ozs.. There was much debate on a counter-proposal to purchase \$4,500,000 worth monthly, which would have come to the same thing as the proposal actually passed when silver was at the price of 48d., but would have meant a decrease of the quantity purchased to less than 54,000,000 ozs. as the price rose above 48d. and an increase of the quantity purchased as the price fell below 48d. But the final decision was to purchase a certain definite quantity only. And this quantity is in effect an increase of the annual purchases, as compared with what they were in 1889, from 29,000,000 to 54,000,000 ozs. or an increase of 25,000,000 ozs. There is another provision in the Act of a very special character, taking away the "ear-mark" from the cash deposited to redeem the cancelled national bank-notes referred to above, which will require separate notice, but what we have described is the main part of the measure.

To describe the measure, we think, is to show its mischievous character; but the immediate question is what will be the precise effects as compared with those intended, both as regards inflation and as regards the somewhat inconsistent end of raising the price of silver? Have the soft money party in the United States and the silver interest effected their purpose or have they not?

Now, as regards inflation, there can apparently be no question. In the first instance, at least, the soft money party have failed of their object. There can be no inflation all at once.\* The silver notes to be issued will have exactly the same sort of uses as the silver certificates now circulating, no more and no less. So long as the quantity of notes issued is strictly limited, and the Government receives them freely for taxes and dues, and pays them out only in exchange for the equivalent of gold, they will remain on a level with gold. That they nominally represent silver is of no consequence whatsoever. They will really be paper convertible into gold on demand. But such a currency so handled cannot cause inflation. Prices remain, as before, at the gold level.

\* See as regards inflation under the Bland Act the article of Mr. Taussig above referred to.

There is a danger, of course, that in time it will not be possible so to handle this currency, and this is, in fact, the special mischief of the Act; but the intention clearly is so to handle it, and the promoters of the Act seemed to have the idea that the new currencies would make money abundant with gold in use as it is. They did not look to the contingency of gold being displaced.

On this head, then, there is a complete deception on the part of the people of the United States, as they must shortly find out. Yet they might have been undeceived by the experience of the existing silver certificates. These certificates have partly taken the place of cancelled national bank-notes, partly filled up a "currency" void caused by the expansion of population and business in the United States. It has been convenient that so much paper should have been available. But the paper has no more caused inflation than the increase of silver token money with ourselves has caused inflation. It circulates only to the extent demanded, flowing back into the Treasury when not required. How the idea that a currency of this kind means inflation should have originated, it would be difficult to understand if it were not for the common confusion between standard money and currency; but this confusion, there is no doubt, accounts for much. To produce inflation, the standard substance in which bargains are made must be "offered," and you do not produce that sort of effect by multiplying small change currency, of which communities will in fact absorb no more than they need. The Americans have thought to produce abundant money by multiplying representative and small change currency only. There could not be a better illustration of an end which was considered desirable being wholly missed through ignorance.

If there is to be inflation at all, it can only come through the substitutionary or representative currencies not being kept on a level with gold, and thus coming to form a new *quasi*-standard substance of their own. Then there will be inflation with a vengeance—in fact, all the well-known evils of excessive inconvertible paper. This is a danger, as already mentioned, to which the American monetary system is now exposed. But so long as the gold standard is maintained—and

this is what is hoped—prices will not rise, and money will not be abundant.

The other end aimed at by the promoters of the silver legislation—viz., a rise in the value of silver—is, however, being accomplished. Silver is for the moment enhanced in price by the large purchases which the United States have commenced to make. This illustrates a very old doctrine indeed, not so much of political economy as of business and common sense. The way to raise the price of anything is to buy it and take it off to market. This is what the United States Government is doing with silver on a large scale, and *pro tanto* the price is raised.

How much the price will be raised is a different question, which concerns the City and speculators mainly, and which need hardly be discussed here. It involves questions of detail as to future production and demand. Two points, however, seem clear. 1. The rise in silver which has taken place seems likely enough to be temporary only. The increase in the production of silver of late years has been enormous. Dr. Soetbeer's figures on this head are well known; but take only this fact, which I find in the Report of the Director of the United States Mint, already referred to, that in 1873 the annual production of silver was 63,000,000 fine ounces, and in 1889 the amount was 126,000,000 ounces. And this enormous increase of production seems likely to continue. At the same time there is no corresponding increase of what may be called the natural demand. The additional artificial demand for the United States, therefore, only takes up part of an increasing supply, and will not, it is probable, have any greater effect on the market than the purchases under the Bland Act, when they commenced, which were equally great in proportion to the supply at that time. After the present flutter, therefore, silver in all probability will fall back to its former level, unless some new event happens. 2. The present rise may be to some extent nominal, forming part of a general rise of prices in gold incidental to a period of good credit. Silver, in other words, may have risen rather more as measured by gold than as measured by the average of commodities. When credit is again succeeded by discredit and depression succeeds prosperity, silver may also fall back with the average of com-

modities. If silver were the standard of countries economically as powerful as the countries whose standard is gold, this might not be the case. The influence of credit might in that case affect the two standard substances equally. But at present it is the gold countries which have most credit, and whose standard substance is most affected by fluctuations of credit. Still, silver has risen to some extent as measured even by an average of other commodities, and not merely as measured by gold, and so far the owners of silver, who promoted the bill, have gained. Of course, this rise in silver in all countries which have silver money is appreciation and not depreciation, contraction and not inflation—the very opposite, in fact, of what has been aimed at by the soft money party.

What owners of silver and silver mines have gained the rest of the world lose. The natural market is also disturbed, which is a loss to every one in the end. For the present, however, there is no question as to the gainers by the American silver bubble. They are even better off than if they had got unlimited coinage of silver, which was so very near being carried.

We come then to the question of the wider interests which may be affected by this silver legislation, apart from those which are immediately at issue. The questions thus raised are very grave indeed.

The main question is the critical condition of the United States monetary system. By departing from the simplicity and perfection of a single standard in the vain hope of increasing "money," as it is thought, and so raising prices, which they think can be done by making gold and silver both standard—a thing that is impossible—or by multiplying representative and small change currency only, which has little effect on prices, the people of the United States are running the most serious risks of financial disaster. The moment the present expedients to keep all the substitutionary currency on a level with gold cease to be effective, and this currency is pressed on the market in excess, gold will cease to be standard; the gold in the United States will be either hoarded or exported, or used at a premium; and silver will fast become the standard money.

Existing creditors will receive in consequence less than they contracted for; many contracts will be disturbed; and in circumstances easily conceivable there will certainly be panic. The standard money of a country is not a thing to be lightly changed.

Mr. Balfour, in his recent bimetallic speech in the House of Commons, spoke lightly of the dangers of panic in connection with changes of standard, even from inconvertible paper to gold and the reverse. But there are changes and changes, and it is most certainly true that one of the evils connected with such transitions or with the departure from a good sound standard is panic and confusion. The return to specie payments in this country after the inconvertible paper at the beginning of the century was a most painful process, and the great panic of 1825 incidentally arose out of it. In 1869 in the United States there was a remarkable gold panic, and in 1873 there was a general money panic not unconnected with the appreciation of the paper money, which was gradually approaching par, although par was not actually reached till 1878. Within the last few months, again, we have seen that the excesses of inconvertible paper in the Argentine Republic lead to monetary panic and confusion of the worst kind, and even to political revolution. To this sort of evil the United States, having got a good standard, voluntarily exposes itself in deference to the fanatics of bimetallicism, stimulated by the private interests of mine owners who have silver to sell. The resources of the United States are such that even great calamities of this sort are surmounted without fatal disaster. But the calamities may not be wholly escaped, and may be more serious than the parties who manipulate the Legislature, and even the sober business men in the United States who are compelled to look on, anticipate.

It need hardly be said that any evil of this kind occurring in the United States will react in other countries, and particularly in England. Just as the United States panic of 1873 was the beginning of our own long depression, so a new panic must have great effects. In one thing we are also specially interested. Currency securities of the United States have been largely bought here as if they were gold securities. If the transition from a gold to a

silver standard takes place, these securities will unquestionably be depreciated. The income will be diminished, and the capital value will fall in even greater proportion. The United States will of course suffer from the resulting discredit, but our investing classes will first have suffered.

The crisis may possibly come before long. It is only a question of a short time when the United States will be face to face once more with the problem of surplus silver. The case at present is that there is room for new currency in the United States to a certain extent, because the process of extinguishing the national bank-note circulation still goes on, and because this is a time of good trade, when, one year with another, more small change is required. To take the place of cancelled bank-notes, and to fill up the demands of increasing population and trade, the United States Government can easily issue more paper, and if it chooses to make the issue contingent only on the deposit of silver bullion it can do so. But the demands of this kind are limited. At the rate of issue now directed, about 9,000,000*l.* to 10,000,000*l.* nominal per annum, with silver at its present price, two to three years will suffice to replace the bank-notes even if the existing bank-note circulation should all be cancelled; and with the cessation of good trade the demand for currency in other ways would cease. The issue of paper, if then continued, would immediately be in excess, and a movement would at once begin to send in the gold certificates for payment and take the gold away, thus endangering the gold standard. So long as the United States Treasury has gold to pay, and is willing or compellable to pay it, the evil would be staved off, but the diminution of the amount and proportion of gold held would bring the transition within sight, and then, it may be expected, considerable events would happen. The bankers and people of the United States are not prepared for a silver standard. The moment it is seen that the promise to give them both gold and silver as standard cannot be kept, there will assuredly be a new agitation, and probably a panic, through the endeavors of business men to make for themselves a good standard money which the Government had failed to give them.

In this connection, then, the special provision in the Act abolishing the "ear-

mark" on the cash deposited with the Treasury to redeem the cancelled national bank-notes becomes important. The effect is that the 12,000,000*l.* thus ear-marked at present, and for which provision must be made before the Treasury can reckon a surplus, will become an ordinary liability of the Treasury for which no special provision is required, like the greenbacks in excess of the 20,000,000*l.* of gold specially provided for their redemption. The technical surplus of the Treasury will thus be increased by 12,000,000*l.* at a stroke; and as the surplus the Treasury is permitted to keep is limited, the 12,000,000*l.* will have to be paid away. As no one will take silver unless forced, the payments will either have to be in gold or gold will go to a premium; while if the payments are in gold the diminution of the proportion and amount of gold held, which brings the transition to a silver standard within sight, will at once begin. Even after paying away 12,000,000*l.* the United States Treasury would, in reality, have sufficient gold left to support the gold standard, but apprehension might set in at any point with results that are beyond calculation.

Another fact which points in the direction of an early crisis is the prospect of a diminution of the annual surplus of revenue over expenditure, which has hitherto enabled the United States Government to act so powerfully on the money market. Considerable stress is laid on this fact by American authorities. If the annual surplus should diminish, the Government's power of action would diminish with it, and the fact should have due weight.

It is evident, then, that the situation in the United States under the new *régime* must be extremely complex and difficult. What the Treasury are to do from day to day, it will be no easy matter to decide. But the practical conclusion here must be to prepare for contraction rather than inflation. Even if 12,000,000*l.* of gold are set free in the next few months, the general circumstances of the world's money markets are at present such that this large sum would hardly make an impression. And against any effect that may be produced must be set the obvious apprehension in New York at each withdrawal of gold for export, revealing the feeling in American circles that in the uncertainties of the monetary situation there

gold must not be parted with. The inflation party have had their way in the matter of legislation, but it would not be singular in economic experience if the effect should be quite the opposite of what was intended. Yet it is to induce us to imitate the United States in follies which produce such results that our bimetallic friends have lately been so busy.

The next questions that may be agitated are those arising out of the rise in the price of silver itself. Immediately to a certain extent all the evils arising out of a fall in the value of silver as measured by gold which have caused so great an outcry from India and Manchester are being redressed. Indian finance is improved. The Indian civil servant who has to remit home gets a better price for his rupee. The Lancashire cotton manufacturer gets a better return for his goods from every silver country. But the end is not yet, and the reverse of these operations will not be long in appearing.

The rise of silver in gold in a few months has been from about 42*d.* to 50*d.*, or very nearly 20 per cent. It is not wholly due, I think, to the artificial movement in America, because the improvement in trade was bringing about some moderate advance in silver when the America bubble began. But the advance is still mainly due to the American speculation. And it is a great advance. Twenty per cent. in relative value is a very considerable change to take place between two moneys, and must disturb a great deal, besides setting in motion very powerful forces for the establishment of a new equilibrium. It may mean one of three things. Assuming that general prices and wages in *gold* are not changed, it means an appreciation of silver measured by commodities, and a rise in real wages in silver equal to about 20 per cent. Assuming that general prices and wages in *silver* are not changed, it means a depreciation of gold measured by commodities, and a fall in real wages in gold equal to about 20 per cent. Assuming that general prices measured by gold have risen, and measured by silver have fallen, to the extent altogether, adding the rise and the fall, of 20 per cent., then there is depreciation of gold and appreciation of silver, as above stated, with a fall of real wages in gold and a rise of real wages in silver

to the extent in the aggregate of 20 per cent. Relative wages and prices in the two metals together have in any case to be adjusted to the extent of 20 per cent. Large adjustments will therefore be required to establish a new equilibrium in place of the equilibrium that formerly prevailed. What that new equilibrium will be it is impossible to foresee; but India and other silver countries must either suffer from the appreciation of silver as we have suffered from the appreciation of gold, or if they do not so suffer to the full extent this country and all gold countries must sustain *pro tanto* a similar experience to that of India, which has caused all the outcry from that country—a depreciation of our standard money in relation to that of other countries. Disturbances and readjustments of a serious kind there must be.

To some extent readjustments are already taking place. The rise in silver in April choked off at first the exports of silver to India. At the same time imports into India (exclusive of silver) were stimulated, and exports from India were checked. A similar process must continue to go on with all silver countries until a new equilibrium of prices and wages is established. Trade will assuredly suffer from so rapid a readjustment as will be necessary; while uncertainty is added to the mischief, as no one can tell how long the present artificial price of silver can be maintained. To the difficulty incidental to the different standards of the world, even when those standards are metals, the United States have contrived to add an uncertainty almost equalling the uncertainty of incontrovertible paper. Silver was quietly settling down and probably finding new customers at a low price when all this gratuitous disturbance occurred. Some time or other the reaction will probably be equal to the action, and there will be a temporary fall in silver to compensate the present artificial rise.

The discussion suggests the reflection how entirely self-caused are many of the evils arising from the change in the relative values of gold and silver which cause so much agitation. If the Governments of the Latin Convention and the United States had only established monometallist systems, working automatically, a change in the relative value of gold and silver

could not have been prevented on great changes of circumstances occurring, but the change would have been minimized, and probably long before this gold and silver would have settled down, for a time at least, at a comparatively steady ratio, as indeed they were settling down lately when the United States Legislature intervened with the present Silver Act. It is a mistake to suppose that with a monometallist standard the metal which is not the standard is boycotted. On the contrary, as the French economists always contend, a metal which is not the standard may easily be employed for representative currency, and is in fact so employed under every gold standard system just as silver and copper are now employed in England and France, and for that matter in the United States itself. There are cases where the employment of the non-standard substance in this representative character is greater than the employment of the standard substance itself. To represent silver as boycotted, therefore, by its ceasing to be standard money has been a pure blunder. If, then, the nations of Europe and the United States had been purely and frankly monometallic, each with that metal for standard that was found most

convenient, both gold and silver might have been adequately employed in the monetary systems of those countries, and both might have been cheaper and prices higher than they are now, as there might have been less of that artificial hoarding which want of definite knowledge and principle in monetary legislation has brought about. At the same time, they would probably have been steadier toward each other than they have been, the market being wholly natural and not rendered dangerous by artificial interferences, and natural demands tending to arise when either metal fell considerably in price. It is greatly to be desired that this common sense should at length prevail with all the Governments concerned; that they should learn it is not their business to make money abundant or to attempt to regulate the price of gold and silver, but in money matters what they have to do is to provide a good system which can be done on fixed principles without raising such difficult questions. Until this common sense is more generally diffused, further monetary troubles are unavoidable, and what has just happened in the United States should put other nations on their guard.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

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#### THE FRENCH OPERA.

BY YETTA BLAZE DE BURY.

CARDINAL BICHI (a Papal legate and a *dilettante*), King Louis the Fourteenth, and Father Bourgeois (a monk skilled in mechanics)—these were the personages to whose talents and tastes the Académie Royale de Musique first owed its existence. This existence was inaugurated in Paris, 1646, under the auspices of Cardinal Mazarin, who writes his secretary, Naudé: "Invited over to France this year twenty Italian musicians from the chapel of Count Bentivoglio, in Florence." These musicians were under the leadership of Luigi Rossi, never mentioned by St. Evremond\* otherwise than merely as "Luigi." Naudé goes on to say that

\* St. Evremond's letters to Ninon de Lenclos and to the Duchesse de Mazarin mention not only events about his sojourn in England, but as well events of the past, such as remembrances of Louis the Fourteenth's Court.

"all those who have been in Rome are loud in praise of this manner of reciting comedies in music, as they are performed at the palace of the Barberini." The favor with which the Italian musicians were received incited the French artists' emulation, and Cambert's opera *Euridice* was brought out about 1647, principally because the Italians had obtained such success in *Orfeo*.

Up to these days in France, tragedy and comedy had been the only dramatic form of expressing human passions or human absurdities. Now the *comédie chantée*, as Naudé called it, was about to initiate French minds into the mysteries of a new emotional outlet, into a fresh mode of expression. That conventional type of lyric drama, however, the opera, where a personage mortally wounded, instead of bleeding to death, gives forth

shakes and scales, was an art so far removed from what is natural, or even from what is considered natural on the stage, that some time elapsed before it became acceptable to French intelligence. The ballet, a more elementary form of art, where the pleasures rather than the storms of passion are represented, preceded the appearance of the opera at the Court of France.

To the really "lettered" minds of the seventeenth century the language of music conveyed nothing, and though Madame de Sévigné was capable of emptying her inkstand in praise of a comedy by Molière or a tragedy by Corneille, neither she nor Madame de Lafayette, Madame de Rambouillet, nor Mademoiselle de Scudéry, were capable of perceiving in a musical composition anything more than an "exercise" for *les violons du Roi*. That essentially modern and vibrative being, Rousseau, taught the eighteenth century the language of sounds in music, as he had already, and the first, turned French admiration to the beauties of nature and to the eloquent music of wind among trees. Henceforth Musset, Stendhal, Madame Sand, and Madame d'Agoût might proclaim Beethoven's art capable of expressing all thoughts and all emotions; they would be listened to, and understood.

Bichi, Mazarin, La Rovère, were the three Church dignitaries who in France became the sponsors of musical drama. As yet, however, the real public did not understand or appreciate these mixed "musical comedies." Boffara,\* the author of the only manuscript we have to rely on for these early statements, says that neither *Armide et Renaud*, nor *Clorinde*, nor even the *Mariage d'Euridice* pleased the public, who delighted then, as now, in spectacular effects such as we find in *La Toison d'Or*, *Circé*, and *Psyché* in particular, where Perseus ascended to the skies in the last act mounted on Pegasus! These were the pieces which found favor in the eyes of the public of 1646, just as the *Poule aux Œufs d'Or* and the *Pied de Mouton*, etc., find favor with it now. The author of the *Pastorale* (Perrin), the first operatic writer who succeeded with the French public, was born at Lyons in 1625. After numerous and fruitless efforts to make a mark in the world, having

come to the conclusion that "money makes the man," he sought and found money by marrying Madame la Barroyre, widow of a councillor at Court. This lady, says Tallemant des Réaux (the scandalmonger of the day), was sixty-one years of age, Perrin was twenty-seven. She had not the greatest brain in the world, but before marrying that "Dada" (meaning Perrin) she might have passed muster. The "Dada," however, was disinherited when the lady awoke from her infatuation, and left as poor as before marriage. The Duc d'Orléans came to his rescue by naming him "Introducteur des Ambassadeurs."

Chief among the patronesses of Perrin had stood the Duchesse d'Orléans, according to Michelet, "the most attractive woman in France," "la seule qui sut distinguer les hommes et personne après."\* The Duchesse loved Perrin's *Pastorale*, but alas! she loved Louis the Fourteenth also, and after him the Comte de Vardes; "cet homme aux tours de chat," as Michelet also characterizes him, a man who gave the Duchesse *rendez-vous* at the Convent of Chaillot,† and failed to keep them. Ill from grief and from neglected love, Madame (whom Guy Patin at her arrival in France had pronounced of "small health") having no longer the heart to protect or actively help any one, Perrin turned to the Duke, who at once obtained for him the privilege of founding the Académie Royale de Musique.

The next move for Perrin, however, after becoming titular of the privilege was to house the Académie. M. de la Haye's hospitality in giving up his house at Issy for Perrin's performance had provided but a temporary shelter. The Marquis de Sourdeac—an oddity whom Tallemant des Réaux describes as being so active that "he used to make his tenants course him across his own park like a hunted stag"—offered his *hôtel*, but it was only a makeshift. Very soon a company was formed, of which the brother of the chronicler Tallemant became a mem-

\* *Histoire de France*, vol. xv. ch. ii.

† The Abbess of the Convent of Chaillot was Louise Angélique de Lafayette, the former platonic flame of Louis the Thirteenth, who was all the more fitted to console Henriette d'Angleterre in 1665 for the neglect of Louis the Fourteenth because she herself had been abandoned by Louis the Thirteenth in 1636.

\* MS. of Boffara, Bibl. Nationale.

ber. The tennis-court of Vaugirard, close to the Hôtel la Trémoille, was rented, and toward 1668 the Opéra entered into its second residence, but only for a short time, as the situation was not found convenient. In 1670 it removed again, if not definitely, at least for a longer sojourn, to the Rue des Fossés de Nesles, now the Rue Mazarine. In this way the Institut de France is standing at present on the very spot where three centuries ago stood the first Académie de Musique.

Lulli inaugurated the new Opéra. His *Alceste* was a triumph, but his *Aryane*, which followed, was a dead failure.

Campra, who succeeded Lulli as the organizer of Court festivities and manager of the Opéra, was not more fortunate with his *Carnaval de Venise* nor with his *Tancredi*. The moment was a bad one for art. Louis the Fourteenth hit upon a practical idea which saved it from bankruptcy. He invented the *bals de l'Opéra*, where each person paid an entrance fee of six *écus*, contributing thus to his own pleasure as well as to the general expenses. Still it was only at the arrival of the Regent in 1716 that these balls attained the apogee of their success. Mademoiselle Aïssé refers to them in her correspondence with Madame de Calandrini, and particularly mentions that the company was most select on "Fridays," as it has remained. Brought into France in 1710 by the Comte de Fériol, Ambassador at Constantinople, who had bought her at a sale of slaves, Mademoiselle Aïssé met the Regent at Madame de Parabère's, his favorite, about 1720. The novelty of an adventure with a woman of Mussulman faith, Mademoiselle Aïssé's enchanting grace, and, above all, the irksomeness of the now too regular irregularity of his relations with Madame de Parabère, helped to involve the Regent with the Greek girl. Mademoiselle Aïssé resisted, as she loved the Chevalier d'Aydie, and never loved but him, though she refused to become his wife. We will here quote a fragment of the Chevalier's portrait drawn by Madame du Deffand :

Just as it has been said of Fontenelle [writes the Marquise] that he had a second brain instead of a heart, it might be said of the Chevalier that he has two hearts. He acts entirely on impulse, and never borrows an idea or an expression from any one. He is not, however, either the most affectionate

or the most passionate of men. He is stirred by too many sentiments to be deeply moved by one, and his sensitiveness is distributed among all the faculties of his soul. In a word, the Chevalier seems more sentimental than loving. The freer a man's soul is, the easier it is to move it, and therefore those who are endowed with good qualities may expect to excite the feelings of the Chevalier. Morose and yet not sad, misanthropic and yet not uncouth, always true and natural in his changeableness, his very defects are pleasing and one would be sorry if he were more perfect.

The real reason of Mademoiselle Aïssé's \* reserve, and the motive for her persistent refusal to marry her lover, the faithful and touching devotion of the Chevalier, to whom Voltaire applies the name of "Bayard," remain among the curious secrets and the mysterious sentimental delicacies of the eighteenth century.

The *bals de l'Opéra* became so fashionable that the stage was soon found too small, whence the intervention of the monk Nicolas Bourgeois, the clever mechanic to whom we referred on our opening page. By a device so skilful and rapid that it is still in use, Nicolas Bourgeois placed the stage on a level with the floor of the pit, doubling the space for the promenaders. The theatre was an octagon, formed of the boxes and the *salon* or *foyer*. As to the actual stage, during the performances it was precisely the same as in the Maison de Molière, where the public sat mingled with the actors. The greatest extravagance the Opéra indulged in was a chandelier of three hundred tallow candles, for which wax lights were substituted, thanks to the munificence of Law, † the Scotch financier, who made a special allowance to this purpose.

The orchestra was then composed of thirty instruments, fifteen being grouped at the two extremities of the *salle*. The Regent, who delighted in enterprise and was full of intelligence, which he owed quite as much to his wonderful mother the Princess Palatine ‡ as to his paternal ancestry; the Regent, whom innovations found ever ready (he had proved it in

\* *Mademoiselle Aïssé*, by Sainte Beuve, p. 23.

† "M. Law," writes Dangeau, "pays a monthly sum, so that wax candles may be substituted for tallow."

‡ See the letters and memoirs of the Princess Palatine, that German who murders our language so mercilessly, and yet who writes powerfully and generously.



adopting Law's schemes), wanted Paris to be gay, bright, artistic. His worst error was to die: "Le pire des défauts est d'être mort," according to Montalembert's saying. Used up by work and by pleasure, the rest which he scorned came to him uninvited. He fell asleep one day in the arms of lovely Madame de Phalaris, and never woke again, 1723. His death was a loss to art, as he thoroughly knew how to encourage it. It was above all due to the Regent that the Opéra was enabled to survive the competition of the Bouffons Italiens, who carried on a smart opposition in Paris in 1720.

When Rameau appeared in 1730, he found the French public prepared to appreciate a fuller orchestration than Lulli's, and making steady progress on the road to Gluck and to Mozart; and, moreover, the ballet, which we have seen helping to introduce the opera, began now to be employed only as an *intermezzo*, forming a kind of compromise between the *grand opéra* and the *opéra bouffe*. The Italian ballets came in after the Regent, between the *Euridices*, the *Aryanes*, the *Proserpines*, the *Œdipes*, and other mythological operas.

Dupré made his appearance in 1730. He was the ancestor of the Vestris dynasty, the model and master of Mademoiselle Camargo. This speaks volumes, as ballets were composed for Dupré, but more especially for his pupil. A dazzling, bewildering being if ever there was one, this pupil! so gifted that her mental capacities equalled her physical charms, and that her gallant episodes even after centuries have not effaced the memory of her talents! To produce such a prodigy, no less had been required than a Duc d'Albe and a Philippe the Second, as, without the will of the latter and the ability of the former, the Spaniards would not have remained long enough in Flanders for the violinist Cupis to marry the Spaniard Mademoiselle Camargo and become father to our *danseuse*. The Castilian had prevailed. She presented her daughter with the spiciness and *diablerie* she threw into her capers. In 1720 the little Camargo was dancing at an obscure theatre in Brussels. The child was only ten years old, but possessed such spirit that she soon pushed her way to Paris, where with a single bound of her elastic figure she turned people from their money preoccupa-

tions of the Rue Quincampoix\* and soon brought more nobles to ruin than the most daring of Law's speculations had done. Voltaire writes:—

Ah, Camargo, que vous êtes brillante !  
Mais que Sallé, grand Dieu, est ravissante !  
Que vos pas sont légers, et que les siens sont  
doux !

Elle 'est inimitable et vous toujours nouvelle.

Les nymphes sautent comme vous,  
Et les Grâces dansent comme elle.

And he adds: "Tout Paris y passa." Vanloo's portrait of Camargo exhibits her as a being worthy of such homage—with delicate features, a proud turn of the head, the sweetest eyes in the world, with the most tender and loving glance. Camargo, like Lekain, introduced a new era in theatrical costume. Her ballet dresses were short, scarcely reaching below the knees, a style on which Grimm congratulated her.

This idea is excellent [he says], as the amateurs are enabled from ocular demonstration to form an opinion of the legs of the dancer. Mademoiselle de Camargo has, however, created a schism, as the Jansenists in the *parterre* are shocked. The Molinists maintain that this change is only a revival of a primitive custom of the Church, but it will be some time before the Sorbonne of the Opéra is able to insist on the adoption of this wholesome doctrine.

Fired with enthusiasm, prone to love, but free from cupidity, Mademoiselle de Camargo,† as she insisted on being called, thus sinking her paternal obscurity in her maternal descent, ended a life spent in a systematic round of pleasure by becoming profoundly pious.

"At her death," writes Grimm, "she exacted white hangings as a symbol of her purity." (It is a custom in France for unmarried women to have the church draped with white at their interment.) She spent her later years in retirement in a corner of old Paris, when her dogs were henceforth "her only admirers;" accord-

\* It will be remembered that, at the death of the Regent, Paris was ruined by the financial schemes of Law, and extreme distress took the place of former extravagance. Luxury had been carried to such a pitch, that one of Law's last fancies was to have a hand-rail of his staircase made of silver. (Law, André Cochut, 1 vol. Hachette.)

† Mademoiselle de Camargo had a maternal great-uncle a cardinal and a papal legate, thanks to whom she replaced the name of Cupis by that of De Camargo.

ing to her, contrasting favorably with those that had preceded them.

Feminine influence was indeed so great during the first half of the eighteenth century, that the age might truly be called that of the *éclosion des femmes*. We see grace and wit everywhere. Not only do we find such social stars as Mademoiselle Aïssé, Madame du Deffand, the exquisite Madame Helvétius, whose house at Auteuil was later the *rendez-vous* of Morellet, Condorcet, and *tutti quanti*; but women as well distinguished in all arts—in painting, in music—Mademoiselle Duval, for instance, leading her own opera, *Les Génies*; Mademoiselle Valayer obtaining the highest praise from Diderot for her painting. That king of critics declares her work “bon, viril, et l'égal des meilleurs.” Still, music remained yet far from what it would rise to.

About 1740 Rameau brought out *Hippolyte et Aricie*, a failure, soon followed by the outburst against him of a cabal as strong as that which the French school of music got up against Wagner in 1866.

Patience, genius, and above all Rameau's connections, enabled him to surmount obstacles and that systematic opposition which is always raised against any new form of merit.

The four Paris-Duvernoy brothers, who came from Savoy with their sabots slung over their shoulders—those industrious and enterprising men, who, when they despatched Beaumarchais to Spain with money in his pocket to defray the costs of his mission, supplied him as well with materials for the *Barbier de Séville* and the *Mariage de Figaro*—these brothers who furnished Voltaire with funds, lent their moral credit and social influence to Rameau, and, playing the same part for him that the Princesse de Metternich did for Wagner in 1866, brought him at last before the Parisian public. Nothing daunted by his first failure, for as Rameau said of himself, “Genius is superior to science!” his implicit faith in self led him to attain success in *Castor et Pollux*. He even made a convert of La Harpe, that pompous utterer of dictums, whom the Marquise du Deffand pertly speaks of as a *sot académique*!

From the days of the Regency to the end of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth—that is, from the time when the pursuit of pleasure was paramount, and love found a

place in every play—we shall find only such titles as *Les Caprices de l'Amour*, *Les Voyages de l'Amour*, *L'École des Amans*, *Diane et Endymion*, *Anacréon*, *L'Amour Timide*, *L'Amour Discret*, *L'Amour Généreux*, *L'Amour Enjouté*, *L'Amour et Psyché*—in fact, love everywhere! Love was painted on porcelain, depicted on hangings, embroidered in tapestry. The Gobelins, that had formerly represented Biblical subjects only, substituted for these Boucher's Anacreontic conceptions. A little later still, toward 1760, after the publication of the *Lettres Persanes* of Montesquieu, exotic names appear and replace love in ballets—*Les Incas du Pérou*, *Les Indes Galantes*, *La Vénitienne*, etc. Then comes the sentimental period—*Trianon*, *Bergeries*, *Lucas et Colinette*, *La Fête du Village*. With the Reign of Terror all titles are antique, and taken from ancient history—*L'Enlèvement des Sabines*, *Miltiade*. The Empire introduces *Les Fêtes Militaires*. The Restoration brings in neo-feodality—*Le Nouveau Seigneur*, *Le Droit du Seigneur*, *Jean de Paris*; in fact, a return to the conventional mediæval type, which is followed by the period of “Romanticism” in 1830.

Though Rameau soared so high in 1760, his position was not gained without a struggle. Even La Harpe's laudatory comments did not present a lively competition between Rameau's company and the “Bouffons.”

Although the Bouffons are detestable [says Rousseau in his *Confessions*], and though their musicians are very ignorant and murder their parts, they do much injury to the French opera. To compare these two musical companies in the same day opens one's ears, and no one would care to listen to the drawling of the French opera-singers after the crisp and marked accent of the Italians.

On the topic of music as well as on that of education, Rousseau admits of no rivalry; he mentions a pamphlet of his on the subject as a state event.\*

The amazing effect produced by my pamphlet on Italian music is worthy of Tacitus [writes the author of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*]. Parliament had just been exiled, the fermentation was at its height, and a rising seemed imminent; but all this was forgotten in a moment, nothing was thought of but the danger to French music; so great was the

\* *Confessions*, p. 77.

animosity against me that the nation has never quite recovered, and the Court hesitated whether to send me to the Bastille or into exile!

However offensive it might sound to Rousseau, it must be noted that the burning of the Opera House so entirely diverted attention from his Tacitean writings that for a short while at least his recriminations were drowned in fire. This event was to afford a new and again favorable intervention of the Church on behalf of the Opéra.

Three Cardinals had formed the Académie. The monk Bourgeois had assisted the organization of its balls. Two "fathers" now saved it from utter destruction; and Favart, who records the matter, so far contributed to the heavenly glorification of these monks, by tending to their humility, that he fails even to name them. "Nous sommes quittes de tout," writes Favart, "pour un Récollet et un Capucin!"

The Opéra now made its sixth move. It was installed in the Tuileries by the architect Soufflot, the designer of the Pantheon. The *Mercurie Galant* declares that the "grand vestibule is beautifully proportioned, and that cafés and shops are placed all round the Opera House in a way which will be fully appreciated during summer, when the spectators will be able to come out of the Opéra into the most beautiful garden in the world!"

The management of the Opéra in the Tuileries started with twofold luck—luck in the shape of an incomparable dancer and an exquisite tenor, Legros. The dancer, whose *pirouettes* simply took men like a whirlwind, was Mademoiselle Guimard.

Thin, delicate, too tall, marked with small-pox, and gifted with a deep, hollow man's voice, Mademoiselle Guimard owed all her success to her wit and undaunted spirit. The suppers she gave were famous; her sallies and her repartees formed their chief attraction. Her *début* was made in *La Chercheuse d'Esprit*, where she introduced boldly a realistic peasant costume.

Two years after the burning of the Opéra, 1765, Rameau died, and if anything can prove the small notoriety of the musical art even at this time, it will be the fact that at Ferney neither Mademoiselle Clairon, who was then acting Electre, nor Voltaire thought the matter

of Rameau's death worth more than a mere *sizain*:

Nous avons vu mourir Vanloo,  
Nous venons de perdre Rameau,  
Nous avons vu quitter Clairon :  
Quel sort funeste !  
Mais il nous reste  
Monsieur Fréron ! [a very indifferent critic of the day].

Those who can recall the era of Romanticism know to what extent Rossini, Meyerbeer, Halévy were associated with it; how the new departure of thought in France found completion in music.

The philosophy of music would, however, come to us from Germany. Beethoven later revealed it; in 1765 the training of the French ear was to be achieved by Gluck. The passion contained in his works found its way to French hearts. Till music had learned to speak the language of love, of agony, of despair, as Gluck's *Orphée* does, it was to a French audience but a mere combination of sounds.

The Austrian composer had arrived in Paris in 1760, when he nearly died of hunger while his *Pyrame et Thisbé* was being played to empty houses. He returned to Vienna, where the Empress Maria Theresa assisted him to bring out his operas.

On the arrival of the Dauphine in France, he followed her, and, thanks to her support and his own genius, he soon rose to the heights of fame, and even after his death was a more dangerous rival to Piccinni than the living Rameau had been to the defunct Lulli.

The seventh move of the Opéra was taking place. The theatre at the Tuileries had proved inadequate, and it was in the theatre of the Palais Royal that Gluck gave the French public a grand entertainment with the performance of *Iphigénie* in 1774. All the entrances to the new theatre were blocked on that memorable night. "Cordons-bleus et porteurs d'eau," as Beaumarchais picturesquely says, kicked, hustled, and abused one another, for the crowd contained some of Piccinni's partisans, who thought of promoting the success of his *Roland* by creating a disturbance in the Gluck camp. Gluck's victory was tremendous. With generals such as Marie Antoinette, Mmes. de Bourbon and de Lamballe, a victory was to be expected. In the theatre that same night, sparkling with diamonds and

radiant after her conquest over Gilbert the poet, was Mademoiselle Dutthé, a *dansuse* whose beauty was her greatest talent. Whilst her extravagance and luxury rose to fabulousness, her fame was such that not even the story\* of her having mistaken a *mascarille* for a *grand seigneur*, in any way diminished it.

Gluck, however, was not content with his own share of success; he wanted every one's share besides, and, above all, he wanted no one to be famous except himself. His satisfaction at the triumph of *Iphigénie* was not on a par with the annoyance he felt at the success of *Roland*, so he returned to Vienna, from whence he wrote: "I shall not return to Paris until French people have made up their minds as to what kind of music they want. That volatile nation, after receiving me in the most flattering manner, seems to be losing its taste for my music. Let them go back to their own *Ponts-neufs*; they must have their own way!"

So it was all in vain that French society had given Gluck's music that warm welcome she only accords to works of the highest class! All in vain that French society had allowed Gluck to walk equal with a Voltaire! Gluck's gratitude expressed itself only by scornfully bidding the country of Pascal and Molière go back to its *Ponts-neufs*! Gluck never left Vienna again, where he died rich, not only thanks to his art, but to his industry, as he carried on a profitable traffic in diamonds besides *Orphée* and *Iphigénie*. Far more touching than Gluck's egotistical lament is the cry of sorrow uttered by the young musician Mozart at this time, when he was obliged to submit to the Directors.

About the year 1772, in order to bring himself before the public, he produced an operetta, *Les Petits Riens*. The wretched verses written on the occasion will serve better than anything to exemplify how completely Mozart was misunderstood:

Il vaudrait mieux rester porte close [at the Opéra],  
Que de donner si peu de chose,  
Accompagné de "petits riens."

\* Among her visitors, a man handsomely dressed found his way into her drawing-room. He pressed his suit, and made wonderful promises, and when he left placed a large purse on the mantel-piece. Mademoiselle Dutthé rushed to see what the gift was. It consisted merely of big brass buttons, and the donor was only a valet.

Wounded by this condemnation before he had really been heard, and distressed at having to condescend to such trivial productions, Mozart opened his heart to his father: "If I were in a place where people had ears and a heart, I could afford to laugh at the intriguing that goes on against me, but I am in a land of brutes, and I pray to God daily only to give me strength to remain in Paris and to do credit to my nation as well as to myself."

If anything can soften the harshness of Mozart's remarks about us, it is surely the remembrance of Gluck's ungrateful recriminations. Between the man of genius gorged with success and the young musician so sublime, yet so scorned, sympathy does not hesitate to bear *Don Giovanni* within one's self, and to be submitted to operettas was no common form of martyrdom.

After Gluck's departure a second fire broke out at the Opéra, and with it an eighth move, of which we will give Sophie Arnould's amusing description:—

The girdle of Venus is consumed; the Graces will have to dispense with their veils; Mercury's cap has no longer any wings, and his wand [writes the brilliant actress] no longer exists; the "chariot of the sun of nature" has not been spared; a quantity of linen has been burned that draped some very palpable ghosts. . . . But I should never stop if I were to recount all our losses. However, they say money remedies all things.

It was owing to the representation of the flames in hell in Gluck's *Orphée* that the Opera House owed its second burning. The taste for the Opéra was now implanting itself in France.

To find a suitable lodging at once was no easy matter, and the theatre of the Menus Plaisirs (the Conservatoire of to-day) was the only one then available. On the opening night, Lays and Chéron, the principal vocalists, were nowhere to be found. The birds were dissatisfied with their cage; they had flown! It was with great difficulty that the police succeeded in catching them again. They refused to sing in such a small theatre; "it was not worthy of their talents!" The whim of these actors, whose notoriety made their word law, and the very limited size of the theatre obliged the management to make a *ninth* "fitting," and before long a new Opera House, far more splendid and more worthy of the Court than the last, was built at the Porte St. Martin. The ra-

pidity with which it was brought into use was like magic. Begun in the early days of July, the new theatre opened on the 27th of October. "I will give you till the 31st of October," the Queen said to the architect; "if on that day you bring me the key of my box, you shall have a pension of 6,000 francs and the order of St. Michel." As a matter of fact, the Opéra opened on the 27th instead of the 31st; it had been erected in about eighty-six days and cost 400,000 francs instead of 200,000 francs. *Adèle de Ponthieu*, by Piccinni, was the opera selected for the opening night at the Porte St. Martin in 1784. It will be remembered that about this time a great sensation had been created by Clénier's *Charles IX.* and Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*. The monologue in the fifth act of *Figaro*, where the *Barbier* philosophizes and destroys in the very face of the narrowest aristocracy all its most sacred privileges, coolly inquiring: "Qu'avez-vous fait de plus que moi, Monsieur le Comte, que vous donner la peine de naître?" Such a monologue had shattered old beliefs even at the Académie de Musique. With this difference, however, that whereas at the Théâtre Français the insidious questions about Government money were asked by Figaro, at the Opéra the recriminations came from the audience.

Not only had huge sums been expended, but the spectators in that ill-constructed building sat in fear of the ceiling falling on their heads. Nevertheless, on the first night of *Adèle de Ponthieu* all Paris flocked to the theatre, and among the crowd the very soul of Parisian gaieties—the Duc de Lauzun,\* surrounded by his victims. They nearly reached the number of Don Juan's—among them Mesdames d'Esparbès, de Beauvau, du Barry, de Gramont, and also Madame de Stainville, who, in despair at Lauzun's desertion, ran away with the actor Clairval—an escapade which carried her straight off to a convent. In a *loge grillée*, discreetly hidden, was also Eugénie, the Duke's Manon Lescaut, a young person who rather bored him by

her too serious devotion. On that night, however, Lauzun had eyes only for Lady Sarah Lennox. Courted by the King of England and later married to Sir Charles Bunbury, the lovely Lady Sarah created a great sensation in Paris. The assertion, "I will have no lover,"\* with which she greeted Lauzun's suit was soon modified, and the brief assurance "I love you," written on a slip of paper and put into his hand after a supper at Madame du Defand's, altered the position of affairs. Lauzun knew not a word of English; to read this first *billet d'amour* of his British conquest he had to rush to a dictionary.

The lovers were often separated, as in her first interview with Lauzun Lady Sarah had predicted. "We are bringing trouble upon ourselves; you will be here and I shall be in England!" It was not, however, absence which eventually separated them, but Lauzun's insatiableness. Lady Sarah had given him her whole heart. "You would not accept an indissoluble tie. I have loved you too well, however, and the tenderest friendship will survive the rupture of our *liaison*, but you must leave England." Thus did Lady Sarah dismiss Don Juan, who, in this exceptional circumstance, fainted. He says in his memoirs (p. 48): "Such a blow came upon me like a thunder-clap. I fainted away. Lady Sarah bathed my face with her tears. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Saome, came to my assistance. I vomited blood and was very ill." When once she had struck the blow, Lady Sarah Bunbury never faltered, but returned to her husband. As to Lauzun's fate, the Revolution made him first a general, then a corpse, cutting off his head! This man of pleasure died bravely; he had possessed two admirable qualities in no common degree—he was "tender and he was true." Not only did he sincerely love Lady Sarah Bunbury, but he never forgot the Princesse Czartoryska, who lived to the advanced age of ninety-two, and had, thanks to the publication of Lauzun's *Memoirs* in her lifetime, the painful experience of seeing her own heart laid bare before her very eyes.

Owing to the audience that we have just sketched and also to the merits of the performance, the inauguration of the new Opéra was a very brilliant one.

All through the years of 1790, 1791,

\* Biron, who was afterward created Duc de Lauzun, arrived in Paris when he was about ten years old. He became Madame de Pompadour's secretary. "My talent for writing," he says in his *Memoirs*, "made me almost necessary to Madame de Pompadour. She used to make me read and write for her, and sometimes even for the king."—*Mémoires de Lauzun*, p. 3.

\* *Mémoires de Lauzun*.

1792, the Opéra made no attempt at anything but official appeals to public enthusiasm. The *Marseillaise* and the *Chants Patriotiques* of Mehul were the only performances.

On the 20th of March, 1793, the Opéra improves the *Noces de Figaro* by interspersing it with Beaumarchais' dialogue. The experience proved fatal, for though both Beaumarchais and Mozart had equally interesting things to say, they had to say them separately, as Figaro's speeches are forebodings of the "coming" era; whilst Cherubin's voluptuous song, "Voi che sapete," is the quintessence of the past, of that past painted by Watteau, of those love adventures, exquisite, delicate, audacious, belonging to Latour's models (the pastellist of the eighteenth century), and for ever destroyed by the decrees of Robespierre and the grotesque reign of "Reason." Painting boasted in these days of Bouchers and Chardins; music had Grétry, Delayrac, Gosseck, Meline, etc. Aesthetic and art critics alone remained stationary, as the following passage from the *Journal Général de France* will prove: "Beaumarchais' comedy," says the critic, "is enhanced by the splendid music of Mozart, a distinguished artist, who died two years ago in the service of the Emperor of Austria!" The music of the greatest of composers is but a mere accompaniment to Beaumarchais' comedy, and the highest praise bestowed on such a divine genius is that he was a distinguished artist!

As to Beaumarchais, he looked upon the addition of Mozart's music as detrimental to his play, and, far from congratulating himself on the combination, he made it still worse by introducing a ballet with the *farandole* we have already referred to; being besides barbarous enough to say, "If you cannot warm up the piece, you may as well abandon it altogether!" "Warm up" Mozart's music! It sounds very much like "heating the sun"!

If Beaumarchais took his part of the reforms in 1789, and Joseph Chénier as well by writing his *Charles IX.* the Opéra in its turn takes a place in history, not only by the partiality to ballets of the kings Louis the Thirteenth and Louis the Fourteenth, but also by the tragical events of which it became the witness. We see under the Consulate the Opéra become the scene of a plot against Bonaparte;

under the Second Empire it was the centre of the Orsini plot, and now in 1820 it was at the Opéra the Duc de Berri was stabbed to death. The description of this event is too graphically given by Chateaubriand in the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* for us not simply to extract the quotation:—

On the 13th of February, 1820, the Opéra (then at its twelfth move), situated at Favart [the Opéra Comique which was burned three years ago], gave *Le Carnaval de Venise*.

Elie took the part of Polichinelle, which he had studied from the *Pupazzo* of Séraphin. About eleven o'clock Madame la Duchesse de Berri, who was *enceinte*, left her box; she was led to her carriage by the Duke; the Comte de Mesnard, the Duchess's equerry, offered her his left hand to step into the carriage, the Duc de Berri gave his right hand to the Comtesse de Béthizy. The Comte de Clermont-Lodève, the *gentilhomme d'honneur* in attendance on the Prince, stood behind him waiting till his Royal Highness re-entered the theatre in order to follow or precede him, when a man, coming in the direction of the Rue Richelieu, passed rapidly past the sentinel and the footman, who was putting up the step of the carriage, and, pushing the latter aside, threw himself on the Prince, who, on the point of re-entering the Opéra, turned to the Duchess and said, "Adieu! we shall meet again soon." The assassin, placing his left hand on the Prince's left shoulder, stabbed him with his right hand on the right side a little below the breast. . . . Pushed by the assassin toward the Comte de Mesnard, the Prince put his hand to his side, where he thought he had received a blow. He said, "I have been stabbed! That man has killed me! . . . I am dying, I am dying. I have got the knife."

The Duchesse de Berri, whose carriage had not started, hearing her husband's voice, tried to jump out of the carriage door that was partially opened. The Comtesse de Béthizy held the Duchess back by her dress; but she dashed out of the carriage, clearing the step at the risk of her life. Followed by the Comtesse de Béthizy, she ran to the Prince, who was supported by M. de Mesnard, M. de Clermont, and several footmen.

The Prince had drawn the dagger\* from the wound and handed it to M. de Mesnard, his companion in exile. The Duke said, "Fetch a priest, I am dying. Come, my wife! that I may die in your arms." The Duke became faint, the Duchess threw herself on him, and in a moment her gala dress was soaked in blood. . . . As his sight grew dim, the Prince kept asking, "My wife, are you near me?" "Yes, I am here," replied the young Princess, "and I will never leave you!" . . .

\* This scene exactly reminds one of Michelet's description of the death of Henry the Third: "Henri III tira le couteau qui était fixé dans la blessure. Il en frappa un coup au srouil gauche de Jacques Clément: 'Fi, le méchant moine,' dit-il; 'il m'a tué.'"

Doctor Bougon, the Prince's surgeon, summoned in haste from La Salpêtrière, sucked the wound before the cupping-glasses were brought. The Duc d'Angoulême was sent for, and the meeting between the two brothers was heartrending. The wound was mortal, and it was impossible for the patient to be moved. When his daughter was brought to him the Prince raised his hand to bless her, saying, "I trust you will be more fortunate than the rest of your family."

He asked Dupuytren, whose hand he held, to tell him when death was near, and begged his wife to take care of herself for the sake of her unborn child.

The cowardly thrust of the assassin Louvel struck a blow at French monarchy in the person of its most favored representative. The Dauphin (the Duc d'Angoulême) was taciturn and little known to the people. The Duc de Berri, on the contrary, though violent and impulsive but affable, was very popular. The tree had fallen in 1792; the younger branches followed, and in 1830 the destruction was complete. In vain did the *Journal des Débats*, under the great Bertin\* (the original of the famous portrait by Ingres), fight bravely for the monarchy without failing to impress upon the King that the ordinances had caused him to lose ground. It all availed nothing. The famous "Article 14" against the liberty of the press was made law, and the barricades were the result. The Archbishop of Paris had fallen; Charles the Tenth had fled; the Monarchy of July was about to be installed, and the only Bourbon, Louis Philippe d'Orléans, able to profit by the experiences of the Revolution, was going to put his lessons into practice. Henceforth the *bourgeoisie* was to be the new *noblesse*.

In 1873 the Lepeletier Opera House was burned down, and in 1875 the Académie Nationale de Musique (whose household gods were transported from Issy in 1646 to the Rue des Fossés de Nesles) was installed, thanks to M. Garnier's creative skill, in its fourteenth abode. This palatial home, which did not cost less than

sixty million francs, forms indeed as striking a contrast to the cradle of the Opéra at Issy as the scene-painting of Séchan and Desplechins differ widely from Torelli's. Wide, too, is the difference between the musical critic of the *Gazette de France* in 1650 and the critic of modern times. The art of critic was the last born; it really is Diderot's child, and the outcome of the Encyclopædia and the eighteenth-century *salons*. After Romanticism and 1820, music had assumed its kingship!

The spirit of the seventeenth century in France had been essentially robust. It was spurred by Corneille toward sublimity, led by Descartes to logic, by Bossuet toward faith. The spirit of the eighteenth century was loquacious; its emotional outlet was free and abundant discussion and general satire. It jested with Fronsac, speculated with Montesquieu, ironized with Voltaire, cried with Manon Lescaut, and loved everywhere. The depths of pessimism were unknown to it; a trace of Rabelais and Montaigne still survived. France still smiled over her sorrows. The famous "Anicrochemens du Pot aux Roses"\* of the author of *Gargantua* sufficed for the victims of Fouquier-Tinville just as they had sufficed for the victims of the Ligue and the Fronde.

The fact is that, at the period we are referring to, France was still thoroughly French, and Goethe's *Werther* had not introduced into literature that element of recrimination and lamentation borrowed from Jeremiah. After *Werther* had come *Lara*, then *Hernani* and *Didier*—all perhaps more or less Pascal's commentators, and yet not so much as they are supposed to be, for, though Pascal pathetically laments the sorrows of humanity, his pity is in the abstract, the sting of egotistic resentment is nowhere to be felt in it.

Once, however, moral torture admitted as a contingent in the world of art, music will more than any other art offer the suffering soul the temporary Elysium of repose.

Since the opening of the nineteenth century, Shelley, Byron, Goethe, Madame de Staël have worked for and led up to Beethoven. Henceforth that Pascal of the orchestra will lead René's grandchildren

\* Bertin had agreed to have his portrait painted by Ingres, who was puzzled as to what position would be best for his model. One day he entered the editor's room, and found Bertin sitting with his hands on his knees, and looking straight before him in the solid, intent manner of an active man pausing to think. "That will do," said Ingres, "stay as you are." And the portrait was a masterpiece.

\* An expression of Rabelais, which lightly summed up all the miseries incident to human nature.

wherever their nervous excitability may carry them. For those who desire only to love and enjoy, Mozart and Rossini suffice. Those who think and suffer will find interpreters and comforters in Beethoven and Wagner. It is to these composers that our contemporaries the disciples of Darwin and Spencer listen so attentively every Sunday at the Conservatoire, following them in their musical flights to heaven or to hell.

Gluck will live, but later; when the calm and learned Virgil can touch a sympathetic note again in modern minds, when *névrose* and hypnotism have done their worst. For the moment, Beethoven, that Michael Angelo of music, that sublimely agitated spirit, responds more perfectly than all others to the sufferings of modern spiritual existence.

When the Lafayettes and Sévignés were named d'Agoût and Girardin, they became journalists; from that day psychology ceased to be Platonic; it ceased to belong solely to novel-writers; it entered into general circulation. A painter and a musician hence might be as passionate a psychologist as Balzac himself; hence also he had a right to ply his brush or his harmony to the purpose of soul-painting. Psychology is in our days everywhere, and psychology's domain is boundless—boundless as are the suggestions of the *Symphonie Héroïque*.

Psychology, at once the originator and the outcome of hypernervosity, necessarily finds its only complement in music. Goethe has said it, "Where speech ends music begins."—*The Nineteenth Century*.

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#### THE SEA AND SEA-SIDE.

THOUSANDS of people go to the sea-side with feelings which can hardly be called mixed, for they distinguish sharply between some of those which it is capable of arousing. They like to see, smell, and possibly (within reach of a bathing-machine) feel it; but, while they have the courage of their convictions, they decline to interpose a boat between themselves and the waves. The sea, indeed, is not only "cruel," but the promoter of social and domestic cruelty. A good boy, *e.g.*, is no more likely to repress uncomplimentary reflections at the spectacle of a parent's agonies than a bad one; and the *reductio ad absurdum* of a head-master is a process which no young scholar would like to miss the sight of, even though he should be compelled to share in it himself. The sense of degradation would be mitigated by that of, at least, passing equality. I honor the moral courage of those who, having had reason to justify their refusal, decline to accept invitations for a "sail," whether proceeding from a tarry and covetous native, disinterested friends, or affectionate children.

Many who delight in the sea-side—though with stubborn rejection of seductive proposals to enjoy all that it offers—hardly realize the secret of their enjoyment. That is not wholly caused by an escape from work and a shifting of their

surroundings, but rather by a unique contrast which the sea provides to any change from the streets to the fields. The sight and presence of that wonderful border which is provided by a beach kindles thoughts which no scene that shows only another portion of solid earth can ever stir. I don't refer to the "common objects of the sea-shore," however unquestionably interesting and instructive they may be. The claims of these are sometimes so insistently urged by people who would have us improve our minds, at low tide, in grubbing after things for which they have no liking—except, perhaps, in the shape of shrimps—that we miss the larger impressions which can come as we stand upon a cliff, or even pier, and gaze upon the world of water. These are so strong as, with many, to survive the degrading influence of the accompaniment with which offensive entertainers defile them. They are not always obliterated by the presence of donkeys, goat-carts, or even negro melodists. We talk of messages from the sea, and these can invest an old soda-water bottle and a scrap of pencilled paper with the deepest pathos. Nevertheless, we seldom realize the manifold fulness of the tale which the sea is always telling, nor the inexhaustible teachings of the difference between land and water. Man wanders over both, but while



he scores one with his marks he leaves none upon the other. Behind us, as we look seaward from the beach, lie the records of history, young and old. There are ruins, boundaries, cities, roads, countless monuments of the past which are still to be seen, and growing fabrics of to-day which demand our immediate notice. But before us the last human impress made by the mightiest engine of commerce vanishes in a moment. After the pause needed for the melting of a few bubbles we could not tell whether a thousand men had passed, cutting a furrow thirty feet deep, or a gull had struck the surface of the water with its wing. Besides a tower which lifts its warning from a rock, a lightship which points out a channel or a shoal, or a pier which breaks the force of a few inland waves, man has made no marks upon the sea whatever. Those indeed of which I speak rest upon, or are anchored in, the soil. They cling to the land, or they could not be there for an hour. We blast granite, tunnel mountains, dig mines, and lay down jealous lines between this and that possession, but the sea submits itself to no boundary besides the beach and cliff. The moment we reach the limit of these we encounter wholly new conditions of life and permanence. The continent has its kingdoms and revolutions. The ocean has none. We give it names, we divide it by latitudes and longitudes. We map it, but prick our course upon its chart without making a dent or drawing a line upon its skin. We sound it without leaving behind us a well into its depth or a pin-hole in its surface. Nothing is more permanent than a mound of "earth." That which was raised by prehistoric mourners on the sky-line of the windy downs is seen as clearly as the last in the churchyard below. Let a child make a heap of only a dozen spadefuls on a level sward, and, if let alone, it will assert itself for centuries. But there is no "water-heap" beside the wave, which no sooner rises than it sinks, and which refuses to rise at all by aid of any tool, however man may try to pile it up. As, indeed, we approach the sea the earth itself loses its retentive power, and the waves which quickly flatten down the children's hillock of sand are only hints of their refusal to retain any impression made by the hand of man upon the ocean which they fringe.

True, we read of billows "mountains high," and may see valleys of water in Atlantic gales; but, while the Alpine ranges of the land are fixed, these mountains and hills of the sea are incessantly brought low, and level plains soon take the place of ocean heights.

Then, too, however continuously men may make their tracks from one great seaport to another, there is no beaten highway on the sea. It lies the same before the hindmost ship in the procession of thousands which have followed one another. There is no recovery of his lost path for the ocean traveller by seeking for the footsteps of those who have gone before. Each must use the same process for a discovery of his road. He must ask the sun in the sky above his head, not the signs beneath his feet, in order to find out where he is. He must consult the metal compass, not the guidance of the pointed waves, to know in which direction he shall go that he may be at the haven where he would be. The land voyager follows the trodden road, the last seaman who seeks his is no better guided than the first.

Then, too, there is the widest contrast and divergence between the respective inhabitants of the ocean and the solid earth. We stock our ponds, and clever men help in populating rivers with useful fish, but when once the sea is reached man's power to direct or use them is limited by the line and net with which we dip for such as we can catch, and though we talk of "deep-sea" fishers, they are, after all, comparatively shallow waters in which they ply their craft, or upper strata into which some monsters rise from the depths below. Who shall tell of those that roam thousands of fathoms beneath the sailor's feet? Some, they say, spend their unrecorded lives in sunken regions so dark that they are blind from birth, and never leave a home in which they need no eyes. Even when we think of such as have them, we hear of watery beasts which the experience of centuries leaves among the fables of those that go down to the sea in ships. Landsmen laugh at the stories of the sea-serpent, but it is difficult to assume that they are all the work of imagination, and that real hints have never been given of monsters which no naturalist has been able to class among the living creatures of the globe. Here and there a hideous kraken has flung its arms around

a boat to suck its men down to a death more horrible than any agonies of drowning, and museums show limbs which have been hacked off by such as have been able to escape its foul embrace. But the tales of these encounters, however verified by slimy records of the battle, are by many only half believed. There remains only a persuasion, firmly held by such as have seen some wonders of the deep, that it holds unknown and frightful forms of life which people its recesses and rarely show themselves to mortal eyes.

Then, too, think how untamable are the beasts of the sea. Some gentle scholars may fancy that they are recognized by the carp in a college pond, while they are only observing an appetite for sure and periodical ground-bait. Or a man like that unique naturalist, Thoreau, may be able to dip his hand into the water and lift a submissive fish. But none has ever been tamed or used for any purpose beyond ministering helplessly or reluctantly to the needs of man. Some are eaten, others squeezed or cut up for oil. Some yield bones or pearls, others provide a serviceable skin, but none have been pressed while living into the service of man. We capture and train elephants; how convenient it would be if we could save coals and sails by yoking whales to ships and guiding them from port to port! We might keep a steady and well-broken animal stabled and fed in a dock till the cargo had been stored and we were ready to drive him about the ocean again at the rate of thirty miles an hour. But the elephants of the ocean know no harness, and have hitherto declined taking any part in promoting the conveniences of commerce and civilization. The porpoise plays around the ship, and flying-fish show notable adaptability to air as well as water, but the swimming creature has yet to be found which will lend itself to the convenience of the sailor. There has been discovered no point of contact between the intelligence of men and fishes. We join issue with the horse and dog, we plow with oxen and ride upon the ass, and yet, though man's ingenuity is ever being exercised in devising modes of transit over the sea, its inhabitants, who best know its ways and traverse it with native facility, help us only when they are eaten, cooked, skinned, or cut up.

Again, though the ocean has been so explored as to provide us with maps which define the borders of the earth, how very small a part of it is really visited in our days! The excellence of navigation, which has fixed the situation of continents and islands, is in itself a check upon the wanderings of man. When once he knows the shortest course from port to port, and how best to use prevailing winds, he diverges as little as possible from his watery track. In old days, when the circles of sailing had not been determined, mariners sailed into unknown waters, and went where they never think of going now. The lines of ocean traffic are already laid down, and a ship which is driven out of them, and then deprived of sail or steam, is in danger of being wholly lost in those great regions of water which lead nowhere and are crossed by no keel. The result of science has been to discover the shortest route between point and point, and this is followed by the merchantman with the greatest closeness that he can command. The rest of the ocean surface is a desert of water in which no ship is ever to be seen, unless it be helplessly driven there. I can conceive no apprehension more dismal than that of men so lost and unable to return into the belt of traffic. Nothing is more helpless than a great ship deprived of its power to move, and left to the scant mercy of strange currents and winds. Boats, indeed, can be rowed, and thus vessels driven out of a recognized track can search or send for help as they themselves toss about apart from the roadsides of the ocean. But a ship which has none left, whose machinery is quite broken down, and no material remains to replace masts and spars that have been lost, is about as hopeless a spectacle as can be seen. Unhappily, it cannot be seen when it has drifted into the wilderness of waves where no sail is ever sighted nor any passing funnel ever smokes. Who can tell how many of those which have been reported as "missing" have thus missed their way and been unable to recover it again? They are not "wrecked," but in a very true and fatal sense "lost." Their place in the navies of the world may be so unconspicuous that no special search is made for them. No one knows when or where they were caught by the dismantling hurricane and thrust apart, impotent but sur-

viving, from the ken of their fellow mariners.

The dangers of the sea are indeed lessened by the fact that ships follow recognized courses, and thus any one in distress is likely to be seen and relieved unless driven too far aside. But this processional persistence brings its special perils. The vessel is "abandoned," being thought about to sink. But sometimes it obstinately floats. Well if it be soon blown out of the frequented track, and does not lie, like a fatal reef of iron, full in the path of the next comer, which strikes upon it in the night. How many a brave ship, which sails away and is never heard of again, has been suddenly wrecked while far away from any shore or hidden rock on which to strike. Think, too, of icebergs, the unmanned navies of the ocean, which yearly sail away from their frozen shores and block the trade of man. It is true that the latitude in which they may be found is generally known, but landmen hardly realize the regularity with which these icy fleets set forth and sweep a portion of the sea, till they slowly yield to warmer air and disappear. But while they cruise and shrink, another flotilla is being silently prepared in its inexhaustible Arctic shipyard, ready to be cast loose when the time of sailing shall come round again. Some time ago when I was crossing to Canada the captain of our boat showed me a series of charts in which the successive positions of the annual squadron of icebergs were marked. This is sometimes greater or less, but it always keeps fairly together, and floats slowly in the same direction till it melts. Meanwhile, it moves across the trading track, some separate masses showing in the distance like tall white sails, though others are no higher than half-sunken hulls. All are cruelly hard, and fatal to the eager ship for which friends and owners wait till hope is gone, and another score of living men have sunk under the perils of the sea.

We may not think of this as we stand upon the sunny beach and watch the children build their mimic walls against the summer wave. Their gleesome dismay at the dissolution of their work stirs no thought of the cry which rises when the lonely ship sinks out of sight, but the little finger of the sea which flattens down the sandy beach is moved by the same

power that brings the worst disaster to the distant crew, and the pleasant chattering of the pebbles as the wavelet sucks them back are only whisperings of the thunder on the rocks which is heard by those who are fighting for deliverance from an iron shore. Then, too, there is the tide: plain to the pupil-teacher, and yet full of perplexity to some grave thinkers, who have said and sought to show that it is caused, not by a rising of the water, but a sinking of the land. And observations made by barometers on shore, or by the side of tidal rivers, have given strangely notable results which have half bewildered those men of science who have made investigations in this direction. There are, moreover, islands surrounded by a great expanse of ocean which ought to be submerged every day, on the supposition that distant bodies such as the sun and moon have an invariably unchanging power to lift the water toward themselves. Anyhow, whether lunar or solar attraction is mixed up with other mysterious impulses complicating the forces which produce the tides, the wonder of their rise and fall is often dissipated by our familiarity with this phenomenon. Though the compilers of our almanacs are able to print the hour at which it will be "high water at London Bridge" a year in advance, we ought not to be satisfied with this prosaic comment on or application of the movements of the cosmos. And it is at the sea-side that, if we will believe it, we are brought into a nearer apprehension of these, and stand face to face with the mysterious heavings of the globe. It is perhaps the unrealized presence of mighty forces which helps to stir the feelings with which we look upon the sea. This both makes and marks its contrast with any other scene. The ocean is illimitable. We know that it reaches, ever changing and yet unchanged, beyond the furthest boundaries of sight. Its waves fall and sink with the same plunge and rise on sun-heated tropic strands and amid the icy bays of unreached southern and northern poles. There is no barrier between the pier-head with its brightly painted pleasure-boats and those darkened depths in which sightless monsters roam. A lake across which we can see is a poor pailful of water: it belongs to the land, and is counted with the hills which surround it. It can be wasted by heat, possibly drained,

or, may be, dismissed through the bursting of a dam. It can be claimed by the owner of acres round its borders. We know all about the fish it holds, and change their breed with buckets of spawn or ova brought by carts. But the sea is no man's. We hear, indeed, of littoral and fishing rights. The Crown claims them within certain limits, and yet there is a sense of resentment at any one asserting ownership, even in the fringe of that ocean which is common to the world, and carries the pirate, the slaver, the merchantman, and the yacht alike. It has one law for all. Just as the wind never asks the nationality of the flag which it waves, so the catholic sea floats opposing navies with equal buoyancy, and swallows up the weakest without caring whence he comes or inquiring into the justice of his cause. It recognizes only strength and skill, and wrecks the lifeboat itself when these have failed.

Perhaps it shows its most unfeeling face with ships on fire. Then the water holds up the blazing hull, and quenches its flames with a hiss only when the last hope has departed. This is the very paradox of disaster and mockery of cure; the safety which the sailor seeks is only one degree less perilous than the danger from which he flees. On shore we run or leap out of our burning house, but at sea we stay within it while there is any remaining hope of its being saved. On shore neighbors flock around to save at least our goods; but there, if any come to see, they are only the cold fish or eager sharks which await the end of our distress. And if we do "escape" it is only to realize one of the worst changes which the sea can bring about—when we step, perhaps, from the luxurious saloon into the fragile boat. There the nearness of additional disaster overrides the sense of that never fully detailed discomfort which follows when the fore-castle and ladies' cabin are emptied into a little space within which every word is heard, and all are only thankful when they are permitted to live together for a week, by night and day—so dear is the bare life.

Possibly it is the undefined sense of danger which gives force to the longing of the inexperienced boy to "go to sea." Though he is moved by the thought of that seeing of the world which a ship provides, the books which he has read are

always full of wrecks, and it takes some time for him to realize that the worst provision for acquaintance with strange lands is imprisonment on water. The sailor's knowledge of foreign parts is found to be the most limited of all. The landsman, who is carried from point to point and then left to explore the country he has reached, can tell us something of its ways and sights; but the sailor, "pure and simple," only touches the rind of the fruit which the other eats, and, after wandering for years over the surface of the globe, has no more knowledge of the earth than he can get by looking at the outside of that which he is not permitted to enter. We measure a sailor by what he is on shore, and when we talk of his gleesome humor we may be reminded of that buoyancy and gladness which often strikes us in the company of the blind. They are glad of our mere presence, though they see us not. How fares it with them when they are alone, and have no one with whom to speak, and can only think, or realize that limited acquaintance with books which comes with artificial touch, and renders any glance over the news of the day, or study of the last well-known work of fiction, travel, or science, a tantalizing impossibility? When we talk of the success with which the blind are taught to read we are apt to forget what "reading" means to those who can see. Thus, in some measure, we judge of the sailor's acquaintance with the world by his merely outward contact with what it has to show; and his boisterous mood when we meet him on land is often simply an indication of his relief from the monotony which marks incessant voyaging and a continuous repetition of the same wearisome routine through which he passes day after day, in the enforced society of the same companions from whom he has no escape. When he "speaks" a passing ship there is no interchange of thoughts, or often even words, but only a dumb dipping and waving of flags, or at the best a solitary shout from a trumpet's throat, with subsequently scant language and the shortest reply to a short question. The catechism of nautical intercourse seldom gets further than the first inquiry, "What is your name?" Then the voyagers part, without having really met, till another set is seen and dismissed with a hoarse "Ahoy!"

The coasting ships, whose sails jag the horizon or chimneys leave a streak of smoke upon its edge, may seem to move in company, but they are so many that even the brief salutes and questions which I have just referred to seldom pass between them. Perhaps the brig has to beat for days against a tiresome wind, crossing and recrossing others in its zigzag course, which is all the more narrow for being "up channel." She can take no long "legs" during which her sails are not shifted, but her scanty crew is subject to the perpetual demands of the inexorable ropes. Besides the men at the look-out, and the wheel, which cannot be left for a moment day or night, others are kept on the alert to brace the swinging yards at quickly recurrent intervals. And when we sit at ease on the shingle and sweep the horizon with our glass we hardly realize that the course of the ship at which we glance, though often pointing toward the shore, is virtually as tiresome as that of one which crosses ocean waters far away from land. It must be a dull life then to creep against the breeze which ought to help the sailor freely on his way, and the spectacle of his tedious progress must help us to apprehend better the contrast between the pleasures of the sea and the sea-side. Perhaps it sounds unkind thus to accentuate the sense of the rest we are enjoying, still it may be that the perception of our repose is quickened by thus seeing the toil of those that labor on the restless sea.

When, however, we think of the way in which many people refresh themselves

during their holiday on the coast, it seems a pity that more do not consciously apprehend the manifold differences between the water and the land which are so close together, and yet so widely apart in respect to the calling and interests of those who seldom set foot upon the solid shore, and are inexorably shut off from that which mostly fills the life of men on earth. Few, possibly, think of all this, but seek their chief accompanying recreation in pursuits and entertainments which might be found if they were far inland. Of all the demands likely to draw our thoughts from those which a sight of the ocean can kindle, the most offensively distracting is, perhaps, the presence of negro-melodists on the beach. How can we enjoy that unique and soothing sound which comes from the drawl of the retiring waves, how can we watch with undefined pleasure the "caves of glass" which fringe the beach, when a man with blackened face and artificial grin offers his battered hat for our appreciation of his hateful performance? It is true that some potter among the slimy weeds at low water under an impression that they are realizing an opportunity to enlarge their knowledge; but Leech's picture of "the common objects of the sea-shore," wherein every head is bent down and every eye searching the ground, truly hints at the limited use which is made of such a spectacle as the ocean, and which might move us better, though we stand only on its edge, if only we would let ourselves think of what it has to say.

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#### WATTEAU—HIS LIFE AND WORK.

BY ESMÈ STUART.

WE all know Watteau's pictures. There may be no work of his in our National Gallery, but in spite of that this strange artist has impressed his memory and his times on most of the European nations. Many persons are quite ignorant of his story, they even hardly know that he was called "Le Peintre des fêtes galantes," but they know these same *fêtes* from his pictures or by engravings from them. Some critics, if they belong to a certain section of high art, may talk

slightingly of his talent, they may criticise his coloring, his figures, they may speak scornfully of his inventive powers and of his knowledge of anatomy; but throw mud at him as they may, Watteau cannot be completely hidden by it; he lives and will live among other artists who have achieved greater results and wider fame. To wrest fame from the grudging world, a man must have something specially his own, something which he can give to his fellow-creatures that no one else can offer,

and Watteau had that something, and has given it to us. He has seized better than any other artist the fleeting grace which emanates from woman in her youth and beauty. He did not give us her soul—some will deny that any of those fairy women, full of grace and graceful beauty, had souls at all; they belong, say they, to the *fêtes galantes*, they are the inhabitants of a frivolous, pleasure-loving world, or the puppets of the green-room, and pegs for fancy dresses; even his landscapes, where these coquettes trip lightly or repose in delicious idleness with their lovers' arms around them, yes, even these gardens are the result of fancy culture, of an age when landscape gardening was in its most corrupt stage, and when statues and fountains, clipped trees, and soft verdure, all had to be regulated and arranged to suit these same festive creatures, and not to increase the beauty of the world.

There is nothing of the antique remaining in Watteau's art. His modern Venus is draped, but looks infinitely less noble than her undraped prototype, nevertheless all the little folds of her silks and satins have their peculiar grace; her feet are made for lovers to worship, even though they are enclosed in tiny shoes raised on high heels; her fan is wielded by hands that are carried with real pleasure to the lips of those courtiers in powder and embroidered vests, in satin coats and silk stockings, who please her so well as she turns her slender neck to look at them with the motion of a dove which coos softly to its mate.

At first the whole paraphernalia of Watteau speaks of love and pleasure, of dancing and music, of mandolins and guitars, of sunshine without rain, of laughter without tears, but then, suddenly we ask ourselves, "Did the painter of the *fêtes galantes*—did he give us all this out of pure love for the frivolous world and its empty pleasures, or did he see what we know was underneath it all, the ghastly death's-head, and did he hear as we do the disenchanted moan through all the ringing laughter?"

Let us turn to his life-story, and at the end of his sad, short thirty-seven years the answer seems forced upon us that this painter of *fêtes galantes* was after all a keen satirist, that he flung his airy creations on paper and panel with a lightness of hand but a heaviness of heart which

makes us, as we gaze at a Watteau picture, feel our own throat tighten; we see that the shadow of the coming Revolution throws its chill already on the sunny scene—a chill which this strange sad-hearted artist foresaw, and noting it, was not sorry to leave the world which had been able to give him so little joy in return for all the love and *fêtes* that he represented so faithfully for it.

Poor Watteau! Even when quite young you see no laughter in his face. His features are thin and nervous-looking. His eyebrows are arched, his eyes large, dark, and restless, his nose thin, his mouth sad, and there is a drawn look over all the countenance. As time goes on, all this becomes more accentuated, while the pictures he painted become more lively, the mad dances and love-makings and frolics more pronounced in proportion as his face becomes thinner and sadder, his eye more sunk and hollow, and nothing is left of his youth except that high white forehead over which fall the long curls of his Louis XIV. wig. He was sick to death of it all, and reading his life we experience the deepest sympathy for him, the sympathy we give to those whose laughter hides more tears than the tears of those who weep.

Watteau was the son of a Valenciennes master roof-tiler and carpenter, but the Watteaus were by no means the destitute people some have represented them to be; their name was not unknown in their own town, for Watteau *père* owned some ancient houses and had built himself a new one. On the 10th of October, 1864, little Jean Antoine was baptized with all due ceremony, and Jean Antoine Baiche and Anne Mailton were respectively his godfather and godmother. Of course the child began to draw at once; we who have known other artistic children can well imagine him lying on the ground poring over a huge volume of "Lives of the Saints," not to study the holy records, but to draw little pictures on the broad white margin. It was time for old Watteau to give up the idea of making his son a tiler, so he placed him with a certain Gérin, an artist in the town whose drawing was good, but whose color was execrable.

Of course, too, Paris loomed on the boy artist's horizon like a new Jerusalem; already the restless spirit had begun to

show itself, young though he was, and there must have been a quarrel between father and son on the subject of the exodus, for when Paris is reached (though Antoine travelled with a Flemish scene-painter who, like his companion, fancied that fortune must live in Paris) Watteau is in a penniless condition, and remains so for a long time to come.

At first he and the Flemish artist doubtless frequented the theatres, and here most likely the vision of those artificial but graceful women first struck Watteau's young imagination. This was his first glimpse of life, and, thoughtful-minded lad that he was, it must have made a profound impression upon him.

But scene-painting just then was not profitable; the Valenciennes artist returned home and left Watteau alone in that big, busy, careless city.

One willingly draws a curtain over suffering so common to all these imaginative souls that flutter round a great capital buoyed up with the hope of future success, but happily Watteau soon found employment at a manufactory—one can call it nothing else—of pictures and daubs on the Pont Notre Dame. Here was quite an *atelier* of raw youths who copied *ad nauseam* St. Nicholas or St. Somebody Else, or rather one undertook to paint the saint's head, another his hands, a third put in the high lights, and a fourth the golden aureoles. They were done by the gross for the provinces, and quantity, not quality, was required. Watteau, however, was in great request, and no wonder; he could paint St. Nicholas from top to toe without a copy, and he worked so quickly that he more than earned his fifteen francs a week, with "soup every day" into the bargain.

Imagine the suffering of an artist mind, compelled to copy unsaintly saints or old hags consulting their ledgers; but there were moments even here of precious leisure, there were the *fête* days, and the odd idle minutes, and the nights even. What blessed moments these were for Watteau! Then he went to Nature and drew and drew as he had done at Valenciennes, and in drawing from life he learned. At last he was able to escape from bondage, and he afterward made the remark that had he stayed longer he thought the saints would have maddened him, and now for the first time he gets a real chance of improving

himself. Gillot, the artist who had given up pure art for decorative work at the Opera and restricted himself to painting scenes from the Comédie Italienne, recognized Watteau's talent, and the two fraternized at once. Watteau took up his abode with his new friend, but all too soon the pupil excelled the master. Was it jealousy, or was it that for two persons to agree they must possess opposite virtues? Anyhow, be this as it may, the two who had joined company with pleasure parted with joy. Lancret, the artist afterward well known, was in this studio and left it at the same time—it is said at Watteau's instigation, believing in his friend's advice to "go and copy Nature." Strange that in spite of the fancifulness of Watteau's theatre surroundings, in spite of comedies, powder, patches, and conventionalities, his one cry was always this, "Go to Nature and follow her."

There must have been something very taking about this same Jean Antoine, for notwithstanding his restlessness, his gravity, his uncertainty of action, he found and retained devoted friends. After leaving Gillot, he was received by Andran, the keeper of the Luxembourg, and a decorator of ceilings. This new friendship was a glorious chance for Watteau. In the palace were real old masters to look at, to study, and to strive to imitate. Rubens's work especially fascinated him, and then, when saturated with art, he could step out into the pretty garden, then kept in a more natural condition than the grounds of Versailles, and here he could draw and paint from Nature. Watteau wanted backgrounds for his theatre children, he wanted also landscapes *d'après* nature, he required "a marriage of nature with the opera," and here he could get it all. Rubens taught him color and the gardens taught him his landscape, such as it was; and so this must have been one of the happiest times of his life—times which we, alas! can but too easily number for him.

Was it jealousy again that brought about the next separation? Certainly there must be two to quarrel, but the fault may be all on one side. One day Watteau showed Andran a picture he had just painted. The master recognized its merit, but fearing for his own reputation, said lightly that Watteau had better not waste his time over such puerile work. Wat-

teau, however, was not deceived, he knew good work from bad now, and this injustice decided him to leave Andran and the Luxembourg and the Rubens which he loved. But there was always something noble in Watteau; so now, not to appear ungrateful, he invented an excuse and said he must go home to Valenciennes.

Home, however, was not to be reached without money, so the young man took his despised picture to Sponde, an artist friend, and Sponde took it to M. Sirois, a private gentleman who at once took a fancy to it; sixty livres was the sum asked, and the bargain was quickly concluded. The picture was found to please, and that was the first great step; so with his sixty livres in his pocket off he started for the old haunts. We can imagine his pleasure at coming back to his people and his town with a new power in his possession, or rather the old power developed and strengthened.

At Valenciennes he was not idle; here was plenty of military life to study, for this frontier town was the scene of constant coming and going of troops, and Watteau made good use of his opportunity. We shall see pictures, such as "Pillement d'un village par l'ennemy," framed on these recollections, where all the figures are alive—they have the real go of life, the true movement which comes only from close study of Nature.

But very soon the siren Paris wooed him back. He also turned his eyes toward Rome, for of course all ambitious artists tried for the *priz de Rome*, and Watteau followed suit. In 1709 he obtained only the second prize, but not the journey money, and so he had to be satisfied with Paris and what it could give him. In truth he was already the child of Paris, its interpreter, its painter of *fêtes champêtres*; why go to Rome and study the severe and the classical, which good things, study as he might, he would never have acquired?

Watteau must, however, have been very conscious of his own power or he would never have tried in such an original manner to get the ear of the Academy. The truth was he could not get Rome out of his head, he wanted also to study the Venetian pictures, he wanted more knowledge, he longed for quicker progress, so, taking two of his pictures, those already

sold, he managed to get them hung in the corridor through which the Academicians often passed. The ruse succeeded. M. de la Fosse, a celebrated artist of his time, caught sight of them, examined them, was much surprised, and made inquiries about the unknown artist. The answer was easy to give—"They were painted by a young man who wanted to get the King's Prize to go to Rome." De la Fosse immediately had the young man called in, received him graciously, told him the journey to Rome was unnecessary for him, and that he had only to take the needful steps, and the Academy itself was open to him. All honor to De la Fosse!

Imagine the great and sudden jump into fame these words meant for this young man. And now a little later we can picture to ourselves the worthy Academicians voting for the new genius, we can see him giving his hand to M. Coypel, "the first painter of the king," and taking the requisite oath. As for the money gift that was expected of new Academicians, we are told that it was lowered in this instance—for what had Watteau but his brush and his canvas?—and so he was asked for only a hundred livres.

But this sudden fame did not elate Watteau. He was clever enough to know that he had many faults—besides, he disliked show and pomp, he knew his own merit and demerit, and above all he was never satisfied with himself. Money did not win him over. He would even snatch away a finished picture, and with the price of it lying by his side he would ruthlessly efface it. He wanted to reach something beyond what people praised, and besides this a spirit of almost morbid restlessness was fast laying hands upon him.

And what did fame bring him? What it brings to all famous people who also become fashionable—a crowd of importunate so-called friends, greedy men who wish to acquire something for nothing, needy fortune-hunters who are as willing to rob a genius-mine as to thrust their hands into a money-bag, and Watteau was just the man for them. Keen in seeing all their meanness, yet incapable of snubbing it; strong on one side of his nature and weak on the other; so generous himself, so little capable of base thoughts or ideas of greed, and yet so intensely capable of suffering from these sins when exhibited in others—at once caustic and



simple, Watteau had no chance in this world, where philosophy must have no heart and where simplicity is looked upon as wisdom of the fool.

But now and then, when Watteau was in the company of one or more of his own congenial friends, then a period of good humor and merriment would reveal itself, and then how delightful the artist could be, and also—how contrary!

Another friend in need now appears. M. Crozat, a great collector, offered him a home in his beautiful house, where he had brought together such exquisite pictures and drawings that for the time Watteau was immensely happy. He could feast his eyes on Van Dycks and Titians, and he could pore over drawings of Giacomo Bassano. His friends—a wonderful man for friends as we have said was this sad Watteau—M. Henin and the Count de Caylus, who afterward wrote his life, here gathered round him, and they would take copies of these rare drawings for him, and, better still, they tried to keep the rogues away. He, Watteau, wanted to possess these copies of the old masters' drawings, but he wished to have also the masters' touch reproduced, and everything was to be done quickly. From this time that spirit of impatience which belongs to nervous artistic temperament constantly peeps out, a spirit which is often judged severely by the phlegmatic dunce. In truth, besides the artistic temperament, Watteau had doubtless from the early hardships he had endured contracted the seeds of consumption. . . . Ah, well, the "Peintre des fêtes galantes" was not to be envied, even though the *beau monde* dressed à la Watteau, walked and lounged and feasted à la Watteau, and as for Watteau himself, why he brooded à la Watteau too!

This same curious temperament made him dislike any long labor. He must throw his idea on canvas as quickly as possible, never mind a dirty palette, never mind rules about oils, mediums, and colors, how this or that special color has to be kept clean in order that it may last till eternity. All this might do for the old masters, but Watteau himself wanted to go on, on, on quickly. The fever was in his veins, the special pose must be caught in a moment. And so—well, we get those delicious gestures which Watteau, and no one else, can give us, and

also because of this we get his exquisite chalk drawings.

With regard to the latter it is a comforting thought to remember that his pictures might disgust him, his painted *fêtes* weary him, but give him his peculiar red chalk, then the poor Watteau was happy with his *pensées à la sanguine*, as he called his drawings.

He loved these same drawings—they might be destined for nobody and nothing, but he could not tear himself away from them, and the result is something so exquisite in touch and feeling that we are lost in admiration, and we cannot but agree with the critics who have declared that France has produced no greater draughtsman.

Few persons know, however, that in our British Museum we English possess over twenty of these exquisite drawings, each of which must delight even the most critical. The Louvre possesses one great picture of his, his Academy inaugural masterpiece, the Embarkation for Cythera, the Isle of Love, which he did not finish till five years after he became a member; also in the Louvre there are thirty-one of his drawings; but we in London, as we have said, need only go to the British Museum to study his thoughts in red. Looked at from one point of view, these drawings seem to us more valuable than his pictures, from the reasons mentioned above. They are his true inspirations, the breadth of his genius; they are touched in so lightly that we can trace the influence of the old masters: also—with no irreverence to them we say it—Watteau put something in his drawings which none of them could have done so well. He fixed on paper the lightest of light-fitting emotions—a woman's smile—almost a woman's delicious breath.

But let us finish his short life-story. It need hardly be said that with such a man money was quite a misunderstood quantity. Calculations were not for Watteau; sometimes his friend the Count snatched something from the earnings that seemed to possess wings, and tried to put it by for a rainy day; but in vain, sermons and advice on this head were wasted upon the artist. Watteau sometimes put ridiculously low prices upon his work, but often it was difficult to get a picture from him at any price; his usual impatience of imperfection stepped in, and his don't-

care spirit was most annoying to the friends who thought of his future.

Once Watteau was moved to give them this answer : " If the worst comes to the worst, isn't there the hospital ? They refuse no one there ? " There was a sad pathos in these words which shows plainly his hopelessness and his weariness of life. Love had failed him ; he had loved and still loved unwisely and without return ; health had failed him, and he sought in vain for relief from the doctors ; sometimes even his friends failed him, because he wearied of them, not they of him.

For instance, the time came when M. Crozat's paradise made him feel dependent, and so he left it ; and, from that time he tried sometimes a lodging or sometimes again a friendly roof. At one time it was with a Monsieur Vleughels, who afterward became head of the Academy at Rome ; but once again he left his friend to wander about much in the manner of our own English artist, the great Turner.

One day a new acquaintance praised England, and immediately Watteau's restless spirit seized upon the idea. So in 1719 the painter of the *fêtes galantes* started off to visit the foggy shores of England ; but his peculiar temperament required above all things sunshine and cheerfulness, and thrown among people whose language he could not understand, and enduring ill a climate the very worst that could be for his consumptive constitution, he soon grew much worse. Indeed, this year in England was his death-blow, for though he worked on bravely he only longed to be at home again.

There is an etching done by him while he was in England, and engraved in 1739 by Arthur POUND, which speaks with silent eloquence of his depressed state of mind. The picture represents a certain " Docteur Misaubin," a French refugee in England, who professed to cure every ill with a quack pill, but who himself was in a miserable and starving condition. " Physician, heal thyself," was what Watteau meant to express, giving vent to his bitter irony against the profession, which in those days professed much, but could not even alleviate his suffering.

He had still energy enough, however, to creep back to France at the end of the year—enough even, though his fatal illness was gaining upon him, to settle at Nogent, near Vincennes, where the good

Abbé Haranger, M. Julienne and others tended him with affection. But, in all vain. Death's cold fingers were grasping the hands that had painted so much of life's sunshine ; yet, before the darkness fell, Watteau had something to repent of.

In the midst of an irreligious world Watteau had not lost his faith, his conscience was tender, and he could not forgive himself for having behaved unkindly to his former pupil and fellow-citizen Pater. Most likely it was his usual impatience (which impatience was chiefly from physical causes) that had been the reason of his getting weary of teaching young Pater, and that had therefore made him dismiss him hastily. Now, however, in order to make amends he sent for him, he even confessed to his friend Gersaint that some jealous feeling had been mixed up in the transaction, and that he must now make up to Pater for his previous unkindness—make up, at least, as much as lay in his power.

Pater came then to Nogent, and the dying man exerted himself to teach him all he knew. For one month this sublime effort was made, and the pupil attributed all his after success to this death-bed teaching. The old grudge was forgotten, and the devoted pupil could never in after years speak gratefully enough of Watteau's goodness.

Yet one more picture the painter of the *fêtes galantes* was to paint, and this time it was not the departure for the Island of Love, not the flirtations of the courtiers and the sports of soulless maidens, but a picture of the dying Christ upon the Cross, for the good Curé of Nogent. He who had painted joy for so long now at the last hour showed his true spirit, and drew with trembling fingers what he understood so well—physical suffering borne in heroic silence ; but around the dying Christ he placed a choir of angels, just as round Watteau's suffering life hope was visible.

And even while dying, and in all the sadness of that terrible weakness, Watteau believed in beauty. The distorted and hideous crucifix held before his dying eyes by the good Curé de Nogent pained him. " Take it away," he said, " it hurts me ; why have they so maligned my Master ? "

Strange to say, even at this juncture the dying artist had one more idea of a last

fitting, but this was not to be. Pencil in hand, the painter of *fêtes galantes* passed away on July 18th, 1721, when only thirty seven years old.

In the Exhibition at Burlington House in the beginning of 1889, the English public were able to study some beautiful and rare Watteaus. They could note the soft coloring, a coloring peculiar to this artist; they could study his landscape, which is now recognized as beyond his time, and is only lately appreciated by critics—all this was visible in these examples of our Watteau, but all of them belonged to his mature style. At first Watteau was much influenced by Flemish tradition; one can trace in his early work the dry minute touches of the smaller Flemish masters, but after his residence at the Luxembourg, where he deeply studied Rubens, the dry touch disappears, the true old master spirit reveals itself in him—he learns the meaning of broad touches and pure color. Next, the glow of the Venetian work seized his imagination, and he threw off the influence of Flanders and adopted his own true personal type, without which individual touch no man can expect to make a lasting name.

We must go to the Louvre and study his greatest picture to get the best idea of his power as a colorist, but to understand the magic touch of Watteau we need go no further than the British Museum, and there turn over his red chalk sketches. Being the clever, poetic, morbid, generous, impatient Watteau that he was, he loved his drawings best, and was happy when his mornings could be given up to them, and when the chalk was not hard, and would move as swiftly and as easily as his eager mind.

As to the Louvre picture, the mere description of the "Embarkation for the Island of Cythera" cannot convey the charm of the coloring. On the right, near a statue of Venus, from which flowers are trailing, and a bow and quiver are suspended, one sees a pilgrim, who with his staff on the ground kneels by a woman who is sitting down. Her head is bent, and a fan is in her hand. (What volumes do not Watteau's fans express!) On the

other side is Cupid reposing on his quiver, with bare legs and shoulders, covered with a black mantle. He is gently pulling the woman by her skirt, he wishes to woo her to thoughts of love, no very hard task in those days. Close by, another pilgrim is hurrying away with his love, who looks back somewhat regretfully toward the last group. A dog follows them, one of those delightful, silky, spotted dogs Watteau touches in so charmingly. Below the mound where these figures are placed, one sees on the left hand men, women, and cupids, who all are making their way toward a gilded barge guided by two men. In the background one perceives a winding river, down which the ship of love will soon be floating between lovely wooded hills. It is all a beautiful, unreal dream, but it has also the germs of a beautiful truth. The autumn tints of the trees retain and allow the golden sunshine to pierce their branches, the smiles on the little faces are smiles of love and pleasure, the folds of the dresses are soft and yielding, the colors of the draperies are of every beautiful shade of pink, yellow, and blue; and the sunshine is real sunshine, not merely white nothingness.

Truly all is glow and all is glowing, and life is happiness, and joy is a truth, and we thank the "Peintre des fêtes galantes" for painting it, even if it is all unreal, because even in this nineteenth century a few of us love fairy tales, and believe that there is a world where love and joy and sunshine live, surrounded, doubtless, by a circle of magic land which only the few can cross, but which having once visited, we often dream of again with unbounded delight.

And Watteau, who painted this, realized the charm of the enchantment. He knew well enough that he was giving us unreality, but he did it with a purpose. To the misanthrope he wanted to teach a lesson of harmless joy, and to the frivolous he showed how powder and patches, fêtes and fashions, never lead to anything nobler, but that, in spite of this, beauty is a truth, and above all, that art must be beautiful if it is to be a mighty influence in the world.—*Temple Bar.*

## THE ORGANIZATION OF UNSKILLED LABOR.

BY ROBERT SPENCE WATSON, LL.D.

THERE is, perhaps, no industrial question which has made such rapid progress in recent years as that of the organization of unskilled labor. The attempts from time to time to accomplish such organization seemed to prove by their invariable failure that there were insuperable obstacles in the way. As usual, good and sufficient reasons were found why such obstacles must exist. The very fact that skill was not required opened the field of labor to all, and made combination practically impossible, for when the question was one of wages, for example, and the state of the labor market was not altogether exceptional, unskilled labor could be paid off and cleared out with the certainty that its place could be readily filled. But in very recent times these beliefs have received certain rude shocks, and unskilled labor has proved its power to combine and asserted its right to more thoughtful consideration in a manner which can neither be overlooked nor misunderstood.

And indeed it is entitled to the best consideration possible from all men who are interested in the true welfare of our country, and of the people who are that country incarnate. Hitherto it has received more of pity than of consideration, and too little of either. It has been assumed that its to-morrow must be as its to-day, and still less abundant. And yet of all labor classes it is the most important. All other labor rests upon it. It embraces the greatest number of persons and the most necessitous. Unskilled labor is the great sea which lies round all the continents, nay round every department of skilled labor, and, like the ocean itself, it is replenished from so many sources that you may take much away from it without reducing its apparent bulk.

By unskilled labor I mean that labor which can be transferred from one trade to another, and from one place to another, without difficulty; that labor which has nothing to learn. This is only a rough-and-ready definition. It expresses what I mean, the labor which demands most thought because it is the most necessitous. But the fact is that it is exceed-

ingly difficult closely and accurately to define the difference between skilled and unskilled labor. The old distinction was and is clear enough: the skilled man is he who has served an apprenticeship to a trade, and the man who has not done so is unskilled. But the rapid development of machinery has made a great alteration in this respect, and there is a wide diversity of opinion upon the point, whether machine-men are or are not entitled to be called skilled. In many cases the machine-man requires to learn little or nothing. His work is exactly cut out for him, and he has only to take pains. But he may be, and often is, promoted to the care of machines, and then more has to be learned, for skill may be really required in their management. To my mind he is no longer the laborer proper, he is not the man who, if the machine were not wanted, would be taken off to work on the floor, to do laboring jobs properly so called. There are machine-men on Tyneside who are at the present time making six shillings a day. If the laborers were all making that wage, or even two-thirds of that wage, it would be just as important to advocate a peace policy for them and among them, but the arguments would have to be changed.

We are apt to use general terms as though they denoted specific ideas. The truth is that the words "unskilled labor" are very wide indeed, and include a great number of individual classes which differ largely from each other in character, intelligence, and skill. There is as great a distinction between the man whose life is spent in using the spade, mattock, or wheelbarrow, and the man who attends to the most difficult machine, as there is between the man who grooms the horses and the man who sits in the carriage.

The difficulty that there is in agreeing upon the definition of skilled and unskilled labor helps to make the difficulty of getting accurate statistics of the number of workmen in each branch in any district very great. It is scarcely creditable, to an important industrial people, that there should be so little certain information available upon this and similar points.

The first step toward the profitable discussion of any difficult question is to get it accurately stated. If you can reduce its chief points to figures, and thus learn exactly what the work which lies before you is, you have gone a long way toward settling it. I have tried in many different ways to ascertain the number of unskilled workmen on Tyneside. I have had returns from works, warehouses, docks, etc., and have received the assistance of many men who spend their lives among the workmen, but the ultimate estimates differ so widely that I can make no general statement of numbers.

But it may be of interest to mention one or two of the cases in which I have got exact figures. Most of us probably think that the great mining industry is one in which little but skilled labor is employed; but I find that, taking three of the largest collieries in Northumberland, so far from this being the case, they only employ 1896 skilled men, while they have no less than 2137 unskilled men.

Again, I take two well-known engineering works situated in quite different parts of the Tyneside district. In one, which employs 940 men, 670 are skilled men, only 160 are ordinary laborers, and 110 are skilled laborers or machine-men; in the other, which employs 1068 men, 697 are skilled and 371 unskilled, if you count machine-men as unskilled; or 932 are skilled and 136 unskilled, if you count machine-men as skilled. In a shipbuilding-yard where 955 men are employed, 200 are ordinary laborers and 80 skilled laborers.

I may, perhaps, put it generally that while speaking of engineering and shipbuilding works only, and counting machinists, engine-men, etc., as skilled workmen, the amount of skilled very greatly exceeds that of unskilled labor, and while there is a tendency for the amount of unskilled labor to decrease, yet when we take into account the employments in which unskilled labor only is required—more than eleven hundred unskilled men, for example, working on Newcastle Quay alone—and the overplus of unskilled labor which is only too often available, we may conclude with some certainty that the unskilled men, though not really so numerous as they claim to be, form a much larger part of the army of labor than any

other section of that army, and possibly than any other two sections together.

The Tyneside district is probably not exceptional. So far as I am able to compare the very general conclusions I have come to with those of that invaluable work on "Labor and Life in East London," which Mr. Charles Booth has recently edited, they seem to correspond more nearly than I should have expected. The difficulties of the problem of unskilled labor are no doubt intensified in the metropolis, but they do not seem to me to differ in kind from those by which we are confronted in the provinces, and the same remedies are probably applicable in both cases alike. I believe that the best remedy will be found in systematic self-organization leading to some such method of the peaceable settlement of labor disputes as already obtains in many cases of skilled labor.

But the difficulties in the way of successful organization are almost overwhelming. In the Tyneside district there have been many attempts to form a Laborers' Union, and as many failures. There is at the present time a movement on foot of a wider and more general kind, and it has been taken up enthusiastically. It is yet too soon to say much about it, for it is quite in its infancy, although it already counts nearly thirty thousand members. It aims at the establishment of Laborers' Unions in many different places, perhaps ultimately throughout the entire country, and a Federation of these Unions for the purpose of mutual encouragement and support. But those most deeply interested in it feel most keenly that the uncertainty, which is the most trying feature of unskilled labor, and the consequent nomadic character of such labor which makes it difficult to keep up regularly the requisite member's subscription; the necessary smallness of that subscription consequent upon the low remuneration of the laborer; the general ignorance of the class appealed to, and the absence of the habit of thrift, or, perhaps, I should rather say the impossibility of thrift—the consequence of the uncertainty, small remuneration, and ignorance combined—constitute real, solid, immense difficulties which can only be slowly overcome. One of the most earnest and enlightened workers in this cause, himself a laborer, recently said to me: "I should be quite happy if I could be-

lieve that, in thirty years, we should have got unskilled labor properly organized."

But when we look back for a few years at the condition of the skilled laborer in our own country, we may be encouraged in the hope that the problems of unskilled labor which so sorely perplex us now, and which seem so hard to solve, will receive a fair and just solution. Perhaps we are too apt to take things as we find them, to think that what we see and know is that which has been and which will be.

"We! what do we see? each a space  
Of some few yards before his face;  
Does that the whole wide plan explain?  
Ah, yet consider it again!"

These labor questions have their root in the far past. Six centuries ago legislation was at work upon them, and so continued to work, in ways strange and doubtful to our thinking. But the actual aspects of them with which we have to deal have their roots in the immediate past. The factory system itself is little more than a century old. The frequent accumulation of vast fortunes rapidly and in single hands, which we now accept as a matter of course, has not existed for much more than half that time. Trade Unions and National Education have not been fully recognized by law for twenty years. The whole labor question, as we know it, is a very modern affair after all. If we will listen to the view of the intelligent foreigner, who from time to time comes among us to observe our doings, we shall find that about fifty years since he said, speaking of skilled labor in our England, that "the condition of the workmen and of their wives and children was so deplorable, the rate of wages so low, health and morality so ruined, the greed of gain on the part of the manufacturers so general, and the State and society so indifferent, he could see no escape but in a violent revolution, which he regarded with certainty as unavoidable."

And yet the half-century has gone, and not only has the violent revolution not come to pass, but a silent, beneficent revolution has done its work—a moral revolution, a revolution of ideas—and, though the change is far from its ultimate end, has already blotted out the picture of skilled labor then truthfully drawn, and has given strength and hope to our faith in a better and brighter future for unskilled labor itself.

But, though fifty years is a short period in the life of a nation, it is a long one in the life of an individual, and the remedy of patience is ill preached to the man who, by impatience, can lose nothing, but may possibly gain. What chance is there for the systematic organization of unskilled labor? What chance that, when fully organized, its organization will be used to promote the peaceful settlement of labor disputes?

The last question would be speedily answered by many of the employers of unskilled labor upon Tyneside. They would say that there was none whatever. The new movement has, so far, been distinctly and actively aggressive. We had scarcely awakened to the fact that unskilled labor could combine before we found that its combination was the most formidable of all, for all skilled labor is dependent upon unskilled labor, and, if that can be successfully withdrawn, entire stoppage of industry is the result. And thus the young Laborers' Unions, here and elsewhere, have had an extraordinary amount of success in obtaining higher wages and shorter hours for their members. No doubt they have made mistakes. They have been hasty, unreasonable, and inconsiderate. It is alleged that, in some instances, their demands have driven away trade from the locality, that they have compelled men to join their ranks who were satisfied to remain outside, that their members are subject to the decrees of committees and officials who often know little of the circumstances of the cases which they control. But, granting the truth of all these statements, and even granting that huge Unions of widely differing interests cannot be permanently successful, this has, at least, been established, that unskilled labor has that power of combination which was so long denied to it. Ultimate success in any great undertaking is often most solidly built up on many failures.

The present movements in unskilled labor throughout the land, the most important movements by far which we have seen, all tend in the direction of organization. The ruling demand is for greater certainty of employment, and if greater certainty of employment can be obtained and maintained, one of the chief difficulties in the way of effectual organization will have been removed, there will be no longer the need of irregularity in the pay-

ment of members' subscriptions. Again : some portion, at all events, of the wholesome restlessness which characterizes the labor party in the present day, is due to the spread of education, and education has a tendency to make men take broader views, to widen and raise their range of pleasure, to aid in the formation of thrifty habits by raising the standard of comfort, and to give the true appreciation of that which is and that which is not attainable. With experience, employment, and education, the work of organization must become easier.

And with really good organization the possibility of peace is largely increased ; but there are certain dangers to which the Unions of unskilled laborers are liable which do not affect to the same extent the older and more experienced trade societies. The general want of education and of the business training which is acquired in the conduct of co-operative and friendly societies, compels them to accept leaders who are not of their own class. So long as they succeed in obtaining prudent, experienced, and conscientious men, there is little, if any, disadvantage in this, but, as these Unions increase in number, and before they have lasted sufficiently long to train their own leaders, there is always the risk of their falling into the hands of the professional agitator who must keep his position by promoting discord rather than peace. This want of the knowledge of affairs militates also against the practice of conciliation, although it may afford some opportunity for the action of the kindly intentioned committees, formed of persons unacquainted with the details of the matters in dispute, whose interference would be resented in the case of skilled labor, and is most beneficial, in any case, when confined to bringing the interested parties face to face. So far, arbitration has been the resort in almost all disputes in which unskilled labor has had part.

The tendency which obtains at present to make Laborers' Unions very large, extending over a great range of country and with many branches, is also a somewhat dangerous one. In order to work a large society well and safely a man of much organizing power should be at the head of affairs, one who will see that, before all things, the system of keeping accounts is thoroughly thought out, provided for, and

worked up to. This is a matter which is too often overlooked, but which cannot be overlooked without disaster being certainly the consequence. And closely connected with the keeping of correct accounts is the provision of proper benefits. No Union is safe which has not submitted its scale of benefits to very careful actuarial calculation. The fighting department is the least, the friendly department the most, important of any Union. The benefits frequently promised are on altogether too high a scale. It is true that the rules may provide that they shall only be paid when the funds permit, but it is not quite fair to hold out prospects of benefit which can never be actually realized.

And, even when unskilled labor is organized, the difficulties in the way of the formation of Joint Boards are nearly as great as those in the way of organization itself. I find that I can best appreciate them by picturing an attempt made to form such a Joint Board. Let us suppose that it is meant to regulate all questions of unskilled labor for Tyneside. We may withdraw from the list of unskilled laborers whom such a Board would have to represent those employed in the mining and iron industries, because they are really represented at the existing Boards, and are included in the arrangements which are made from time to time. But, upon the other hand, we must bear in mind that, in the shipbuilding trade, we have to deal with the skilled men rather than with the employers, for in most cases the skilled men are the employers. But, with these reservations, we have the whole of the unskilled labor of Tyneside, representing a multitude of individual workers in a multitude of varying employments, to deal with.

The first point to be aimed at in the establishment of a Joint Board is to get such a proportion of the employers and employed respectively to associate as will insure that, in each case, the trade is fully represented, and that a decision of the Board will practically bind the trade. But, in the case of unskilled labor—bind what trade ? That is really the difficult question. In the Joint Boards of which we have experience there is but one trade represented, and employers and employed are, so to speak, in the same boat. But in the new Board which we are contem-

plating there are many different trades to be represented, and as many varying interests.

But is this really so? Is not the relationship of employers to unskilled labor very much the same whatever the trade may be? I put that question not argumentatively, but inquiringly or suggestively. Are there greater differences in the relations of unskilled labor to various employments than there are in the relations of hewers to various collieries? But, even if this suggested view be altogether erroneous, then is it not possible to classify unskilled labor under such heads as may be proved to be necessary, and to have a Joint Board in each case?

But it is said that there is a serious difficulty inherent to unskilled labor, and that is the impossibility of defining the district over which any Board should exercise jurisdiction. The finished iron trade of the North of England and that of Staffordshire are alike precise terms; in both cases there are well recognized geographical and other limitations. But the unskilled labor of Northumberland is the same as that of Cumberland, or Durham, or Lancashire.

This does not seem to me to be really so serious as it looks at first, for exactly the same may be said of the skilled labor in the coal trade of Northumberland and in that of Durham, each of which has its Board. Again, the building trades of Wolverhampton do not materially differ from the building trades of the surrounding district, yet they have their own Board. So that, theoretically, there should be no difficulty in the unskilled labor of each trade having its own Joint Board in each town or district. But this is quite unnecessary if the system of Joint Boards spreads to definite trades and becomes general. One of the best results of the recent contests, in which unskilled labor has played so remarkable a part, has been the convincing testimony of the sympathy which exists between skilled and unskilled

labor. Where a trade has its Joint Board the interests of both are attended to, and, if most trades had Boards, it would only be the unskilled labor employed in industries which had no skilled labor, or in trades which had not formed Boards, that would need to combine and have a Board of its own.

Upon such a Board every employer of unskilled labor could not be personally represented, but every large employer would have a seat, and the small employers would elect representatives. Sufficient employers must be represented to give the decision of the Board general significance, and to insure its general acceptance.

But whatever is done will have to be the result of agreement between employers and employed—Law will not bind the two parties together in this country. Much valuable time and labor have been thrown away in the endeavor to introduce institutions similar to the "Conseils de Prud'hommes," which have flourished in France since 1806 and in Belgium since 1810. They are doubtless very good in their way, and we may gain valuable hints from them, but they are not what we want. It is the bringing together of employers and employed as equals in friendly argument which is of the first importance, and which no law can provide.

I do not think that, at the present stage of this inquiry, I should go further than I have done. I believe that the difficulties in the way of the union of unskilled labor, though very great, will assuredly be overcome, and that, after many trials and much disappointment, perhaps after frequent strikes with their attendant misery and loss, "far off in summers which we may not see," success will be built up on many failures, and the peaceful method of settling disputes will be adopted in the case of unskilled labor also. And not only the laborers, but the entire nation also, will reap the benefit.—*Contemporary Magazine.*



## WAR IN THE FUTURE.

BY COLONEL W. W. KNOLLYS.

IN considering the effects in future wars of recent inventions, either untried or of which we have only imperfect experience, I shall naturally confine myself to operations on land. It is the opinion of thoughtful officers that some at all events of the new factors will produce a startling modification in the art of war. An attempt therefore to forecast their results cannot be unprofitable to either the soldier or the statesman.

In future wars railways, the number of which in Europe is daily increasing, will play an unprecedented important part, not only strategically, but also tactically. For mobilization and concentration at the outset of war their value was shown in 1870; with armies of increased size they will be still more essential. After the commencement of operations they will still occasionally—especially in the case of the army which assumes the defensive—be used for the rapid conveyance of troops, but as a rule they will chiefly be employed for the transport of food and stores. It has been calculated by the Americans, from the experience of their great civil war, that to supply an army in the field of a hundred thousand men by means of a single line of rails there should be twenty-five locomotives and six freight carriages to every mile of road. It is therefore evident that even with double lines an army of a hundred thousand men working a hundred miles from its base would require—setting aside the requirements of sieges—an immense quantity of rolling stock. As to the movements of troops by rail, experience on the Continent shows that time is not gained when the proportion of bayonets and sabres to a mile of double line is greater than four hundred and thirty-five. Apart therefore from the fact that once the army in the field, the railway resources will be absorbed in bringing up stores and taking back sick and wounded, the railway transport of troops will seldom be profitable for an army on the offensive. The strain on the railways needed for the conveyance of food and stores will be largely augmented, seeing that in all probability the size of armies will be much increased. The limit to their size will, in

fact, be practically determined by the carrying capacity of the railways. Hence two things are obvious: 1st, that for strategical operations railways will, after the commencement of a campaign, be used comparatively little; 2nd, that even if only employed for the transport of stores, their capacity will have to be largely increased by the addition of sidings, the construction of platforms, and the doubling of lines. For this reason all armies are daily paying increased attention to the formation, augmentation, and training of military railway battalions, we, perhaps, least of all. For operations which lie in the border land between tactics and strategy, occasional use with great effect will probably be made of railways for the conveyance of troops for short distances. Had Bazaine turned his railway facilities to full account at Forbach, the result of that battle might have been different. It can easily be understood that though there would be no saving of time in transporting an army corps with all its impedimenta a distance of 30 miles by railway, it would be feasible and desirable to convey a brigade of four battalions, with a field battery attached, a distance of 15 miles. In the former case 185 trains would be required, and the operation, under the most favorable circumstances, would occupy four days. In the latter case the troops, moving with nothing but men, officers, chargers, and what the French call a *train de combat*, the whole force could be transported to its destination in two hours from the time the first man entered to the time the last man quitted the train. As to armor clad trains, they will on exceptional occasions be used and be of great value, as was shown in the case of Sir Archibald Alison's operations at Alexandria in the first Egyptian war.

The importance of railways being so great in modern war, there will certainly be made vigorous efforts to destroy those by which the adversaries are supplied. I shall not, therefore, be at all surprised if wide-reaching raids, as in the American civil war, be frequently attempted. Large bodies, numbering several thousands of mounted men, will break through or turn

one flank of the cavalry screen, and, passing quite round the enemy's army, will destroy food, telegraph wires, railways, and roads on the principal lines of communication of the army. These will consist chiefly of cavalry, accompanied by mounted infantry, if there are any, mounted engineers, and machine guns, but, as in the case of Stewart and Sheridan, the proportion of field artillery will be very small, if, indeed, this arm be not altogether eliminated. These expeditions will be facilitated by the perfection to which the concentrated food for men and compressed food for horses has been carried, while owing to the introduction of machine guns it will be possible to dispense with or reduce the number of guns. Nailless horseshoes, which can be rapidly adjusted by the riders, will remove one cause of delay. In the operations alike of the raiders and those who seek to baffle the latter, much will often depend on the intelligence, knowledge, and acquirements of junior officers. For this reason, and also because in scouting the youngest subaltern will have to judge and act for himself, special endeavors will have to be made in order to secure the most superior young men for the positions of cavalry officers. Till lately it was thought that it was more essential to have good officers in the infantry than in the cavalry. Formerly it was considered that if a cavalry subaltern was a good rider, understood horses, and was smart, resolute, and enterprising, it was sufficient. Now it is admitted that cavalry subalterns, being more frequently employed on detached duties where the experience and guidance of their superiors are wanting than infantry officers of corresponding rank, a higher training is needed for the former. Nevertheless, with strange inconsistency, those who are lowest on the list of competitors for admission are permitted to enter the army provided they accept cavalry commissions.

Balloons were first employed in war nearly a century ago during the campaigns of the French Revolution, but till thirty years ago they sank as accessories of war into oblivion. In the Italian war of 1859, during the American civil war, and at the siege of Paris, they were employed, and some ten years ago systematic endeavors were made to remedy the inherent defects which limited their employment. As re-

gards captive balloons, these efforts have been attended by a certain measure of success, as shown in Sir Gerald Graham's last campaign in the Soudan; but as regards free balloons, little progress has been made, notwithstanding the sustained energy of the French. It is probable, however, that, thanks to the perfection of electric apparatus, a motive power sufficiently strong may be provided by machinery sufficiently light to enable a ship-shaped balloon to sail against the wind or at a small angle with the opposing current. The importance of such a development of balloon power for scouting in rear of or over an enemy's army, or for communicating from without with a blockaded fortress, cannot be overrated.

In the meantime the captive balloon affords immense advantages. By its means a staff officer from headquarters will be enabled to reconnoitre a large tract of country. It will be possible also to ascertain the numbers and position of the enemy's reserves screened from ordinary view by low hills and woods. Also defenders of a line of river will be able to ascertain what preparations for forcing or surprising a passage are being made by their opponents. The Duke of Wellington once said that he had been all his life endeavoring to find out what was on the other side of the hill. An inferior commander will henceforth be able to ascertain by mechanical means and with certainty that which the great Duke only imperfectly discovered by the use of his great reasoning powers.

By the aid of electricity also search lights will render in the future invaluable service. With them night attacks will be rendered infinitely more difficult than at present. In the case of an attempted surprise by night of outposts no considerable force can, save on exceptionally favorable ground, advance otherwise than along the roads. By the electric lights troops moving along a road will be as visible for several miles as during the day. Similarly at a siege a strong party will be seen as soon as it leaves the cover of the trenches. On the other hand the besiegers will be able, by keeping a light on the breach, to detect the presence of any working party, and to drive them away with case, shrapnell, or machine guns.

The increased range and rapidity of firing of rifles, machine guns, and artillery,

together with the presumably approaching adoption by all armies of a comparatively smokeless and noiseless powder, cannot but produce on tactics an effect so great that it is difficult to define its limits. The range of artillery is now for all practical purposes only restricted by the power of vision. Till recently it has been thought that it was of little use firing at a greater range than 2,500 yards. Last year experiments at Okehampton showed, however, that about one out of seven common shells could be pitched at a distance of 3,300 yards into a square with sides of 50 yards at an unknown range, which turned out to be 3,300 yards. Prince Hohenlohe zu Ingelfingen lays it down that the first artillery position may be about 3,800 yards. I myself think that if the best glasses obtainable be given to a battery, and if the atmosphere and ground be favorable, it will be possible to fire with fair effect at large bodies of troops at distances exceeding 4,000 yards, say with a range of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Hence, unless protected from view, troops will be compelled to quit column of route soon after reaching a point three miles from the enemy's artillery. If this be so with the columns on the march, it is evident that it will be necessary to prevent the enemy's guns taking up a position within three miles from an army encamped or bivouacked before order of battle can be assumed. It is true that the increased range and rapidity of rifle fire will enable the infantry outposts to render it difficult for gunners to serve their pieces with accuracy at less distances than 1,200 yards; still, even a couple of batteries would be able, however much harassed, to drop into the camp or bivouac some three or four shells per minute with sufficient precision to cause confusion among the horses. Besides, the weak line of pickets might soon be driven in by a mounted infantry escort of the hostile guns. Hence it will generally be indispensable that in future the first serious line of resistance of the outpost troops—in most cases the line of the reserves—shall be two miles at least from the main body, and stronger than hitherto. Not less than that interval will also have to be left between the head of the main body and the rear of the reserves of the advance guard.

In the defence of a river modern inventions have introduced several new factors.

As I have said before, the captive balloon will facilitate the early discovery of the assailants' preparations. By means of flag or flashing signals and the field telegraph, information can be rapidly conveyed from the river bank to the troops assembled in large bodies in rear, thus facilitating a timely concentration at the point of passage. The search-light will render surprise by night difficult, if not impossible. By means of portable steam launches the covering party can be more quickly transported across the river than formerly. But, above all, the machine guns of the defenders and the far-carrying field guns of the assailants will exercise an important effect on the operation. The defenders will probably, as heretofore, keep their artillery as well as their infantry concentrated in large masses in rear. Hence the assailants will not at first have to undergo artillery fire. By attaching, however, one or two machine guns to each of the strong posts which would be stationed at the most likely points of passage, a terrific concentrated fire could be brought to bear on the boats conveying the covering party. These machine guns could be hidden behind a bush at the very edge of the water, and during the last three hundred yards—say three minutes—of the passage, each could deliver some two thousand bullets. These machine guns, unseen till the last three minutes, would be protected from the enemy's rifles or guns by the fear of bullets or shells from the latter hitting their own boats. I do not see how either boats or crews could survive such a fire, unless the boats themselves were not only numerous but spread over a long line, and protected by iron plates. By increasing their number or plating them with iron the difficulties of the assailants would be largely added to. Besides, iron plated boats would make comparatively small progress. On the other hand, the assailants would have a great advantage owing to the increase of the distance at which they could be covered with effect.

At the passage of the Douro by Sir Arthur Wellesley in 1809 the Douro was 300 yards wide, and the British guns placed on a bluff actually overhanging the water were able to range some distance beyond the opposite bank. Take, however, the case of a river 600 yards wide, and with no suitable position nearer to the

enemy's side of the stream than 400 yards, the old smooth-bore guns would not have been effective at any substantial distance from the defenders' bank. With modern guns and range-finders, and a river half a mile broad, the assailants' guns, even if dispersed in groups so far back as to be 1,100 yards from the point of landing, could still fire with effect on an enemy a mile and a quarter from the defenders' bank.

There was for some years a controversy in Germany as to the respective advantages and disadvantages of the attack and defence of a position. The conclusion at length arrived at by German officers was that the assailants enjoyed the superiority. From this opinion, however, Lord Wolseley and a few other British officers have dissented in the assumed case of British troops on the defensive, and I venture to think that recent inventions and changes confirm the opinion of Lord Wolseley. If time be granted to prepare a position, the first line would be protected by shelter trenches, or existing banks and ditches. If time were wanting for this purpose the defenders would lie flat, taking advantage of any little swell of the ground to obtain partial shelter. Under any circumstances they would offer but a very small and difficult target. They would also possess the inestimable advantage of having determined the distance, either with a range-finder or by actual measurement from various conspicuous objects in their front, such as a rock, a stream, a tree, a road, or a knoll. On the other hand, the assailants would labor under the disadvantages of being exposed from head to foot on the occasion of every rush forward, of firing at small objects at unknown and constantly varying ranges, and with hands unsteady from exertion. These facts are so thoroughly recognized, that it is laid down that any attack on a position must be preluded by a heavy and prolonged fire of artillery. As, however, the assailants' guns cannot, save when they have a great command over the enemy's position, continue the fire when the assailants' infantry have arrived within a few hundred yards of their opponents—say 200 yards—and the ground is seldom so unfavorable to the defenders that they cannot obtain within a short distance of the crest of the position cover from fire, in such a case the preliminary cannonade of the enemy cannot

do much harm; for during it the defenders' first line can withdraw under cover, returning only when the infantry of the assailants are within a few hundred yards of the crest. With breech loaders there would be quite time enough to destroy the enemy during the short time occupied in passing over the final 200 yards. Besides, in the face of machine guns favorably hidden behind hedges, bushes, or in high grass, and suddenly unmasked at the last moment, no infantry, however brave or skilfully handled, could advance, for the reason that every man would be killed or disabled. I therefore see nothing for it, when it becomes absolutely necessary to attack a deliberately occupied position of fair strength, but to advance by a succession of stages, the assailants entrenching themselves at the end of every stage under cover of their artillery. Such being the case, I consider that the defence, if conducted by resolute troops, is now superior to the attack.

The chief characteristic of the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was a series of sieges and manœuvres. It would seem as if a similar practice will prevail in the future. The most ready way of baffling an enemy and causing him to fall back will be by rendering it impossible for him to obtain food. As, however, local resources contribute but slightly to the maintenance of the large armies now assembled, it becomes a question whether the injury to your opponent by laying waste a district will be sufficiently great to compensate for the pain which every humane man, every humane nation must feel if wholesale misery be inflicted on the civil population. At times, however, such devastation may produce unquestionable injury to the enemy's troops, when we may be certain that a general will act logically and not hesitate to order it. The true object of a commander should be to bring about as rapidly as possible peace favorable to his own country. In the pursuit of this object he should shrink from no measure, for if he can prevent loss or suffering to his own nation, and especially to his own troops, by inflicting the same on the enemy, it is his clear duty to do so. He is only bound not to cause needless suffering to the enemy, *i.e.*, suffering which will not improve his chances of success. To further limit his freedom of action is to act as illogically as if a

judge were to order a garrotter to be flogged under chloroform. As a matter of fact, however, as we have said, the local resources would contribute so little to the support of the large armies now assembled that they will probably not often be interfered with, while every effort will be made to destroy the railways by which the enemy is supplied. In carrying out this work the new portable and safe high explosives, carbo-dynamite for instance, will be largely used, for a squadron of cavalry can carry without adding much to the weight upon their horses enough of such material to effectually destroy a hundred miles of railway. To counteract railway wrecking and destruction of bridges, etc., mounted infantry and cyclists will be found very effective. These two new branches of the service will also play important parts in other operations. Mounted infantry aid, when a road is available, will be most useful to reinforce rapidly any hardly pressed point of the line of battle, a matter of considerable moment when the latter is likely often to extend over eight or ten miles of front. Cyclists will likewise save the cavalry much work by acting as carriers of letters.

It is difficult to forecast the effect of the adoption of smokeless and comparatively noiseless powder. Lord Wolseley says that it will be necessary for flankers, advanced guards, and pickets to adopt some other method of conveying warning to the main body than the discharge of rifles. I confess that I cannot take the same view, for it will only be necessary to supply those watching over the security of the army with a few ordinary cartridges to enable the old method of warning to continue and be effective. Smokeless and noiseless powder will, however, enable a body of troops concealed behind a hedge, bushes, etc., to fire for several minutes before their exact position can be discovered, and during that time the living targets will be prevented from replying. This non-betrayal of presence by smoke will be of immense advantage to rearguards and other comparatively small detachments. Hitherto it has been an accepted axiom that detached troops unprovided with special orders should march to the cannon; with the introduction of the new powder the cannon will not be heard or seen at a distance, so the axiom will become obsolete. Another effect of the

adoption of such powder will be that there being no smoke to baffle the aim and conceal the object, the fire both of artillery and rifles will be more destructive. The number of casualties will also be augmented by the increased range and flatter trajectory of artillery and small arms, which will cause the assailants to be a longer time under fire than formerly. Will the increased destructive fire of weapons increase the number of killed and wounded in battle? It is difficult to foretell, but judging from the facts supplied by military history, I am inclined to think that the proportion of casualties will, if anything, diminish as regards the whole army, while as regards particular divisions, or even army corps, the loss will be infinitely greater; indeed, we may look to certain regiments being, almost literally, annihilated. That the proportion of killed and wounded will largely increase I am disposed to think, for our own new rifle, if the bullet does more than graze, i.e., if it encounters any resistance, inflicts terrific wounds, and if our rifle turns out to be superior to an other it will probably before long be installed on the Continent. This is not an unmixed advantage, for it is preferable to give the enemy the incumbrance of a hundred wounded than to strew the ground with an equal number of corpses.

What will be the moral effect on the young soldiers, of whom all armies are now composed, of comrades dropping without hearing the sound or even seeing the smoke of the weapon which has propelled the fatal bullet or shell, of coming under fire at over two miles from a hostile position, and of having to traverse that space amid a continuous hail of missiles, without the encouragement of seeing the effect of their own fire, and of having to face greatly increased slaughter at close ranges? I imagine that it will be such that none but the best troops will endure the prolonged and severe trial to their nerves, and that it will be necessary to make still greater demands than heretofore on the discipline, *esprit de corps*, and patriotic pride of soldiers, as well as to bestow increased attention and training. Happily the discipline of English troops is good, notwithstanding the rosewater, kid-glove method of administering it which has of late prevailed. Happily, also, Englishmen possess, above the soldiers of

all the armies in the world, patient, calm courage, and are full of national self-esteem and patriotic pride. Unfortunately, the War Office has of late inflicted severe, if not mortal, wounds on *esprit de*

*corps*. Still, on the whole, I believe that British troops will, better than any other soldiers, bear up against the increased stress to which all armies will in future wars be subjected.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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WOMEN ON WOMEN.

THERE was once upon a time a schoolmistress, of the very strictest and most forbidding order, who ruled this country with a rod of iron; she it was who snatched what she called the "filthy pipe" from our lips, and bade us take off our hats on all occasions and behave like gentlemen; who haled into the open court her weaker sisters, and delighted in pointing out their want of clothes, and modesty, and education; who scolded and rated all the world with a vehemence that might have been feminine, but was also not a little spiteful; and whose picture may yet be seen in the pages of *Punch* some thirty or forty years back, where Mr. Leech depicted her for the terror and consternation of succeeding generations. It was not a flattering portrait, for she would appear to have been as hard-featured as she was strong-minded, and devoid of any softer charms than those of rigid virtue and uncompromising respectability; indeed, she could never have been a very pleasant person to live with. But we fondly supposed that she was dead—killed perhaps by Mr. Leech and his friends—but at any rate dead and buried. Apparently we were mistaken, or perchance it is that her uneasy spirit was never laid, and still walks among us, for again we are called upon to listen to the old tale—of the sinfulness of our tobacco, the want of modesty in our women, the want of manners in our men—told in the same energetic style, with the same woeeful exaggeration, that the lamented lady was wont to use so many years ago.

Here, in the first place, is a series of letters that have lately appeared in the columns of an evening paper, denouncing the use of tobacco in public places. Our schoolmistress is very angry indeed. She declares that she cannot walk in the streets, ride in an omnibus, or do her shopping without being poisoned by tobacco-smoke; that she cannot take her ticket at a railway-station without having

twenty "filthy" pipes puffed in her face; that the majority of carriages in a train are devoted to smoking; that ladies are blinded for life by cigar-ashes in their eyes, and burned to death by cigarette-ends in their frocks; and this, and that, and a great deal more besides. Therefore, she is of opinion that no man who smokes is a gentleman, and no lady who has ever touched a cigarette, even in play, but has ceased from that moment to be a lady, and has reason to despise herself forever afterward. And to this she signs herself "An English Gentlewoman!" Filthy pipes! no gentleman! no lady! "Can a woman rail thus?" 'Tis a pity that a gentlewoman should use such ungente words. But does she do well to be so angry? Other people walk in the streets and ride in the omnibuses without experiencing any of these sad things. Other people take their tickets at railway-stations and smell no pipes around them; they are more incommoded, perhaps, by middle-aged ladies, burdened with bird-cages and bundles, who block the narrow way, while they discuss and dispute the whole system of Bradshaw with the ticket-clerk. And as to the shopping, we have always understood that men refrained from that amusement; is it possible that the ladies smoke in the shops? Our "English Gentlewoman"—what a curious expression that is; does it mean more or less than a Lady?—is supported in her views by "An English Gentleman," whose argument is, we regret to say, quite conclusive. He has a son who once won a race upon a bicycle, and then, while walking abroad, swallowed unwittingly a whiff of some passing pipe;—since then he has never won another. Well, we have always thought that bicycling was rather a dangerous method of progression, but we would submit that such a tragedy as this is of rare occurrence. Now, we have no intention of defending or pleading the cause of tobacco; everything that can be

said for and against smoking has been said too often already, our own belief being that a good many people who smoke would be better without it, and that many who do not smoke would be the better for smoking,—an opinion which is at least impartial; but apart from the question of the advisability of smoking, and even supposing that it is an unprofitable habit which may cause some little annoyance to others who do not indulge in it, we must protest against the aggressive and intolerant tone that is adopted by some people in criticising their fellow-creatures. But first let us listen to the schoolmistress on another subject.

An American lady, not unknown as a writer, has been publishing her opinion of her countrywomen, and, indeed, of womankind in general, in respect to their dresses, their manners, and their behavior. It would be a needlessly unpleasant task to repeat this good lady's words; it is sufficient to say that her accusation is of the most sweeping character, and couched in the most forcible terms, and that the burden of it is that a girl who dresses after a certain fashion, and behaves in a certain manner—though both dress and behavior may be considered innocent by the world at large—cannot be modest. Now, there is no charge that sounds more odiously in a woman's mouth, when levelled against another woman, than that of immodesty, especially when it is based upon such slender and doubtful grounds. A perfectly innocent and simple girl, dressed very likely by her mother's hands, and amusing herself in the same way as the rest of her friends do, is immodest because a certain lady neither dresses nor amuses herself after the same fashion. Because he happens to come between the wind and the gentility of another lady, a young bank-clerk who smokes his pipe in a railway-station, having, poor fellow, but few moments in the day when he can enjoy the simple pleasure, is no gentleman. Well, be it so: the world is in a bad way; its pipes are filthy; its men have no manners, and are not gentlemen; its women have no modesty, and are not ladies; and, let us add, its critics have no charity, and are neither just nor kind. From the gentler sex one would expect more gentle criticism; but the schoolmistress is inexorable. Moreover she spares no one, not even a Bishop. A good Bishop ventured

an opinion the other day, that dancing was a healthy exercise for girls, and was promptly crushed by the rejoinder, from one of the very ladies who had consulted him on the subject, to the effect that basket-making was a more proper and Christian diversion. It is, indeed, a schoolmistress who is not to be trifled with.

The smoking controversy was enlivened, however, by one charming lady who championed the other side. "What!" she cries. "My father smokes, my husband smokes; are they not gentlemen?" Perish the thought!—and in a wild gust of indignation she declares that she will smoke herself, if she pleases. A most delightful, breathless, womanly, and illogical little letter she writes, and she manages to display more true womanly feeling and dignity in that absurd little outburst than the schoolmistress does in the whole length and breadth of her denunciations. But what is the meaning of this silly prating about ladies and gentlemen? The world is peopled with men and women, not gentlemen and ladies; and their courtesy toward each other, as shown in their mutual forbearance, their mutual assistance, and their mutual expressions of good-will, is not only a very admirable thing, but is evidenced quite as much in the lower classes of society as in the higher, though perhaps after a rather different fashion. The costermonger who gives a lift in his cart to the aged and disreputable old woman who sells match-boxes, though he may taint the air meanwhile with his filthy pipe, shows quite as much gentlemanly feeling as the crusty old aristocrat who insists upon cigars being thrown out of a railway-carriage window. Lady Godiva at the opera, whose face is the pleasure and admiration of all beholders, is very often as innocent in her thoughts and as modest in her intentions, as the ancient lady in a coal-scuttle bonnet who opens the pews in church. Indeed, one would as soon gauge the modesty of a woman by her clothes as one would the position of a man by his hat. Some of the most distinguished men wear the most shocking hats. The collection of hats at the Athenæum, for instance, is quite disgraceful. And another word as to ladies' dresses. There are journals entirely devoted to the discussion of such matters; surely it would be better to re-

serve such discussions, then, for the pages of those papers, and not publish them abroad; it is hardly seemly that a woman's clothes should be hung upon a public clothes-line and exposed to the public gaze. If it is absolutely necessary that we should have a schoolmistress to call our attention to the minor morals of life, it is also necessary that she should show some discrimination as to how and where she attacks us; and really she should show some more discretion in the language that she makes use of. As a rule, these good ladies defeat their own ends by the extravagance and vehemence with which they pursue them. These wild exaggerations as to the iniquity of smoking only serve to raise the smile of derision; the premises upon which the complaint is based are so obviously untrue, that the

conclusions which are drawn from them appear equally false and ridiculous. As to the American lady, the abuse that she lavishes on her fellow-women would be abominable if it were not so utterly foolish and unfounded. People who are afflicted with this burning desire to set the rest of the world right, have no doubt imposed upon themselves, in all honest sincerity, a very unpleasant task; but that is no reason why they should themselves be unpleasant. The schoolmistress is abroad, so one must be very careful as to what one says; but at least one might venture to suggest to her that example is often better than precept, and that in reforming the manners of others, she would do well to pay more attention to her own.—*Spectator*.

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#### MODERN SCHOOL-BOOKS.

BY ARTHUR GAYE.

Most men cherish an exaggerated memory of the happiness of the good old times. They are not contented with asserting a comparative superiority, making due allowance for their own waning capacity of enjoyment; things were, they say, absolutely of greater excellence when Plancus was consul. But they almost always make at least one exception. They draw the line at their own school-days. Fathers glory in impressing upon their sons the hardships they underwent in the pursuit of grammatical knowledge. The teaching was bad, the punishments Draconian, the food execrable. In some respects, no doubt, their reminiscences are worthy of credit. Boys are on the whole infinitely better looked after in these days than they were fifty years ago. Yet there is still room for improvement, and especially, it seems, in the matter of their books. This at first sight may appear paradoxical, for all the world is aware of the vast increase in the number of so-called aids to knowledge. For one annotated edition of a Greek play in the old days there are now at least a score, many of them the handiwork of good scholars. Elementary mathematical books, histories, primers of German and French, introductions to various branches of natural science, may be

counted by the dozen. Schoolmasters have spread like the locust, and all the machinery of teaching has multiplied a hundred-fold. But despite this expansion in every department it cannot be shown—the reverse can perhaps be shown—that the education of the average school-boy has made, in point of book-learning, any serious advance.

As regards Latin and Greek a good deal must be laid to the charge of the modern vocabulary, designed to supersede for younger boys the old-fashioned lexicon. The innovation, apparently so humane, is in reality most pernicious. Within the compass of some fifty pages it is not possible to do more than indicate in briefest fashion the particular meanings which will suit the particular text. Space will admit of no attempt to trace the gradations of meaning through which a word passes; we get the bald English which will make sense in special passages, and no more. Naturally, therefore, when a boy is promoted from this grandmotherly system to the full-blown work of Liddell and Scott, he is taken completely aback. He has never learned, and is now probably too old ever to learn, how to use a dictionary; and if, as we assume, he be one of the great mediocrity, he finally leaves



school with a suppressed, if not outspoken, hatred of all things classical, and experiences the utmost difficulty in satisfying the requirements of such examiners as cross his path. When there were none of these little glossaries, boys learned at all events how to look out words. There was a better chance of their becoming fair scholars in the end; in fact the few English classical authorities who have enjoyed more than a local reputation were produced on this plan. At worst, there were no new dictionaryal mysteries to be painfully solved when they rose to a higher form. They had become more or less acquainted from the very first with the ponderous volume which was to be their boon-companion throughout their scholastic life. Whereas, in these days, there must be many boys who have never explored the pages of a dictionary at all. This, save to the clever ones in the class, must ever be a fatal error.

Another, and a scarcely less, hindrance to the development of true scholarship is due to the multiplicity of notes now current. It was hard enough before to understand the original, but it is doubly hard to have to extract the editor's drift as well as the author's. Again there is but one author, while there are editors innumerable, and not always to be reconciled. Almost every assistant-master who has taken a fairly good degree considers himself competent to edit Cæsar and Euripides. Even granting that the renderings are excellent, they can hardly be defended when they lead, as they undoubtedly do in most cases, to a blind reliance on another's wisdom. Moreover they render superfluous all notes on the boy's own part. When everything is explained by reference to the end of the book, what need can there be for him to annotate on his own account, which used to be thought so essential to true learning? The teacher, too, has little left for him to do beyond correcting mistakes which arise from sheer idleness in neglecting to consult, or from failure to remember, the editor's interpretations. There exists little or no inducement to give a version of his own when every difficulty stands already expounded in black and white. Lightly come, lightly go; so easy a method of solving all problems may be extremely satisfactory at the moment to the juvenile mind, but the solution is by no

means so likely to be retained as it is when laboriously evolved by the pupil himself, or dispensed judiciously by the teacher and committed to writing by the class. Only minds and natures of a superior order can withstand the insidious influence of such a method, which, in plain words, is not much better than legalized cribbing. If any advantage is to be gained from notes they ought surely to be suggestive rather than final. Otherwise, so far from fostering thought and originality, they are eminently calculated to repress both. It should be the teacher's business to provide a good English rendering at the end of the lesson. This, however, is seldom done, and, indeed, he can hardly be blamed for the omission when, perhaps, a better scholar than himself has already furnished the class with a careful translation of all passages whose meaning in our own tongue is not readily discernible. Oral interpretation is far more likely to rest in the memory of small boys than the printed page. Often enough the editor's version, though remembered literally, is not really understood and itself stands in need of explanation. It is not seldom couched in language which is not familiar to the tiro and must be itself rendered into his vernacular. Failing this he is too apt, while to all appearance having acquitted himself well, to pass on with quite erroneous notions of the friendly annotator's meaning, and is, in fact, left in a state of grosser ignorance than ever.

It is strange, and little to the credit of our head-masters and scholars generally, that we are still without a First Latin Grammar which is universally accepted. Dr. Arnold suggested a scheme for getting up what he called national grammars. He thought it would be a good plan "that a certain portion of each grammar (Latin and Greek) should be assigned to the master or masters of each of the great schools: *e.g.*, the accidence to one, syntax to another, prosody to a third; or probably with greater subdivisions; that then the parts so drawn up should be submitted to the revision of the other schools, and the whole thus brought into shape." Perhaps he credited the race of pedagogues with too much amiability; it did not strike him that even in so elementary a matter as Latin grammar one scholar is not fond of subjecting his views to the criticism and correction of another. In fact the knowl-

edge and explanation of grammar constitute the very tenderest ground upon which learned men can meet ; when it is a question of a corrupt or crabbed passage a friendly suggestion is not unwelcome, but no man likes his grammar to be called in question. At any rate Dr. Arnold's co-operative system has not hitherto been found to answer. The conflict of many minds appears to be fatal to a plain unvarnished statement of the mysteries of *oratio obliqua*, or the objective and subjective genitives. The great Rugby master was strongly of opinion that Latin, rather than English, is the proper vehicle whereby to convey instruction in these and similar perplexities ; it is more easily remembered, he maintained, when once learned. Also, "the simpler and more dogmatical the rules are, the better." This advice has not been too freely followed in recent publications. The so-called Latin primer now in most general use is full of faults and ambiguities, thus proving how hard it is for even the best scholars to be either accurate or lucid in small things. It is but a sorry advertisement of our skill, and may be not unfairly dismissed with the words of a famous review : "This book contains much that is new and much that is true ; but what is new in it is not true, and what is true is not new." It may be doubted whether the grammars of Dr. Wordsworth, with a few judicious emendations, would not even now supply the lower forms with the soundest and simplest introduction to Latin and Greek that they are ever likely to get.

The spread, then, of classical knowledge among boys of average intellect in this country seems to be seriously handicapped by inaccurate and obscure grammars on the one hand, and texts, with rare exceptions, too copiously or enigmatically annotated on the other. But modern languages fare, as they have ever fared, even worse. The idea is long ago exploded that it is possible at a public school to learn colloquial French or German, yet a good many parents, and a few masters, still cling to the fond belief that those tongues are there taught and learned in a very thorough manner as regards grammar and the art of translation. Let us once more hear the Doctor's opinion. In a letter addressed to the Chairman of the Trustees of Rugby School, he writes : "I

assume it certainly, as the foundation of all my view of the case, that boys at a public school never will learn to speak or pronounce French well under any circumstances." Experience has proved the absolute truth of this sentiment. Even with the advantage of lessons from the most highly polished Parisian, the French of the ordinary British schoolboy remains at or below the standard of Stratfordatte-Bowe. And not merely in point of pronunciation, which might be forgiven him ; but his ignorance is hopeless in genders, deplorable in past-participles, profound in syntax. This ought assuredly not so to be. To learn French as a dead language, which is all that is usually attempted, must, one would think, be within the capacity of even the plainest understanding. The fault lies with the teachers and the books. In spite of their failure from every point of view, we obstinately persist in employing foreigners to teach the elements of their own mother-tongue. In spite of probably mutual antipathy, and his own utter inability to appreciate the difficulties which offer themselves to the insular mind, the unhappy German or Frenchman still continues to reign as the dispenser of instruction in modern languages. It is a tradition to which we cling notwithstanding the disastrous results with which it has been invariably associated. It is not merely that, as a general rule, he fails to combine the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. English masters too often exhibit a similar incapacity. But he cannot in the nature of things grasp the full insidiousness of the many pitfalls which his language submits to the alien student. We would forgive him the imperfect discipline which distinguishes his class if he could but bear in mind that he is not teaching little Gauls or Teutons. There does indeed arrive a point at which his assistance becomes indispensable, or, in any case, of the greatest value. But this is at a much later period of the pupil's curriculum. When boys have thoroughly mastered the French and German grammars, and have made some progress in the art of translation from and into those tongues, it is of immense importance to converse with the lively native, to learn at his lips the very finest pronunciation, and extract from him the quintessence of style and diction. This, however, is a sublimity to which only a

very few of our schoolboys can pretend to soar, and in the earlier stages, which are all that are scaled by the majority, the teaching should undoubtedly be confided to Englishmen whose attainments in this particular line have been tested and approved. It ought not to be difficult to find men properly qualified for giving this elementary instruction; at any rate, if the system were encouraged, the demand would certainly and speedily create an adequate supply.

Grammars compiled by foreigners for use in English schools are for the most part highly unsatisfactory. But happily our own countrymen have here, and with the greatest success, come to the rescue, for nothing in this department can be better than the books which bear the name of the head-master of University College School. The selection of authors for translation, however, leaves much to be desired. In classical studies the choice is limited. For beginners there is nothing for it but to go through the stereotyped course of Lucian and Xenophon, Cæsar and Ovid, and it is not our fault that these writers dealt with matters not in themselves attractive to the youthful mind. Probably few Greeklings or infant Romans were called upon to study them. We are compelled to make the best of what has come down to us. But the case is quite different where modern languages and modern writers are concerned. What boy of twelve or fourteen can be expected to derive any pleasure from the travels of Heine or Goethe? Niebuhr's *Heroengeschichten* may inspire a passing interest, but we get enough about Hercules and Perseus in our Latin and Greek. Why do not editors take the trouble to select and annotate, if they will, books really adapted to the tender years which they are intended to occupy? French and German reading for little boys surely ought not to be above the standard of the English books in which they are accustomed to take delight. Not many children are found engrossed in English works corresponding in difficulty of language or allusion to Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orléans*, or even to Madame de Witt's *Derrière les Haies*; yet these, and such as these, are put into their reluctant hands at our public schools, when they are but just entered upon their teens. Heine's *Reisebilder* are charming when we are old

enough to enjoy the published travels of some of our own eminent countrymen, but certainly not before that date. From another point of view also the selection is ill-advised. The end at which we are supposed to aim, but of which we have hitherto fallen lamentably short, is essentially a practical one. We seek so to familiarize our boys with the French and German idioms that on leaving school they may be competent to turn the knowledge they have acquired to definite and remunerative account. Experience has proved the impossibility of teaching an English lad, while at an English school, a foreign language colloquially. Something in him revolts against the idea, and it has long since been abandoned as impracticable. But he might at least be taught to understand a newspaper and write a grammatical and idiomatic letter. What percentage even of those who hail from the "modern side" can compass either of these things? They are assuredly not to be learned by reading laboriously fragments of Schiller and Uhland, of Fénelon and Guizot. Those who naturally have a turn and taste for literature will find out for themselves in good time the beauties of dramatic or historical authors in whatever tongue they have been well grounded; but meanwhile a vast amount of time is wasted by forcing them to begin at the end instead of at the beginning.

The old-fashioned Euclid, which alone used to represent the earliest steps in geometry, is being gradually superseded by modern treatises, mostly modifications of the original. Arithmetic and elementary algebra, though their rules and formulæ must always remain pretty much the same, are no less frequently appearing in a new dress, or what purports to be so. Mathematics being a branch of study which does not admit of much taste or humor, or even divergence of opinion, there could, in point of fact, be no reason why, when once first-rate manuals had been written, others should be written at all. A dead language is no doubt an excellent field for the display of elegant scholarship and refined speculation, but there is little room for airing one's wit in a plain statement of Rule of Three or the Binomial Theorem. Yet every mathematical master thinks he can improve upon Todhunter, and if, by compiling a little book, which is practically Todhunter's but contains a

new set of examples, he can oust that great man from the school, he feels that he has not lived in vain. Moreover, he makes money by the venture. He does not depend, like other writers, upon the caprice of the public, for his public is already secured to him. Generation after generation of boys must buy his books; generation after generation of parents must pay for them, and usually without the advantage of that liberal discount which is so pleasant a feature of book-buying in these days.

It has of late become the fashion to exhibit, to use a medical term, modern history in doses or epochs. It would take some time to enumerate the various series now current, but for junior school use they seem to be of doubtful utility. The old maxim about "grasping the universal" must needs fall to the ground when the history of England is set forth in a dozen or more periods, each by a different writer. History is always liable to be merged in the particular views of the historian, and in this shape it can scarcely escape that dismal fate. Instead of gaining a general impression of the subject by means of the facts, and the facts alone, the boy is apt to become hopelessly confused among the heterogeneous opinions which he is invited to remember. A rabid Royalist has, perhaps, written on Cromwell, a Protestant on Queen Mary, a Jesuit on the Georges. All breadth of view is obviously swamped. Far better leave him to the facts and let him trust to his own brains for one day evolving some sort of criticism of them. For later reading these separate and self-contained little volumes may possibly have their use. But for small boys the prevalent multiplication of small books, whether on history or any other subject, is a grievous mistake. Facts, not fancies, are the proper food for the schoolboy up to a certain point in his career. We are, as a nation, notoriously ignorant of even the facts of our own history and geography; and until such elementary knowledge has been mastered it seems to be sheer folly to burden our boys' minds with the unimportant opinions of a crew of third-rate historians.

This multiplication of school-books is, in truth, one of the banes of modern education. It entails, among other evils, a quite unnecessary expense. The much-

enduring race of parents may well stand aghast at the long list of works nowadays deemed indispensable for their sons, especially when they contrast it with the too often meagre result. If they are curious enough to overhaul them in detail they may derive further food for reflection from the discovery that scarcely a single volume has been read through; many, indeed, especially of those in French and German, have been used only some half-dozen times, while a few have never been so much as opened. A change of form is held to involve also a complete renewal of book-furniture. What wonder, then, that by the general run of boys nothing is learned thoroughly? A poor smattering of each subject is all that can be fairly looked for under such a system. In many respects the principles of education, as regards both boys and girls, have certainly been altered for the better during the past few years. Young ladies, possessing no musical soul, are not now compelled to waste thousands of precious hours in futile strumming on the keyboard. For boys Latin verse is no longer obligatory; even the hitherto inevitable study of Greek may be escaped, and that of German substituted; but the plague of books, and, what is worse, of books half-read, remains. It is as though the irony of schoolmasters had too literally accepted in their pupils' behalf the Baconian *dictum*, "Some books are to be tasted." Of those others which "are to be chewed and digested" the supply seems to have failed altogether. That much vaunted institution, the modern side, is partly responsible for this. It was adopted from most laudable motives. As the Great Exhibition of 1851 was confidently expected to inaugurate perennial peace, so was the modern side hailed as the symbol of a millennium of industry. There were to be no more idle boys, for the tastes of all would now be consulted. Those who shied at Homer might now, if they pleased, take refuge in Heine, while those in whose nostrils the name of Greek iambics was not too fragrant might seek consolation in the pages of Molière, or the chaste delights of geometrical drawing. By this time it is pretty generally admitted that the plan has only succeeded to a very limited extent. The clever or industrious get on as they get on everywhere; the idle go on still in their idleness and remain as ignorant as they would

have done had they been fed on Xenophon and Euripides. It was very soon discovered by the subtle juvenile intelligence that modern work is on the whole much easier, and more capable than the ancient classics of being scamped. Parents were deceived by the peremptory ring of the title, and cherished glorious visions of the choicest Civil Service appointments for their stupidest offspring. Too late the bitter truth dawned upon them that not only were their stupid ones incapable of competing successfully in a Civil Service examination, but now, by abandoning their Greek, they had rendered themselves quite unable even to matriculate. In short, as the homely proverb runs, they were between the devil and the deep sea; both the University and the Office looked askance at them. And thus was exposed the hollow mockery of the modern side, which, however, still continues to flourish in its peculiar fashion, for parents are human and "hope springs eternal." But in the end, if anything in the shape of competition be attempted, recourse must be had, in an alarming percentage of cases, to the services of that best-abused of middlemen, the Crammer.

It would be an excellent measure could a Censor, or Censorial Board, be appointed whose province it should be to exercise a general and particular supervision with respect to school-books—if not all, at least those which are to be used in the earlier stages of public education. Such a Board should be composed of members who are not only experienced teachers, but also above suspicion as to the depth, breadth, and accuracy of their own knowledge. Its verdict should be final, and it should be empowered to amend or reject at pleasure. Legislation of this kind, if judiciously exercised, could not fail to be most salutary. For one thing, it would probably lead to some sort of uniformity in elementary class-books, which at present is very conspicuous by its absence. As things are, no two schools use the same books, and it is impossible to predict from year to year what changes may occur in the list. This uncertainty is intelligible enough, and perhaps even necessary in the case of the more advanced scholars; it is well, no doubt, that they should take advantage of the newest lights in each subject. But we have now been teaching the elements long enough to feel pretty sure

that no new primer of any kind is likely to be essentially superior to some that have gone before it. A great many ought certainly to be exterminated root and branch. Our censors, having made their selection, would next, by an easy transition, proceed to regulate the proportion in which for young boys the hours should be assigned to the various subjects. Some of the glaring reproaches of the present curriculum might then be happily removed. A public schoolboy, for instance, as now educated, if he follows the regular course and declines to be modernized, may possibly acquire a certain facility in respect of translation from Latin and Greek, and in composition. He has been well drilled in the topography of ancient Athens and Rome, and knows all about the Sicilian expedition and the Samnite wars. But he is sublimely ignorant of his own country's history; to name the victories of Marlborough or Wellington is too often beyond his powers, while of constitutional developments he has learned never a word. It is the same with geography. He knows with minute correctness where to look for Cannæ, Sphacteria, or Miletus, but ask him to enumerate the chief towns of Lancashire, the provinces of the Austrian empire, or the largest rivers of India, and he is speechless. Of what is commonly called general information his stock is extremely small; he is well up in the uses of the middle voice, but knows little about the French Revolution and less about Burke. His classical studies would not suffer appreciably if they were curtailed by a few hours, and the time thus gained were devoted to the perusal of European history and the modern atlas.

The members of our Censorial Body, if they were as judicious as we assume them to be, would also by a stroke of the pen abolish all foreign instructors in the elements of French and German. By confining the labors of these gentlemen to the higher forms, in which they would presumably have to do with boys to whom the future is beginning to wear a serious aspect, they would invest them with a dignity which hitherto they have invariably lacked. In their present position they have to fight against tremendous odds. The hours assigned to them, as compared with those allowed to classical masters, are absurdly few. Who can teach French in two hours a week, the pupil during the

remaining hundred and forty-two never giving the matter a thought! Who ever yet could point to a boy who, not being in a class specially devoted to modern subjects, gained more than the feeblest hold on the language throughout his school-course, unless indeed he enjoyed exceptional advantages in the holidays! But even in the most favorable circumstances foreign masters could not hope to succeed in teaching the rudiments of their native tongue to little boys in a class. The experiment has been tried for a great many

years and has always resulted in failure. But let the drudgery be as distasteful as it may, it must yet fall to some one's lot; and that some one ought to be a qualified Englishman, who knows and can anticipate the difficulties which youthful islanders are likely to encounter, explaining them in words adapted to the intelligence of his hearers—and who also is able to enforce that discipline without which all teaching, native or foreign, comes, and must always come, to naught.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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### THE STAGE IN SHAKSPEARE'S DAY.

BY WILLIAM POEL.

AN Englishman visiting Venice about 1405 wrote in a letter from that city, "I was at one of their playhouses where I saw a comedy acted. The house is very beggarly and base in comparison with our stately playhouses in England, neither can the actors compare with us for apparel, shows, and music." This opinion is confirmed by Busino, who has left an account of his visit to the Fortune Theatre in 1617, where he observed a crowd of nobility "listening as silently and soberly as possible." And Thomas Heywood the dramatist, not later than 1602, affirms that the English stage is "an ornament to the city which strangers of all nations repairing hither report of in their countries, beholding them here with some admiration, for what variety of entertainment can there be in any city of Christendom more than in London?" In fact, the English people at this time, like the Greeks and Romans before them, were lovers of the theatre and of tragic spectacles. Leonard Digges, who was an eye-witness, has left on record the impression made upon the spectators by a representation of one of Shakspeare's tragedies:

So have I seen when Cæsar would appear,  
And on the stage at half-sword parley were  
Brutus and Cassius. Oh! how the audience  
Were ravished, with what wonder they went  
thence!

But plays as perfect in design as *Julius Cæsar*, *Othello* and *Macbeth* were the exception, not the rule, upon the Elizabethan stage. They were the outcome of nearly twenty years' experiment in play-writing,

a period during which Shakspeare mastered his art and schooled his audience to appreciate the serious unmixed with the ludicrous. When he first wrote for the stage, plays needed to have in them all that the taste of the day demanded in the way of comic interlude and music. A dramatic representation was a continuous performance given without pause from beginning to end, and the dramatists, in compliance with the custom, used the double story, so often to be found in the plays of the time, in order that the movement should be continued uninterruptedly. The characters in each story appeared on the stage in alternate scenes, with every now and then a full scene in which all the characters appeared together. Ben Jonson condemned this form of play. He ridiculed the use of short scenes, and the bringing on to the stage of the characters in pairs. Yet he himself found it necessary to conform to the requirements of the day, as is shown in his first two comedies, written to be acted without pause from beginning to end. Later on he adopted the Terentian method of construction, that of dividing the plays into acts and making each act a complete episode in itself; and in his dedication prefixed to the play of the *Fox*, he claims to have labored "to reduce not only the ancient forms but manners of the scene." It is not surprising, therefore, that Ben Jonson was irritated at Shakspeare's tolerance of the hybrid class of play then in vogue. Yet Shakspeare, if he thought it was not possible to work to the satisfaction of his

audience according to the rules and examples of the ancients, none the less strove to put limits to the irregularities of his contemporaries. Plays which do not observe the classical rules must yet observe rules of some kind, if they are to please. He therefore sought to establish rules in accordance with the national taste, and his first aim was the combination of the serious and the ludicrous. He desired unity of fable with variety of movement, and endeavored to abolish the use of impromptu dialogue by writing his own interludes and making them part of the play. Shakspeare wished to satisfy his audience and himself at the same time; and by the force of his dramatic genius, he succeeded where others failed, and wrote plays which are as suitable for the stage to-day as when they were written.

About two-thirds of the plays which were acted at the Elizabethan and Jacobean theatres are now lost to us; and this dramatic literature must have been of unusual excellence, unless we are to suppose that the law of the survival of the fittest may be applied to the lives of plays. From the names of the lost plays, accessible to us in such places as *Henslowe's Diary* or the *Stationers' Registers*, it may be inferred that the groundwork of many of them consisted either of political or purely social and domestic topics. Domestic tragedy was one of the most popular forms of the drama. In fact the dramatists, in most instances, took the material for their plays from their own and their neighbors' experiences. They wrote about what they knew, and all that was uppermost in men's minds was laid hold of by them, and brought upon the stage with only a little transparent concealment. The topical Elizabethan drama, in such plays as have come down to us, viewed from a purely historical standpoint, is a very accurate though not very flattering embodiment of middle-class society in London in the sixteenth century. From it we learn the dangers incurred by the presence of a large class of riotous idlers, discharged soldiers and sailors, over whom the authorities exercised little control; we are given striking descriptions of the London "roughs;"—of these "swagging, swearing, drunken, desperate Dicks, that have the stab readier in their hands than a penny in their purses." We read, too, of the games that children played in

the streets; of the assembling of the men of fashion and business in St. Paul's; and of the dense crowding of the neighboring streets at the dinner hour, when the throng left the cathedral. The conversation that the characters indulge in, apart from the immediate plot, invariably relates to current events. In a play written about the time of the Irish rebellion, one of the characters talks about Ireland in a way that might apply to the present day:

The land gives good increase  
Of every blessing for the use of man,  
And 'tis great pity the inhabitants  
Will not be civil and live under law.

Unsavory and uninteresting as some of the details of the Elizabethan domestic tragedies are, they were often used with an avowedly moral aim, and they had, according to many contemporary accounts, the most salutary effect on evil-doers.\* It was not more than forty years after Shakspeare's death, that Richard Flecknoe, in his *Discourse of the English Stage*, comments upon the altered character of the drama:—

Now for the difference betwixt our Theatres and those of former times; they were but plain and simple, with no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old Tapestry, and the Stage strewed with Rushes, whereas ours for cost and ornament are arrived at the height of Magnificence, but that which makes our Stage the better, makes our Playes the worse, perhaps through striving now to make them more for sight than hearing, whence that solid joy of the interior is lost, and that benefit which men formerly received from Playes, from which they seldom or never went away but far better and wiser than when they came.

The short space of time—two hours and a half—in which an Elizabethan play was acted in Shakspeare's time, has excited much discussion among commentators. It can hardly be doubted that the dialogue, which often exceeds two thousand lines, was all spoken on the stage, for none of the dramatists wrote with a view to publication, and few of the plays were printed from the author's manuscript. This fact points to the possession of a skilled and rapid delivery on the part of the actor.

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\* The writer is indebted for his information on the Elizabethan Topical Drama to Mr. Sidney L. Lee's admirable paper *The Topical Side of the Elizabethan Drama*, published in the *Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society*.

Artists of the French school, whose voices are highly trained and capable of a varied and subtle modulation, will run through a speech of fifty lines with the utmost ease and rapidity; and there is good reason to suppose that the blank verse of the Elizabethan dramatists was spoken "trippingly on the tongue." In the *Stage Player's Complaint*, a pamphlet that appeared in 1641, we find an actor making use of this expression: "Oh, the times when my tongue have ranne as fast upon the Seane as a Windebanks pen over the ocean." As the plays, moreover, were not divided into acts, no pause was necessary in the representation; they were, besides, so constructed as to allow the opening of every scene to be spoken by characters who had not appeared at the close of the preceding one, this being done, presumably, to avoid unnecessary delay. So with an efficient elocution and no "waits," the Elizabethan actors would have got through one-half of a play before our Victorian actors could cover a third. Even Ben Jonson, while disliking the form of the Elizabethan drama, recognized the advantage to the dramatist of simplicity in the method of representation. He alludes, with not a little contempt, to Inigo Jones's costly settings of the masque at the Court of King James:

A wooden dagger is a dagger of wood,  
Nor gold nor ivory haft can make it good . . .  
Or to make boards to speak! There is a task!  
Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.  
Pack with your peddling poetry to the Stage.  
This is the money-got mechanic age!

But poetry was then leaving the stage, never to return to it. Managers had found that it was easier and more lucrative to cater for the eye of the public than for its ear; to labor over the color and surface of a play than over the matter and foundation.\*

\* If a theatre were established in this country for the performance of Shakspeare's plays with the simplicity and rapidity with which they were acted in his time, it might limit the endless experiments, mutilations, and profitless discussions that every revival occasions. "To read a play," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "is a knack, the fruit of much knowledge and some imagination, comparable to that of reading score;" the reader is apt to miss the proper point of view. In omitting one-third of the play every time Shakspeare is acted, the most appropriate scenes for representation may not always be chosen. But were the entire play acted occasionally,

The Elizabethan dramatists, as a rule, deprecated the printing of their plays. They regretted that "scenes invented merely to be spoken should be inforcibly published to be read." Elocution was to the playwrights an all-important consideration. They acknowledged that the success of their labors "lay much in the actor's voice;" that he must speak well, "though he understand not what," for if the actor had not "a facility and natural dexterity in his delivery, it must needs sound harsh to the auditor, and procure his distaste and displeasure." A good tragedy, in Ben Jonson's opinion, "must have truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity and height of elocution;" "words," he says, "should be chosen that have their sound ample, the composition full, the absolution plenteous, and poured out all grave, sinewy, and strong." And Thomas Heywood, in 1612, thus writes in defence of the actor's art: "Tully, in his booke, *Ad Caium Herennium*, requires five things in an orator— invention, disposition, elocution, memory, and pronuntiation; yet all are imperfect without the sixth, which is action: for be his invention never so fluent and exquisite, his disposition and order never so composed and formall, his eloquence and elaborate phrases never so materiall and pithy, his memory never so ferne and retentive, his pronuntiation never so musical and plausive; yet without a comely and elegant gesture, a gracious and a bewitching kind of action, a natural and familiar motion of the head, the hand, the body, and a moderate and fit countenance suitable to all the rest, I hold all the rest as nothing. A delivery and sweet action is the glosse and beauty of any discourse that belongs to a scholler; and this is the action behoveful in any that professe this quality, not to use any impudent or forced motion in any part of the body, no rough or other violent gesture, nor, on the contrary, to stand like a stiffe starcht man, but to qualifie everything according to the nature of the person personated: for in over-acting tricks, and toying too much

the author's point of view could not fail to declare itself. It is interesting to note that Germany, always to the fore in Shakspearian matters, has obtained in Baron Perfall, the director of the Royal Court Theatre in Munich, an advocate for the performance of Shakspeare's plays as they were originally acted.



in the anticke habit of humours, men of the ripest desert, greatest opinions, and best reputations, may break into the most violent absurdities. I take not upon me to teach, but to advise; for it becomes my juniority rather to be pupiled myselfe than to instruct others."

Shakspeare, also, though not so great an actor as he was a dramatist, knew as well what was needed for the art of the one as of the other, and perhaps thought even more about the acting because he had the less genius for it. There are abundant passages to be found in his plays to show that the appropriate action to suit the word was not a consideration to be left entirely to the actor's discretion.

If the actors were fortunate in having poets such as Shakspeare, Jonson, and Heywood, not only to write for them, but also to instruct them, the poets were no less fortunate in their actors. Of Burbage, we are told that he had all the parts of an excellent orator, animating his words with his speech, and his speech with action, so that his auditors were "never more delighted than when he spoke, nor more sorry than when he held his peace; yet even then he was an excellent actor still, never failing in his part when he had done speaking, but with his looks and gesture maintaining it still unto the height." We learn that he was small in stature; that every thought and mood could be understood from his face; and that because of his gifts he was "only worthy to come on the stage," and because of his honesty "he was more worthy than to come on." So great was Burbage's popularity that London received the news of his death, which occurred within a few days of that of the Queen, King James's Consort, with a greater manifestation of grief than they bestowed on the lady. Perhaps Shakspeare was thinking of Burbage's unusual ability when he wrote the following lines:—

The eyes of men  
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.\*

Dick Robinson was an actor of women's parts. Ben Jonson has left on record that he could dress better than forty women, and, in the disguise of a lawyer's wife, could convulse with merriment a supper

party. Acting so realistic as his excited the indignation of the Puritans. Stephen Gosson writes, "Which way, I beseech you, shall they be excused that put on, not the apparel only, but the gate, the gestures, the voice, the passions of a woman." Nathan Field was the son of a minister, who was one of the earliest as well as one of the bitterest enemies of theatrical performances. While one of the Royal Chapel boys, Field distinguished himself in Ben Jonson's comedy, *Cynthia's Revels*, acted entirely by children. Afterward Field became a member of Shakspeare's company, and, like him, an author. When Burbage died, Field was his successor in the part of the Moor. It is said that as he was naturally of a jealous disposition, the character suited him, and his impersonation of it became famed as "the true Othello of the poet." Many particulars have come down to us of the clown, Kemp. His popularity with his audiences cannot be disputed. "Clowns," writes a dramatic author in 1597, "have been thrust into plays by the head and shoulders ever since Kemp could make a scurvy face. . . . If thou canst but draw thy mouth awry, lay thy leg over thy staff, saw a piece of cheese asunder with thy dagger, lap up drink on the earth, I warrant thee they'll all laugh mightily." It was by tricks such as these that Kemp won the good opinion "of the understanding gentlemen of the ground;" but Shakspeare was not in favor of fooling. Kemp, moreover, loved to extemporize, and Shakspeare wished to abolish a custom fatal to dramatic unity. He preferred to write the clown's part himself, and desired that no more should be spoken than was set down by the author. The interference with the clown's privilege, openly advocated by Shakspeare in a well-known passage of *Hamlet*, probably led to Kemp's temporary retirement from the company. Kemp loved notoriety and money. His morris dance to Norwich and journeys to France and Italy were but gambling speculations, he undertaking to be back in a certain time, and laying wagers with large odds in his favor to that effect.

The prosperity of the actor caused many to adopt the calling. His vocation, we are told, was the most excellent one in the world for money, and therefore players grew as plentifully "as spawn of frogs in March." It was open to the actor to buy

\* *Richard II.*, v. 2.

shares in his theatre, and he could, by becoming a shareholder, attain the position of owner, and would, in Shakspeare's theatre, as one of the King's players, be provided from the royal wardrobe "with a cloak of bastard-scarlet and crimson velvet for the cape." He could also term himself "gentleman," a rank he was allowed to assume, and which he was very glad to adopt in defiance of the enemies of theatrical performances, who constantly taunted him, in the words of the old statute, with being "a rogue and a vagabond." The popularity of the stage as a profession excited the envy of scholars and lawyers. They taunted the actor with his vanity in believing that his fame would descend to posterity. They blamed the public for affording these "glorious vagabonds" means to ride through the "gazing streets" in satin clothes, attended by their pages, and for enabling those who had done no more than "mouth words that better wits had framed," to purchase lands and possess country houses. The actor retaliated by deriding the scholar's poverty and ridiculing the lawyer's use of bad Latin.\* They contended that it was better "to make a fool of the world than to be fooled of the world as you scholars are." There is an anecdote related of Nathan Field which shows that the actor did not underrate his importance.

"Nathan Field, the player, being in company with a certain nobleman who was distantly related to him, the latter asked the reason why they spelled their names differently, the nobleman's family spelling it *Feild*, and the player spelling it *Field*? 'I cannot tell,' answered the player, 'except it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew to spell.'" It would hardly have been agreeable to this tragedian to learn that he and his fellows,

\* The following dialogue is from the *Stage Player's Complaint*, a tract published after the actors were forbidden, by order of the Parliament, to present any of their tragedies, because, as it was contended, the public had enough of them in earnest:—

QUICK.—And now I may be taken for a scholar, since I've no money; but because I cannot speak true latin, I'm afraid I shall be taken for a lawyer.

LOVER.—What! do lawyers then speak false latin?

QUICK.—As if you know not that! Why, true latin is as much out of fashion at Innes of Court as good clothes at Cambridge.

Shakspeare and Burbage, were "writ down" by the Master of His Majesty's Revels as "players, jugglers, and such kind of creatures." Nor would Ben Jonson have felt flattered by the candid confession of an admirer who "could not understand how a poet could have so much principle."\*

Most of the leading actors in Shakspeare's theatre had their apprentices. The stage aspirants were called upon to appear before the leading members of the company, and to exhibit a taste of their quality. Much importance was attached to the youth's appearance, to his command of facial expression, and to the sufficiency of his voice. If the young man's talent lay in the direction of comedy, Kemp might address him after this manner: "Methinks you should belong to my tuition, and your face, methinks, would be good for a foolish mayor, or a foolish justice of peace." Not seldom the efforts of novices to copy nature excited the derision of experts. Kemp, a character in a play, the *Returne from Pernassus*, published in 1601, says to Burbage: "It is a good sport in a part to see them never speak but at the end of the stage, just as though, in walking with a fellow, we should never speak but at a stile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further." Besides possessing a good memory, an actor needed to have "a quick study." It is not generally known that the expression, "to sleep on a part," still in use among actors, was current in Shakspeare's day: but we read in an old play of an actor whose memory has failed him, while acting his part, quickly transferring the responsibility to the stage-keeper. "It is all along of you, I could not get my part a night or two before to sleep upon it." The prompter, or "book-holder," as he was more often called, was not an unnecessary person on a "new day," the first performance of a new play. He would have received many a warning, "to hold the book well, that we be not *non plus* in the latter end of the play." And Ben Jonson has given an amusing description of an additional supervision on

\* Thomas Heywood alludes to the dramatists being known by their Christian names.

Our moderne poets to that passe are driven,  
Those names are curtailed that they first had given. . . .  
Mellifluous Shakspeare, whose enchanting quill  
Commanded mirth and passion, was but Will.

the part of the author that was not of the actor's seeking, "to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, stamp at the book holder, swear for our properties, curse the poor tireman, rail the music out of tune, and sweat for every venal trespass we commit." The members of a theatrical company being limited in number, it was often necessary for the impersonators of kings and heroes to represent very inferior characters in the same play, a circumstance to the advantage of the dramatist, who could thus obtain capable exponents for the parts of messengers and attendants, and was able, therefore, to "write up" these parts without fear of the author's lines being mangled by incompetence, or made ridiculous by false pretension. Actors who doubled their parts wore the double cloak; a cloak that might be worn on either side. A turned cloak, with a false beard and a black or yellow peruke, supplied a ready and effectual disguise.

Although the theatres were prosperous, their existence was often imperilled by the ill-will of the city magnates, who regarded with disfavor all theatrical representations. They viewed with annoyance the crowds that came from north and south to bring money to the play-houses, and they disliked the inducements these afforded to their sons and apprentices to neglect their occupations. No opportunity was lost by the Corporation to petition the Sovereign to abolish the theatres. The Puritans, also, if not influential at Court, were still potent in affecting public opinion against stage-plays, in the pulpit and by means of the press. The dramatists were even more violently attacked by the Puritans than were the actors. The sonorous and majestic verse of the Elizabethan poets, that has become the pride of our country, appeared in the eyes of the "godly" but as an invention of Satan to entice the unwary into his "chapel."

Because the sweete numbers of Poetrie flowing in verse do wonderfully tickle the hearers eares, the devill hath tyed this to most of our playes, that whatsoever he would have sticke fast to our soules might slippe down in sugar by this intisement; for that which delighteth never troubleth our swallow. Thus when any matter of love is interlarded, though the thinge it selfe bee able to allure us, yet it is so sette out with sweetnes of wordes fitness of Epithites, with Metaphors, Alegories,

Hyperboles, Amphibologies, Similitudes: with Phrases so pickt, so pure, so proper; with action so smothe, so lively, so wantō, that the poyson creeping on secretly without grieffe chookes us at last and hurleth us downe in a dead sleepe.\*

This vigorous opposition to the stage had its advantage. It kept managers alive to their responsibilities, and obliged them to maintain a high standard of work. The poets were called upon to justify the existence of play-houses, and to defend their own reputations, and in this they were triumphant. They showed that playwrights had followed the saying of Cicero, and had created a drama that was "the schoolmistress of life, the looking-glass of manners, and the image of truth." They asserted that on the stage men had been shown, as in a mirror, "their faults though ne'er so small."† Of Shakspeare's comedies it was said, they are "so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, and all such dull and heavy witted worldlings, as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better witted than they came."‡ Thomas Heywood contended that plays had made "the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of all our English Chronicles, and what man have you now of that weak capacity that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded, even from William the Conqueror; nay, from the landing of Brute until this day." Perhaps it was well for the public of Shakspeare's day that it attached an educational value to the theatre, and consciously adopted an attitude of diffidence toward the labors of the dramatist. He was left free to teach as well as to amuse. If the amusement consisted in putting into the mouths of the clowns "unsavoury morsels of unseemly sentences," the teaching consisted in making folly appear ridiculous and vice odious. So long as the dramatists were not hampered by demands

\* *Playes Confuted in Five Actions*, by Stephen Gosson.

† John Davies of Hereford, 1609.

‡ An address prefixed to *Troilus and Cressida*, 1609.

from the audience to have its social, political or æsthetic fancies humored, and from the actor to have his egotism favored, the drama flourished as an art as well as a business. But when managers began to consider the whims of their patrons, when the King's Players petitioned the People's Parliament for leave to continue their vocation on condition that they would no longer hold up to ridicule the puritan Malvolios and Tartuffes,\* then the

theatre ceased to be a looking-glass that could image life truthfully. Indeed, it cannot be doubted that if ever the drama shall again enlist the best talent of the time in its service it will be when the nation becomes conscious of the power of the stage, which is capable, as Bacon says, "of no small influence, both of discipline and corruption."—*National Review*.

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THE LOST CAUSE.

[AFTER BROWNING.]

BY A. G. B.

"Da nobis veniam, Poeta magne;  
A te, non tua, possumus furari."

Lost, did they say of it, lost for one failure?  
Lost, that a leader, a banner went down?  
Nay, 'tis not always things most that prevail here  
Live most hereafter with longest renown.

Oh, how we loved it, would live for it, die for it,  
Give it our best,—life, blood, treasure, and all!  
Is it our best thus to sit here and sigh for it,  
Stir to no summons, awake to no call?

Holiest of causes, how grand then it seemed to us:  
Little we said, but light shone in our eyes:  
Little we said, but a great hope then beamed to us,  
Clouds, were there any, ne'er darkened our skies.

So we marched onward, God with us advancing,  
Youth swelling our legions, hope mocking despair;  
He at our head with his bright eye far-glancing,  
Mountains seemed valleys, we trod upon air.

On, on we sped, we the heirs of the ages,  
Born to set right old oppression and wrong,  
Our day-dreams the visions of prophets and sages,  
Their names on our banners, their watchwords our song.

On, on we sped, here some soul-killing slavery,  
There trampling behind us some hated Bastille:  
How the world laughed to be free of such knavery!  
How the rogues writhed as we trod them to heel!

What, then, has happened? We knew we had haters,  
Knew some were weak in our motley array;

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\* "They will not entertain any comedian that shall speak his part in a tone as if he did it in derision of some of the pious."—*The Actors' Remonstrance or Complaint for the Silencing of their Profession*.

Failure, 'twas only to purge away traitors ;  
 Danger, to drive the time-server away.

Nothing has happened. Say not, " God is altered,  
 Freedom and justice no longer the same ;"  
 Nay, comrades and brothers, 'tis we who have faltered,  
 Just for one failure to fling up the game.

Just for a panic ! We drove all before us ;  
 Then came there a slackness, a pause in the fight,  
 And some one cried, " Back !" and the boy-troops in chorus  
 Cried, " Back, all is over !" and turned them to flight.

Pick up the banner, then ; on to the front there !  
 You, you, and you ! What, ye scruple to die ?  
 Think how he fought for us, bearing the brunt there,  
 Think how when dying he pointed on high !

God all his trust, not in numbers, majorities,—  
 " Count not the heads, so the hearts be but strong :  
 Men work with many, but God with minorities ;  
 Soldiers of Gideon were lost in a throng."

Only a remnant ! Yet shoulder to shoulder  
 Close up, truer metal by suffering annealed ;  
 Less shouting, less gold-braid, but sterner and older,  
 Resolved there to conquer, or die on the field !

Pick up the banner, nor think yet of resting ;  
 Time then to rest when the struggle is done ;  
 When the brow shall bear garlands, whose bosom bore testing,  
 And the last shall be first, and the lost shall be won.

—*Spectator.*

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#### DISCOVERY OF AN EARLY CHRISTIAN HOUSE AT ROME.

A DISCOVERY has been made of a unique description within the walls of ancient Rome, and that is of a house which belonged to Christians of the fourth century, as perfect as any of those that have been exhumed at Pompeii and Herculaneum. The house, with its painted halls, its baths, its cellars, its corridors, owes its preservation to very peculiar circumstances.

In A.D. 361, Julian—commonly known as the Apostate because he renounced Christianity and labored to revive paganism—was desirous of having about his person and in his palaces only such men as sympathized with him. There were on his accession two chamberlains of the palace in Rome, named John and Paul, who were Christians. As they refused to renounce their religion, Julian sent orders that they should be strangled in their own

house, buried in their cellar ; and he gave out to the world that they had been banished. The truth, however, came out through their servants ; and when a crowd of Christians went to visit their place of burial, soldiers were sent to disperse them and drive them from the house, three of them, two men and a woman, being killed.

Julian reigned but one year and eight months ; and his successor, Jovian, a Christian, at once gave orders that a basilica, or church, should be erected over their tomb. This was done by a senator named Pammachius, the friend of Saint Jerome, son of the man to whom the commission was given. Later, in the Lombard invasion, the church was ruined, and was not rebuilt till the twelfth century.

Now it has been discovered that what

Pammachius did was to use the old house, laying the floor of his church on the level of the first story, incorporating the walls into his church, and filling up all the ground-floor with earth and stones, so as to assure a solid foundation for his pavement. All he really did in transformation was to knock away the floor above, and knock out one end of the house for the purpose of building an apse. Not only so ; but when, in the twelfth century, Nicholas Breakspear, the English pope, rebuilt the church, he used all that remained of the earlier buildings, without altering them or destroying anything. But he had certainly no idea that under the floor was an almost intact ancient Christian mansion, though his builders must have found walls below the surface, which they strengthened, and built upon for their new structure. Unfortunately, side chapels were constructed in the seventeenth century, when the foundations were carried through the disturbed soil to the rock beneath.

The Padre Germano was the first to suspect what lay buried. He observed, on close examination of the south wall of the church, that it exhibited the peculiar appearance of the side of a modern house in a street of Edinburgh or London or Rome, with two rows of windows, one above the other, and a basement of arches. The whole were walled up with Roman bricks ; but nevertheless were, when examined, found to constitute unmistakably the side of a house rising at one end to the height of thirty-six feet. In the lower story or basement were six arches. Seventeen feet above appeared the line of a floor, and that is the level of the actual floor of the church. The hill-side slopes rapidly from east to west, so that the level at the portico of the church to the east is seventeen or eighteen feet above the level of the ground at the west end. Above this arcaded basement appeared thirteen windows, all blocked with relieving arches in brick over them ; and above these, again, signs of a second floor eleven feet six inches approximately ; and then a row of thirteen more windows with their heads knocked off, and the wall of the church rising above and out of these broken windows.

Here, clearly, was the façade of an ancient house, consisting of a ground-floor and two upper stories, and this could only

have been the house of the chamberlains, for from the fifth century there is documentary evidence as to the existence of a church on the spot. Moreover, on close inspection it appeared that the house had extended farther to the west by one more bay ; but this had been destroyed when the basilica was built, the rugged ends of the wall being left.

The Padre Germano having come to the conclusion that he had found the façade of the house of the martyred chamberlains, next conjectured that the basement story remained fairly intact below the floor of the church. He proceeded to appeal for funds, and began to dig ; by the spring of 1889 he had cleared out several vaulted chambers ; and after some delay, caused by failure of funds, work has been resumed, and further discoveries will doubtless be made.

He soon proved to have come on the principal rooms of the house, the reception and dining-rooms, and these have revealed walls painted richly in a style no way inferior to the best work at Pompeii. The plan of the house is very curious and intricate, and differs a good deal from the ordinary plan of a Roman house, the difference being probably occasioned by the rapid fall of the ground, on the slope of Monte Celio, where the house of the chamberlains stood.

So far, four large chambers have been cleared, as well as two smaller ones—divans, we may call them—and a great deal of that portion of the house devoted to domestic purposes. One noble hall has a frieze of eleven nude figures holding festoons of flowers and fruit, each figure about three feet six inches high, drawn with perfect grace and mastery. Between the figures are peacocks and ducks pacing in easy attitudes, and birds fly above the garlands. The vaulting of this chamber is covered with an intricate pattern of vines trailing in all directions, with children picking grapes and scaring birds. One bird has pounced on a mouse, and is pecking it to death. This chamber belonged almost certainly to the house of the brothers' parents, and the painting to a period before the family embraced Christianity, not that there is any particular heathen symbol in the decoration, or that the early Christians objected to representations of the nude, but that the quality of the drawing is superior to the

age of Constantine, and is determined to belong to the third century at the latest.

The Tablinum or grand reception-room of the house, however, leaves no doubt as to the religion of the owners of the house. On the vault is represented Moses removing his shoes before he approaches the burning bush, also a woman with hands uplifted in prayer. In two places in the house are paintings representing a vessel of milk and two sheep, one approaching, the other turning away—a well-known symbolic representation found in the Catacombs, the vessel signifying the “sincere milk of the Word,” which some receive and others reject.

The Padre Germano observed that the plaster of the wall, the plaster laid on to receive the painted decorations, was in one place raised in a sort of blister. He picked it, and from under the plaster came forth a leaden seal with the initials of Christ thereon. The Romans were wont to lay leaden seals stamped with the image of the Emperor in the foundations of their buildings. Here the plasterers must have held the leaden seal with the symbol of their Heavenly King with one finger against the wall, while they plastered over it, to fix it in place, to show to after-ages that the work had been done by Christians.

Two rooms were void of paintings; all the plaster had been picked off, and there were scratched figures and names on the wall: a ship—“Mayst thou live”—the names of visitors, some in Greek. Padre Germano concluded that this portion of the house must have been left open after the church was built; and that the plaster had been picked off by pilgrims. He conjectured, therefore, that he must be near the place of interment; and before long that was discovered, in the cellar, where was not only the white marble cist or box in which the bodies of the martyrs had been placed, but also a triangular corner table of white marble, standing on a marble pillar, with a hollow sunk like a basin in the top—in fact, the oil-lamp that burned before their tomb. About this

there is to be noted the curious fact that Pope Gregory the Great—the same who sent missionaries to England at the close of the sixth century—sent a present of relics to Theodelinda, queen of the Lombards, and among them was “oil from the confession of Saints John and Paul,” that is, oil taken from this identical lamp.

This cellar having been cleared of earth, Padre Germano noticed that the vault above had been rudely cut through, forming a rough hexagonal hole. Moreover, steps were found leading upward; and these, on being cleared, led to a passage, at the end of which was a window with a grating, exactly over the place of burial of the martyrs. This was the window through which pilgrims let down ribbons to touch the tomb. But what was peculiarly interesting here was a series of paintings, representing on one side the martyrdom, on the other the figures of the martyrs themselves, and others, perhaps Pammachius himself and his wife, bringing baskets of offerings in their hands. As these paintings certainly belong to his time, and as he was a contemporary with the martyrs, it is not impossible that we have in his series actual portraits. That the ancient Romans were very particular about their family portraits we know; and indeed, already one white marble bust belonging to the family series has been found in this buried house.

Among the many objects of interest found besides, we can only notice that two of the wine-jars in the cellar have been found stamped with the Christian symbol; wine was probably contained in them set apart for sacred purposes.

In conclusion, we must point out that this discovery is absolutely unique. Many heathen mansions have been disinterred; but this is the only house that has been found that unmistakably belonged to Christians. In another way it is unique: it is the sole extant sample of a three-storied Roman house. One was uncovered at Pompeii, but the walls fell. Here the walls are intact, built into those of a church.—*Chambers's Journal*.

## A PHYSIOLOGIST'S WIFE.

## I.

PROFESSOR AINSLIE GREY had not come down to breakfast at the usual hour. The presentation chiming-clock which stood between the terra-cotta busts of Claude Bernard and of John Hunter upon the dining-room mantelpiece had rung out the half-hour and the three-quarters. Now its golden hand was verging upon the nine, and yet there were no signs of the master of the house.

It was an unprecedented occurrence. During the twelve years that she had kept house for him, his younger sister had never known him a second behind his time. She sat now in front of the high silver coffee-pot, uncertain whether to order the gong to be resounded or to wait on in silence. Either course might be a mistake. Her brother was not a man who permitted mistakes.

Miss Ainslie Grey was rather above the middle height, thin, with peering puckered eyes and the rounded shoulders which mark the bookish woman. Her face was long and spare, flecked with color above the cheek-bones, with a reasonable thoughtful forehead, and a dash of absolute obstinacy in her thin lips and prominent chin. Snow-white cuffs and collar, with a plain dark dress, cut with almost quaker-like simplicity, bespoke the primness of her taste. An ebony cross hung over her flattened chest. She sat very upright in her chair, listening with raised eyebrows, and swinging her eye-glasses backward and forward with a nervous gesture which was peculiar to her.

Suddenly she gave a sharp satisfied jerk of the head, and began to pour out the coffee. From outside there came the dull thudding sound of heavy feet upon thick carpet. The door swung open, and the Professor entered with a quick nervous step. He nodded to his sister, and seating himself at the other side of the table, began to open the small pile of letters which lay beside his plate.

Professor Ainslie Grey was at that time forty-three years of age—nearly twelve years older than his sister. His career had been a brilliant one. At Edinburgh, at Cambridge, and at Vienna he had laid the foundations of his great reputation,

both in physiology and in zoology. His pamphlet, "On the Mesoblastic Origin of Excitomotor Nerve Roots," had won him his fellowship of the Royal Society; and his researches, "Upon the Nature of Bathybius, with some Remarks upon Lithococci," had been translated into at least three European languages. He had been referred to by one of the greatest living authorities as being the very type and embodiment of all that was best in modern science. No wonder, then, that when the commercial city of Birchespool decided to create a medical school, they were only too glad to confer the chair of physiology upon Mr. Ainslie Grey. They valued him the more from the conviction that their class was only one step in his upward journey, and that the first vacancy would remove him to some more illustrious seat of learning.

In person he was not unlike his sister. The same eyes, the same contour, the same intellectual forehead. His lips, however, were firmer, and his long thin lower jaw was sharper and more decided. He ran his finger and thumb down it from time to time, as he glanced over his letters.

"Those maids are very noisy," he remarked, as a clack of tongues sounded in the distance.

"It is Sarah," said his sister; "I shall speak about it." She had handed over his coffee-cup, and was sipping at her own, glancing furtively through her narrowed lids at the austere face of her brother.

"The first great advance of the human race," said the Professor, "was when, by the development of their left frontal convolutions, they attained the power of speech. Their second advance was when they learned to control that power. Woman has not yet attained the second stage." He half closed his eyes as he spoke, and thrust his chin forward, but as he ceased he had a trick of suddenly opening both eyes very wide and staring sternly at his interlocutor.

"I am not garrulous, John," said his sister.

"No, Ada; in many respects you approach the superior or male type."

The Professor bowed over his egg with



the manner of one who utters a courtly compliment; but the lady pouted, and gave an impatient little shrug of her shoulders.

"You were late this morning, John," she remarked, after a pause.

"Yes, Ada; I slept badly. Some little cerebral congestion, no doubt due to over stimulation of the centres of thought. I have been a little disturbed in my mind."

His sister stared across at him in undisguised astonishment. The Professor's mental processes had hitherto been as regular as his habits. Twelve years' continual intercourse had taught her that he lived in a serene and rarefied atmosphere of scientific calm, high above the petty emotions which affect humbler minds.

"You are surprised, Ada," he remarked. "Well, I cannot wonder at it. I should have been surprised myself if I had been told that I was so sensitive to vascular influences. For, after all, all disturbances are vascular if you probe them deep enough. I am thinking of getting married."

"Not Mrs. O'James?" cried Ada Grey, laying down her egg-spoon.

"My dear, you have the feminine quality of receptivity very remarkably developed. Mrs. O'James is the lady in question."

"But you know so little of her. The Esdailes themselves know so little. She is really only an acquaintance, although she is staying at the Lindens. Would it not be wise to speak to Mrs. Esdaile first, John?"

"I do not think, Ada, that Mrs. Esdaile is at all likely to say anything which would materially affect my course of action. I have given the matter due consideration. The scientific mind is slow at arriving at conclusions, but having once formed them, it is not prone to change. Matrimony is the natural condition of the human race, and indeed of all races save those lower forms of life which preceded the differentiation of sex. I have, as you know, been so engaged in academical and other work, that I have had no time to devote to merely personal questions. It is different now, and I see no valid reason why I should forego this opportunity of seeking a suitable helpmate."

"And you are engaged?"

"Hardly that, Ada. I ventured yes-

terday to indicate to the lady that I was prepared to submit to the common lot of humanity. I shall wait upon her after my morning lecture, and learn how far my proposals meet with her acquiescence. But you frown, Ada!"

His sister started, and made an effort to conceal her expression of annoyance. She even stammered out some few words of congratulation, but a vacant look had come into her brother's eyes, and he was evidently not listening to her. "Frown," he muttered thoughtfully — "frown!" Rising from the table, he turned over the pages of a thick volume which lay upon a desk in the window. Then, with a quick nervous gesture, he drew down his left shirt-cuff, and wrote hurriedly across it. The memorandum was "Frown — what origin? *Vide Darwin, 'Expression of Emotions'* — drawing forward of *occipito-frontalis*." His sister waited patiently, for she was accustomed to see him dive down every scientific by-path which led out of the main track of conversation.

"I am sure, John," she said, when he had resumed his seat, "that I wish you the happiness which you deserve. If I hesitated at all, it is because I know how much is at stake, and because the thing is so sudden, so unexpected." Her thin white hand stole up to the black cross upon her bosom. "These are moments when we need guidance, John. If I could persuade you to turn to spiritual—"

The Professor waved the suggestion away with a deprecating hand. "It is useless to reopen that question," he said. "We cannot argue upon it. You assume more than I can grant. I am forced to dispute your premises. We have no common basis."

His sister sighed. "You have no faith," she said.

"I have faith in those great evolutionary forces which are leading the human race to some unknown but elevated goal."

"You believe in nothing."

"On the contrary, my dear Ada, I believe in the differentiation of protoplasm."

She shook her head sadly. It was the one subject upon which she ventured to dispute her brother's infallibility.

"This is rather beside the question," remarked the Professor, folding up his napkin. "If I am not mistaken, there is some possibility of another matrimonial event occurring in the family. Eh, Ada?"

What!" His small eyes glittered with sly facetiousness as he shot a twinkle at his sister. She sat very stiff, and traced patterns upon the cloth with the sugar-tongs.

"Dr. James M'Murdo O'Brien—" said the Professor, sonorously.

"Don't, John, don't!" cried Miss Ainslie Grey.

"Dr. James M'Murdo O'Brien," continued her brother inexorably, "is a man who has already made his mark upon the science of the day. He is my first and my most distinguished pupil. I assure you, Ada, that his 'Remarks upon the Bile-Pigments, with special reference to Urobilin,' is likely to live as a classic. It is not too much to say that he has revolutionized our views about urobilin."

He paused, but his sister sat silent, with bent head and flushed cheeks. The little jet cross rose and fell with her hurried breathings.

"Dr. James M'Murdo O'Brien has, as you know, the offer of the physiological chair at Melbourne. He has been in Australia five years, and has a brilliant future before him. To-day he leaves us for Edinburgh, and in two months' time he goes out to take over his new duties. You know his feeling toward you. It rests with you as to whether he goes out alone. Speaking for myself, I cannot imagine any higher mission for a woman of culture than to go through life in the company of a man who is capable of such a research as that which Dr. James M'Murdo O'Brien has brought to a successful conclusion."

"He has not spoken to me," murmured the lady.

"Ah, there are signs which are more subtle than speech," said her brother, wagging his head. "But you are pale. Your vasomotor system is excited. Your arterioles have contracted." He scribbled again upon his shirt-cuff. "Let me entreat you to compose yourself. I think I hear the carriage. I fancy that you may have a visitor this morning, Ada. You will excuse me now." With a quick glance at the clock he strode off into the hall, and within a few minutes he was rattling in his quiet, well-appointed brougham through the brick-lined streets of Birchespool.

His lecture over, Professor Ainslie Grey paid a visit to his laboratory, where he

adjusted several scientific instruments, made a note as to the progress of three separate infusions of bacteria, cut half a dozen sections with a microtome, and finally resolved the difficulties of seven different gentlemen, who were pursuing researches in as many separate lines of inquiry. Having thus conscientiously and methodically completed the routine of his duties, he returned to his carriage and ordered the coachman to drive him to the Lindens. His face as he drove was cold and impassive, but he drew his fingers from time to time down his prominent chin with a jerky, twitchy movement.

The Lindens was an old-fashioned ivy-clad house which had once been in the country, but was now caught in the long red-brick feelers of the growing city. It still stood back from the road in the privacy of its own grounds. A winding path, lined with laurel bushes, led to the arched and porticoed entrance. To the right was a lawn, with the long chalk-marks of tennis, but without the net. At the far side of the lawn, under the shadow of a hawthorn, a lady sat in a garden-chair with a book in her hands. At the click of the gate she started, and the Professor, catching sight of her, turned away from the door, and strode across the lawn in her direction.

"What! won't you go in and see Mrs. Esdaile?" she asked, sweeping out from under the shadow of the hawthorn. She was a small woman, strongly feminine, from the rich coils of her light-colored hair to the dainty garden slipper which peeped from under her cream-tinted dress. One tiny well-gloved hand was outstretched in greeting, while the other pressed a thick green-covered volume against her side. Her decision and quick tactful manner bespoke the mature woman of the world; but her upraised face had preserved a girlish and even infantile expression of innocence in its large, fearless, gray eyes, and sensitive, humorous mouth. Mrs. O'James was a widow, and she was two-and-thirty years of age; but neither fact could have been deduced from her appearance.

"You will surely go in and see Mrs. Esdaile," she repeated, glancing up at him with eyes which had in them something between a challenge and a caress.

"I did not come to see Mrs. Esdaile," he answered, with no relaxation of his

cold and grave manner ; " I came to see you."

" I am sure I should be highly honored," she said, with just the slightest little touch of brogue in her accent. " What are the students to do without their Professor ?"

" I have already completed my academical duties. Take my arm, and we shall walk in the sunshine. Surely we cannot wonder that Eastern people should have made a deity of the sun. It is the great beneficent force of nature—man's ally against cold, sterility, and all that is abhorrent to him. What were you reading ?"

" Beale's ' Matter and Life. ' "

The Professor raised his thick eyebrows. " Beale !" he said, and then again in a kind of whisper, " Beale !"

" You differ from him ?" she asked.

" It is not I who differ from him. I am only a monad—a thing of no moment. The whole tendency of the highest plane of modern thought differs from him. He defends the indefensible. He is an excellent observer, but a feeble reasoner. I should not recommend you to found your conclusions upon ' Beale. ' "

" I must read ' Nature's Chronicle ' to counteract his pernicious influence," said Mrs. O'James, with a soft cooing laugh. " Nature's Chronicle " was one of the many books in which Professor Ainslie Grey had enforced the negative doctrines of scientific agnosticism.

" It is a faulty work," said he ; " I cannot recommend it. I would rather refer you to the standard writings of some of my older and more eloquent colleagues."

There was a pause in their talk as they paced up and down on the green velvet-like lawn in the genial sunshine.

" Have you thought at all," he asked, at last, " of the matter upon which I spoke to you last night ?"

She said nothing, but walked by his side with her eyes averted and her face aslant.

" I would not hurry you unduly," he continued. " I know that it is a matter which can scarcely be decided off-hand. In my own case, it cost me some thought before I ventured to make the suggestion. I am not an emotional man, but I am conscious in your presence of the great evolutionary instinct which makes either sex the complement of the other."

" You believe in love, then ?" she asked, with a twinkling upward glance.

" I am forced to."

" And yet you can deny the soul ?"

" How far these questions are psychic and how far material is still *sub judice*," said the Professor, with an air of toleration. " Protoplasm may prove to be the physical basis of love as well as of life."

" How inflexible you are !" she exclaimed ; " you would draw love down to the level of physics."

" Or draw physics up to the level of love."

" Come, that is much better," she cried, with her sympathetic laugh. " That is really very pretty, and puts science in quite a delightful light." Her eyes sparkled, and she tossed her chin with the pretty wilful air of a woman who is mistress of the situation.

" I have reason to believe," said the Professor, " that my position here will prove to be only a stepping-stone to some wider scene of scientific activity. Yet, even here, my chair brings me in some fifteen hundred pounds a-year, which is supplemented by a few hundreds from my books. I should therefore be in a position to provide you with those comforts to which you are accustomed. So much for my pecuniary position. As to my constitution, it has always been sound. I have never suffered from any illness in my life, save fleeting attacks of cephalalgia, the result of too prolonged a stimulation of the centres of cerebration. My father and mother had no sign of any morbid diathesis, but I will not conceal from you that my grandfather was afflicted with podagra."

Mrs. O'James looked startled. " Is that very serious ?" she asked.

" It is gout," said the Professor.

" Oh, is that all ? It sounded much worse than that."

" It is a grave taint, but I trust that I shall not be a victim to atavism. I have laid these facts before you because they are factors which cannot be overlooked in forming your decision. May I ask now whether you see your way to accepting my proposal ?" He paused in his walk, and looked earnestly and expectantly down at her.

A struggle was evidently going on in her mind. Her eyes were cast down, her little slipper tapped the lawn, and her fin-

gers played nervously with her chatelain. Suddenly, with a sharp quick gesture which had in it something of *abandon* and recklessness, she held out her hand to her companion.

"I accept," she said.

They were standing under the shadow of the hawthorn. He stooped gravely down, and kissed her glove-covered fingers.

"I trust that you may never have cause to regret your decision," he said.

"I trust that *you* never may," she cried, with a heaving breast. There were tears in her eyes, and her lips twitched with some strong emotion.

"Come into the sunshine again," said he. "It is the great restorative. Your nerves are shaken. Some little congestion of the medulla and pons. It is always instructive to reduce psychic or emotional conditions to their physical equivalents. You feel that your anchor is still firm in a bottom of ascertained fact."

"But it is so dreadfully unromantic," said Mrs. O'James, with her old twinkle.

"Romance is the offspring of imagination and of ignorance. Where science throws her calm clear light there is happily no room for romance."

"But is not love romance?" she asked.

"Not at all. Love has been taken away from the poets, and has been brought within the domain of true science. It may prove to be one of the great cosmic elementary forces. When the atom of hydrogen draws the atom of chlorine toward it to form the perfected molecule of hydrochloric acid, the force which it exerts may be intrinsically similar to that which draws me to you. Attraction and repulsion appear to be the primary forces. This is attraction."

"And here is repulsion," said Mrs. O'James, as a stout florid lady came sweeping across the lawn in their direction. "So glad you have come out, Mrs. Esdaile! Here is Professor Grey."

"How do you do, Professor?" said the lady, with some little pomposity of manner. "You were very wise to stay out here on so lovely a day. Is it not heavenly?"

"It is certainly very fine weather," the Professor answered.

"Listen to the wind sighing in the trees!" cried Mrs. Esdaile, holding up one finger. "It is nature's lullaby."

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Could you not imagine it, Professor Grey, to be the whisperings of angels?"

"The idea had not occurred to me, madame."

"Ah, Professor, I have always the same complaint against you. A want of *rapprochement* with the deeper meanings of nature. Shall I say a want of imagination. You do not feel an emotional thrill at the singing of that thrush?"

"I confess that I am not conscious of one, Mrs. Esdaile."

"Or at the delicate tint of that background of leaves? See the rich greens!"

"Chlorophyll," murmured the Professor.

"Science is so hopelessly prosaic. It dissects and labels, and loses sight of the great things in its attention to the little ones. You have a poor opinion of woman's intellect, Professor Grey. I think that I have heard you say so."

"It is a question of *avoir du poids*," said the Professor, closing his eyes and abrugging his shoulders. "The female cerebrum averages two ounces less in weight than the male. No doubt there are exceptions. Nature is always elastic."

"But the heaviest thing is not always the strongest," said Mrs. O'James, laughing. "Isn't there a law of compensation in science? May we not hope to make up in quality for what we lack in quantity?"

"I think not," remarked the Professor, gravely. "But there is your luncheon-gong. No, thank you, Mrs. Esdaile, I cannot stay. My carriage is waiting. Good-by. Good-by, Mrs. O'James." He raised his hat and stalked slowly away among the laurel bushes.

"He has no taste," said Mrs. Esdaile—"no eye for beauty."

"On the contrary," Mrs. O'James answered, with a saucy little jerk of the chin. "He has just asked me to be his wife."

## II.

As Professor Ainslie Grey ascended the steps of his house; the hall-door opened and a dapper gentleman stepped briskly out. He was somewhat sallow in the face, with beady black eyes, and a short black beard with an aggressive bristle. Thought and work had left their traces upon his face, but he moved with the brisk activity of a man who had not yet bade good-by to his youth.

"I'm in luck's way," he cried. "I wanted to see you."

"Then come back into the library," said the Professor; "you must stay and have lunch with us."

The two men entered the hall, and the Professor led the way into his private sanctum. He motioned his companion into an arm-chair.

"I trust that you have been successful, O'Brien," said he. "I should be loath to exercise any undue pressure upon my sister Ada; but I have given her to understand that there is no one whom I should prefer for a brother-in-law to my most brilliant scholar, the author of 'Some Remarks upon the Bile-pigments, with special reference to Urobilin.'"

"You are very kind, Professor Grey—you have always been very kind," said the other. "I approached Miss Grey upon the subject; she did not say No."

"She said Yes, then?"

"No; she proposed to leave the matter open until my return from Edinburgh. I go to-day, as you know, and I hope to commence my research to-morrow."

"On the comparative anatomy of the vermiform appendix, by James M'Murdo O'Brien," said the Professor, sonorously. "It is a glorious subject—a subject which lies at the very root of evolutionary philosophy."

"Ah! she is the dearest girl," cried O'Brien, with a sudden little spurt of Celtic enthusiasm—"she is the soul of truth and of honor."

"The vermiform appendix—" began the Professor.

"She is an angel from heaven," interrupted the other. "I fear that it is my advocacy of scientific freedom in religious thought which stands in my way with her."

"You must not truckle upon that point. You must be true to your convictions; let there be no compromise there."

"My reason is true to agnosticism, and yet I am conscious of a void—a vacuum. I had feelings at the old church at home between the scent of the incense and the roll of the organ, such as I have never experienced in the laboratory or the lecture-room."

"Sensuous—purely sensuous," said the Professor, rubbing his chin. "Vague hereditary tendencies stirred into life by

the stimulation of the nasal and auditory nerves."

"Maybe so, maybe so," the younger man answered thoughtfully. "But this was not what I wished to speak to you about. Before I enter your family, your sister and you have a claim to know all that I can tell you about my career. Of my worldly prospects I have already spoken to you. There is only one point which I have omitted to mention. I am a widower."

The Professor raised his eyebrows. "This is news indeed," said he.

"I married shortly after my arrival in Australia. Miss Thurston was her name. I met her in society. It was a most unhappy match."

Some painful emotion possessed him. His quick expressive features quivered, and his white hands tightened upon the arms of the chair. The Professor turned away toward the window. "You are the best judge," he remarked; "but I should not think that it was necessary to go into details."

"You have a right to know everything—you and Miss Grey. It is not a matter on which I can well speak to her direct. Poor Jinny was the best of women, but she was open to flattery, and she was liable to be misled by designing persons. She was untrue to me, Grey. It is a hard thing to say of the dead, but she was untrue to me. She fled to Auckland with a man whom she had known before her marriage. The brig which carried them foundered, and not a soul was saved."

"This is very painful, O'Brien," said the Professor, with a deprecatory motion of his hand. "I cannot see, however, how it affects your relation to my sister."

"I have eased my conscience," said O'Brien, rising from his chair; "I have told you all that there is to tell. I should not like the story to reach you through any lips but my own."

"You are right, O'Brien. Your action has been most honorable and considerate. But you are not to blame in the matter, save that perhaps you showed a little precipitancy in choosing a life-partner without due care and inquiry."

O'Brien drew his hand across his eyes. "Poor girl!" he cried. "God help me, I love her still! But I must go."

"You will lunch with us?"

"No, Professor; I have my packing

still to do. I have already bade Miss Grey adieu. In two months I shall see you again."

"You will probably find me a married man."

"Married!"

"Yes, I have been thinking of it."

"My dear Professor, let me congratulate you with all my heart. I had no idea. Who is the lady?"

"Mrs. O'James is her name—a widow of the same nationality as yourself. But to return to matters of importance, I should be very happy to see the proofs of your paper upon the vermiform appendix. I may be able to furnish you with material for a footnote or two."

"Your assistance will be invaluable to me," said O'Brien with enthusiasm, and the two men parted in the hall. The Professor walked back into the dining-room, where his sister was already seated at the luncheon table.

"I shall be married at the registrar's," he remarked; "I should strongly recommend you to do the same."

Professor Ainslie Grey was as good as his word. A fortnight's cessation of his classes gave him an opportunity which was too good to let pass. Mrs. O'James was an orphan, without relations and almost without friends in the country. There was no obstacle in the way of a speedy wedding. They were married, accordingly, in the quietest manner possible, and went off to Cambridge together, where the Professor and his charming wife were present at several academical observances, and varied the routine of their honeymoon by incursions into biological laboratories and medical libraries. Scientific friends were loud in their congratulations, not only upon Mrs. Grey's beauty, but upon the unusual quickness and intelligence which she displayed in discussing physiological questions. The Professor was himself astonished at the accuracy of her information. "You have a remarkable range of knowledge for a woman, Jeannette," he remarked upon more than one occasion. He was even prepared to admit that her cerebrum might be of the normal weight.

One foggy, drizzling morning they returned to Birchespool, for the next day would reopen the session, and Professor Ainslie Grey prided himself upon having never once in his life failed to appear in

his lecture-room at the very stroke of the hour. Miss Ada Grey welcomed them with a constrained cordiality, and handed over the keys of office to the new mistress. Mrs. Grey pressed her warmly to remain, but she explained that she had already accepted an invitation which would engage her for some months. The same evening she departed for the south of England.

A couple of days later the maid carried a card just after breakfast into the library where the Professor sat revising his morning lecture. It announced the re-arrival of Dr. James M'Murdo O'Brien. Their meeting was effusively genial on the part of the younger man, and coldly precise on that of his former teacher.

"You see there have been changes," said the Professor.

"So I heard. Miss Grey told me in her letters, and I read the notice in the 'British Medical Journal.' So it's really married you are. How quickly and quietly you have managed it all!"

"I am constitutionally averse to anything in the nature of show or ceremony. My wife is a sensible woman—I may even go the length of saying that, for a woman, she is abnormally sensible. She quite agreed with me in the course which I have adopted."

"And your research on Vallisneria?"

"This matrimonial incident has interrupted it, but I have resumed my classes, and we shall soon be quite in harness again."

"I must see Miss Grey before I leave England. We have corresponded, and I think that all will be well. She must come out with me. I don't think I could go without her."

The Professor shook his head. "Your nature is not so weak as you pretend," he said. "Sexual questions of this sort are, after all, quite subordinate to the great duties of life."

O'Brien smiled. "You would have me take out my Celtic soul and put in a Saxon one," he said. "Either my brain is too small or my heart is too big. But when may I call and pay my respects to Mrs. Grey? Will she be at home this afternoon?"

"She is at home now. Come into the morning-room. She will be glad to make your acquaintance."

They walked across the linoleum-paved

hall. The Professor opened the door of the room, and walked in, followed by his friend. Mrs. Grey was sitting in a basket-chair by the window, light and fairy like in a loose flowing pink morning-gown. Seeing a visitor, she rose and swept toward them. The Professor heard a dull thud behind him. O'Brien had fallen back into a chair, with his hand pressed tight to his side. "Jinny!" he gasped—"Jinny!"

Mrs. Grey stopped dead in her advance, and stared at him with a face from which every expression had been struck out save one of utter astonishment and horror. Then with a sharp intaking of the breath she reeled, and would have fallen had the Professor not thrown his long nervous arm round her.

"Try this sofa," said he.

She sank back among the cushions with the same white, cold, dead look upon her face. The Professor stood with his back to the empty fireplace and glanced from the one to the other.

"So, O'Brien," he said at last, "you have already made the acquaintance of my wife?"

"Your wife!" cried his friend, hoarsely. "She is no wife of yours. God help me, she is my wife!"

The Professor stood rigidly upon the hearth-rug. His long, thin fingers were intertwined, and his head had sunk a little forward. His two companions had eyes only for each other.

"Jinny!" said he.

"James!"

"How could you leave me so, Jinny? How could you have the heart to do it? I thought you were dead. I mourned for your death—ay, and you made me mourn for you living. You have withered my life."

She made no answer, but lay back among the cushions with her eyes still fixed upon him.

"Why do you not speak?"

"Because you are right, James. I have treated you cruelly—shamefully. But it is not as bad as you think."

"You fled with De Horta."

"No, I did not. At the last moment my better nature prevailed. He went alone. But I was ashamed to come back after what I had written to you. I could not face you. I took passage alone to England under a new name, and here I

have lived ever since. It seemed to me that I was beginning life again. I knew that you thought I was drowned. Who could have dreamed that fate would throw us together again! When the Professor asked me—" She stopped and gave a gasp for breath.

"You are faint," said the Professor—"keep the head low; it aids the cerebral circulation." He flattened down the cushion. "I am sorry to leave you, O'Brien; but I have my class duties to look to. Possibly I may find you here when I return." With a grim and rigid face he strode out of the room. Not one of the three hundred students who listened to his lecture saw any change in his manner and appearance, or could have guessed that the austere gentleman in front of them had found out at last how hard it is to rise above one's humanity. The lecture over, he performed his routine duties in the laboratory, and then drove back to his own house. He did not enter by the front door, but passed through the garden to the folding glass casement which led out of the morning-room. As he approached he heard his wife's voice and O'Brien's in loud and animated talk. He paused among the rose-bushes, uncertain whether to interrupt them or no. Nothing was further from his nature than to play the eavesdropper; but as he stood, still hesitating, words fell upon his ear which struck him rigid and motionless.

"You are still my wife, Jinny," said O'Brien; "I forgive you from the bottom of my heart. I love you, and I have never ceased to love you, though you had forgotten me."

"No, James, my heart was always in Melbourne. I have always been yours. I thought that it was better for you that I should seem to be dead."

"You must choose between us now, Jinny. If you determine to remain here, I shall not open my lips. There shall be no scandal. If, on the other hand, you come with me, it's little I care about the world's opinion. Perhaps I am as much to blame as you. I thought too much of my work and too little of my wife."

The Professor heard the cooing, caressing laugh which he knew so well.

"I shall go with you, James," she said.

"And the Professor—!"

"The poor Professor! But he will not mind much, James; he has no heart."  
 "We must tell him our resolution."

"There is no need," said Professor Ainslie Grey, stepping in through the open casement. "I have overheard the latter part of your conversation. I hesitated to interrupt you before you came to a conclusion."

O'Brien stretched out his hand and took that of the woman. They stood together with the sunshine on their faces. The Professor stood on the casement with his hands behind his back, and his long black shadow fell between them.

"You have come to a wise decision," said he. "Go back to Australia together, and let what has passed be blotted out of your lives."

"But you—you—" stammered O'Brien. The Professor waved his hand. "Never trouble about me," he said.

The woman gave a gasping cry. "What can I do or say?" she wailed. "How could I have foreseen this! I thought my old life was dead. But it has come back again, with all its hopes and its desires. What can I say to you, Ainslie! I have brought shame and disgrace upon a worthy man. I have blasted your life. How you must hate and loathe me! I wish to God that I had never been born!"

"I neither hate nor loathe you, Jeannette," said the Professor, quietly. "You are wrong in regretting your birth, for you have a worthy mission before you in aiding the life-work of a man who has shown himself capable of the highest order of scientific research. I cannot with justice blame you personally for what has occurred. How far the individual monad is to be held responsible for hereditary and engrained tendencies, is a question upon which science has not yet said her last word."

He stood with his finger-tips touching, and his body inclined as one who is gravely expounding a difficult and impersonal subject. O'Brien had stepped forward to say something, but the other's attitude and manner froze the words upon his lips. Condolence or sympathy would be an impertinence to one who could so easily merge his private griefs in broad questions of abstract philosophy.

"It is needless to prolong the situation," the Professor continued, in the

same measured tones. "My brougham stands at the door. I beg that you will use it as your own. Perhaps it would be as well that you should leave the town without unnecessary delay. Your things, Jeannette, shall be forwarded."

O'Brien hesitated with a hanging head. "I hardly dare offer you my hand," he said.

"On the contrary. I think that of the three of us you come best out of the affair. You have nothing to be ashamed of."

"Your sister—"

"I shall see that the matter is put to her in its true light. Good-by! Let me have a copy of your recent research. Good-by, Jeannette!"

"Good-by!" Their hands met, and for one short moment their eyes also. It was only a glance, but for the first and last time a woman's intuition cast a light for itself into the dark places of a strong man's soul. She gave a little gasp, and her other hand rested for an instant, as white and as light as thistle-down, upon his shoulder.

"James, James!" she cried. "Don't you see that he is stricken to the heart!"

He smiled gently and turned her quietly away from him. "It is a little sudden," he said. "But I am not an emotional man. I have my duties—my research on Vallisneria. The brougham is there. Your cloak is in the hall. Tell John where you wish to be driven. He will bring you any things you need. Now go." His last two words were so sudden, so volcanic, in such contrast to his measured voice and mask-like face, that they swept the two away from him. He closed the door behind them and paced slowly up and down the room. Then he passed into the library and looked out over the wire blind. The carriage was rolling away. He caught a last glimpse of the woman who had been his wife. He saw the feminine droop of her head, and the long curve of her beautiful arm.

"She is weeping," he muttered. "She is sorry to leave me." Then he pulled down his left cuff and scribbled a memorandum. It was: "Influence of emotion upon the lachrymal secretion—how and why?"

### III.

There was little scandal about this singular domestic incident. The Professor



had few personal friends, and seldom went into society. His marriage had been so quiet that most of his colleagues had never ceased to regard him as a bachelor. Mrs. Esdaile and a few others might talk, but their field for gossip was limited, for they could only guess vaguely at the cause of this sudden separation.

The Professor was as punctual as ever at his classes, and as zealous in directing the laboratory work of those who studied under him. His own private researches were pushed on with feverish energy. It was no uncommon thing for his servants, when they came down of a morning, to hear the shrill scratchings of his tireless pen, or to meet him on the staircase as he ascended, gray and silent, to his room. In vain his friends assured him that such a life must undermine his health. He lengthened his hours until day and night was one long ceaseless task.

Gradually under this discipline a change came over his appearance. His features, always inclined to gauntness, became even sharper and more pronounced. There were deep lines about his temples and across his brow. His cheek was sunken and his complexion bloodless. His knees gave under him when he walked; and once when passing out of his lecture-room he fell and had to be assisted to his carriage.

This was just before the end of the session; and soon after the holidays commenced, the professors who still remained in Birchespool were shocked to hear that their brother of the chair of physiology

had sunk so low that no hopes could be entertained of his recovery. Two eminent physicians had consulted over his case without being able to give a name to the affection from which he suffered. A steadily decreasing vitality appeared to be the only symptom—a bodily weakness which left the mind unclouded. He was much interested himself in his own case, and made notes of his subjective sensations as an aid to diagnosis. Of his approaching end he spoke in his usual unemotional and somewhat pedantic fashion. "It is the assertion," he said, "of the liberty of the individual cell as opposed to the cell-commune. It is the dissolution of a co-operative society. The process is one of great interest."

And so one gray morning his co-operative society dissolved. Very quietly and softly he sank into his eternal sleep. His two physicians felt some slight embarrassment when called upon to fill in his certificate.

"It is difficult to give it a name," said one.

"Very," said the other.

"If he were not such an unemotional man, I should have said that he had died from some sudden nervous shock—from, in fact, what the vulgar would call a broken heart."

"I don't think poor Grey was that sort of a man at all."

"Let us call it cardiac, anyhow," said the older physician. So they did so.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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### LITERARY FRAUDS, FOLLIES, AND MYSTIFICATIONS.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

THE list of literary follies, if complete, would be a long one. Scholars, *savants*, men of letters, have in all times and countries displayed an unedifying readiness to plunge into rash assertions and indulge in hazardous inventions. It must also be admitted that their sense of honor has not always been as keen as one could wish, and that they have too frequently exhibited a callosity of conscience which in the unlearned we should reprehend with justifiable severity. One feels almost inclined to drop a regretful tear as one re-

reads the following instances of what is euphemistically called "sharp practice" on the part of those who, by right of scholarship and intellect, should have been the most rigorous guardians of morality.

One of the profoundest scholars of the sixteenth century, Sigonio, or Sigonius, the Modenese, whose writings, as Hallam observes, exhibit not only perspicuity and precision, but as much elegance as their subjects could permit, the author of "*De Jure Civium Romanorum*" and "*De Jure Italiæ*," having discovered some frag-

ments of Cicero "De Consolatione," introduced them in a treatise to which he gave the same title, and allowed to pass as the work of the great Roman orator. Even Tiraboschi himself was deceived as to the authorship, until he met with some unpublished letters by Sigonius, wherein he confessed the forgery.

Corradino, described as a Venetian poet of the eighteenth century, had the audacity to announce that he had discovered at Rome a manuscript copy of the exquisite lyrics of Catullus, of greater antiquity and correctness than any previously known; and published it (at Vienna, 1708) with the title of "C. Valerius Catullus, in integrum restitutus." There never yet was knave who did not find dupes willing to be deceived, but this fictitious edition enjoyed only a brief popularity.

About 1788, the Latin poet Heerkens pretended to have laid hands upon a tragedy entitled "Tereus," written by the Augustan poet Lucius Varius, and preferred a request that it might be printed at the press of the Louvre. The French Ministry referred him to the Academy of Inscriptions, who naturally expressed a wish to see the manuscript; but this wish Heerkens refused, because unable to gratify. He afterward published some pretended fragments of the tragedy in his "Icones" (1787), but they were soon detected as borrowed from the "Progne" of Gregorio Corrarior, which was printed at Vienna in 1658. It is difficult to understand the frame of mind of a man who could deliberately perpetrate so petty a fraud, when he must have known that its exposure could not long be delayed.

In 1880, a Spaniard named Marchina, then attached to the French army of the Rhine, diverted himself, while detained during the winter at Bâle, the headquarters of the staff, in composing some imitations of Petronius Arbiter, which were published with the imaginative title of "Fragmentum Petronii, ex Bibliothecæ S. Galli antiquissimo MS. excerptum . . . Gallice vertit ac notis perpetuis illustravit Lallemandus." It does not appear, however, that Marchina intended a deliberate imposition. We might as well accuse Lord Lytton of deceiving the public when he professes to have deciphered his romance of "Zanoni" from the mysterious characters of a Rosicrucian manuscript, or

Sir Walter Scott, when he put before the reader as responsible for some of his fictions the imaginary Jedediah Cleishbotham or Jonas Dryasdust. But, alas! the success of the Spaniard's "Fragment" proved too much for his vanity, and led him to publish, under his own name, in 1806, a fragment of Catullus, which he pretended to have found in a papyrus recently unrolled at Herculaneum. Thereupon he was "hoist with his own petard." Professor Eichstadt, of Jena, took up and caricatured the fiction by proclaiming, in August, 1887, that the Jena library contained a very ancient MS., in which were to be found exactly the same verses of Catullus, but with important variations. Under pretence of correcting the copyist's errors, he exposed some gross errors in prosody committed by Marchina; and he added a score of lines, in which, continuing the Spaniard's political allusions, he made Catullus announce the Pacificator of the Universe.

As late as 1844, a certain M. Bégin, of Metz, professed to have discovered in Spain two letters of Claudius Numatianus Rutilius, a Latin poet of the 5th century, author of the "Itinerarium." As M. Bégin made his discovery in a comparatively remote part of the country, he escaped the difficulty, so often experienced in relation to such "finds," of showing the original MS. to the incredulous; but there seems no reason why, instead of simply giving a French translation, he should not have published the entire text of the two letters. All he did was to print a single phrase of four words—"alta et aurea societas" (the high-gilded society), which has so exceedingly modern a sound as to suggest a tolerably conclusive reason for M. Bégin's non-publication of the entire text of Rutilius.

In this connection it will be convenient to refer to the violence done to Shakespeare by an anonymous MS. corrector, whom the late John Payne Collier claimed to have unearthed. In 1853 Collier published an edition of Shakespeare with extensive emendations, copied, he said, from a recently discovered folio of 1632, and he claimed for these an incontestable authenticity. After a prolonged controversy, he was compelled to submit the corrected folio to examination by the experts of the British Museum, and it was then ascertained beyond dispute that the

annotator was not, as Collier had contended, a contemporary of the Shakespearean stage, but a "modern hand." Not a few of the emendations had first been pencilled, and afterward laboriously inked over. The object of this forgery was, of course, to secure the acceptance of Collier's own guesses and violent tamperings with Shakespeare's texts, by foisting them upon an emendator whose authority would seem to be beyond dispute.

Forgeries, or fictions, if the reader prefer a milder word, in support of suspicious genealogies or historical systems, have been numerous enough. Take the case of Thomas Dempster, at one time professor of humanity in the University of Bologna, and afterward James the First's historiographer-royal. The slanderous imputation that all history is more or less a mystery finds considerable support in this patriotic Scotchman's writings, for in his efforts to extend the glories of "Caledonia stern and wild" his *perfervidum ingenium* has led him to invent the titles of books which never existed, and to record events which never took place. A list of half a hundred of his works is given by Dr. Irving in his "Lives of Scottish Worthies;" but in very few of them, I suppose, would it be safe to put one's trust.

The most impudent impostor of this kind was Annius of Viterbo, a Dominican, and Master of the Sacred Palace under Pope Alexander VI. As he figures in the elder Disraeli's well-known pages, I shall refer but briefly to his achievements. In 1498 he published at Rome, under the title of "*Antiquitatum variarum Volumina XVII.*," a collection of the original works of such mysterious worthies as Berossus, Fabius Pictor, Myrsilius, Sempronius, Archilochus, Cato, Megasthenes, Manetho, and others, all of which he said he had found buried in the earth at Mantua. The exultation of the learned over this supposed treasure-trove was, at first, immense; but a minute examination gradually disclosed a number of important errors, and before long the fraud was only too clearly revealed. It is still a moot point, however, whether Annius was the fabricator or whether he was imposed upon by some ingenious and unscrupulous knave. Perhaps the forgery was at first intended as a sly jest at the credulity of the learned, which Annius

shrank from acknowledging when he saw with what enthusiasm it was accepted.

A much more serious imposition was that of the "Decretals of Isidore," which were forged for the maintenance of the papal supremacy, and for eight centuries formed the foundation of the canon law and ecclesiastical discipline. They first made their appearance about 840-850, and to recommend them to the faithful were associated with the honored name of Bishop Isidore, of Seville, a voluminous writer of great learning and genius, who held his see from 590 to 636. They were introduced at Rome in 884, when Pope Nicolas referred to them as authentic. It would seem that he was brought acquainted with them by Rothad, Bishop of Soissons, who was probably privy to the forgery. But that the Pope knowingly adopted an imposture we need not assume. "The principles of the Decretals," says Canon Robertson, "had been floating in the mind of the age; on receiving the forgeries, the Pope recognized in them his own ideal of ecclesiastical polity, and he welcomed them as affording an historical foundation for it. We may, therefore (in charity at least), acquit him of conscious fraud in this matter, although something of criminality will still attach to the care with which he avoided all examination of their genuineness, and to the eagerness with which he welcomed these pretended antiquities, coming from a foreign country, in disregard of the obvious consideration that, if genuine, they must have all along been known in his own city." Dean Milman, however, takes a much less lenient view of the Pope's conduct.

These Decretals contain nearly a hundred letters written (probably by Benedict, a deacon of Mentz) in the names of the early bishops of Rome, beginning with Clement and Anacletus, the contemporaries of the Apostles—also some letters from supposed correspondents to the Popes, and the acts of some imaginary councils. Their spuriousness is proved by their gross anachronisms and by other instances of clumsiness and ignorance. Some of the forgeries were of earlier manufacture, such as the "Donation of Constantine;" a great part of the other materials have been traced to various sources—scriptural, liturgical, historical, and legendary—the forger's task having been to gather and

connect them in something like order and sequence, and give them the appearance of binding authority.

The forged "Donation of Constantine," to which I have just referred, made its appearance in the latter half of the eighth or early in the ninth century, for the purpose of investing with a venerable authenticity the claims of the Popes to a wider jurisdiction. Constantine, so runs the story, was baptized by Pope Sylvester, and, at his baptism, was miraculously healed of a leprosy from which he had long suffered; wherefore he relinquished Rome to the Pope, conferred on him the right of wearing a golden crown and other insignia of sovereign dignity, and endowed the Apostolic See with the Lateran Palace, and with all the provinces of Italy "or" the western regions. The forgery maintained its credit throughout the middle ages; but when the critical spirit awoke in the fifteenth century it was assailed and exposed by Nicholas of Cusa, by Bishop Reginald Pecock, and, most conclusively, by Lorenzo Valla. On this and similar subjects the reader may consult Dr. Döllinger's "Papst-Fabeln." I may also refer him to Gibbon's stately recital of the circumstances in his 49th chapter; and I may remind him of Ariosto's contemptuous allusion to the fictitious deed in his "Orlando Furioso" (34, 80), where he describes the Paladin Astolpho as finding it in the moon among the things that had been lost upon earth:

Questo era il dono (se però die lece)  
Che Constantino al buon Silvestro fece.

Dante also mentions (but not incredulously, for in his time the fable had not been exposed) Constantine's baptism:

As in Soracte, Constantine besought,  
To cure his leprosy, Sylvester's aid.

Spain, the land of the Cid, is also the home of some superlative literary mystifications. Thus, late in the 16th century, the Jesuit, Jerome de Hyguera, made a bold attempt to dispel the clouds which rest upon the introduction of the Christian faith into his country. Availing himself of the traditions which lingered among its mountains and valleys, and of such documents as he could anywhere collect, he compiled a series of chronicles, and coolly attributed them to Flavius Dexter, an historian cited by St. Jerome, whose works have been lost. In his *modus*

*operandi* the Jesuit showed a craft worthy of the traditional reputation of his order, and evaded the difficulty with respect to the original manuscript, which has so often tripped up the literary forger. He took into his confidence one of his brethren, a certain Torialba, who started off into Germany, and with commendable celerity reported his discovery, in the library of Fulda, of an authentic manuscript, comprising the chronicles of Dexter, Maximus, and others. The Jesuits endorsed the report, and Torialba forwarded a copy of the manuscript to J. Calderon, who published it at Saragossa, in 1620, with the title of "Fragmentum Chronici Fl. Dextri cum Chronico Marci Maximi," etc. The more effectually to blind the lynx eyes of suspicion, Hyguera had been satisfied with explaining different passages of the text with notes; but he died before his compilation was given to the world. Heavens! what a pen-and-ink controversy it stirred up—a battle of the books, in which assailants and defenders of its authenticity charged each other gallantly! Enough to say that the victory finally rested with the assailants as represented by the learned Thomas Vargas.

The reader will probably be acquainted with L. A. Condé's "Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España," of which there are translations both in French and English. Early in the seventeenth century this was anticipated by a book with a similar title, written by Michel de Luña, Arabic interpreter in the service of Philip III. of Spain, who affirmed, however, that it was translated from an Arabian chronicle, whose author, he said, one Abul-Cacion, had been a witness of the events he related. His romance enjoyed a great popularity in Spain for many years, and became the basis of most of the national histories. Though it has long been known as a forgery, its credit is not wholly extinguished.

The Inghirami forgeries were the earliest example, I suppose, of those sham antiquities which Sir Walter Scott has so pleasantly ridiculed in "The Antiquary." The learned were surprised, in 1637, by the appearance of a magnificent folio, entitled "Etruscarum Antiquitatum Fragmenta," in which the antiquary Curzio Inghirami transcribed the inscriptions and a fragment of a chronicle, dating sixty years before the vulgar era, engraved in

uncial characters on numerous "Etruscan relics" that had been exhumed, he said, in the grounds of his family at Rome. He afterward published a quarto volume of more than one thousand pages to vindicate their authenticity. Their fictitious character, however, was soon established. Curzio was not suspected of their authorship. "The design was probably merely to raise the antiquity of Voltaterra, the family estate of the Inghirami, and for this purpose one of its learned branches had bequeathed his posterity a collection of spurious historical monuments which tended to overturn all received ideas on the first ages of history."

Nearly a century later came into the world of fiction the "Analecta Belgica" of Gerard Dunbar (1719), a rhymed chronicle of the Counts of Holland, in nearly twelve hundred verses, which its author attributed to a Benedictine monk named Kolyn, of the Abbey of Egmont, near Haarlem. For awhile it made a great noise, but about twenty years later the critics, as is their way, pricked the bladder, and it immediately collapsed.

There is the vulgar and more commonplace mystification of Edward Kelly, alchemist and astrologer, who professed, while lodging at an obscure inn in Wales, to have obtained from the landlord an old manuscript, undecipherable by the *profanum vulgus*, which had been found in the tomb of a bishop in the church hard by—that is, it is said, in the church of Glastonbury Abbey. By means of this manuscript (known as "The Book of St. Dunstan") Kelly obtained an introduction to Dr. Dee, the greatest of our English magicians. There can be no reasonable doubt but that it was compiled by the ingenious Kelly himself.

The story of the imposture of Joseph Vella, whilom chaplain of the Knights of Malta, reads like a romance. Being at Palermo in 1782, he accompanied the ambassador of Morocco, Mohammed-ben-Olham, on a visit to the Abbey of Saint Martin, where he was entertained with the sight of an Arabic manuscript of great antiquity. Listening to the chatter of the monks about their hopes of finding in the Arabian writers the data which would enable them to fill up a lacuna of two centuries in the Sicilian annals, Vella seized upon the idea; and it was not very long before he delighted the hearts of all true

Sicilians with the intelligence that the Morocco ambassador, in looking over the conventual library, had put his hand upon a precious manuscript containing the correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and their sovereigns in Africa.

To confirm the authenticity of this pretended "find," and to increase its importance in the eyes of his patron, Airoidi, archbishop of Heraklia, who, he knew, would spare no cost in the publication of a work of such historic interest, the ingenious Vella invented a correspondence between himself and the ambassador, who had returned to Morocco. The fruit of this imaginary correspondence was not only the assurance that a second and more complete copy of the monastic manuscript existed in the library at Fez, but the discovery of another work, forming a continuation of it, as well as of a series of coins and medals, illustrative and confirmatory of their historical and chronological details.

So brilliantly successful was this little drama that the King of Naples, to whom Vella presented his translation in manuscript, proposed to send him on a mission to Morocco to purchase, or copy, in the libraries of that State all the Arabian manuscripts bearing on the history of his kingdom. What a field would have been opened to Vella's invention if this project had been carried out!

The translation of the newly-found Arabic manuscript was announced in 1786 in all the journals of Europe, and the first volume was published in 1789 under the title of "Codice Diplomatico di Sicilia sotto il governo degli Arabi, pubblicato per opera e studio di Alfonso Airoidi." The sixth appeared in 1793. The first volume was dedicated to the King of Naples and the second to the Queen.

The Archbishop next desired to publish the whole of Vella's so-called Arabic text, and for this purpose obtained a fount of Arabic characters from Bodoni. An artist, named Di Bella, was commissioned to engrave the coins and medals fabricated by Vella—who, by the way, to render more difficult the detection of his fraud, had obliterated the greater portion of the monastic manuscript. At last, in 1795, at the expense of the King of Naples, was published at Palermo the first volumes of the two editions, the principal of which, a costly folio, contained the Arabic text

with the Italian translation of the manuscript "discovered" at Fez, under the imposing title of "Kitab Divan Misr, or Libro del Consiglio d'Egitto" (Book of the Egyptian Divan or Council). So far, so good. Vella probably thought himself in Sicily safe from exposure; but Nemesis, determined on his punishment, sent, as a tourist to the island of volcanic fires, a German orientalist—J. Hager. As a matter of course he heard of the historical treasure-trove; procured a copy of Vella's folio, examined it, and at once detected the imposture. Airoldi, however, stood gallantly by his fraudulent *protégé*, and, determined at all costs to save him, appointed a commission of five highly respectable persons, against whom the only objection was that they did not know a word of Arabic. Their mode of procedure should have been this: they should have placed before Vella the Arabic text of the "Codice Diplomatico," and have required him to translate at sight whatever passage they thought fit to point out to him. His Italian version would have served them as a comparison to ascertain if he translated accurately, and if he contradicted himself in the printed version. But the absence from the tribunal of an Arabic scholar nullified the verification.

Vella committed to memory two or three passages of his translation; and when the Arabic translation was laid before him he chose whatever page he pleased, as if he had opened upon it accidentally, and proceeded to repeat by rote what he had learned. The commissioners would never have arrived at a satisfactory result if Vella had not at length made a clean breast of it, and acknowledged his deception. Finally, in 1796, he was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, and had abundant leisure, therefore, to regret that visit to the Abbey of St. Martin which had tempted him into the ways of dishonesty.

As late as 1836 the scientific world was flattered in its dove-cots by the announcement that the Greek translation, by Philon of Byblos, of Sanchoniathon, the Phœnician historian, had turned up in an obscure convent in Portugal. The discovery was well calculated to awaken profound interest, since of Sanchoniathon's history of Phœnicia we possess only a few fragments inserted by Eusebius in his "Preparatio Evangelica," and these refer exclusively

to the cosmogony. A few months passed, and behold! the press at Hanover published an "Analysis of the Primitive History of the Phœnicians, by Sanchoniathon, compiled from the newly-found manuscript of the complete translation by Philo," with observations by F. Waymfeld. It was enriched with a *fac-simile* of the manuscript and an introduction by Grotefend, the learned director of the Hanover Lyceum. Great was the mortification of this celebrated scholar when he found that he had been the too easy dupe of Waymfeld, a young student of Breinen, whose work, however, seems to have been distinguished by a fine imagination and a wide and deep knowledge of Semitic antiquities.

Some interesting examples of literary mystifications belong to the eighteenth century; and of two of the best known one had its origin in the Scottish Highlands, the other on the banks of the Severn.

It was in 1760 that James Macpherson, a Highland schoolmaster, gave the signal for a prolonged and bitter contention in the republic of letters, by the publication of his "Fragments of Ancient Poetry," collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Erse or Gaelic language. These, in the previous year, he had submitted to Home, the author of "Douglass," professing to have heard them recited in the Highlands. Their success was immediate and immense; and Scottish enthusiasts hastened to provide him with ample funds that he might collect further remains of a poetry which was considered to be essentially national. His mission proved unexpectedly prosperous; for he recovered two full-blown epics, respectively entitled "Fingal" (in six books) and "Timora" (in eight books), which he attributed to a Gaelic poet named Ossian or Ossin. They were published, with notes and translations, in 1763, and achieved a wide popularity, on the Continent not less than in the United Kingdom. When the first loud chorus of praise and panegyric, however, had subsided, the voice of detraction began to make itself heard. Macpherson was accused of having imposed his own compositions, in a Gaelic garb, upon the public; and a violent controversy arose, the echoes of which have scarcely died away in our own time. On the side of the Gael fought

Lord Kames and Sir John Sinclair, Gray, and Blair; against him were marshalled Dr. Johnson, David Hume, Pinkerton, and Malcolm Laing. The opinion at which the best critics have arrived is stated very succinctly by Lord Neaves: "The Ossianic poems, so far as original, ought to be considered generally as Irish compositions relating to Irish personages, real or imaginary, and to Irish events, historical or legendary; but they indicate also a free communication between the two countries, and may be legitimately regarded by the Scottish Celts as a literature in which they have a direct interest, written in their ancient tongue, recording traditions common to the Gaelic tribes, and having been long preserved and diffused in the Scottish Highlands." But he adds: "The poems published by Macpherson as the compositions of Ossian, whether in their English or their Gaelic form, are not genuine compositions as they stand, and are not entitled to any weight or authority in themselves, being partly fictitious, but partly, at the same time, and to a considerable extent, copies or adaptations of Ossianic poetry current in the Highlands." I should be inclined, after careful study of the Macpherson epics, to modify Lord Neaves's judgment in the direction of further restriction, and to say that they are to a very limited extent based upon actual Ossianic remains.

When Thomas Chatterton was a pupil at the Bristol Charity School, known as Colston's or the Bluecoat, he was accustomed to spend his holidays in the beautiful old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, among its famous figures of knight and lady, squire and monk, its fine engraved brasses, its altar-tombs, and ancient sculptures; and there and then he seems to have conceived the idea of a series of poems, based on the early history of Bristol, to be written in the character of one Thomas Rowley, parish priest of St. John's. The idea was partly suggested, perhaps, by his researches among a pile of mediæval documents which had long lain in the Treasury House, a chamber over the north porch of St. Mary's Church, but had been removed to his own residence by Chatterton's father, the parish schoolmaster. In September, 1768, a new bridge across the Avon was opened with great public rejoicings, and a few days afterward appeared in the *Bristol Weekly Journal*

what purported to be a contemporary description (from an old manuscript) of the opening of the old bridge, which naturally attracted a good deal of attention. When it was known that Chatterton had transmitted it to the newspaper, he was strongly pressed to state where he had obtained this precious manuscript, the genuineness of which no one seems to have suspected. After some hesitation he unfolded the fiction which loaded his memory with so much obloquy, and made his life so disastrous a failure, namely, that "he had received the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, from his father, who had found them in a large chest in the upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe Church."

It now became necessary that he should produce these manuscripts, and thus he was drawn on from a comparatively innocent mystification, of a kind common enough in the annals of literature, to the perpetration of a commonplace fraud. The Treasury House chest supplied him with parchments; and his calligraphic skill, together with the application of ochre and other pigments, enabled him to produce such imitations of mediæval documents as satisfied the not very critical appetite of the Bristol antiquaries. Flying at higher game, he submitted some Rowley poems to Horace Walpole, who referred them to the poets Gray and Mason; both at once pronounced them forgeries. The closing chapters of Chatterton's sad story do not come within the object of this paper; and, in truth, it is a story too well known to bear or need repetition. The only extraordinary thing about his forgeries is their undoubted literary merit, and their vast superiority to his own poems written in everyday English. His strength as a poet seems to have been derived wholly from the past, or rather from its picturesque accessories; for the spirit and tone of the Rowley poems are thoroughly modern, though their subjects and language are mediæval. "Whether, in the composition of these poems," says Professor Masson, "it was his habit first to write in ordinary phraseology, and then, by the help of glossaries, to translate what he had written into archaic language, or whether he had by practice become so far master of ancient words and expressions as to be able to write directly in the fictitious dialect he

had prescribed for himself, certain it is that, whenever his thoughts and fancies attained their highest strain, he either was whirled into the archaic form by an irresistible instinct, or deliberately adopted it. Up to a certain point, as it were, Chatterton could remain himself; but the moment he was hurried past that point, the moment he attained to a certain degree of sublimity, or fervor, or solemnity in his conceptions, and was constrained to continue at the same pitch, at that moment he reverted to the fifteenth century, and passed into the soul of Rowley." So one has sometimes seen an actor, who in the clothes of everyday life is tame and commonplace, develop into a gallant cavalier, bold, original, and picturesque, when he assumes the plumed hat, doublet and trunks of the seventeenth century.

In 1803, C. Vanderbourg, a man of letters of some distinction, published a series of graceful poems under the name of Clotilde de Surville, a poetess, as was alleged, of the reign of Charles VII., and a friend and correspondent of Charles, the poet-Duke of Orleans. These verses had remained unknown till 1782, when her descendant, Joseph Etienne, Marquis de Surville, discovered them while searching the family archives, studied the language, and deciphered the handwriting, and rejoiced that among his forbears he could reckon so sweet a singer. In 1791, during the troubles of the Revolution, he emigrated; but, most unaccountably, left Clotilde's manuscript behind him, and of course it perished, with other heirlooms, when the populace plundered and set fire to his château. In 1798 the Marquis unwisely reappeared in France, and was shot as a returned *émigré*; but some copies which he made of his ancestress's poems were given by his widow to Vanderbourg, and were thus preserved for the world's delectation.

Such was the story. The poems when published received at first a hearty welcome, but by-and-by messieurs the critics began to look into them with those sharp eyes of theirs, and soon detected incontestable proof of their recent origin, in their metrical variety, accuracy of scansion, and purity of language, as well as in their prevailing sentiment; in fact, they were eighteenth-century poems tricked out in fifteenth-century archaisms. Moreover, they contained allusions to events of

which Clotilde, unless possessed of the spirit of prophecy, could have known nothing. There was a quotation from Lucretius, whose works did not penetrate into France until half a century later; and an allusion to the seven satellites of Saturn, the first of which was not observed until 1655 (by Huyghens) and the last until 1789 (by Herschel). And finally, at the beginning of her volume Clotilde placed a translation of an ode of Sappho, though the fragments ascribed to that poetess were not printed till long after Clotilde's death. It was sufficiently evident, therefore, that the poems to which the name of Clotilde de Surville was attached could never have been written by her, though it is not equally clear whether these compositions proceeded from the pen of the Marquis de Surville or from that of Vanderbourg.

The career of the real Clotilde may be sketched in a few words: Marguerite Eléonore Clotilde de Vallon Chalyz was born at the Château de Vallon, in Languedoc, in 1405. From her mother she inherited a taste and a talent for the *belles lettres*, which became conspicuous at an early age, for she was only eleven when she translated one of Plutarch's odes with so much success that Christine de Pisan, upon reading it, exclaimed: "I must yield to this child all my rights to the sceptre of Parnassus." In 1421 she married Berenger de Surville, a gallant young knight, to whom she was passionately attached. Seven years later her husband fell at the siege of Orleans; and thereafter she devoted herself to the education of girls who gave indications of poetical capacity, among whom were Sophie de Lyonne and Juliette de Vivarez. Her poems attracted the attention of Charles, the poet-Duke of Orleans, who made them known to Queen Marguerite. This princess, failing to induce Clotilde to abandon the seclusion of her widowhood, sent to her a crown of artificial laurels, surmounted by twelve pearls with golden studs and silver leaves, and the device "Marguerite (the pearl) of Scotland to the Marguerite of Helicon," a compliment quite in the taste of that age. The date of Clotilde's death is uncertain; but as she celebrated the victory of Charles VIII., at Fornova (1495), she must have been upward of ninety when she died.

Among the poems published by Van-



derbourg many are remarkable for their refinement and delicacy. That such is the case the reader may judge from the following "Verselets à mon Premier-né."\* I give also the translation (of the first three verses) by Longfellow :

O cher enfantelet, vrai pourtrait de ton père,  
Dors sur le seyn que ta bouche a pressé !  
Dors, petist ; cloz, amy, sur le seyn de ta mère,  
Tien doux œillet par le somme oppressé !

Bel amy, cher petist, que ta pupile tendre  
Gouste ung sommeil qui plus n'y faict pour moy !  
Je veille pour te veoir, te nourrir, te défendre ;  
Ainz qu'il m'est doux ne veiller que por toy !

Dors, mien enfantelet, mon souley, mon idole,  
Dors sur mon seyn, le seyn qui t'a porté ;  
Ne m'esjouit encor le son de ta parole,  
Bien ton soubriz cent fois m'aye enchanté !

Sweet babe ! true portrait of thy father's face,  
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed !  
Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place  
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast !

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,  
Soft sleep shall come that cometh not to me.  
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend ;  
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee !

Sleep, my sweet child, my idol, my delight ;  
Sleep, sleep upon the fond maternal breast ;  
Thou who so often with thy prattle bright  
Hast charmed my ears, sleep now, and be at rest.

About the same time that these poems of Clotilde de Surville, falsely so called, appeared, Fabre d'Olivet published the "Poésies Occitaniques," a work which he pretended to have copied from the Provençal and Languedoc languages or dialects, and in his notes he introduced some fragments in the *langue d'Oc*, which he described as original. They are written with an elegance, a refinement, and often with a vigor, which have deceived no small number of *littérateurs*, and they have frequently been quoted as authentic. In order to impose upon his readers the more completely, D'Olivet adopted an ingenious stratagem. In one of his pretended translations he inserted passages from the manuscripts of the Troubadours, and this mixture of the genuine with the fictitious had, no doubt, in many cases the effect he desired. But he did more :

\* See the *Recueil des Poètes Français*, par Anguis. Also Villemain, *Cours de Littérature* (tome ii.).

as the language of the ancient Troubadours whom he cited in his notes was marked by certain differences, or *nuances*, which might have rendered comparatively easy the detection of his mystification, he watered down this language to the idiom he was himself employing, so that it became much more difficult to suspect the authenticity of the fictitious poems, which, by the way, possess very decided merits.

A mystification of a more than ordinarily skilful character was practised by the Italian scholar, Gigli. He published at Siena a quarto volume entitled "Relazione del Collegio Petroniano delle Balie Latino, aperto in Siena nel 1719," wherein he minutely described an institution which had never existed, attributing its foundation to Petroni, a cardinal of the thirteenth century, and stating its object to be the substitution of Latin for Italian as the language in use not only at Siena but throughout Italy. According to Gigli, a spacious mansion had been placed at the cardinal's disposal by the Government ; young nurses, who spoke nothing but Latin, had been brought from Poland, Hungary, and Germany, and the children of the first families in Siena placed under their charge. The names of the nurses and of the families who patronized them, the Latin discourses delivered on the occasion of the installation of the nurses and administrative staff—all were elaborately set forth in Gigli's work, the success of which was complete. In Italy and in several other European countries it was assumed as a fact that there existed at Siena a Latin college, the professors of which were nursemaids speaking Latin, and that this college was destined to revive in all its purity the language of Cicero.

M. Lalanne, to whom I have been indebted for some of these notes, recalls the trick played by Desforges-Maillard, who, having been an unsuccessful competitor for the prize poem of the Academy, endeavored to obtain the insertion of his rejected composition in the *Mercure de France*. The editor, De la Roque, refused ; and to avenge himself Desforges, in a disguised hand, and under the pseudonym of "Mademoiselle Malerais de la Vigne," addressed to him a number of fugitive verses, which De la Roque hastened to publish. He admired them so much that he became enamored of their

imaginary authoress, and wrote to her : "I love you, my dear lady ; pardon me, but the word has slipped from my pen." Voltaire and Destouches were also duped. After awhile, Desforges confessed the trick—which was unwise, for thenceforth the wits, to punish him, lost no opportunity of ridiculing the poems which appeared under his own name.

I cannot omit so colossal a forgery as that of Psalmanasar, though the story has often been told.

This man was born in France about 1679. After receiving his education in a Jesuit college, he for some months acted as tutor to a young gentleman ; but a restless temper rendered him unable to remain long in any settled vocation, and a love of mystification impelled him to assume a variety of characters. At one time, having "annexed" a pilgrim's cloak and staff which he found in a chapel, he announced that he was going on a pilgrimage to Rome ; at another he appeared before the public as a Japanese ; and next he masqueraded as a native of Formosa. Wandering from land to land—by times a soldier, a teacher, a servant, and a beggar—now professing himself a heathen and now attitudinizing as a recent convert to Christianity—he passed through a cycle of adventures, sufficient for a dozen ordinary men. In some way he contrived to secure the patronage of Brigadier Lauder, who introduced him to the Rev. Mr. James, a regimental chaplain, and in his company he visited England. There his fluency of speech and confidence of manner imposed upon the Bishop of London, and a large number of *savants, litterateurs*, and persons of distinction, who listened with deep interest to his picturesque recitals of incidents that had never happened and his vivid descriptions of countries he had never seen. In his latest assumption, that of a native of Formosa, he published an account of the island, inventing a new language with new characters, a new religion, a new form of government, and a new calendar, in which the year was divided into twenty months. In all this he showed a capacity and a diligence which were worthy of better ends, and to better ends they were devoted, after he had been brought, at the age of thirty-two, under the influence of religious convictions. He then acknowledged his imposture, and applied himself steadily to literary pursuits,

compiling several volumes of the "Universal History," a new version of "The Psalms," and an essay on "Miracles." He died in 1763, at the age (as was reputed) of eighty-four. A permanent place in literature he was not able to attain, and he owes his reputation, such as it is, not to the creditable industry of his later life, but to the ingenious knaveries of his *jeunesse orageuse*.

So it may be said of Mr. William Henry Ireland that his notoriety rests on his misdeeds, for neither the present nor any future generation will now care to revive any one of his works, plays or poems, and probably few persons remember that he wrote also a life (and a very bad one) of Napoleon. I fancy that not even Mr. James Payn's clever rehabilitation of the scamp in his lively novel, "The Talk of the Town," has awakened the slightest interest in his productions. He is remembered only as the audacious perpetrator of Shakespearian forgeries of a singularly bold complexion. Ireland was still in his early manhood when he produced a deed of Shakespeare's which he had discovered, he said, among some old papers. He afterward pleaded that he was induced to commit this forgery to gratify his father, an enthusiastic collector of Shakespeare relics, whom, some three years before, he had accompanied on a visit to Stratford and the valley of the upper Avon. But I fail to see that a forgery is more excusable when perpetrated on one's father than on a stranger ! However, the elder Ireland was easily deceived and excessively delighted ; and the younger, proud of his success, continued to put to the test his imitative talent. A holograph profession of Shakespeare's religious belief, various letters between the poet and his friend, the Earl of Southampton, and at last a complete tragedy—one marvels at the man's reckless insolence !—were successively presented to an admiring circle. In our own day these forgeries would have at once been detected ; but in Ireland's time Shakespearian archæology was in an elementary stage, and they not only met with ready acceptance from Dr. Parr, Pinkerton, Boswell, George Chalmers, and others, but their genuineness was actually certified by experts from the public offices. The tragedy entitled "Vortigern" Sheridan was induced to purchase for Drury Lane, where it was produced

on April 2, 1796, with John Kemble and Mrs. Jordan as representatives of the principal characters. It was damned, of course. Kemble, from the first, had disbelieved in its authenticity, and having to deliver, toward the close, a line to the effect,

And now this solemn mockery is o'er,

he uttered it in a tone so significant that the whole house broke into laughter. This public *fasco* set the writers thinking.

Malone, the best Shakespearian scholar of his day, who had persistently discredited Ireland's remarkable discoveries, published a trenchant *exposé* which settled the matter. The forger was called upon to produce the person from whom he had received the so-called Shakespearian MSS. As he could not do this, he made confession of his deceptions, though with no pretence at regret or repentance, but rather as one who gloried in his shame.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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JOHN BULL ABROAD.

In the "Scenes de la vie de Bohême" of Murger, there is an amusing sketch, from a Parisian point of view, of the Englishman abroad fifty years ago. He is the typical *milord* of French comedy, who wears extraordinary garments, interlards his conversation with numerous expletives, has a bottomless purse, and gratifies every whim regardless of the cost, as, for instance, when he converts his salon into a swimming-bath, and plants an oyster-bed on the parquet; he is *triste*, prudish, and *gauche* to a degree, and his pronunciation of the few words of *français en vingt cinq leçons* which he employs, is quaintly perverse and ludicrous.

Caricature, of course, is not portraiture, but nevertheless it must possess sufficient similarity to its object to be recognizable, and it must avoid too gross an exaggeration which would be manifest to beholders and detract from its force. Some consideration, also, must be paid to the spirit in which it is drawn, and in the instance quoted it is necessary to remember that there is no intended discredit to the whimsical "M. Birn'm" who is, on the contrary, represented in a kindly light as doing a considerable service to Schaunard, the immortal *confrère* and boon companion of Murger. The sketch may therefore be accepted as a fairly accurate delineation not of the Englishman as he actually was, but of the French conception of him at that time. It is only necessary to trace him through the pages of M. Taine down to the novelists of the present day, to discover how this idea has almost passed away and undergone an entire change; Malot, Halévy, Ohnet, Bourget, all emphasize the transformation. In

one of his latest works—a series of sketches entitled "Profil Perdus"—M. Bourget relates that he meets an Oxford undergraduate *qui parlait français comme vous et moi*, and proceeds to give a very flattering description of this young man who was *républicain, athée, vierge*. In the same volume is an account of a French girl who falls in love with an Englishman, and here again the description of the Englishman is most flattering. Malot represents him as a young baronet who is a thorough Parisian, the habitué of the clubs, the racecourses, the *monde* and *demi-monde*—in all respects like the young Frenchmen around him, and speaking French with such correctness that it is specially remarked, when he engages in an altercation with the hero of the novel, that he has recourse to his own language because his anger for the moment robs him of his linguistic powers.

Such is the change, then, in his portrait, which evidently points to a corresponding change in his habits, and to a more accurate estimate of him among foreign nations. But though this portrait represents the general continental idea of him at present, there are two considerations connected with it which must carry some weight:—first, it is a portrait of one of a special class—the upper ten; and secondly, it is essentially French. It marks a distinct epoch in the intimacy between the two nations that clever novelists, who have gained the ear of French society, should draw such a character, evidently believing themselves, and expecting their public to recognize, that their delineation is correct; but though we gather from them a French opinion, we are as far

away as before from an English analysis, for there are many small peculiarities and customs which an Englishman would note immediately in his fellow-countrymen, but which might very easily escape the eye of the most observant Frenchman; the French portraits prove conclusively that John Bull is more cosmopolitan than he was, but it needs English spectacles to detect wherein the difference lies.

Undoubtedly one of the chief factors which have combined to bring about this change of foreign opinion has been the greater *rapprochement* between this country and the Continent, owing to increased facilities for intercommunication, which have enabled a larger number of Englishmen to visit the mainland of Europe, and a larger number of Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans to become acquainted with what they were accustomed to regard as the land of fogs and gloom. Another reason for our greater popularity may perhaps be found in our delightful fatuity (as it seems to them, at least) with regard to Free Trade, for, so long as the goose will lay golden eggs, he who gathers them will be quite willing to call the sapient bird a swan. A third reason unquestionably lies in the fact that we have not been engaged in any European war (with the exception of the Crimean) for nearly a century, and therefore there exists no international bitterness on that score between ourselves and the Continent. The Crimean War, perhaps, improved rather than embittered our international relations, for France was our ally, and the Russian nation possesses even yet so little distinct national feeling that the language of its educated classes is French, and if they live away from their own country for a few years they become absolutely French in idea and sentiment—so much so, indeed, that there is nothing they regard with greater dismay than the occasional necessity for a return to their native land. Therefore, as far as concerns our relations with our continental neighbors, we may neglect the influence of the Crimean War, and consider that since 1815 we have never aroused any national antipathy in Europe for military reasons.

These causes have doubtless contributed to produce the difference between the continental estimate of John Bull fifty years ago and that which exists to day; but it is also very apparent that on his

part, too, there has been an advance toward breadth of view and cosmopolitanism, which is as refreshing as it is, not infrequently, deprecated by him as if it implied discredit and retrogression. He is still, however (speaking generally and not of a special class who are as much at home in Paris, Vienna, or Rome, as they are in London), a creature *sui generis*, and his nationality is perfectly unmistakable wherever he betakes himself. He is no longer to be seen—let us note it with pleasure and relief—strolling along the Boulevard des Italiens or the Pincian Hill in cricketing flannels, with a tennis hat on his head and a young oak-tree in his hand; but he may still be descried in a tweed suit in the *foyer* of the theatres, where, if he could only understand the remarks passed upon him by a nation like the French or Italians, who are great sticklers for *les convenances*, he might be induced to pay a little more respect to appearances. He still clings to his pipe—that emblem of his nationality—which he would not dream of displaying in Pall Mall or St. James's Street, and may be seen smoking it contentedly in the most fashionable parts of a foreign capital, and he is still regarded, unfortunately, as the principal patron of the artistic nudities in the Rue de Rivoli, and the cancanesque performances of the *cafés chantants* in the Champs Elysées.

For three months of the year he turns Switzerland into a happy hunting-ground, and it is no exaggeration to say that his language is the most prevalent tongue from June to August. Here, however, he is of a different genus from that to be met in Paris or even in Italy, for as a rule he descends a grade or two and approaches nearer to the 'Arry of world-wide fame. Year after year the newspapers announce a larger exodus of the fashionable world to Switzerland, but, nevertheless, either the heaven is comparatively infinitesimal, or else the resorts it chooses are as remote as possible from the ordinary track, for the bulk of the British population of Switzerland during the summer months consists undoubtedly of that large majority of the nation which resents the designation (when applied to itself) of "the middle class." Here John Bull is very often unfortunate in his representative. He clothes himself in strange and motley apparel; he clings more lovingly than ever to his pipe; often he considers

the opportunity favorable for the cultivation of a beard; he is generally to be seen in a flannel shirt. He rejoices in rowdiness and the smashing of restaurant windows, and is the terror of waiters whom he abuses or knocks down, and, with a lordly air, throws them a napoleon wherewith to buy plaster. He insists on joining in choruses (often of his own concoction) at the *cafés chantants*, and is the mainstay of all the casinos and gambling-rooms, where he stamps about and swears lustily if he loses; occasionally he is even haled before the representatives of the law and finds food for a month's amusement in the discovery that, owing to the comparative poverty of the country, he is fined perhaps only twenty francs for a serious offence. Nevertheless he has his good points even when he is one of the kind descried; he is the idol of all the guides, for if he once makes up his mind to ascend a stiff mountain he puts off these excrescences of 'Arrydom and shows plainly that he "means business;" and if he finds himself on an awkward bit of ice, or a dangerously perpendicular side of a precipice, he shows that his heart is in the right place, and that behind his swagger and his rowdiness lies a reserve of nerve and pluck and disregard of danger which completely whitewashes his character in the sympathetic eyes of the hardy mountaineers. As a general rule, notwithstanding his occasional rowdiness and "bad form," John Bull is popular in Switzerland, partly, perhaps, because the Swiss, like the Scot, imbibes a "canny" character from the atmosphere of his native hills, and recognizes the fact that the English tourist is more largely and more easily bled than other nations.

In Italy, as might be expected, John Bull changes caste again, and sinks the tourist in the traveller. Here he is a man with some leisure and with artistic tastes, a being totally distinct from his fellow-countryman who snatches a hard-earned holiday from business cares for a month or six weeks in Switzerland. He has a longer purse, and consequently living and accommodation are fifty per cent. dearer, and very often twenty per cent. worse, than in the latter country. He is a more cultivated individual, and can often express himself fairly in French and talk a smattering of Italian to boot. He does not travel about in a breathless fashion,

determined to see all he can in a few weeks, but moves slowly from place to place, staying a month or more in each. His circle of acquaintanceship is generally large, and wherever he goes he finds friends either resident, or nomad like himself, but mixing with the residents; in a week or two he takes his part in all the social entertainments which occur, he is introduced into the Italian society (which often speaks English as well as himself) and meets the native element; the result is mutual good understanding and satisfaction. The Italian is extremely good-natured and willing to be friendly, and he never forgets that English sympathy has generally been with him in his struggles for independence and nationality—more especially in 1860, when the cause of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi excited such enthusiasm in England—and therefore John Bull is, as a rule, a well-received and popular individual.

In Germany John Bull is represented most frequently by his wife and daughters, who take up their abode in the Fatherland for reasons of education and economy. Whether it is that they are more insular and prejudiced than himself, or whether there are also other causes at work, the fact is indisputable, that nowhere in the world—not even excepting the Emerald Isle—is he more unpopular than in Germany. "Unpopular" is a mild word for the intense bitterness of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" with which the German in general and the Prussian in particular regards us, and there is probably not one Englishman in five hundred who has the faintest conception of the extent of this hatred until he has travelled in Germany. It is deep-seated throughout the entire nation, and is passive as a rule, but when it finds the smallest vent-hole for escape it bursts forth furiously, as in the instances of the Empress Victoria and Sir Morell Mackenzie, when the animus displayed was not so much directed against the individuals as against the whole English nation. A German is never particularly reticent in his language, and when his anger is aroused he becomes brutally frank and explicit. "France!" he will exclaim again and again, "what do we want with France? We have conquered her once, and we have no wish to do it again unless we are driven to it! There is a

much richer and a much easier prey to be found in England, and if we could only embroil her with France and thus assure the neutrality of the latter, we would be in London in six months!" This is not an exaggerated or an isolated expression of opinion, but is the feeling which lies nearest the heart of almost every German without exception; it is the fondest hope of the whole German army, and the German army means the German nation. Practically the *Ligue des Patriotes*, with MM. Antoine, Déroulé and Rochefort in command, is the safeguard of England, and so long as they can keep the desire for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine in the hearts of the French people, we are safe, but only so long. Just as soon as France abandons this hope of the *revanche*, Germany intends to, and will, throw off the mask which irks her so much already that even now she can scarcely conceal the frown behind it. It may be thought that this picture is exaggerated, but if any Englishman will take the trouble to travel in Germany for six months and live among the people, he will discover for himself how firm and deep-rooted and universal is the hatred of England. A single instance may perhaps suffice to give some idea of the mutual antipathy between the two nations. In Dresden, where a considerable English colony has established itself, the inhabitants, headed by the garrison, displayed such marked hostility toward the English in general, that at all the hotels and *pensions* which contained an English coterie those individual English or Americans who had any dealings with them were almost ostracized by the English society, and if any lady dared to dance with a German officer at the various semi-public balls which were given at the hotels from time to time, she was severely left alone to amuse herself solely with her military friends, for no Englishman would dance with her or pay her the smallest attention. Such a display was no doubt childish and not in the best taste possible, but it serves to illustrate the mutual animosity which prevailed and which was still further exemplified by the frequent recurrence of duels provoked wantonly and gratuitously by the German garrison. To the credit of John Bull, it may be added that he came out of them by no means badly as a rule.

One of his home traits which he leaves

behind him is his peculiar stiffness and desire to know all about his neighbor before he dares to exchange a remark with him, and, though he is still far from being an exuberant or confidential companion, he breaks down for the time that wall of suspicion and reserve with which he hedges himself around at home. In this respect he is a constant enigma to cousin Jonathan, who, if he says, "Come and see me in New York," means what he says, and will be unfeignedly glad to renew a casual acquaintance; but Jonathan declares that if he receives a similar invitation to London and acts upon it, he is often awarded two fingers and a hurried "Come and dine with me some night at the club," which he is inclined to resent. *Autre pays, autre mœurs*. The distinction between John Bull at home and John Bull far from all social considerations abroad is too subtle to be easy of comprehension to the American mind. Abroad, at any rate, he makes up his mind to enjoy himself, and he does so in a great measure because he never loses the sub-consciousness that he has left Mrs. Grundy behind, for he is not naturally so demure and circumspect as he would fain appear to be, and when he flings a parting farewell to that omnipotent dame at Dover or Folkestone he breathes a sigh of relief, and for a few weeks he becomes himself. Sooner or later, alas! her charms begin to eclipse the beauties of the Vatican Venus or the *chef d'œuvres* of French realistic art, and, like another Tannhauser, he is seized with a wild desire to resume his chains and kiss the chastening rod. But as long as he remains abroad, he is charming; he will meet a fellow-countryman casually in Paris, Florence, or Rome, and invite him almost forthwith to his house—a proceeding he would not dream of in London; he will allow his acquaintance to ripen into intimacy without even inquiring whether his new friend possesses either a grandfather or a banking account; he will even allow his daughters to compete with their American rivals in the lists of flirtation and freedom of intercourse—a hazardous experiment which, as a rule, they take advantage of, and enjoy with great benefit to their powers of discrimination and without any detriment to their refinement or modesty.

But though in various respects his views have become broader, there still remain

many English idiosyncrasies to which he clings with unfailing devotion. He never entirely loses his bashfulness in speaking any other tongue than his own, and he always retains a self-conscious suspicion that people are laughing at him if he makes the attempt. Observe him at any *table d'hôte* side by side with a Frenchman, and, though he can perhaps express himself very fairly in French, he will maintain a stolid silence, and never think of availing himself of the opportunity of improving himself in the language, as a foreigner would persistently do. As far as regards his own countrymen, he is not far wrong in his suspicious of ridicule, for they may be divided broadly into two classes—those who can speak a foreign tongue, and those who cannot; the former listen to his attempts with all their ears, and undoubtedly do laugh at his mistakes, while the latter, who are not sufficiently versed in the language to catch his slips in grammar and pronunciation, very often opine that he is merely swaggering. He is conscious that he himself belongs to one of these classes, and therefore he is awkward and shy because he is tolerably sure that his neighbor or his *vis-à-vis* may also be included in one category or the other. As a natural consequence, when he is abroad he generally abjures foreign society (unless it speaks English), hotels, and *pensions*, and congregates principally in those resorts where English is the predominant language; his English newspapers follow him whithersoever he goes, and he takes little or no interest in foreign politics or affairs. He cannot help meeting numbers of French, Italians, and Germans who can speak, or are learning to speak, at least three languages, his own included, nor does it strike him as strange that almost every shopkeeper, waiter, chambermaid, or porter can speak, and understand as a rule, English, French, and German; nevertheless, it is quite possible for him to return to his own shores after a year's wandering about the Continent with no more idea of any foreign language than he possessed when he set forth, and he is the very first to resent the accusation cast in our teeth by foreigners, that we are the most ignorant nation in the world.

No analysis of John Bull and his habits abroad would be complete without a reference to the fact that, for one reason or another, he often becomes a resident in for-

eign climes for some years, for it is probably owing to this circumstance in a great measure that he is now better known abroad, and it also produces other results which vary according to country and place. He settles in Paris either to learn French, or to amuse himself, or because he is engaged in some business occupation there; Switzerland, the French provincial towns, and Germany, he seeks for reasons of economy and the education of his children; Italy he chooses because he falls in love with the charms of art, antiquity, and climate which he finds there. Naturally his class is different in each country, and the popular opinion of him varies accordingly. In Paris he is now too well known to do much public posing; in Italy he is still the *grand seigneur* who is literally made of money and expected to bleed at every pore; in Switzerland, provincial France, and Germany, he is no longer regarded as the great *milord* who does not care what he spends. The consequence is, that in these latter countries he obtains all commodities at not more than perhaps ten per cent. above the market price, and even this seems to him marvellously cheap; in Italy he pays a premium of about a hundred and fifty per cent., and is not, curiously enough, regarded with gratitude for paying it, but is looked upon as little short of a natural fool for yielding so tamely to extortion; and in Paris he may be congratulated if he pays less than from twenty to forty per cent. more than a native. But if his reputation as a *grand seigneur* is on the wane, so also is his reputation for boorishness, insolence, and self-sufficiency. This he has handed on to the German, who has inherited the reputation, and its consequent unpopularity, with this difference, that whereas John Bull, if he incurred dislike and ill-feeling, had a golden ointment wherewith to salve the wounds he inflicted, Herr von Donnerblitzen exaggerates the insolence and lacks the salve. There can be no doubt that in this respect John Bull deserves his improved renown, for even at home he is less insular and narrow in his ideas; the increase of education has opened his mind, and greater intercourse with the Continent has toned him down, and therefore, when he crosses the "silver streak," he finds himself more in touch with the institutions and customs around him. One gauge of his greater popularity

is the rage for everything English which prevails in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. He is absolute king in all sartorial matters, and everything pertaining thereto in the shape of hats, sticks, umbrellas, ties, shoes, boots, guns, etc., etc., which to be salable must bear the superscription "*article anglaise*." In Paris, and therefore in France (for in such matters Paris still leads French opinion), he owes much of his popularity to what may appear to him an inadequate cause; it is, in a great measure, the reflection of the sincere love and esteem felt for the Prince of Wales, who is beyond all doubt the best and most universally beloved prince in Europe; and in Paris, as may be seen, from his reception there, he is literally idolized by all classes, despite the republican and communistic sentiment which still prevails. To an Englishman such a reason may seem far-fetched and insufficient, but if he considers the emotional and hero-worshipping nature of the French people, he will find it easy of credence, especially when it is repeated in his ears by Frenchman after Frenchman of all shades of political opinion.

It may surprise John Bull, who is inclined to pride himself upon his pluck, his dash, his hard-hitting, and his bluntness, to discover, if he enters into a conversation with an educated Frenchman or Italian, the respect which is felt on the Continent for his diplomacy, which he is often inclined to depreciate. Right and left he will hear the same parable. "You English, yes! you have been the most adroit diplomatists for the last two hundred years! You have always pursued the same policy, always had the same end in view—aggrandizement at the least possible cost, and if possible at the expense of others! Other nations have spent their blood and treasure and you have seized the chestnuts! After the Seven Years' War, by your diplomacy you took the lion's share of the spoil in gaining India and Canada: by the second Treaty of Paris you gained Ceylon; in the Crimea, France spent more money and more blood than you did, but she gained nothing; even in the last Russo-Turkish War, Russia, who was the conqueror, obtained practically no advantage, while you, who had nothing to do with it, took Cyprus and Egypt!" Of course John Bull will not endorse this opinion, and he will en-

deavor to point out the inaccuracy of it, but he can hardly fail to see that it expresses fairly accurately the continental opinion of him.

It is difficult to discover the reason for our intense unpopularity in Germany, for the Germans themselves are unable to assign any tangible cause for it. We seem to reproduce in their minds the immortal Dr. Fell, for it is unquestionable that "the reason why they cannot tell," or, if they could, they prefer not to do so. Perhaps they have a longer political memory than ourselves, and as their one aim and ambition for the last fifty years has been the creation and consolidation of their Empire, they may remember our animosity toward them during the Danish War, and the wave of sympathy for the French which swept over this country in 1870. That they resent the asylum afforded by England to thousands of their own countrymen who evade military service at home is indubitable, as also is their dislike for the welcome we accorded to the French Royal Family. But there are other reasons which lie deeper down and are less easily formulated. Germany is a military power, and possesses a practically autocratic monarchy; she is woefully poor, and she views with unfriendly eyes the prosperity of a nation which is neither the one nor the other, and dreads the spread of similar democratic influences to her own people. Furthermore she has made herself the bully of Europe, she has conquered Austria and France, who once possessed the highest military prestige in the world, and the record of England is the only one which is unbroken; she is eaten up with pride and vain-glory, and she cannot tolerate any assumption of equality; she would be "*aut Cæsar aut nullus*," and on any nation which pretends to a share of the imperial purple she pours out the vials of her jealousy and hatred. She is our rival in trade and in colonization; but English trade does not yield as she hopes, and English colonization works itself, while her own, bolstered up by all the resources of the Empire, is not even moderately successful. She is a young nation, and her foundations are barely set; she detests the rock of centuries upon which the English Empire is based.

There is one final peculiarity of John Bull abroad which deserves notice, and that is his conception and definition of



patriotism. It is almost impossible to define the boundary-line between patriotism and prejudice on the one hand, and toleration and want of patriotism on the other, for the limit seems to vary according to the individual. There can be no doubt that as a rule John Bull abroad inclines to the former, and that his patriotism very often runs far over the boundary and into the region of prejudice. He will be the first to declare, for instance, that Englishwomen are the best dressed women in the world, while his own womenkind, if they can afford it, are buying their dresses in the Rue de la Paix ; and he will assert that English education far exceeds that of the Continent when his French or German neighbor is talking to him fluently in his own language, and displaying a knowledge of English history and literature which puts his own school and college recollections to shame. He

can seldom divest himself of his English spectacles in looking on foreign habits and customs, for he will launch into exclamations of disgust and accusations of bad breeding if he sees a Frenchman gnawing a chicken bone, or an Italian eating macaroni after the fashion of the country. The performance is no doubt unsavory to English eyes ; but John Bull will rarely admit that it does not prove the performer to be "a fellow of the baser sort."

Taken all in all, however, John Bull must be congratulated upon his advance in ideas and sympathy ; he is not yet entirely cosmopolitan (like the Russian, for example), which is not, perhaps, to be regretted ; but he *has* moved with the times, and his increasing popularity is a criterion of the appreciation with which his progress is regarded on the Continent of Europe.—*Temple Bar.*

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IN THE EVENING.

BY C. M. O'N.

THE night is come with all her silver train,  
The moonlight steeps the sea ;  
The hour is come that I can rest again,  
And dream of thee.

The air is still, the western sky is gold, '  
And far on lawn and lea  
The shadows bring the happy thought of old,  
And dreams of thee.

The sweetest hour of summer day is ending ;  
The song of bird and bee  
To the still time their influence is lending,  
And sing of thee.

The rest serene on earth and heaven bringeth  
No rest to me ;  
No song to me the lonely night bird singeth,  
Weary for thee.

Thy shadow haunts the balmy summer even,  
By land and sea ;  
Between me and the happy moonlit heaven  
Rise thoughts of thee.

I stand beneath the stars, whose quiet shining  
But brings to me  
The thought of olden times, the weary pining  
For thee, for thee.

The lime-tree's breath comes wafted from the river,—  
 The same old tree  
 Where, in the happy years gone by forever,  
 I stood with thee.

O God ! to see the calm familiar faces  
 Of sky and sea ;  
 To see all things unchanged in the old places,  
 But only thee.

To feel the longing wild, the yearning weary,  
 Thy face to see ;  
 To feel earth's brightest scenes grow pale and dreary,  
 For want of thee ;

And know that while the stars shine on in heaven,  
 No sun shall bring to me  
 Thy presence. Only as it came this even,  
 In dreams of thee.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### ALEPPO TO SKANDEROON.

WE are here in the region of Baedeker, and it behoves the travelling Briton to tread warily in the footsteps of his crimson-clad guide, philosopher, and friend, and to have before his eyes the wholesome dread of the omniscient critic with his ready reminder of "guide-book information." Nevertheless, the fairly intelligent and educated traveller may at least be thankful to the exact and patient industry of his handy cicerone which will spare him the labor of much delving among the buried and forgotten lore of musty tomes in many languages, living or dead. Should some guileless writer cull a few flowers of information from this ready and tempting source to garnish the dish, let not the gentle reader re-echo the unkind sneer to which we have already referred as the dread of the loquacious traveller. For, after all, there is no art in telling a tale which every one may read for himself. The great secret is, not in blurting out with a bold unreserve all the information with which you are crammed, but in the delicate reticence which hints at the secret stores of knowledge you could reveal to your admiring audience if only you would.

So let us see what of interest Aleppo may have for the inquiring mind, which, indeed, is not small, nor quite exhausted in the exhaustive pages of Baedeker, either to him whose eye is not satisfied with

seeing (in which category we do not reckon ourselves), nor to him whose inward eye is turned on the changing and varied and abiding impressions which outward scenes of travel leave within his breast—to which select and initiated circle we claim to belong. Three hundred years ago, in the days when travel unclosed the guarded gates of a new world of mystery and unknown perils, an adventurous citizen of London, Master John Newbery, "and six or seven other honest merchants," set sail for the Levant. Making his way to Aleppo with divers of his partners in the venture, Master Newbery seems to have found that city exactly to his liking, and next to his own country the fittest in the world for an honest English merchant. Writing to Master Leonard Poore, of London, he says : "If it should be my chance to remain in any place out of England, I would choose this before all others that I know. The place is healthful and pleasant, and the gains very good ; and no doubt the profit will be hereafter better." A year later, writing in great tribulation to the same correspondent from Goa, he gives us a hint of the kind of traffic he had found so profitable. Having made his adventurous journey overland by way of Baghdad and Batia to the Persian Gulf, the Portuguese laid hold of him at Ormuz and put him into prison for a heretic and a spy, whence

he only emerged greatly despoiled by the rapacious governor. "At my being in Aleppo," he says, "I bought a fountain of silver gilt, six knives, six spoons, and one fork trimmed with coral, for twenty-five sequins, which the Captain of Ormuz did take (among other things), and paid for the same twenty pardaos," paying about thirty pounds for the "fork," which had cost Master Newbery about seven. But, on the other hand, the Governor had of his prisoner "five emeralds set in gold, and paid for the same a hundred pardaos," getting (at his own valuation, no doubt) the jewelry at about 150*l.*, for which the unlucky merchant had paid something like 1,000*l.*, reckoning the money at its present value. It is sad to think that the adventurous Englishman never returned to his own country. He set out from Lahore to go into Persia, and was apparently never again heard of. One only of his company survived the perils and privations of eight years' wanderings in the unknown East to return to his native land, "where," says Master Ralph Fitch, "by God's assistance, I safely arrived the 29th of April, 1591." He had travelled from the farthest East by way of the Persian Gulf, passing through Basta, Baghdad, Mosul, Mardir, Urfa, Biradjik, Aleppo, and so on to Europe. Following in his footsteps one may well be proud of the dauntless spirit of the "honest English merchant," the worthy pioneer of a race of "adventurers" who, in pursuit of peaceful commerce, made an empire.

Having had this distant glimpse of Aleppo in the pages of Haklurt, our wandering Englishman will be prepared to look with kindly eyes on a nearer view of the modern Haleb. Indeed, it will be his own fault if he does not carry away as pleasant an impression of its polite and friendly inhabitants and their well-built city of solid stone as Master Newbery himself. "Being in Aleppo, and finding good company," he says, which is, doubtless his rendering from personal experience of the old Arabic jingle, *Al Halebi Chalabi*—"Your Aleppo man is a gentleman." What pleasant times the members of the old English "factory" must have had all through that seventeenth century which saw them prospering, trafficking, living, eating, or sleeping, and enjoying themselves in the leisurely Oriental

fashion, away from the turmoil and stir and stress and struggle of Europe, driving all men, and especially Englishmen, into mad throes of patriotism, of unrest, of hate, of unquenchable craving for perilous adventure! But between England and the farther East the ship that ploughs in every sea was destined to oust the ship of the desert. The flag of England now waves officially above the abode of a salaried Consul, but the free merchants of England have long since wound up the affairs of the famous old factory of Aleppo, and departed. A few wealthy German merchants and a host of French priests now represent Europe among the Aleppine "Chalabis." But we go far afield. In the shady courtyard of the native house where dwell an obliging host and gracious hostess, and a dark-eyed Christian maid to fill the soothing narghilah; where the murmuring fountain plays with a drowsy monotony, sweet and low, the contented traveller may dream or dally over hazy and half-reviving memories. The walls of Aleppo surround him; its lofty citadel, its domes and minarets, rise above him; there are the natives of it ready to minister to his comfort. The history of it, its sights, and all its driest details, are they not recorded in the pages of Baedeker, where he who runs not may read? and are there not happier moments for the traveller even than those spent in endless sight-seeing? But let us linger a moment. Here is the Arab poet, the best companion for him who goes forth wherever the Arabic language is spoken. He has a memory and a memento of Aleppo which may be worth recalling. Beræa, founded where Aleppo now stands by Seleucus Nicator, some three centuries later, fell into the hands of the Arabs. About the middle of the tenth century Seif-ud-Dowlah Ali Ibn Hamdāni al Adawiyi was the Amir of Haleb. It was in his time that the Emperors Nicephorus Phocas and John Zimisces sacked the town, and found in the Amir's palace without the walls fourteen hundred mules and three hundred bags of silver and gold. When the Greeks had departed with their loot, Seif-ud-Dowlah returned to his capital. It must have been before this reverse that the Arab poet addressed to the Arab chief those famous odes of the grossest flattery so sweet to all his

tribe, of which this is a specimen (he fares on a journey with Seif-ud-Dowlah in a pouring rain) :—

Each day when I see thee good luck meets  
mine eyes, new wonders to greet with a  
glad surprise.

Flashing lightning a sword with thy sword  
dost thou bind, this deluge pours on  
thee to mate with its kind.

The earth shall be parched when these clouds  
pass away, its vesture of verdure shall  
fade and decay :

But from thee ne'er shall pass thy blessings  
like dew, nor the showers of thy bounty  
e'er cease to renew !

In thy treading the night-clouds and dawn-  
clouds wait, as when happy lover with  
lover doth mate.

Bounty from thee would fain learn her part,  
but all vainly she strives to gain thy  
'sweet art !

There is a whole series of them, mostly winding up with the kind of delicate hint conveyed in the above specimen, which is the briefest in the collection.

The traveller who has crossed the Mesopotamian deserts will probably be in no hurry to tear himself away from the charms, almost forgotten, of civilization, good-fellowship, and comfort—if he knows how to gain access to such pleasant quarters as those to which we have already referred. If the turmoil and bustle and variegated display of Oriental bazars have lost their charms for him ; if grim streets, mysterious archways, the graceful fantasies of Moorish architecture cannot tempt him forth into the heat and glare and dust and burden of the toilsome day, the balmy air of evening will probably bring him a soothing solace beneath the shady trees outside the walls, where the chairs of the open-air café are ranged by the still waters of the old canal. It is here that the mercantile community of Aleppo is wont to gather in the evenings and perfume the ambient air with ceaseless clouds from the bubbling tube. But Haleb is only another halting-place, pleasanter than most, and, until the blue waters of the Mediterranean are gained the journey is yet unaccomplished. The traveller may sell at Aleppo his horses and mules and desert equipment for what they will fetch. It is melancholy to part with the noble Arab mare, your faithful companion through years, it may be, of wanderings on her own native deserts. And the faithful fellows who have followed your footsteps and shared your toils, and lightened

for you the burden of travel, may take their reluctant farewell and depart with blessings and bakshish to their distant homes. A nondescript vehicle may be hired, and the driver undertakes to charioteer you within three days over the pass of the Pylæ Syriæ to Skanderoon.

It is yet early morning, and the minarets and orchards of Aleppo fade in the distance behind. The three hardy little ponies harnessed abreast with ropes and tags of leather get the rickety vehicle over the ground at a rate of about eight miles an hour. Three hours of a good road and the driver ceases to ply his whip, and pulls up at a tent which some enterprising Halebis have pitched on the green sward by way of a temporary café for the refreshment of such travellers as can afford to dispense a few piastres. Then follow three hours more of wide, sweeping valleys rising to easy declivities, broad, waving fields of yellow wheat falling under the sickle. And then comes the usual miserable khan, filthy, swarming with vermin, an eyesore on that lovely landscape by the banks of the river Afrin, the ancient Arceuthus, all aglow with rose-red oleanders. To the left, lower down the river, where it flows toward the Lake of Antioch, is a lofty tel, the site of ancient Gindarus—"fitting haunt of thieves," says Strabo. Next day the road sweeps down the limestone ridge which extends to the distant valley of the Upper Orontes, past the warm sulphur springs of Al Hammâm, where a speculative Jew has erected a roadside shanty and retails (among other things) bottled beer at half a crown a bottle. Who buys it in that drink-forsworn Moslem country ? We are soon down in the hollow of the low-lying Plain of Antioch, named by the Arabs, Al Amk, or "The Deep." Bounding the plain on the farther side rises the rocky chain of Mons Amanus, toward the foot of which we make our way, skirting the marshes on either hand. Artificial mounds rise up here and there out of the monotonous level. Somewhere in this plain the legions of Aurelian overthrew the army of a brave woman, Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, whose Arab general, Zabdas, was no match for the Pannonian soldier. The battle-field of Imma settled the fate of the distant city of the Desert and of its heroic Queen, and linked the names of Rome and Palmyra to this desolate waste of morass,

across which the traveller hastens, only anxious to be at the end of it, more impressed, perhaps, by its solitude and immensity than by the associations which recall a remote past. At the foot of the mountains is the village of Diarbekirli, where a khan offers slightly better accommodation than that of yesterday. The weary traveller will be fortunate if the noisy crowds of native traffickers and caravaners assembling with their beasts do not avail to rob him of his well-earned repose.

At sunrise the much-enduring ponies, with the lash behind them, make their best speed over the stretch of level that yet remains before entering the steep ascent over the pass, beyond which is the fever-stricken coast plain of Skanderoon. Then up through a narrow gorge, and we gain the cooler air and lovely scenery of the mountain slopes and upland valleys, thinly clad with the dark verdure of evergreen oaks and Aleppo pines. A driving mist, wet and chilly, is apt to descend upon these hills. What a change, where crag and peak loom obscure and vast through the rolling mountain mist, to the traveller fresh from the burning glow of the desert plains! Two hours from the start the summit of the pass is gained, 1,600 feet above the level of the blue sea beyond. Behind, far away to the left, the Lake of Antioch faintly glitters along the margin of the low-lying plain, named of the Arabs Bahr-ul-Abyadth, or the White Sea. The road to Antioch from Aleppo passes by the farther shore on the east, and comes down to the Orontes at the Iron Bridge famous in story. Antioch itself is hidden from view behind the slopes of Amanus, where they descend southward to the deep valley of the Orontes. Let him who in weariness and painfulness has passed the silent wastes of untrodden desert, marching through toilsome hours of lonely and fearsome night, languishing under the burden of the scorching day, his infrequent snatches of untimely rest rudely broken, his spirit growing to the sickly hue of the unrelieved, unmeasured desolation around him—let such a one not stay to ask why he should turn aside his footsteps hastening to their bourne of secure rest and release from toil, to look upon a deeper desolation than that of the desert, which wanton strife and misrule and the hand of man has brought to the

walls of Antioch. Doubtless the memory of Antiochidæ and Seleucidæ, the more hallowed relics of apostles and champions of the Christian faith, of Paul and Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, the mention of the name that is the glory of Christendom, and the story of Crusader and Saracen, will never cease to make Antioch of much interest to all men, to men of the Christian faith especially. But the wretched town of to-day, standing in the midst of its fertile and beautiful plain, will hardly tempt the traveller in sight of his journey's end. The rush of memory and of associations, sacred and profane, will remind him at many a future time that his feet have trodden its boundaries, and that his eyes have looked upon the land; although he passed unregretfully by its dreary heaps of ruins, nor stayed to pry and philosophize upon the grave of its long-buried glory.

So we pass on, and then, at last—Thalassa! Away down beneath our feet the blue Mediterranean rises up to meet the blue sky, and here the Orient ends; for wherever a good ship may ride imperious and imperial West claims the waters as her own. The road makes a rapid descent into the heart of the narrow ravine, where nestles the lovely village of Beytan, its terraced houses clinging to the steep sides of the rock, embowered among vines and fruit-trees. In this rocky gorge, some sixty years ago, Ibrahim Pasha inflicted his last crushing defeat upon the Turk which won Syria for Mohammed Ali. A lovely spot is this old Roman station of Pictanus. Yet how can we linger when the very ship lies down there at our feet, moored against the white wharves of Skanderoon, which is to give us rest after weariness, ease after toil! A good road, hewn in the slaty rock, winds steeply downward between gorge and precipice; and the driver, sure of his team, dashes at headlong speed down the steep. Skanderoon, low-lying on the shore at the foot of the encircling slopes of green, is plainly in view. The glorious bay sparkles and ripples with a deeper blue than ever shone in the azure skies. A little distance to the north of the town, where a spur of Amanus descends to the shore, leaving a rocky, narrow passage between mountain and sea, are the famous Gates of Cilicia, and in the widening plain

beyond is the battle-field of Issus. Arrian will tell us how Alexander passed the gates which opened to him the conquest of Asia.

It is yet morning when we clatter through the streets of Skanderoon. Let us hasten with all speed, in this steaming, fever-haunted sea-board town of the Turks, of no interest and small repute, to get done with the required formalities with vice-consul, and idle, beggarly, grasping Cus-

tom-house officials, and get on board the goodly steamer of the *Messageries Maritimes*, already flying her Blue Peter at the topmast head. Soon, steaming merrily across the bay, we may look back (perhaps not without regret) on the mountain path that brought safely to its end (God being good) a journey whose pleasant memories will revive and live when its toils and dangers are forgotten.—*Saturday Review*.

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### A CHILD'S FANCY.

BY MATHILDE BLIND.

"Hush, hush! Speak softly, Mother, dear,  
So that the daisies may not hear;  
For when the stars begin to peep  
The pretty daisies go to sleep.

"See, Mother, round us on the lawn,  
With soft, white lashes closely drawn,  
They've shut their eyes so golden gay,  
Which looked up through the long, long day.

"But now they're tired of all the fun,  
Of bees and birds, of wind and sun,  
Playing their game at hide and seek:  
Then very softly let us speak."

A myriad stars above the child,  
Looked from heaven and sweetly smiled;  
But not a star in all the skies  
Beamed on him with his Mother's eyes.

She stroked his curly chestnut head,  
And, whispering very softly, said:  
"I'd quite forgotten they might hear,  
Thank you for that reminder, dear."

—*Academy*.

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### MUTUAL AID AMONG ANIMALS.

BY PRINCE P. KRAPOTKIN.

#### I.

THE conception of struggle for existence as a factor of evolution, introduced into science by Darwin and Wallace, has permitted us to embrace an immensely wide range of phenomena in one single generalization, which soon became the very basis of our philosophical, biological, and socio-

logical speculations. All that immense variety of adaptations of function and structure of organic beings to their surroundings, of physiological and anatomical evolution, of intellectual progress, and moral development which we formerly used to explain by so many different causes, was embodied by Darwin in one general conception of continued endeavors—of

struggle against adverse circumstances—for such a development of individuals, races, species and societies, as would result in the greatest possible fulness, variety, and intensity of life. It may be that Darwin himself was not fully aware at the outset of the generality of the factor which he first invoked for explaining one series only of facts relative to the accumulation of individual variations in incipient species. But he foresaw that the term which he was introducing into science would lose its philosophical and its only true meaning if it were to be used in its narrow sense only—that of a struggle between separate individuals for the sheer means of existence. And at the very beginning of his memorable work he insisted upon the term being taken in its “large and metaphorical sense including dependence of one being on another, and including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual, but success in leaving progeny.”\*

While he himself was chiefly using the term in its narrow sense for his own special purpose, he warned his followers against committing the error (which he seems once to have committed himself) of overrating its narrow meaning. In the *Descent of Man* he gave some powerful pages to illustrate its proper, wide sense. He pointed out how, in numberless animal societies, the struggle between separate individuals for the means of existence disappears, how *struggle* is replaced by *co-operation*, and how that substitution results in the development of intellectual and moral faculties which secure to the species the best conditions for survival. He intimated that in such cases the fittest are not the physically strongest, nor the cunningest, but those who learn to combine so as mutually to support each other, strong and weak alike, for the welfare of the community. “Those communities,” he wrote, “which included the greatest number of the most sympathetic members would flourish best, and rear the greatest number of offspring” (2nd edit., p. 163). The term, which originated from the narrow Malthusian conception of competition between each and all, thus lost its narrowness in the mind of one who knew nature.

Unhappily, these remarks, which might have become the basis of most fruitful re-

searches, were overshadowed by the masses of facts gathered for the purpose of illustrating the consequences of a real competition for life. Besides, Darwin never attempted to submit to a closer investigation the relative importance of the two aspects under which the struggle for existence appears in the animal world, and he never wrote the work he proposed to write upon the natural checks to over-multiplication, although that work would have been the crucial test for appreciating the real purport of individual struggle. Nay, on the very pages just mentioned, amid data disproving the narrow Malthusian conception of struggle, the old Malthusian leaven reappeared—namely, in Darwin’s remarks as to the alleged inconveniences of maintaining the “weak in mind and body” in our civilized societies (ch. v.). As if thousands of weak-bodied and infirm poets, scientists, inventors, and reformers, together with other thousands of so-called “fools” and “weak-minded enthusiasts,” were not the most precious weapons used by humanity in its struggle for existence by intellectual and moral arms, which Darwin himself emphasized in those same chapters of the *Descent of Man*.

It happened with Darwin’s theory as it always happens with theories having any bearing upon human relations. Instead of widening it according to his own hints, his followers narrowed it still more. And while Herbert Spencer, starting on independent but closely allied lines, attempted to widen the inquiry into that great question, “Who are the fittest?” especially in the appendix to the third edition of the *Data of Ethics*, the numberless followers of Darwin reduced the notion of struggle for existence to its narrowest limits. They came to conceive the animal world as a world of perpetual struggle among half-starved individuals, thirsting for one another’s blood. They made modern literature resound with the wailing of *woe to the vanquished*, as if it were the last word of modern biology. They raised the “pitiless” struggle for personal advantages to the height of a biological principle which man must submit to as well, under the menace of otherwise succumbing in a world based upon mutual extermination. Leaving aside the economists who know of natural science but a few words borrowed from second-hand vulgarizers, we must recognize that even

\* *Origin of Species*, chap. iii.

the most authorized exponents of Darwin's views did their best to maintain those false ideas. In fact, if we take Mr. Huxley, who certainly is considered as one of the ablest exponents of the theory of evolution, are we not taught by him, in a paper on the "Struggle for Existence and its Bearing upon Man," that,

from the point of view of the moralist, the animal world is on about the same level as a gladiators' show. The creatures are fairly well treated, and set to fight; whereby the strongest, the swiftest, and the cunningest live to fight another day. The spectator has no need to turn his thumb down, as no quarter is given.

Or, further down in the same article, does he not tell us that, as among animals, so among primitive men,

the weakest and stupidest went to the wall, while the toughest and shrewdest, those who were best fitted to cope with their circumstances, but not the best in another way, survived. Life was a continuous free fight, and beyond the limited and temporary relations of the family, the Hobbesian war of each against all was the normal state of existence.\*

In how far this view of nature is supported by fact, will be seen from the evidence which will be here submitted to the reader as regards the animal world and, on another occasion, as regards primitive man. But it may be remarked at once that Mr. Huxley's view of nature has as little claim to be taken as a scientific deduction as the opposite view of Rousseau, who saw in nature but love, peace, and harmony destroyed by the accession of man. In fact, the first walk in the forest, the first observation upon any animal society, or even the perusal of any serious work dealing with animal life (D'Orbigny's, Audubon's, Le Vaillant's, no matter which), cannot but set the naturalist thinking about the part taken by social life in the life of animals, and prevent him from seeing in nature nothing but a field of slaughter, just as this would prevent him from seeing in nature nothing but harmony and peace. Rousseau has committed the error of excluding the beak-and-claw fight from his thoughts; and Mr. Huxley is committing the opposite error; but neither Rousseau's optimism nor Mr. Huxley's pessimism can be accepted as an impartial interpretation of nature.

As soon as we study animals—not in

laboratories and museums only, but in the forest and the prairie, in the steppe and the mountains—we at once perceive that though there is an immense amount of warfare and extermination going on amid various species, and especially amid various classes of animals, there is, at the same time, as much, or perhaps even more, of mutual support, mutual aid, and mutual defence amid animals belonging to the same species or, at least, to the same society. Sociability is as much a law of nature as mutual struggle. Of course it would be extremely difficult to estimate, however roughly, the relative numerical importance of both these series of facts. But if we resort to an indirect test, and ask Nature "Who are the fittest: those who are continually at war with each other, or those who support one another?" we at once see that those animals which acquire habits of mutual aid are undoubtedly the fittest. They have more chances to survive, and they attain, in their respective classes, the highest development of intelligence and bodily organization. If the numberless facts which can be brought forward to support this view are taken into account, we may safely say that mutual aid is as much a law of animal life as mutual struggle, but that, as a factor of evolution, it most probably has a far greater importance, inasmuch as it favors the development of such habits and characters as insure the maintenance and further development of the species, together with the greatest amount of welfare and enjoyment of life for the individual, with the least waste of energy.

Of the scientific followers of Darwin, the first, as far as I know, who understood the full purport of Mutual Aid as a law of Nature and the chief factor of evolution, was a well-known Russian zoologist, the late Dean of the St. Petersburg University, Professor Kessler. He developed his ideas in an address which he delivered in January, 1880, a few months before his death, at a meeting of Russian naturalists; but, like so many good things published in the Russian tongue only, that remarkable address remains almost entirely unknown.\*

\* Leaving aside the pre-Darwinian writers, like Toussenel, Fée, and many others, several works containing many striking instances of mutual aid—chiefly, however, illustrating animal intelligence—were issued previously to

\* *Nineteenth Century*, Feb., 1888, p. 165.



"As a zoologist of old standing," he felt bound to protest against the abuse of a term—the struggle for existence—borrowed from zoology, or, at least, against overrating its importance. Zoology, he said, and those sciences which deal with man, continually insist upon what they call the pitiless law of struggle for existence. But they forget the existence of another law which may be described as the law of mutual aid, which law, at least for the animals, is far more essential than the former. He pointed out how the need of leaving progeny necessarily brings animals together, and, "the more the individuals keep together, the more they mutually support each other, and the more are the chances of the species for surviving, as well as for making further progress in its intellectual development." "All classes of animals," he continued, "and especially the higher ones, practise mutual aid," and he illustrated his idea by examples borrowed from the life of the burying beetles and the social life of birds and some mammalia. The examples were few, as might have been expected in a short opening address, but the chief points were clearly stated; and, after pointing out that in the evolution of mankind mutual aid played a still more prominent part, Professor Kessler concluded as follows:—

that date. I may mention those of Houzeau, *Les facultés mentales des animaux*, 2 vols., Brussels, 1872; L. Büchner's *Aus dem Geistesleben der Thiere*, 2nd ed. in 1877; and Maximilian Perty's *Ueber das Seelenleben der Thiere*, Leipzig, 1876. Espinas published his most remarkable work, *Les Sociétés animales*, in 1877, and in that work he pointed out the importance of animal societies, and their bearing upon the preservation of species, and entered upon a most valuable discussion of the origin of societies. In fact, Espinas's book contains all that has been written since upon mutual aid, and many good things besides. If I nevertheless make a special mention of Kessler's address, it is because Kessler was a zoologist by profession, and especially because he raised mutual aid to the height of a law much more important in evolution than the law of mutual struggle. The same ideas were developed next year (in April, 1881), by J. Lanessan in a lecture published in 1882 under this title: *La lutte pour l'existence et l'association pour la lutte*. G. Romanes's capital work, *Animal Intelligence*, was issued in 1882, and followed next year by the *Mental Evolution in Animals*. About the same time, Büchner published another work, *Liebe und Liebes-Leben in der Thierwelt*, a second edition of which was issued in 1885. The idea, as seen, is in the air.

I obviously do not deny the struggle for existence, but I maintain that the progressive development of the animal kingdom, and especially of mankind, is favored much more by mutual support than by mutual struggle. . . . All organic beings have two essential needs: that of nutrition, and that of propagating the species. The former brings them to a struggle and to mutual extermination, while the needs of maintaining the species bring them to approach one another and to support one another. But I am inclined to think that in the evolution of the organic world—in the progressive modification of organic beings—mutual support among individuals plays a much more important part than their mutual struggle.\*

The correctness of the above views struck most of the Russian zoologists present, and Syevertoff, whose work is well known to ornithologists and geographers, supported them and illustrated them by a few more examples. He mentioned some of the species of falcons which have "an almost ideal organization for robbery," and nevertheless are in decay, while other species practising mutual help do thrive. "Take on the other side a sociable bird, the duck," he said; "it is poorly organized on the whole, but it practises mutual support, and it almost invades the earth, as may be judged from its numberless varieties and species."

The readiness of the Russian zoologists to accept Kessler's views seems quite natural, because nearly all of them have had opportunities of studying the animal world in the wide uninhabited regions of Northern Asia and East Russia; and it is impossible to study like regions without being brought to the same ideas. I recollect myself the impression produced upon me by the animal world of Siberia when I explored the Vitim regions in the company of so accomplished a zoologist as my friend Polyakoff was. We both were under the fresh impression of the *Origin of Species*, but we vainly looked for the keen competition between animals of the same species which the reading of Darwin's work had prepared us to expect, even after taking into account the remarks of the third chapter (p. 54 of the small edition). We saw plenty of adaptations for struggling, very often in common, against the adverse circumstances of climate, or against various enemies, and Polyakoff wrote many a good page upon the

\* *Memoirs (Trudy) of the St. Petersburg Society of Naturalists*, vol. xi., 1880.

mutual dependency of carnivores, ruminants, and rodents in their geographical distribution; we witnessed numbers of facts of mutual support, especially during the migrations of birds and ruminants; but even in the Amur and Usuri regions, where animal life swarms in abundance, facts of real competition and struggle between higher animals of the same species came very seldom under our notice, though we eagerly searched for them. The same impression appears in the works of most Russian zoologists, and it probably explains why Kessler's ideas were so welcomed by the Russian Darwinists, while like ideas are not in vogue amid the followers of Darwin in Western Europe.

The first thing which strikes us as soon as we begin studying the struggle for existence under both its aspects—direct and metaphorical—is the abundance of facts of mutual aid, not only for rearing progeny, as recognized by most evolutionists, but also for the safety of the individual and for providing it with the necessary food. With many large divisions of the animal kingdom mutual aid is the rule. Mutual aid is met with even amid the lowest animals, and we must be prepared to learn some day, from the students of microscopical pond-life, most wonderful facts of mutual aid, even from the life of micro-organisms. Of course, our knowledge of the life of the invertebrates, save the termites, the ants, and the bees, is extremely limited; and yet, even as regards the lower animals, we may glean a few facts of well-ascertained co-operation. The numberless associations of locusts, vanessæ, cicindelæ, cicadæ, and so on, are practically quite unknown; but the very fact of their existence indicates that they must be composed on about the same principles as the temporary associations of ants or bees for purposes of migration. As to the beetles, we have quite well observed facts of mutual help amid the burying beetles (*Necrophorus*). They must have some decaying organic matter to lay their eggs in, and thus to provide their larvæ with food; but that matter must not decay very rapidly. So they are wont to bury in the ground the corpses of all kinds of small animals which they occasionally find in their rambles. As a rule, they live an isolated life, but when one of them has discovered the corpse of a mouse or of a bird, which it hardly could manage to

bury itself, it calls four, six, or ten other beetles to perform the operation with united efforts; if necessary, they transport the corpse to a suitable soft ground; and they bury it in a very considerate way, without quarrelling as to which of them will enjoy the privilege of laying its eggs in the buried corpse. And when Gleditsch attached a dead bird to a cross made out of two sticks, or suspended a toad to a stick planted in the soil, the little beetles would in the same friendly way combine their intelligences to overcome the artifice of Man. The same combination of efforts has been noticed among the dung-beetles.

Even among animals standing at a somewhat lower stage of organization we may find like examples. Some land-crabs of the West Indies and North America combine in large swarms in order to travel to the sea and to deposit therein their spawn; and each such migration implies concert, co-operation, and mutual support. As to the big Molucca crab (*Limulus*), I was struck (in 1882, at the Brighton Aquarium) with the extent of mutual assistance which these clumsy animals are capable of bestowing upon a comrade in case of need. One of them had fallen upon its back in a corner of the tank, and its heavy saucepan-like carapace prevented it from returning to its natural position, the more so as there was in the corner an iron bar which rendered the task still more difficult. Its comrades came to the rescue, and for one hour's time I watched how they endeavored to help their fellow-prisoner. They came two at once, pushed their friend from beneath, and after strenuous efforts succeeded in lifting it upright; but then the iron bar would prevent them from achieving the work of rescue, and the crab would again heavily fall upon its back. After many attempts, one of the helpers would go in the depth of the tank and bring two other crabs, which would begin with fresh forces the same pushing and lifting of their helpless comrade. We stayed in the Aquarium for more than two hours, and, when leaving, we again came to cast a glance upon the tank: the work of rescue still continued! Since I saw that, I cannot refuse credit to the observation quoted by Dr. Erasmus Darwin—namely, that “the common crab during the moulting season stations as sentinel an unmoulted

or hard-shelled individual to prevent marine enemies from injuring moulted individuals in their unprotected state.”\*

Facts illustrating mutual aid amid the termites, the ants, and the bees are so well known to the general reader, especially through the works of Mr. Romanes, L. Büchner, and Sir John Lubbock, that I may limit my remarks to a very few hints.† If we take an ants' nest we not only see that every description of work—rearing of progeny, foraging, building, rearing of aphides, and so on—is performed according to the principles of voluntary mutual aid; we must also recognize, with Forel, that the chief, the fundamental feature of the life of many species of ants is the fact and the obligation for every ant of sharing its food, already swallowed and partly digested, with every member of the community which may apply for it. Two ants belonging to two different species or to two hostile nests, when they occasionally meet together, will avoid each other. But two ants belonging to the same nest or to the same colony of nests will approach each other, exchange a few movements with the antennæ, and “if one of them is hungry or thirsty, and especially if the other has its crop full . . . it immediately asks for food.” The individual thus requested never refuses; it sets apart its mandibles, takes a proper position, and regurgitates a drop of transparent fluid which is licked up by the hungry ant. Regurgitating food for other ants is so prominent a feature in the life of ants (at liberty), and it so constantly recurs both for feeding hungry comrades and for feeding larvæ, that Forel considers the digestive tube of the ants as consisting of two different parts, one of which, the posterior, is for the special use of the individual, and the other, the anterior part, is chiefly for the use of the community. If an ant which has its crop

full has been selfish enough to refuse feeding a comrade, it will be treated as an enemy, or even worse. If the refusal has been made while its kinsfolk were fighting with some other species, they will fall back upon the greedy individual with greater vehemence than even upon the enemies themselves. And if an ant has not refused to feed another ant belonging to an enemy species, it will be treated by the kinsfolk of the latter as a friend. All this is confirmed by most accurate observation and decisive experiments.\*

In that immense division of the animal kingdom which embodies more than one thousand species, and is so numerous that the Brazilians pretend that Brazil belongs to the ants, not to men, competition amid the members of the same nest, or the colony of nests, does not exist. However terrible the wars between different species, and whatever the atrocities committed at war-time, mutual aid within the community, self-devotion grown into a habit, and very often self-sacrifice for the common welfare, are the rule. The ants and termites have renounced the “Hobbesian war,” and they are the better for it. Their wonderful nests, their buildings, superior in relative size to those of man; their paved roads and overground vaulted galleries; their spacious halls and granaries; their corn-fields, harvesting and “malting” of grain;† their rational methods of nursing their eggs and larvæ, and of rearing the aphides whom Linnæus so picturesquely described as “the cows of the ants;” and, finally, their courage, pluck, and superior intelligence—all these are the natural outcome of the mutual aid which they practise at every stage of their busy and laborious lives. That mode of life also necessarily resulted in the development of another essential feature of the life of ants: the immense development of individual initiative which, in its turn, evidently led to the development of that high and varied intelligence which cannot but strike the human observer.‡

\* George J. Romanes's *Animal Intelligence*, 1st ed., p. 233.

† Forel's *Recherches sur les fourmis de la Suisse*, Zurich, 1874, and J. T. Moggridge's *Harvesting Ants and Trapdoor Spiders*, London, 1873 and 1874, adapted for youth, ought to be in the hands of every boy and girl. See also: Blanchard's *Métamorphoses des Insectes*, Paris, 1868; J. H. Fabre's *Souvenirs entomologiques*, Paris, 1886; Ebrard's *Études des mœurs des fourmis*, Genève, 1864; Pierre Huber's *Les fourmis indignées*, Genève, 1810; Sir John Lubbock's *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, and so on.

\* Forel's *Recherches*, pp. 244, 275, 278.

† The agriculture of the ants is so wonderful that for a long time it has been doubted. The fact is now so well proved by Mr. Moggridge, Dr. Lincecum, Mr. MacCook, Col. Sykes, and Dr. Jerdon, that no doubt is possible. See an excellent summary of evidence in Mr. Romanes's work.

‡ This second principle was not recognized at once. Former observers often spoke of

If we knew no other facts from animal life than what we know about the ants and the termites, we already might safely conclude that mutual aid (which leads to mutual confidence, the first condition for courage) and individual initiative (the first condition for intellectual progress) are two factors infinitely more important than mutual struggle in the evolution of the animal kingdom. In fact, the ant thrives without having any of the "protective" features which cannot be dispensed with by animals living an isolated life. Its color renders it conspicuous to its enemies, and the lofty nests of many species are conspicuous in the meadows and forests. It is not protected by a hard carapace, and its stinging apparatus, however dangerous when hundreds of stings are plunged into the flesh of an animal, is not of a great value for individual defence; while the eggs and larvæ of the ants are a dainty for a great number of the inhabitants of the forests. And yet the ants, in their thousands, are not much destroyed by the birds, not even by the ant-eaters, and they are dreaded by most stronger insects. When Forel emptied a bagful of ants in a meadow, he saw that "the crickets ran away, abandoning their holes to be sacked by the ants; the grasshoppers and the crickets fled in all directions; the spiders and the beetles abandoned their prey in order not to become prey themselves;" even the nests of the wasps were taken by the ants, after a battle during which many ants perished for the safety of the commonwealth. Even the swiftest insects cannot escape, and Forel often saw butterflies, gnats, flies, and so on, surprised and killed by the ants. Their force is in mutual support and mutual confidence. And if the ant—apart from the still higher developed termites—stands at the very top of the whole class of insects for its intellectual capacities; if its courage is only

kings, queens, managers, and so on; but since Forel has published his minute observations, no doubt is possible as to the free scope left for every individual's initiative in whatever the ants do. As to the "war-studies" of Forel which so well illustrate the part played by the initiative of separate individuals and small groups, one would be inclined to suppose that the Swiss Professor wrote them under the influence of Tolstoi's works, if his epoch-making researches had not been published as early as 1874, when Tolstoi was quite unknown in Europe.

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equalled by the most courageous vertebrates; and if its brain—to use Darwin's words—"is one of the most marvellous atoms of matter in the world, perhaps more so than the brain of man," is it not due to the fact that mutual aid has entirely taken the place of mutual struggle in the communities of ants?

The same is true as regards the bees. These small insects, which so easily might become the prey of so many birds, and whose honey has so many admirers in all classes of animals from the beetle to the bear, also have none of the protective features derived from mimicry or otherwise, without which an isolatedly living insect hardly could escape wholesale destruction; and yet, owing to the mutual aid they practise, they obtain the wide extension which we know and the intelligence we admire. By working in common they multiply their individual forces; by resorting to a temporary division of labor combined with the capacity of each bee to perform every kind of work when required, they achieve such a degree of well-being and safety as no isolated animal can ever expect to achieve, however strong or well-armed it may be. Their combinations achieve what man often fails to achieve if he neglects to take advantage of a well-planned mutual assistance. Thus, when a new swarm of bees is going to leave the hive in search of a new abode, a number of bees will make a preliminary exploration of the neighborhood, and if they discover an appropriate dwelling-place—say, an old basket, or anything of the kind—they will take possession of it, clean it, and guard it, sometimes for a whole week, till the swarm comes to settle therein. But how many human settlers will perish in new countries simply for not having understood the necessity of combining their efforts! By combining their individual intelligences they succeed in coping with adverse circumstances, even quite unforeseen and unusual, like those bees of the Paris Exhibition which fastened with their resinous propolis the shutter to a glass-plate fitted in the wall of their hive. Besides, they display none of the sanguinary proclivities and love of useless fighting with which many writers so readily endow animals. The sentries which guard the entrance to the hive pitilessly put to death the robbing bees which attempt entering

the hive ; but those stranger bees which come to the hive by mistake are left unmolested, especially if they come laden with pollen, or are young individuals which can easily go astray. There is no more warfare than is strictly required.

The sociability of the bees is the more instructive as predatory instincts and laziness continue to exist among the bees as well, and reappear each time that their growth is favored by some circumstances. It is well known that there are always a number of bees which prefer a life of robbery to the laborious life of a worker ; and that both periods of scarcity and periods of an unusually rich supply of food lead to an increase of the robbing class. When our crops are in and there remains but little to gather in our meadows and fields, robbing bees become of more frequent occurrence ; while on the other side, about the sugar plantations of the West Indies and the sugar refineries of Europe, robbery, laziness, and very often drunkenness become quite usual with the bees. We thus see that anti-social instincts continue to exist amid the bees as well ; but natural selection continually must eliminate them, because in the long run the practice of solidarity proves much more advantageous to the species than the development of individuals endowed with predatory inclinations. The cunningest and the shrewdest are eliminated in favor of those who understand the advantages of sociable life and mutual support.

Certainly, neither the ants, nor the bees, nor even the termites, have risen to the conception of a higher solidarity embodying the whole of the species. In that respect they evidently have not attained a degree of development which we do not find even among our political, scientific, and religious leaders. Their social instincts hardly extend beyond the limits of the hive or the nest. However, colonies of no less than two hundred nests, belonging to two different species (*Formica exsecta* and *F. pressilabris*) have been described by Forel on Mount Tendre and Mount Salève ; and Forel maintains that each member of these colonies recognizes every other member of the colony, and that they all take part in common defence ; while in Pennsylvania Mr. MacCook saw a whole nation of from 1,600 to 1,700 nests of the mound-making ant, all living in perfect intelligence ; and Mr.

Bates has described the hillocks of the termites covering large surfaces in the "campos"—some of the nests being the refuge of two or three different species, and most of them being connected by narrow vaulted galleries or arcades.\* Some steps toward the amalgamation of larger divisions of the species for purposes of mutual protection are thus met with even among the invertebrate animals.

Going now over to higher animals, we find far more instances of undoubtedly conscious mutual help for all possible purposes, though we must recognize at once that our knowledge even of the life of higher animals still remains very imperfect. A large number of facts have been accumulated by first-rate observers, but there are whole divisions of the animal kingdom of which we know almost nothing. Trustworthy information as regards fishes is extremely scarce, partly owing to the difficulties of observation, and partly because no proper attention has yet been paid to the subject. As to the mammalia, Kessler already remarked how little we know about their manners of life. Many of them are nocturnal in their habits ; others conceal themselves underground ; and those ruminants whose social life and migrations offer the greatest interest do not let man approach their herds. It is chiefly upon birds that we have the widest range of information, and yet the social life of very many species remains but imperfectly known. Still we need not complain about the lack of well-ascertained facts, as will be seen from the following.

I need not dwell upon the associations of male and female for rearing their offspring, for providing it with food during their first steps in life, or for hunting in common ; though it may be mentioned by the way that such associations are the rule even with the least sociable carnivores and rapacious birds ; and that they derive a special interest from being the field upon which tenderer feelings develop even amid otherwise most cruel animals. It may also be added that the rarity of associations larger than that of the family among the carnivores and the birds of prey, though mostly being the result of their very modes of feeding, can also be explained to some extent as a consequence

\* H. W. Bates, *The Naturalist on the River Amazons*, ii. 59, sq.

of the change produced in the animal world by the rapid increase of mankind. At any rate it is worthy of note that there are species living a quite isolated life in densely inhabited regions, while the same species, or their nearest congeners, are gregarious in uninhabited countries. Wolves, foxes, and several birds of prey may be quoted as instances in point.

However, associations which do not extend beyond the family bonds are of relatively small importance in our case, the more so as we know numbers of associations for more general purposes, such as hunting, mutual protection, and even simple enjoyment of life. Audubon already mentioned that eagles occasionally associate for hunting, and his description of the two bald eagles, male and female, hunting on the Mississippi, is well known for its graphic powers. But one of the most conclusive observations of the kind belongs to Syevertsoff. While studying the fauna of the Russian Steppes, he once saw an eagle belonging to an altogether gregarious species (the white-tailed eagle, *Haliaetus albicilla*) rising high in the air; for half an hour it was describing its wide circles in silence when at once its piercing voice was heard. Its cry was soon answered by another eagle which approached it, and was followed by a third, a fourth, and so on, till nine or ten eagles came together and soon disappeared. In the afternoon, Syevertsoff went to the place whereto he saw the eagles flying; concealed by one of the undulations of the Steppe, he approached them, and discovered that they had gathered around the corpse of a horse. The old ones, which, as a rule, begin the meal first—such are their rules of propriety—already were sitting upon the haystacks of the neighborhood and kept watch, while the younger ones were continuing the meal, surrounded by bands of crows. From this and like observations, Syevertsoff concluded that the white-tailed eagles combine for hunting; when they all have risen to a great height they are enabled, if they are ten, to survey an area of at least twenty-five miles square; and as soon as any one has discovered something, he warns the others.\* Of course, it might be argued that a simple instinctive cry of the first

eagle, or even its movements, would have had the same effect of bringing several eagles to the prey; but in this case there is strong evidence in favor of mutual warning, because the ten eagles came together before descending toward the prey, and Syevertsoff had later on several opportunities of ascertaining that the white-tailed eagles always assemble for devouring a corpse, and that some of them (the younger ones first) always keep watch while the others are eating. In fact, the white-tailed eagle—one of the bravest and best hunters—is a gregarious bird altogether, and Brehm says that when kept in captivity it very soon contracts an attachment to its keepers.

Sociability is a common feature with very many other birds of prey. The Brazilian kite, one of the most "impudent" robbers, is nevertheless a most sociable bird. Its hunting associations have been described by Darwin and other naturalists, and it is a fact that when it has seized upon a prey which is too big, it calls together five or six friends to carry it away. After a busy day, when these kites retire for their night-rest to a tree or to the bushes, they always gather in bands, sometimes coming together from distances of ten or more miles, and they often are joined by several other vultures, especially the percnopters, "their true friends," D'Orbigny says. The sociable vulture, one of the strongest vultures, has received its very name from its love of society. They live in numerous bands, and decidedly enjoy society; numbers of them join in their high flights for sport. "They live in very good friendship," Le Vaillant says, "and in the same cave I sometimes found as many as three nests close together.\* The little Egyptian vultures live in close friendship. They play together in the air, they go together to spend the night, and in the morning they all go together to search for their food, and never does the slightest quarrel arise among them; such is the testimony of Brehm, who had plenty of opportunities of observing their life. The red-throated falcon is also met with in numerous bands in the forests of Brazil, and the kestrel (*Tinnunculus cenchris*), when it has left Europe, and has reached in the

\* N. Syevertsoff, *Periodical Phenomena in the Life of Mammalia, Birds, and Reptiles of Voronje, Moscow, 1865* (in Russian).

\* A. Brehm, *Life of Animals*, iii. 477; all quotations after the French edition.

winter the prairies and forests of Asia, gathers in numerous societies. In the Steppes of South Russia it is (or rather was) so sociable that Nordmann saw them in numerous bands, with other falcons (*Falco tinnunculus*, *F. æsulon*, and *F. subbuteo*), coming together every fine afternoon about four o'clock, and enjoying their sports till late in the night. They set off flying, all at once, in a quite straight line, toward some determined point, and, having reached it, immediately returned over the same line, to repeat the same flight.\*

It would be impossible simply to enumerate here the various hunting associations of birds; but the fishing associations of the pelicans are certainly worthy of notice for the remarkable order and intelligence displayed by these clumsy birds. They always go fishing in numerous bands, and after having chosen an appropriate bay, they form a wide half-circle in face of the shore, and narrow it by paddling toward the shore, catching all fish that happen to be enclosed in the circle. On narrow rivers and canals they even divide into two parties, each of which draws up on a half-circle, and both paddle to meet each other, just as if two parties of men dragging two long nets should advance to capture all fish taken between the nets when both parties come to meet. As the night comes they fly to their resting-places—always the same for each flock—and no one has ever seen them fighting for the possession of either the bay or the resting-place. In South America they gather in flocks of from forty to fifty thousand individuals, part of which enjoy sleep while the others keep watch, and others again go fishing.† And finally I should be doing an injustice to the much calumniated house-sparrows if I did not mention how faithfully each of them shares any food it discovers with all members of the society to which it belongs. The fact was known to the Greeks, and it has been transmitted to posterity how a Greek orator once exclaimed (I quote from memory):—"While I am speaking to you a sparrow has come to tell to other sparrows that a slave has dropped on the floor

a sack of corn, and they all go there to feed upon the grain." The more, one is pleased to find that observation of old confirmed in a recent little book by Mr. Gurney, who does not doubt that the house-sparrows always inform each other as to where there is some food to steal; he says, "When a stack has been thrashed ever so far from the yard, the sparrows in the yard have always had their crops full of the grain."\* True, the sparrows are extremely particular in keeping their domains free from the invasions of strangers; thus the sparrows of the Jardin du Luxembourg bitterly fight all other sparrows which may attempt to enjoy their turn of the garden and its visitors; but within their own communities they fully practise mutual support, though occasionally there will be of course some quarrelling even among the best friends.

Hunting and feeding in common is so much the habit in the feathered world that more quotations hardly would be needful: it must be considered as an established fact. As to the force derived from such associations, it is self evident. The strongest birds of prey are powerless in face of the associations of our smallest bird pets. Even eagles—even the powerful and terrible booted eagle, and the martial eagle, which is strong enough to carry away a hare or a young antelope in its claws—are compelled to abandon their prey to bands of those beggars the kites, which give the eagle a regular chase as soon as they see it in possession of a good prey. The kites will also give chase to the swiftly fishing hawk, and rob it of the fish it has captured; but no one ever saw the kites fighting together for the possession of the prey so stolen. On the Kerguelen Island, Dr. Couës saw the *Buphagus*—the sea-hen of the sealers—pursue gulls to make them disgorge their food, while, on the other side, the gulls and the terns combined to drive away the sea-hen as soon as it came near to their abodes, especially at nesting time.† The little, but extremely swift lapwings (*Vanellus cristatus*) boldly attack the birds of prey. "To see them attacking a buzzard, a kite, a crow, or an eagle, is one of the

\* *Catalogue raisonné des oiseaux de la faune pontique*, in *Démidoff's Voyage*; abstracts in Brehm, iii. 360.

† Max. Perty, *Ueber das Seelenleben der Thiere* (Leipzig, 1876), pp. 87, 103.

\* G. H. Gurney, *The House-Sparrow* (London, 1885), p. 5.

† Dr. Elliot Couës, *Birds of the Kerguelen Island*, in *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections*, vol. xiii., No. 2, p. 11.

most amusing spectacles. One feels that they are sure of victory, and one sees the anger of the bird of prey. In such circumstances they perfectly support one another, and their courage grows with their numbers."\* The lapwing has well merited the name of a "good mother" which the Greeks gave to it, for it never fails to protect other aquatic birds from the attacks of their enemies. But even the little white wagtails (*Motacilla alba*), whom we well know in our gardens and whose whole length hardly attains eight inches, compel the sparrow-hawk to abandon its hunt. "I often admired their courage and agility," the old Brehm, now grandfather, wrote, "and I am persuaded that the falcon alone is capable of capturing any of them. . . . When a band of wagtails has compelled a bird of prey to retreat, they make the air resound with their triumphant cries, and after that they separate." They thus come together for the special purpose of giving chase to their enemy, just as we see it when the whole bird-population of a forest has been raised by the news that a nocturnal bird has made its appearance during the day, and all together—birds of prey and small inoffensive singers—set to chase the stranger and make it return to its concealment.

What an immense difference between the force of a kite, a buzzard or a hawk, and such small birds as the meadow wagtail; and yet these little birds, by their common action and courage, prove superior to the powerfully winged and armed robbers! In Europe, the wagtails not only chase the birds of prey which might be dangerous to them, but they chase also the fishing hawk "rather for fun than for doing it any harm;" while in India, according to Dr. Jerdon's testimony, the jackdaws chase the gowinda-kite "for simple matter of amusement." As to the Brazilian eagle *urubitinga*, Prince Wied saw it surrounded by numberless flocks of toucans and cassiques (a bird nearly akin to our rook), which mocked it. "The eagle usually supports these insults very quietly, but from time to time it will catch one of these mockers." In all such cases the little birds, though very much inferior in force to the bird of prey, prove superior to it by their common action.

However, the most striking effects of

common life for the security of the individual, for its enjoyment of life, and for the development of its intellectual capacities, are seen in two great families of birds, the cranes and the parrots. The cranes are extremely sociable and live in most excellent relations, not only with their congeners, but also with most aquatic birds. Their prudence is really astonishing, so also their intelligence; they grasp the new conditions in a moment, and act accordingly. Their sentries always keep watch around a flock which is feeding or resting, and the hunters know well how difficult it is to approach them. If man has succeeded in surprising them, they will never return to the same place without having sent out one single scout first, and a party of scouts afterward; and when the reconnoitring party returns and reports that there is no danger, a second group of scouts is sent out to verify the first report, before the whole band moves. With kindred species the cranes contract real friendship; and in captivity there is no bird, save the also sociable and highly intelligent parrot, which enters into such real friendship with man. "It sees in man, not a master, but a friend, and endeavors to manifest it," Brehm concludes from a wide personal experience. The crane is in continual activity from early in the morning till late in the night; but it gives a few hours only in the morning to the task of searching its food, chiefly vegetable. All the remainder of the day is given to society life. "It picks up small pieces of wood or small stones, throws them in the air and tries to catch them; it bends its neck, opens its wings, dances, jumps, runs about, and tries to manifest by all means its good disposition of mind, and always it remains graceful and beautiful."\* As it lives in society it has almost no enemies, and though Brehm occasionally saw one of them captured by a crocodile, he wrote that except the crocodile he knew no enemies of the crane. It eschews all of them by its proverbial prudence; and it attains, as a rule, a very old age. No wonder that for the maintenance of the species the crane need not rear a numerous offspring; it usually hatches but two eggs. As to its superior intelligence, it is sufficient to say that all observers are unanimous in recognizing that its intellec-

\* Brehm, iv. 567.

\* Brehm, iv. 671, seq.



tual capacities remind one very much of those of Man.

The other extremely sociable bird, the parrot, stands, as known, at the very top of the whole feathered world for the development of its intelligence. Brehm has so admirably summed up the manners of life of the parrot, that I cannot do better than translate the following sentence :—

Except in the pairing season, they live in very numerous societies or bands. They choose a place in the forest to stay there, and thence they start every morning for their hunting expeditions. The members of each band remain faithfully attached to each other, and they share in common good or bad luck. All together they repair in the morning to a field, or to a garden, or to a tree, to feed upon fruits. They post sentries to keep watch over the safety of the whole band, and are attentive to their warnings. In case of danger, all take to flight, mutually supporting each other, and all simultaneously return to their resting-place. In a word, they always live closely united.

They enjoy society of other birds as well. In India, the jays and crows come together from many miles round, to spend the night in company with the parrots in the bamboo thickets. When the parrots start hunting, they display the most wonderful intelligence, prudence, and capacity of coping with circumstances. Take, for instance, a band of white cacadoos in Australia. Before starting to plunder a corn-field, they first send out a reconnoitring party which occupies the highest trees in the vicinity of the field, while other scouts perch upon the intermediate trees between the field and the forest and transmit the signals. If the report runs "All right," a score of cacadoos will separate from the bulk of the band, take a flight in the air, and then fly toward the trees nearest to the field. They also will scrutinize the neighborhood for a long while, and only then will they give the signal for general advance, after which the whole band starts at once and plunders the field in no time. The Australian settlers have the greatest difficulties in beguiling the prudence of the parrots; but if man, with all his art and weapons, has succeeded in killing some of them, the cacadoos become so prudent and watchful that they henceforward baffle all stratagems.\*

There can be no doubt that it is the

practice of life in society which enables the parrots to attain that very high level of almost human intelligence and almost human feelings which we know in them. Their high intelligence has induced the best naturalists to describe some species, namely the gray parrot, as the "bird-man." As to their mutual attachment it is known that when a parrot has been killed by a hunter, the others fly over the corpse of their comrade with shrieks of complaints and "themselves fall the victims of their friendship," as Audubon said; and when two captive parrots, though belonging to two different species, have contracted mutual friendship, the accidental death of one of the two friends has sometimes been followed by the death from grief and sorrow of the other friend. It is no less evident that in their societies they find infinitely more protection than they possibly might find in any ideal development of beak and claw. Very few birds of prey or mammals dare attack any but the smaller species of parrots, and Brehm is absolutely right in saying of the parrots, as he also says of the cranes and the sociable monkeys, that they hardly have any enemies besides men; and he adds: "It is most probable that the larger parrots succumb chiefly to old age rather than die from the claws of any enemies." Only man, owing to his still more superior intelligence and weapons, also derived from association, succeeds in partially destroying them. Their very longevity would thus appear as a result of their social life. Could we not say the same as regards their wonderful memory, which also must be favored in its development by society-life and by longevity accompanied by a full enjoyment of bodily and mental faculties till a very old age?

As seen from the above, the war of each against all is not *the* law of nature. Mutual aid is as much a law of nature as mutual struggle, and that law will become still more apparent when we have analyzed some other associations of birds and those of the mammalia. A few hints as to the importance of the law of mutual aid for the evolution of the animal kingdom have already been given in the preceding pages; but their purport will still better appear when, after having given a few more illustrations, we shall be enabled, in a subsequent paper, to draw therefrom our conclusions. —*Nineteenth Century*.

\* R. Lendenfeld, in *Der zoologische Garten*, 1889.

## CARDINAL NEWMAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BY WILFRID MEYNELL.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, the eldest of a family of six children, was born within sound of Bow Bells, and he had his own experience of the "Turn Again Whittington" legend. For him, as well as for my Lord Mayor, certain phrases chimed, and they directed his steps. The child's "*Tolle, lege—tolle, lege,*" converted St. Augustine; and St. Augustine's "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*" converted Cardinal Newman. Face to face with the parallel between the Donatists and the Anglicans drawn by Cardinal Wiseman in the *Dublin Review*, Newman was left unmoved until he caught the words. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*, kept ringing in my ears. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum!* By those great words of the ancient Father, interpreting and summing up the long and varied course of ecclesiastical history, the theory of the *Via Media* was absolutely pulverized." From the head-centre of worldliness—the city of London, and from its innermost shrines of mammon and money—the banking-houses, may be said to have issued forth those two captains of war upon the world—the great contemporary English Cardinals. Cardinal Manning's father was connected with the Bank of England, Cardinal Newman's was a partner with the Ramsbottoms in Lombard Street; the relative positions of the two banks, one official and the other a private venture, being afterward reproduced in the ecclesiastical careers of the two boys born within a decade of years of one another, and friends, counterparts, and contrasts during sixty years.

Newman's father, whose family were small landed proprietors in Cambridgeshire, was a man of cultivation, equally enthusiastic as a musician and as a Freemason. He married Miss Jemima Fourdrinier; and it is a little curious to remember that Newman, by his mother, was, like Faber by his father, a direct descendant of Huguenot refugees. The Fourdriniers were paper-makers, who had introduced improvements into the process of manufacture, and the name is still to be seen on a plate by the wayfarer on Ludgate Hill. The bank failing, Mr.

Newman took a brewery at Alton, working at it with a perseverance that did not command success. The mother's jointure was all that finally remained to the family, and even this was diminished by Goschen-like feats in national finance. It was said that John Henry Newman was to go to the Bar, had things flourished; just as young Manning seemed settling at the Colonial Office when the fortunes of his father, too, fell or fluctuated. The Established Church offered to both a readier livelihood, and though it is suggested that Cardinal Manning and Mr. Gladstone might have changed places with advantage to both, no one, probably, has ever seriously believed that the one Cardinal, any more than the other, was without a clamorous vocation for an ecclesiastical career. Assuredly never did temporalities, or the need of them, so work for spirituality as in this story of the ways and means of families—a story which, in Newman's case at least, is not mere rumor and after-thought. It became one of John Henry's pleasures to be able to give his father, at a time of care and embarrassment, the good news of his election to a Fellowship at Oriel. This was in 1823, and the father died not long after, to be followed very suddenly, about 1828, by a daughter Mary. The family drifted from place to place—to Brighton; to Strand-on-the-Green; in 1829 to a cottage at Horspath, which they exchanged for a cottage in Nuneham Courtney, offered to Newman by Dornford, a Fellow of Oriel. "In the Midlands," says Thomas Mozley, "it would have been set down as the habitation of a family of weavers or stockingers." But it had its associations. Jean Jacques Rousseau had lived in it; and Nuneham was supposed to be Goldsmith's "deserted village." It was there that a group of the family was drawn by Miss Maria Giberne, a lady who much admired Newman in those days and who did him service afterward in Italy, hunting up as witnesses the unfortunate women whose testimony was so fatal to Dr. Achilli's character, though it failed to win the verdict of the court. That group, which has the affectations of the time, added to the

drawing and composition of a lady amateur also of the time, was described by the Cardinal, in a letter he wrote to me late in his life, as "a libel on my mother and her children;" but it was differently regarded by other members of the circle. From Nuneham, Mrs. Newman and her daughters went to Ilfley; whence they took in hand the school and the poor at Littlemore, a hamlet, attached to the pastorate of St. Mary's, at which Newman built, out of his own resources, first a church and then his monastic home. But just before the church was consecrated, and long before the monastery was begun, Rosebank Cottage was emptied of its folk. The spring of the year 1836 saw the marriage of Mr. John Mozley with Miss Jemima Newman, the Cardinal's second sister; and a few days afterward Mrs. Newman fell ill, to die in a fortnight. As John Henry, who loved her tenderly, said:

"One moment here, the next she trod  
The viewless mansion of her God."

A few months later, in September, 1836, Miss Harriett Newman, the elder sister, was married to the Rev. Thomas Mozley. Four years before these marriages, a brother of the two husbands—the Rev. James Mozley—had written home to his sister: "Newman is going to introduce me to his mother and sisters. The Miss Newmans are very learned persons, deeply read in ecclesiastical history and in all the old divines, both High Church and Puritanical. But, notwithstanding this, they are, I believe, very agreeable and unaffected." By the marriage of Thomas Mozley, Newman secured not only a brother-in-law but also a Boswell. He had been Mozley's tutor at Oriel, and he was also his hero. Mozley's services to Tractarianism are as many as his thousands of articles in the *Times* on matters pertaining to religion in England. And as each contemporary and friend fell out of the ranks, there was a tribute to him least expected in the place where it appeared—the obituary column of the paper to read which is, says Mr. Ruskin, moral deterioration. His two volumes of "Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement" are a record, unequalled in vitality and vivacity, of a group of men devoted to God and to each other, as have been few men so incongruously brought to-

gether. That Cardinal Newman did not wholly appreciate Mozley's labors—which bore to outsiders the aspect of being those of love as well as of authorship—is one of the freaks of fate which brothers-in-law are called upon to endure. The truth is that Cardinal Newman, once the "Apologia" was written, desired that the story he had told should stand, no man daring to add to it anything or to take anything away.

Next in fame to John Henry comes Francis William, about four years his junior. Frank followed his brother to Dr. Nicholas's school at Ealing, each going at a bound to the top. When the elder went to Trinity College, Oxford, Frank, too young for college, followed to Oxford, and, says Mozley in chosen terms, "pursued his studies, as far as was compatible with an amiable but universal and persistent antagonism, under John Henry Newman's directions, in lodgings." In other substantial ways, John Henry was able to be of use to this brilliant younger brother, who, in due course, gained easily one of the best double-firsts ever known. When Francis came of age, the future Cardinal addressed to him a set of rhymes, of which these are some:

"Dear Frank, we both are summoned now  
As champions of the Lord;  
Enrolled am I, and shortly thou  
Must buckle on the sword;  
A high employ, nor lightly given,  
To serve as messengers of Heaven."

But Frank Newman had already—in this year 1826—other thoughts. Two years of Oxford life had seen his fervent Evangelicalism evaporate. He was full of difficulties, and he did not seek a solution of them at the hands of his elder brother, to confer with whom even the Queen of Sheba was setting forth from the ends of the earth. It may be noted, in illustration of the old truth as to the households of prophets, that not one of Cardinal Newman's immediate family followed him to Rome, "though he drew the stars after him;" that Father Faber's army of converts included none of his near relatives; and that Cardinal Manning may regard it as the most wonderful of his many wonderful successes, that one of his brothers, the late amiable and refined Mr. Charles Manning, trod in his steps. In his "Phases of Faith," Mr. Frank Newman

gives dim reasons for being beyond his brother's influence :

" One person there was at Oxford who might have seemed my natural adviser—I mean my elder brother, the Rev. John Henry Newman. As a warm-hearted and generous brother who exercised toward me paternal care I esteemed him, and felt a deep gratitude ; as a man of various culture and peculiar genius I admired and was proud of him ; but my doctrinal religion impeded my loving him as much as he deserved, and even justified my feeling some distrust of him. He never shared my strong attraction toward those whom I regarded as spiritual persons : on the contrary, I thought him stiff and cold toward them. Moreover, soon after his ordination he had startled and distressed me by adopting the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, and in rapid succession worked out views which I regarded as full-blown 'Popery.' I speak of the years 1823-6. It is strange to think that twenty years more had to pass before he learned the place to which his doctrines belonged."

When John Henry Newman arrived at his mother's cottage after his eventful tour in Southern Europe, in 1833, Frank had just returned from Persia. Before the end of that year the two brothers were not on speaking terms. The estrangement is told in the "Apologia" : "I would have no dealings with my brother, and I put my conduct upon a syllogism. I said, 'St. Paul bids us to avoid those who cause divisions ; you cause divisions ; therefore I avoid you.' " That mood did not last long ; and though the difference of belief became more emphatic with the passage of time, and Professor Francis Newman did not, with years, acquire a less positive utterance, there were many meetings of tolerance and of fraternal affection, even down to the last years of the Cardinal's life, when his brother came from Weston-super-Mare to be with him at his holiday retreat at Rednal, now his resting-place forever.

"There was also another brother, not without his share in the heritage of natural gifts." This is all that even Thomas Mozley has to say of Charles Robert Newman, alive at the time the "Reminiscences" were written. His death subsequently, and now the death of Cardinal Newman, make it possible to give him a fuller mention. "But has not every house its trial?" asks Charlotte Brontë, by strange way of comfort that misfortunes are for many, not for one. The Newmans had their household trial in the wayward brother whose eccentricities took a

form peculiarly unwelcome to those nearest to him in blood. At the time of his death, in 1884, a clergyman contributed to a newspaper some rather wild hearsay about the conduct of Charles Newman when he was acting as master in a school at Hurstmonceaux. This clergyman had been curate at Hurstmonceaux to Julius Hare, who had known Charles Newman there a few years before. According to him :

"To Hare he lamented the narrow-mindedness of his brothers, John and Francis, who had entirely cast him off and left him to fight his way in the world unaided because of his professed infidelity. At the time I am speaking of, somewhere between 1834 and 1844, Newman was miserably poor, entirely dependent on his small pittance as an usher in a third-rate country school. The task of teaching rude Sussex lads was, as might be imagined, tolerably irksome to a man of Newman's high intellectual power. The relations between him and his principal soon became strained ; and the engagement was suddenly terminated by a tussle between the usher and his class. . . . Hare, I remember, used to make excuses for Newman's religious and moral obliquities on the ground of partial insanity—'there was a screw loose somewhere.'"

This writer does not appear to have even seen the ne'er-do-well to whom his sympathies went out so cheaply—but, as commonly happens in such matters—at the heavy expense of the surviving relatives. They treated the insinuations with silence—all that was possible to them. As one of them expressed it to me in a letter at the time (April, 1884), which I may now venture to quote :

"I suppose Precentor V—— is a clergyman and has the feelings of a just and gentle man. I therefore marvel that he should think it right to drag before the public events of forty or fifty years back concerning an obscure person lately carried to the grave—matters not creditable if true, and not refutable if false or falsely colored ; and should couple with them statements against me and my brother which we cannot duly repel and dispel except by attacking our brother just deceased. No man has a right to impose on us this odious task."

Very briefly may be stated the main facts, but only those which his surviving brothers were convinced that Mr. Charles Newman himself would not call in question. When not far out of his teens, Charles Newman wrote to some cousins renouncing his family, and begging that they would not consider him to be a Newman, his only reason for the renunciation

being that the family were too religious. His mother was still alive, and she and his sisters tried to win him, but without success, from the life of loneliness and isolation he elected to lead. Never was a kindness denied him, however one-sided the arrangement might be. Both his brothers, after they had been "cast off" by him, not he by them, managed to put together funds for sending him to take a degree at Bonn University, at his earnest desire. But he came away without even offering himself for examination, a step he explained by saying that the judges would not grant him a degree because of the offence he had given by his treatment of faith and morals in an essay which they called *teterrima*. This was only one of a series of aids given to Charles by John Henry and by Francis, who, unlike in so much, resembled each other in their generous desires and actions toward their mother's youngest son. But in him they found, as one of them expresses it in a private letter, only "the closest representation of an ancient cynic philosopher this nineteenth century can afford."

A man is entered in a Biographical Dictionary by the date of his birth; but it is really the date of death that ranges him in the memories of mankind. Macaulay and Newman belong to a different epoch, but were born within a month or two of each other. Newman was a baby when Keats, a child of four or five, who had not yet heard of Lemprière, was standing with a drawn sword at the door of his mother's bedroom to shield her from disturbance during an illness. Shelley, just over eight, was already exciting the admiration of his sisters by his declamation of Latin verse. Byron was beginning his troublesome teens, scribbling his first verses, and being well hated at Harrow. Newman hardly ranks as the contemporary of these, though he was twenty when Keats died, was of age when Shelley died, and when Byron died was twenty-three. With Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth, though these were all born between thirty and thirty-five years before him, he lived in the world for thirty-three, forty-two, and forty-nine years. In 1836, Faber, returning to Oxford from the Long, which he had spent at the Lakes, reported that "Wordsworth spoke of Newman's sermons, some of which he had read and liked exceedingly." Walter Scott was

thirty when Newman was born, and when Scott died Newman was beginning the Tractarian movement which was to give Abbotsford to Rome.

Newman's literary admirations were in great part those of the period. For Scott he had all Mr. Gladstone's enthusiasm. The tinsel of that mediævalism did not disconcert him; and he gratefully mentions Scott as having in some sort, by his scenes of chivalry, prepared the path for the Catholic revival; surely a route to the Oratory by way of Wardour Street. Scott's novels he put into the hands of the boys at the Oratory school at Edgbaston as prizes, and even examined in them. Perhaps he had his happiest holiday when he spent five weeks at Abbotsford at the end of 1852, the guest of Mr. Hope-Scott, who, like his wife, Lockhart's daughter, had become a Catholic. When Newman got the invitation he wrote in reply: "It would be a great pleasure to spend some time with you, and then I have ever had the extremest sympathy for Walter Scott, and it would delight me to see his place. When he was dying, I was saying prayers (whatever they were worth) for him continually, thinking of Keble's words, 'Think on the minstrel as ye kneel.'" Lockhart was still alive, and the visits his daughter and son-in-law paid him in London, he repaid at Abbotsford, whither, finally, he had his books taken. There, in the breakfast-room, because he could not leave the ground-floor, and because he shunned the dining-room where Sir Walter gave up the ghost, the old editor, a stoic amid suffering, a Protestant among Catholics, passed away, with Father Lockhart, a distant cousin, at his unresponsive side, and the sound of his daughter's voice, reading prayers from her "Garden of the Soul," in his ears.

One can well imagine the mystification of the old editor of the *Quarterly* in presence of the Popery which sat at his hearth, although he had been willing to give Tractarianism a distant hearing in his Review. In 1837, one of the party at Oxford complacently records that "Lockhart finds he must have an infusion of Oxford principles; it takes with people now—that is, such people as read the *Quarterly*;" and Philip Pusey, the member of Parliament, told his brother Edward that one of Newman's greatest triumphs was his "getting hold of the *Quarterly*."

A little later this complacency must have been shaken by the report that Murray had said he would have given a thousand pounds to be able to suppress the article referred to. Though the *Quarterly* might have turned half an ear timidly toward the preacher of St. Mary the Virgin, such leniency could not be expected from the rival Review. Of course Macaulay was cock-sure, even *before* reading one of Newman's Anglican books, that he could reply to it. Writing to the editor of the *Edinburgh*, Napier, in February, 1843, he says: "I hear much of a defence of the miracles of the third and fourth centuries by Newman. I have not yet read it. I think that I could treat that subject without giving any scandal to any rational person; and I should like it much. The times require a Middleton." There was no weak openness to conviction lurking behind those words; nor yet behind these, written eight months later, also to Napier, and also before he had read the book he was eager to smash: "Newman announces an English hagiology in numbers, which is to contain the Lives of such blessed Saints as Thomas à Becket and Dunstan. I should not dislike to be the devil's advocate on such an occasion." In his essay on the "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration," Macaulay just alludes to the Tractarians, saying that Jeremy Collier's notions touching "the importance of vestments, ceremonies, and solemn days, differed little from those which are now held by Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman"—a sentence which suggests to the initiated that the writer wrote once more without having read Newman—who was never a Ritualist, and treasured no husk except it held a kernel.

After all, it was left to Sir James Stephen and to Henry Rogers to pillory Popery in the pages of the *Edinburgh*. The first of these, after confessing in a letter to Napier, in 1841, that whatever comes he "cannot but cherish the good old Protestant feelings of our ancestors," thus conveniently explains away Mr. Newman: "As for Newman himself, I am sorry that his integrity should be impugned. I am convinced that a more upright man does not exist. But his understanding is essentially illogical and inveterately imaginative; and I have reason to fear that he labors under a degree of cerebral excitement, which unfits him for

the mastery of his own thoughts and the guidance of his own pen." It is worth noting, that while Newman was being thus described on hearsay as a literary lunatic, Pusey, his constant companion, was writing of him to a friend: "You will be glad to hear that the immediate excitement about Tract 90 is subsiding. It has been a harassing time for N., but he was wonderfully calm."

Macaulay, instead of reading the books he had already prejudged, probably contented himself with reading the *Edinburgh* attack on them (April, 1843), and not all of that. "I have read three or four pages of the article on the Puseyites, which I like very much. I should be glad to know who wrote it." The writer was Henry Rogers, who congratulated himself with the true Whig confidence, when he sent his MS. to the editor, that he had "not spared ridicule" in treating "publications which are having a large sale, and are doing immense mischief among the young, the ardent, and the sentimental." But "the young, the ardent, and the sentimental" had grown into men and reviewers by the time the "Apologia" appeared; and Newman, for the first time, found himself seriously considered, whether favorably or not, by secular publications.

Indeed, "the young, the ardent, and the sentimental" of the early forties had made themselves felt in the other walks of life, as well as in literature, before many years were over. They manned the Anglican Church. Rival Prime Ministers, if they fought all the week, sat under the same Tractarian shepherd in Mayfair. A Lord Chief Justice ranked it as his highest honor to be the host of Cardinal Newman, even after his secession; and there was no house in London where he was more welcome than at the Deanery of St. Paul's. Dean Church was one of that immense body of actual contemporaries or immediate juniors who came under Newman's personal influence, and who, in their turn, spread the principles which have transformed the Anglican Communion. In one sense—Catholics do not hesitate to admit it—the *Guardian* expresses the bare truth when it speaks of Newman as "the founder of the Anglican Church as it now is," and says: "Great as his services have been to the Communion in which he died, they are as nothing by the side of

those he rendered to the Communion in which the most eventful years of his life were spent. He will be mourned by many in the Roman Church; but their sorrow will be less than ours, because they have not the same paramount reason to be grateful to him." Not in admiration for his mind, nor in reverence for his character, nor in personal devotion yielded him even by strangers, can we to whom he came be outstripped by those whom he left. His life was divided with a strange equality of time between the two Communions; for he lived in each for half of it almost to a month. But he actually changed the face of the Anglican Church, while he could not alter one feature of the other. It was he who taught the Anglican Church; but to the Roman Church he came only to learn.

Of all his contemporaries, the Anglican clergy bear most the marks of him. What their predecessors were seventy years ago, when Newman began "to come out of his shell," has ceased to be a memory, but remains as a tradition. "Decent, easy men, who supremely enjoyed the gifts of the founder, from the toil of reading, thinking, or writing they had absolved their conscience. Their conversation stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal. Their dull and deep potations excused the intemperance of youth." Such were the Oxford dons of an earlier generation, as described by Gibbon, Newman's greatest master in style, and his finger-post to the Fathers. "Whenever you meet a clergyman of my time," said Sydney Smith to Mr. Gladstone about the year 1835, "you may be sure he is a bad clergyman;" and Sydney Smith had as little love as Gibbon himself would have had for "Puseyism."

Vainly was Evangelicalism pitched against "two-bottle orthodoxy." In Wesley, Newman as a Catholic recognized "the shadow of a Catholic saint;" but the name of Wesley worked no wonders in the Oxford of Newman's early days. The Evangelicals entrenched themselves in an obscure college, and their influence never spread beyond St. Edmund's Hall. Mozley says it may have been a common peculiarity of their complexions, but the St. Edmund's men never looked clean. He adds that their mental and moral claims to influence were inconspicuous;

and Archbishop Tait of Canterbury admits that there is too much truth in this ugly delineation. Newman and his friends, on the other hand, joined learning with sanctity, and united good-breeding with unworldliness. "We loved the Evangelicals because they loved our Lord," said Pusey—a formula which sums up the Catholic attitude toward the Salvation Army to-day; but that is the beginning and the end of the bond; and Newman saw, even if Keble did not, that liberalism in religion, represented by Whately and the rest, was a force Evangelicalism could not touch; that Evangelicalism was itself only another form of liberalism, though the feelings and prejudices of its adherents were on the side of personal religiousness. The men who had a general idea of the importance of dogma, but who had not the enthusiasm of religion, and the men who had the enthusiasm but no science or coherence, met together under Newman, and supplied to each other the deficiency of each. The leaders themselves—Newman, Pusey, and Keble—united tender personal piety with a zeal for dogmatic exactitude—for truth in thought as well as in conduct. The reasons why the early leadership seemed to lie with Pusey, and not with Newman, are well known. Equally well known is it that Newman was the mainspring of the movement. "Out of my own head," he says he started the Tracts, and the Tracts became the text-books of the new Anglicanism. The doctrines they expounded, though fresh to the hearers, were old as the Apostles, and were gathered by Newman from the Bible he loved and studied; they had been taught without intermission by the Catholic Church from the first Peter to the last Pius; and the Anglican Church itself, under Archbishop Laud, fitfully received them. The result of Newman's labor as a revivalist is seen to-day in half the rectories of England. The typical Anglican minister trains, conducts, even dresses himself on the model of the Catholic priest; and if externals could make him the real thing, the real thing he would perfectly be. Beautiful were the tributes which Newman's death elicited from the conspicuous pulpits of Anglicanism, and most affecting to Catholics; but some of the preachers strangely misunderstood their man when they hinted, as Canon Knox-Little did, that

Newman would never have left Anglicanism in 1845 had he foreseen how many Roman collars would be worn, how many beards be shaved off, how many "celebrations" be talked about, and confessions heard, in the Establishment in 1890. Why, the Arians in their day had Bishops, and Masses, and organization as perfect as that of the orthodox; but it was with Athanasius that Newman ranged himself while still an Anglican; and it was precisely the parallel he found between Anglicans and Arians or Donatists that brought him at last from Oxford to Birmingham. It was, in truth, to the Canon Knox-Littles that he addressed himself when he said:

"Look into the matter more steadily; it is very pleasant to decorate your chapels, oratories, and studies now, but you cannot be doing this forever. It is pleasant to adopt a habit or a vestment; to use your Office-book or your beads; but it is like feeding on flowers unless you have that objective vision in your faith, and that satisfaction in your reason, of which devotional exercises and ecclesiastical appointments are the suitable expression. They will not last in the long run, unless commanded and rewarded on Divine authority; they cannot be made to rest on the influence of individuals. It is well to have rich architecture, curious works of art, and splendid vestments, when you have a present God; but oh! what a mockery if you have not. If your externals surpass what is within, you are so far as hollow as your Evangelical opponents, who baptize, yet expect no grace. Thus your Church becomes not a home, but a sepulchre; like those high cathedrals once Catholic, which you do not know what to do with, which you shut up and make monuments of, sacred to the memory of what has passed away."

Another paragraph in acknowledgment of the homage from Anglican pulpits, and I have done with dreary polemics. Those preachers who praised Newman so generously, praised a man who was, according to their official creed, a blasphemer—one who had deliberately chosen, in mature life, to practise the "blasphemous fable" of the Mass, though born in the enlightened Establishment. Is it too much to suppose that Newman's death and the sequent utterances of so many and so illustrious subscribers to the Thirty-nine Articles, may somewhat hasten the time when the hard words of that official creed shall be mitigated? If not, one can only say that the manifestation of sympathy over Newman's tomb was the greatest exhibition of what he most dreaded—the

"liberalism in religion" which thinks one creed as good as another, which owns the Church's rule for the body, but discards it for the mind.

"You are under a destiny," Newman said very solemnly to the Anglican clergy, after he had become a Catholic; and he was attributing to them what he had always believed in a very special manner of himself. Not the third Napoleon himself had franker conviction of the distinctness of his fate. During the tour in the South of Europe with Hurrell Froude, in 1833—the tour which produced "Lead, kindly Light"—"I began," he tells us, "to think that I had a mission." When he paused in Rome and was asked by Monsignor Wiseman to pay a second visit, he replied with great gravity, "I have a work to do in England." In Sicily, after an illness, he sat down on his bed and began to sob violently. "My servant asked what ailed me. I could only answer him, I have a work to do in England." The record, with the obvious hint, is made by himself; and he evidently believed it to be no mere coincidence that his return home, with its strange adventures of both delay and speed, timed with Keble's sermon on "National Apostasy." It was the first Sunday after his arrival; and he says, "I have ever considered this day as the start of the religious movement of 1833." When he retired to Littlemore, as a sort of half-way house between England and Rome, he turned up an old copy-book, and it took his breath away to find on it a cross drawn between the words "verse" and "book." Moreover, a further device, in which one less smitten with his destiny might have recognized a sister's chain and pendant, he could not make out to be anything but "a set of beads with a little cross." Then there came his reception into the Catholic Church, and thus the man of destiny records it:

"I am this night expecting Father Dominic the Passionist, who, from his youth, has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first, of the countries of the north, and then of England. After thirty years' (almost) waiting, he was, without his own act, sent here."

This is in the "Apologia;" and in "Loss and Gain," under fictitious names, the story is told in greater detail:

"On the Apennines, near Viterbo, there dwelt a shepherd boy, in the first years of this



century, whose mind had early been drawn heavenward; and one day, as he prayed before an image of the Madonna, he felt a vivid intimation that he was to preach the Gospel under the northern sky. There appeared no means by which a Roman peasant should be turned into a missionary; nor did the prospect open, when this youth found himself, first, a lay brother, then a Father, in the Congregation of the Passion. Yet, though no external means appeared, the inward impression did not fade; on the contrary it became more definite; and, in process of time, instead of the dim north, England was engraven on his heart. And, strange to say, as years went on, without his seeking, for he was simply under obedience, our peasant found himself at length upon the very shore of the stormy Northern Sea, whence Cæsar of old looked out for a new world to conquer; yet that he should cross the Strait was still as little likely as before. But the day came, not, however, by any determination of his own, but by the same Providence which, thirty years before, had given him the intimation of it."

The importance which each Christian must of necessity attach to himself—he for whom the Heavens descended to the earth, who has angels for his ministers, who is an heir of Paradise, and who traces the special designs of Providence in the details of his daily life—might seem to be alien to the humility and to the self-abnegation which Christianity enjoins. Yet he, whose Christian egoism is most sublime, he it is who, paradoxically, abases and annihilates himself most completely. "From a boy I had been led to consider that my Maker and I, His creature, were the two beings, luminously such." And the attitude remained to the end, and determined the disposition of Newman toward all people and things. "It is face to face in all matters between man and his God. He alone creates; He alone has redeemed; before His awful eyes we go in death; and in the vision of Him is our eternal beatitude." But the persons who came near to the Sacred Person had reflections of His glory, and as such were held in worship by Newman—the angels and the saints. And the persons about himself he frankly regarded in the light of their relations, not with the outer world, but with him and his spiritual being. The record of his Oxford contemporaries is the record of what they were to him, "John Henry Newman;" he learned habits of thought and the idea of the Church as a corporate body from Whately; Hurrell Froude "fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed

Virgin, and led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence;" Keble familiarized him with the sacramental system; and from Dr. Hawkins he learned the value of tradition. The bond was a close one in all cases; but it had its basis on religion. In the streets of Dublin, long after, Whately as Archbishop, and Newman as Rector of the Catholic University, met without recognition; but the story of his having absented himself, years before, from chapel on purpose to avoid receiving the Sacrament with Dr. Whately, was pure invention. "He made himself dead to me," says Newman of Whately with great simplicity; adding, "My reason told me it was impossible we could have got on together longer had he stayed in Oxford; yet I loved him too much to bid him farewell without pain." When Kingsley said, "Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy," and this in a mere magazine with the poor life of a month in it, no one would have bothered his head over it—the charge was too hackneyed to need a new rebuff from Catholics. But "Father Newman" was linked with the passage, fortunately, as he himself afterward thought. He accuses "me, John Henry Newman," exclaimed the hermit at Birmingham, whose destiny the Heavens had made known to him.

So the "Apologia" was written. Later on, the passages which seemed to have personal resentment were suppressed by the author; who, moreover, gave the Rev. Sir William Cope a most interesting explanation of his adoption of the world's own weapons—hard words—in the unequal duel: the world would not believe him if he spoke calmly. His afterthoughts were that Kingsley should escape resentment because he had become accidentally "the instrument in the good Providence of God, by whom I had an opportunity given me, which otherwise I should not have had, of vindicating my character and conduct in my 'Apologia.'" Not, as he might well have said, "vindicating the Catholic doctrine as to truth, and the sin of lying;" but vindicating, what with Newman was a synonym, "my character and conduct." And Newman adds, in the same letter, that a friend had chanced to hear Kingsley "preaching about me kindly;" and about Athanasius, too, he had been writ-

ing less unkindly ; so " I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death." Never surely did any Evangelical, old or modern, of them all, see the finger of Heaven more filially than he who felt it every five minutes of his life, and who recognized even in Kingsley the instrument of the Lord—for His servant to play upon. The old friends he lost, and the new friends he made when he became a Catholic were they whom " *God gave me when He took every one else away.*" " And in you, Ambrose St. John," that chief new friend, he says, " I gather up and bear in memory those familiar and affectionate companions and counsellors who in Oxford *were given to me* to be my daily solace and relief ; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends ; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed." To Pius IX. he paid his homage in a sermon at Birmingham, in which he recalls " his great act toward us here, toward me" :

" One of his first acts after he was Pope was, in his great condescension, to call me to Rome ; then, when I got there, he bade me send for my friends to be with me ; and he formed us into an Oratory. . . . Such is the Pope now happily reigning in the Chair of St. Peter ; such are our personal obligations to him ; such has he been toward us, toward you, my brethren."

It was precisely this pervading personality in Newman that distinguished him from his contemporaries. The pretentious " we" was dropped in favor of the simpler " I." The abstract was exchanged for the concrete under a pen primed with individuality. The unit spoke to the unit—to the units who make up mankind. " Heart speaketh unto heart," was his own chosen motto as a Cardinal, who bared his heart for the inspection of friend and foe ; who told men how, when he was ordained an Anglican minister, " he wept most abundant and most sweet tears at the thought of what he had then become," and so on, through all the phases of his life. Only those entirely ignorant of Newman's selfishness in conduct would put down this self-analysis and self-centred measurement of men to petty vanity, which he was wholly free from, or to vulgar love of applause, of which he had none. For the most part the poet alone has shown himself so spon-

taneously, so autobiographically in his manuscripts ; and all the world has listened. But here, at last, humanity could be studied in a priest. The personal and the human had reinhabited poetry with Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth ; and with Newman the personal and the human entered into theology, and into his account of it. He allowed himself to be put under the microscope, and how he bore the ordeal all his contemporaries will tell.

Yet Newman's friendships, though formed and governed under exacting and unusual conditions, were extraordinarily tender. This was one phase of his character which delighted George Eliot, who writes on this and other points to Miss Sara Hennell :

" I am reading with great amusement (!) J. H. Newman's ' Lectures on the Position of Catholics.' They are full of clever satire and description. . . . It was just what I wanted to hear about you, that you were having some change, and I think the freshness of the companionship must help other good influences, not to mention the ' Apologia,' which breathed new life into me when I read it. Pray mark that beautiful passage in which he thanks his friend, Ambrose St. John. I know hardly anything that delights me more than such evidences of sweet brotherly love being a reality in the world. I envy you your opportunity of seeing and hearing Newman, and should like to make an expedition to Birmingham for that sole end."

If only she had gone ! There, at the Oratory, are still three of the immortal band named with Father St. John ; Father Neville, the devoted " William " of Newman's last whispers ; Father Ryder, a man of fine literary temper, and Father Austin Mills.

These friendships among men were less common when the Oxford movement began than they have since become ; and the present generation, if it owed nothing else to the *Newmania* (as Bishop Hampden called it), would have reason to be grateful for this infusion of tenderness into the relations of man with man. The sentiment expressed, to George Eliot's admiration, in the closing passage of the " Apologia," appears and reappears elsewhere ; in Newman's method of addressing that best type of the modern Anglican, Dr. Church, Dean of St. Paul's—" *Carissime*," in his sudden outbreak where, on hearing of the death of Hurrell Froude, he throws aside in one epithet the conventional stiffness of

the eighteenth century which ruled nearly all his poems, and exclaims :

" *Dearest !* he longs to speak, as I to know,  
And yet we both refrain ;  
It were not good : a little doubt below,  
And all will soon be plain."

Newman's young men improved on their model. Faber, his "acolyte," who followed him to Rome within a month, and practically founded the London Oratory, had a greater exuberance of both feeling and expression. To the present Duke of Rutland, then Lord John Manners, he wrote :

"Thou walkest with a glory round thy brow,  
Like saints in pictures, radiant in the blaze  
And splendor of thy boyhood, mingling  
now  
With the bold bearing of a man, that plays  
In eyes, which do with such sweet skill ex-  
press  
Thy soul's hereditary gentleness."

That male eyes had "sweet skill," or that men had eyes at all worth observing by men, came as a surprise, if not as a shock, to many ; and Faber himself, writing to some one who expostulated with him, says : "Strong expressions toward male friends are matters of taste. I feel what they express to me. B. thinks a revival of chivalry in male friendships a characteristic of the rising generation, and a hopeful one." "B.," whoever he was, was right. The shyness which made an Englishman ashamed to embrace even his father, arose from times when wine-parties and a common interest in the heredity of dogs and horses were the most sacred links between men. The Oxford movement established different relations—of mutual confidence, mutual affection, mutual respect. Of the influence for good which these generous friendships exercised, even Mark Pattison was sensible—even Mr. James Anthony Froude. At first, when undergraduates went home raving about Newman, anxious parents shook their heads. The correspondence passing about the same date between Lord Strangford and the old Duke of Rutland, reveals the perturbations of aristocratic fathers over the friendships between their sons and the plain commoner who was afterward to make his Queen an Empress, his solicitor a baronet, and his secretary a peer. So of Newman, the fountain of so much piety for thirsty souls in future, anxious mothers were asking, as did the

mother of the Mozleys : "But is he a good man ?" And, "but is he a good man ?" diffident fathers and confiding sisters chimed in. When the sermons and tracts penetrated into the provinces, the question answered itself ; and happy were the mothers whose sons were under the influence which made religion seem to the young, and even to the ambitious, something manly and ennobling. Wordsworth read and admired them, but he drew the line at Newman's verse. Had the "Dream of Gerontius"—the composition in which Newman's sincerity of feeling clothes itself the most poetically—been then written, it might have extorted some reluctant recognition from the bard, whom one can imagine as rather bored by Frederick Faber's glowing eulogy of his friend and master, while the old man and the young walked together in the Lake country.

It was near Windermere, too, that Charlotte Brontë, as the guest of the Shuttleworths in 1850, met her future biographer, and told her during their first talk "about Father Newman's lectures at the Oratory in a very concise, graphic way." Then follow some dots, eloquent dots. What do they conceal ? Probably some phrase not much more reasonable than Carlyle's description of Newman as possessing "the brain of a medium-sized rabbit." For Charlotte Brontë combined, as no mind, thanks largely to Newman, ever will again in England, exquisite sensibility, deep religiousness, and an open intelligence, with as vulgar a notion of Popery as that of any Exeter Hall rhetorician. "Good people—very good people—I doubt not, there are among the Romanists," she says in a weakly generous mood ; "but," she makes haste to add, writing to Mrs. Gaskell, who had shown leanings to primitive Christianity, "but the system is not one which should have such sympathy as *yours*. Look at Popery taking off the mask at Naples." The last sentence reads like the text of one of Newman's lectures, a text to be torn mercilessly to tatters. By the way, Miss Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell went to tea at this time at Fox How, the house of the widow of Dr. Arnold ; and Mrs. Arnold had yielded her eldest son, Thomas, to follow Newman to Rome. They were all in a tale, especially in homes of hereditary goodness. When, at the very beginning

of things, Newman visited old Mr. Wilberforce, and saw his pious family, little did this pattern of Evangelicalism suppose that out of four sons three would become Catholics, leaving only Samuel to adorn the Anglican bench, while his unworldly brothers went their simple ways—one, Archdeacon Robert Isaac Wilberforce, to die while preparing for the priesthood in Rome; another, William, "the squire," to spend an obscure life as a humble Catholic layman; and the third, Henry—most delightful of them all—to found the *Weekly Register*, in this as in all else, says Newman, "actuated by an earnest desire to promote the interests of religion, though at the sacrifice of his own." What is recorded of the Scotts, the Arnolds, and the Wilberforces, is recorded of nearly every family in England. Lord Coleridge, who never showed a nobler figure than when he knelt by the coffin of the Cardinal in the dreary church at Birmingham, must have thought, amid so much Popery, of his own brother—a Jesuit priest; and Lord Selborne, lamenting Newman as the father of modern Anglicanism, also counts a brother among the band of Newman's closer followers to Rome.

Nor was this influence confined to those who came within the magic of Newman's personality, or to those who were students rather than hard-headed men of the world; or yet to men of his own generation. When a typical Yorkshireman, like Lord Ripon, with all the best qualities and sympathies which distinguish John Bull, appeared at the London Oratory to claim admission to the Catholic Church, it was to the writings of Newman that he attributed the transition which so greatly perturbed the mind of Mr. Gladstone. Yet even Mr. Gladstone, when he wrote bitterly of all others, said of Newman that, honored as he was, he illustrated the line that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." Newman returned the compliment by speaking of Mr. Gladstone's as "so religious a mind." But Newman also accused Anglicans, in one of his lectures to them, of "praising this or that Catholic saint, to make up for abuse, and to show your impartiality." Whether Mr. Gladstone will plead guilty to this indictment I cannot say; but if he will look at his various and most welcome praises of Newman, and see how, by juxtaposition, they are made to imply dis-

praise of the brother and colleague who bears the burden of government and the responsibility of the bishopric, he will not wonder at the words of Newman coming to his reader's mind. Indeed, the throwing together of the names of the two Cardinals has been a common feat of jugglery vainly performed to annihilate the one or the other. It is delightful, despite all differences of temperament, and of the objectivity and the subjectivity with which each variously regarded the outer world, to see these two names linked together, if not in daily speech, in the unity of eternal love. When Newman was twenty-eight, the younger man of twenty was led captive by the "form and voice and penetrating words at Evensong in the University Church at Oxford;" where, having once seen and heard Newman, he "never willingly failed to be." When the fury of officialdom in the Anglican Church was fulminating against Littlemore, Manning, the born administrator, the bright hope of officialdom, wherever he was found, paid a conspicuous visit of sympathy to its occupant—though his thoughts just then were not the thoughts of Newman, especially as to Rome. This was what the Cardinal Archbishop was thinking of when he said at the Requiem at the London Oratory the other day: "And when trials came I was not absent from him. Littlemore is before me now as fresh as yesterday." The next time they met was in Rome, in 1848, when Newman was already an Oratorian, and then, four years later, the future Archbishop, having himself become a Catholic, listened once more to the "well-known voice, sweet as of old, but strong in the absolute truth, prophesying a second spring, in the first Provincial Council of Westminster." In 1857, Newman dedicated to Cardinal Manning his volume of "Sermons on Various Occasions," "as some memorial of the friendship there has been between us for nearly thirty years;" and in 1861 the compliment was returned, Cardinal Manning testifying: "To you I owe a debt of gratitude, for intellectual light and help, greater than to any one man of our time." There the matter may be left, under the hands that have never signed insincerities. What if, between two men of character so marked, there were light difficulties in the way of a continual and close interchange of thoughts and emo-

tions? Only the vulgar can demand of men a contact contrary to temperament, or will profess to be astonished, when Cardinal Newman's biography comes to be published, if his most intimate and frequent letters are not found to be indited to his brother Cardinal; nor even to Father Faber, that "bright, particular star," who carried the London offshoot of the Birmingham Oratory to a pitch of prosperity outshining in external show its parent home.

When Pusey declared that "all the converts have deteriorated except Newman and Ward," he made his already sufficiently startling generalization more startling still by linking together two names so dissimilar. Newman does not once mention Ward in the "Apologia," a conspicuous absence; but Ward's sayings and doings gave undoubted impetus to the movement which bore Mr. Newman to Rome. When Mr. Wilfrid Ward comes to write the second volume of the Life of his father, he will have to treat many a controversial episode between the two men; and the more open was the warfare then, the more delicate will be the handling of it now. "They have all come over to my side," said the old Cardinal with a smile, looking back on the controversies of the *Dublin Review*. Even before he received the Cardinalate he had become calm in the presence of Ward's criticism—with the calmness of a man who knows that the armor he wears cannot be penetrated, but that his own thrusts go straight home. Cardinal Newman's allusions to "the insolent and aggressive faction," in a private letter which got into print, were matched by phrases deliberately printed under his own hand. He knew "one Pope, but he recognized no other," least of all among the men who "stretched principles till they were close upon snapping." Even the *Tablet* refused to print letters from Ward. But he had the *Dublin Review* in his pocket; and his reply to Newman in its pages, in 1876, made Newman's friends indignant. Yet he himself was unmoved; as one who knew him intimately expressed it in a private letter to a sympathizer:

"The Father is much touched by the cordial feeling shown by you and by many others in regard to the *Dublin* article. But he can't, for the life of him, see why you think so much of it—you, Allies, and so many others. He said he thought Ward had a perfect right to

defend himself, and that he never had the least thought of complaining, or of in any way noticing the article; not from anything like contempt, but from indifference. Certainly he would deplore any opening of the case in the papers. The discussion would never end. No argument or remonstrance would avail with Veillot or Ward. Besides the Father feels all the gravity of the charge he has brought, and thinks those who feel themselves aggrieved should have the chance of defending themselves. The case is fully stated: thoughtful men will sum up and give sentence in their own minds."

The ethical and other differences between Newman and Ward were of old standing; and Ward was impossible. But in one respect Ward was in greater sympathy with Newman than were some of his contemporaries. When "Tract 90" appeared, and when Mr. Lowe and others denounced it as shifty, Ward, with certain reservations, was the champion, in pamphlets and letters, of the special pleading of the most famous of the Tracts.

Can there be a doubt that Lord Beaconsfield was right, though the *Standard* of to-day pooh poohs him, when he said, a generation later than 1845, that the Anglican Church still reeled under the secession of Dr. Newman? He was looking at it politically, and he pronounced it, with all the assurance of Downing Street, to be "a blunder." Lord John Russell probably combined private with public feeling when he alluded in Parliament, in 1851, to "a person of great eminence, of great learning, of great talents, whom we all have to deplore as having left the Protestant Church, and joined the Church of Rome—I mean, Mr. Newman." The busy world went on. It wondered a moment at the great renunciation; and then it lost sight of the neophyte. But it heard of him again; and the day came when he had leavened the whole Establishment, and when his voice held men of many minds and all communions as by a spell. From Lord Coleridge and Mr. John Morley, from Dean Church and Mr. Kegan Paul, from Mr. R. H. Hutton ("I have now for twenty years held him, as a journalist, to be a good friend of mine," wrote the Cardinal to me in 1884) and Mr. Froude, from Mr. Augustine Birrell and Mr. W. E. Henley, from Mr. Aubrey de Vere and Mr. Burnand, from Miss Christina Rossetti and Dean Stanley, from Sir Francis Doyle and Lord Blachford, from Professor St. George Mivart and

Principal Shairp, from Mr. Lilly and Mr. Gosse, from all the critics of all the schools and all the creeds, came one concordant voice in praise of John Henry Newman as author and as man.

Sweetly the light  
Shines from the solitary peak at Edgbaston,

sang Coventry Patmore, who understood that even the polemical pamphleteer of 1874 had "peace in heart," though "wrath in hand," and that his most trenchant paragraphs were the "gold blazonries of Love irate," and never "the black flag of Hate."

These names represent "light and leading," men with minds and pens "beautiful and swift." But, O phenomenon! the mass walked and even ran with its masters. The young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* roared out praise. James Macdonell, the type in sayings and doings of everything Newman was not, avows that his "admiration for the saint-like beauty of Newman's character, for the exquisite

character of his genius, for his wonderful insight into human nature, for his marvellous command over the resources of the literary art, is such that I never think of him without mentally lifting my hat in token of my reverence." He was "specially fond of reading Newman's writings aloud on Sunday afternoons," and "his favorite hymn was 'Lead, kindly Light!'" Yet, "it is the testimony of her who knew him best that the question of his own salvation never troubled him." So it happens that many admired Newman for his accidents and his accessories, without even hearing the essential message of his life. That can be best summed up in the words he once addressed to the Anglican clergy: "I want to make you anxious about your souls." And vain as in death would all praise have sounded on his ears that was not based on the recognition of this as his only hope and ambition; of this as the end for which he wrote as fervently, as individually, as he prayed.—*Contemporary Review*.

#### HUMAN SELECTION.

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE, F.R.S.

IN one of my latest conversations with Darwin he expressed himself very gloomily on the future of humanity, on the ground that in our modern civilization natural selection had no play, and the fittest did not survive. Those who succeed in the race for wealth are by no means the best or the most intelligent, and it is notorious that our population is more largely renewed in each generation from the lower than from the middle and upper classes. As a recent American writer well puts it, "We behold the melancholy spectacle of the renewal of the great mass of society from the lowest classes, the highest classes to a great extent either not marrying or not having children. The floating population is always the scum, and yet the stream of life is largely renewed from this source. Such a state of affairs, sufficiently dangerous in any society, is simply suicidal in the democratic civilization of our day."\*

That the check to progress here indicated is a real one few will deny, and the problem is evidently felt to be one of vital importance, since it has attracted the attention of some of our most thoughtful writers, and has quite recently furnished the theme for a perfect flood of articles in our best periodicals. I propose here to consider very briefly the various suggestions made by these writers; and afterward shall endeavor to show that when the course of social evolution shall have led to a more rational organization of society, the problem will receive its final solution by the action of physiological and social agencies, and in perfect harmony with the highest interests of humanity.

Before discussing the question itself it will be well to consider whether there are in fact any other agencies than some form of selection to be relied on. It has been generally accepted hitherto that such beneficial influences as education, hygiene, and social refinement had a cumulative action, and would of themselves lead to a steady improvement of all civilized races.

\* Hiram M. Stanley in the *Arena* for June, 1890.

This view rested on the belief that whatever improvement was effected in individuals was transmitted to their progeny, and that it would be thus possible to effect a continuous advance in physical, moral, and intellectual qualities without any selection of the better or elimination of the inferior types. But of late years grave doubts have been thrown on this view, owing chiefly to the researches of Galton and Weismann as to the fundamental causes to which heredity is due. The balance of opinion among physiologists now seems to be against the heredity of any qualities acquired by the individual after birth, in which case the question we are discussing will be much simplified, since we shall be limited to some form of selection as the only possible means of improving the race.

In order to make the difference between the two theories clear to those who may not have followed the recent discussions on the subject an illustration may be useful. Let us suppose two persons, each striving to produce two distinct types of horse—the cart-horse and the racer—from the wild prairie horses of America, and that one of them believes in the influence of food and training, the other in selection. Each has a lot of a hundred horses to begin with, as nearly as possible alike in quality. The one who trusts to selection at once divides his horses into two lots, the one stronger and heavier, the other lighter and more active, and, breeding from these, continually selects, for the parents of the succeeding generation, those which most nearly approach the two types required. In this way it is perfectly certain that in a comparatively short period—thirty or forty years perhaps—he would be able to produce two very distinct forms, the one a very fair race-horse, the other an equally good specimen of a cart-horse; and he could do this without subjecting the two strains to any difference of food or training, since it is by selection alone that our various breeds of domestic animals have in most cases been produced.

On the other hand, the person who undertook to produce similar results by food and training alone, without allowing selection to have any part in the process, would have to act in a very different manner. He would first divide his horses into two lots as nearly as possible identical in all points, and thereafter subject the one lot

to daily exercise in drawing loads at a slow pace, the other lot to equally constant exercise in running, and he might also supply them with different kinds of food if he thought it calculated to aid in producing the required effect. In each successive generation he must make no selection of the swiftest or the strongest, but must either keep the whole progeny of each lot, or carefully choose an average sample of each to be again subjected to the same discipline. It is quite certain that the very different kinds of exercise would have some effect on the individuals so trained, enlarging and strengthening a different set of muscles in each, and if this effect were transmitted to the offspring then there ought to be in this case also a steady advance toward the racer and the cart-horse type. Such an experiment, however, has never been tried, and we cannot therefore say positively what would be the result; but those who accept the theory of the non-heredity of acquired characters would predict with confidence that after thirty or forty generations of training without selection, the last two lots of colts would have made little or no advance toward the two types required, but would be practically indistinguishable.

It is exceedingly difficult to find any actual cases to illustrate this point, since either natural or artificial selection has almost always been present. The apparent effects of disuse in causing the diminution of certain organs, such as the reduced wings of some birds in oceanic islands and the very small or aborted eyes of some of the animals inhabiting extensive caverns, can be as well explained by the withdrawal of the cumulative agency of natural selection and by economy of growth, as by the direct effects of disuse. The following facts, however, seem to show that special skill derived from practice, when continued for several generations, is not inherited, and does not therefore tend to increase. The wonderful skill of most of the North American Indians in following a trail by indications quite imperceptible to the ordinary European has been dwelt upon by many writers, but it is now admitted that the white trappers equal and often excel them, though these trappers have in almost every case acquired their skill in a comparatively short period, without any of the inherited experience which might belong to the Indian. Again, for

many generations a considerable portion of the male population of Switzerland have practised rifle-shooting as a national sport, yet in international contests they show no marked superiority over our riflemen, who are, in a large proportion, the sons of men who never handled a gun. Another case is afforded by the upper classes of this country who for many generations have been educated at the universities, and have had their classical and mathematical abilities developed to the fullest extent by rivalry for honors. Yet now, that for some years these institutions have been opened to dissenters whose parents usually for many generations have had no such training, it is found that these dissenters carry off their full share or even more than their share of honors. We thus see that the theory of the non-heredity of acquired characters, whether physical or mental, is supported by a considerable number of facts, while few if any are directly opposed to it. We therefore propose to neglect the influence of education and habit as possible factors in the improvement of our race, and to confine our argument entirely to the possibility of improvement by some form of selection.\*

Among the modern writers who have dealt with this question the opinions of Mr. Galton are entitled to be first considered, because he has studied the whole subject of human faculty in the most thorough manner, and has perhaps thrown more light upon it than any other writer. The method of selection by which he has suggested that our race may be improved is to be brought into action by means of a system of marks for family merit, both as to health, intellect, and morals, those individuals who stand high in these respects being encouraged to marry early by state endowments sufficient to enable the young couples to make a start in life. Of all the proposals that have been made tending to the systematic improvement of our race, this is one of the least objectionable, but it is also I fear among the least effective. Its tendency would undoubtedly be to increase the number and to raise the standard of our highest and best men, but it would at the same time leave the bulk of the population unaffected, and

would but slightly diminish the rate at which the lower types tend to supplant or to take the place of the higher. What we want is, not a higher standard of perfection in the few, but a higher average, and this can best be produced by the elimination of the lowest of all and a free intermingling of the rest.

Something of this kind is proposed by Mr. Hiram M. Stanley in his article on "Our Civilization and the Marriage Problem," already referred to. This writer believes that civilizations perish because, as wealth and art increase, corruption creeps in, and the new generations fail in the work of progress because the renewal of individuals is left chiefly to the unfit. The two great factors which secure perfection in each animal race—sexual selection by which the fit are born, and natural selection by which the fittest survive—both fail in the case of mankind, among whom are hosts of individuals which in any other class of beings would never have been born, or, if born, would never survive. He argues that, unless some effective measures are soon adopted and strictly enforced, our case will be irremediable; and, since natural selection fails so largely, recourse must be had to artificial selection. "The drunkard, the criminal, the diseased, the morally weak should never come into society. Not reform but prevention should be the cry." The method by which this is proposed to be done is hinted at in the following passages: "In the true golden age, which lies not behind but before us, the privilege of parentage will be esteemed an honor for the comparatively few, and no child will be born who is not only sound in body and mind, but also above the average as to natural ability and moral force"—and again—"The most important matter in society, the inherent quality of the members which compose it, should be regulated by trained specialists."

Of this proposal and all of the same character we may say, that nothing can possibly be more objectionable, even if we admit that they might be effectual in securing the object aimed at. But even this is more than doubtful; and it is quite certain that any such interference with personal freedom in matters so deeply affecting individual happiness will never be adopted by the majority of any nation, or if adopted would never be submitted to

\* Those who desire more information on this subject should read Weismann's "Essays on Heredity."



by the minority without a life-and-death struggle.

Another popular writer of the greatest ability and originality, who has recently given us his solution of the problem, is Mr. Grant Allen. His suggestion is in some respects the very reverse of the last, yet it is, if possible, even more objectionable. Instead of any interference with personal freedom, he proposes the entire abolition of legal restrictions as to marriage, which is to be a free contract to last only so long as either party desires. This alone, however, would have no effect on race-improvement, except probably a prejudicial one. The essential part of his method is, that girls should be taught both by direct education and by the influence of public opinion, that the duty of all healthy and intellectual women is to be the mothers of as many and as perfect children as possible. For this purpose they are recommended to choose as temporary husbands the finest, healthiest, and most intellectual men, thus insuring a variety of combinations of parental qualities which would lead to the production of offspring of the highest possible character and to the continual advancement of the race.\*

I think I have fairly summarized the essence of Mr. Grant Allen's proposal, which, though enforced with all his literary skill and piquancy of illustration, can, in my opinion, only be fitly described by the term already applied to it by one of his reviewers, "detestable." It purports to be advanced in the interests of the children and of the race; but it would necessarily impair that family life and parental affection which are the prime essentials to the well being of children; while, though it need not necessarily produce, it would certainly favor, the increase of pure sensualism, the most degrading and most fatal of all the qualities that tend to the deterioration of races and the downfall of nations. One of the modern American advocates of greater liberty of divorce, in the interest of marriage itself, thus admirably summarizes the essential characteristics and purport of true marriage: "In a true relation, the chief object is

the loving companionship of man and woman, their capacity for mutual help and happiness, and for the development of all that is noblest in each other. The second object is the building up a home and family, a place of rest, peace, security, in which child-life can bud and blossom like flowers in the sunshine."\* For such rest, peace, and security, permanence is essential. This permanence need not be attained by rigid law, but by the influence of public opinion, and, more surely still, by those deep-seated feelings and emotions which, under favorable conditions, render the marriage tie stronger and its influence more beneficial the longer it endures. To me it appears that no system of the relations of men and women could be more fatal to the happiness of individuals, the well-being of children, or the advancement of the race, than that proposed by Mr. Grant Allen.

Before proceeding further with the main question it is necessary to point out that, besides the special objections to each of the proposals here noticed, there is a general and fundamental objection. They all attempt to deal at once, and by direct legislative enactment, with the most important and most vital of all human relations, regardless of the fact that our present phase of social development is not only extremely imperfect but vicious and rotten at the core. How can it be possible to determine and settle the relations of women to men which shall be best alike for individuals and for the race, in a society in which a very large proportion of women are obliged to work long hours daily for the barest subsistence, while another large proportion are forced into more or less uncongenial marriages as the only means of securing some amount of personal independence or physical well-being. Let any one consider, on the one hand, the lives of the wealthy as portrayed in the society newspapers and even in the advertisements of such papers as *The Field* and *The Queen*, with their endless round of pleasure and luxury, their almost inconceivable wastefulness and extravagance, indicated by the cost of female dress and such facts as the expenditure of a thousand pounds on the flowers for a single

\* See "The Girl of the Future" in *The Universal Review*, May, 1890, and a previous article entitled, "Plain Words on the Woman Question," in *The Fortnightly Review*, October, 1889.

\* Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the *Arena*, April, 1890.

entertainment ; and, on the other hand, the terrible condition of millions of workers—men, women, and children—as detailed in the *Report of the Lords Commission on Sweating*, on absolutely incontestable evidence, and the still more awful condition of those who seek work of any kind in vain and, seeing their children slowly dying of starvation, are driven in utter helplessness and despair to murder and suicide. Can any thoughtful person admit for a moment that, in a society so constituted that these overwhelming contrasts of luxury and privation are looked upon as necessities, and are treated by the Legislature as matters with which it has practically nothing to do, there is the smallest probability that we can deal successfully with such tremendous social problems as those which involve the marriage tie and the family relation as a means of promoting the physical and moral advancement of the race? What a mockery to still further whiten the sepulchre of modern society, in which is hidden “all manner of corruption,” with schemes for the moral and physical advancement of the race!

It is my firm conviction, for reasons which I shall state presently, that, when we have cleansed the Augean stable of our existing social organization, and have made such arrangements that *all* shall contribute their share of either physical or mental labor, and that all workers shall reap the *full* reward of their work, the future of the race will be insured by those laws of human development that have led to the slow but continuous advance in the higher qualities of human nature. When men and women are alike free to follow their best impulses ; when idleness and vicious or useless luxury on the one hand, oppressive labor and starvation on the other, are alike unknown ; when all receive the best and most thorough education that the state of civilization and knowledge at the time will admit ; when the standard of public opinion is set by the wisest and the best, and that standard is systematically inculcated on the young ; then we shall find that a system of selection will come spontaneously into action which will steadily tend to eliminate the lower and more degraded types of man, and thus continuously raise the average standard of the race. I therefore strongly

protest against any attempt to deal with this great question by legal enactments, or by endeavoring to modify public opinion as to the beneficial character of monogamy and permanence in marriage. That the existing popular opinion is the true one is well and briefly shown by Miss Chapman in a recent number of *Lippincott's Magazine* ; and as her statement of the case expresses my own views, and will, I think, be approved by most thinkers on the subject, I here give it.

“1. *Nature* plainly indicates permanent marriage as the true human relation. The young of the human pair need parental care and supervision for a great number of years.

“2. *Instinct* is strongly on the side of indissoluble marriage. In proportion as men leave brutedom behind and enter into the fulness of their human heritage, they will cease to tolerate the idea of two or more living partners.

“3. *History* shows conclusively that where divorce has been easy, licentiousness, disorder, and often complete anarchy have prevailed. The history of civilization is the history of advance in monogamy, of the fidelity of one man to one woman, and one woman to one man.

“4. *Science* tells the same tale. Physiology and Hygiene point to temperance, not riot. Sociology shows how man, in spite of himself, is ever striving, through lower forms, upward, to the monogamic relation.

“5. *Experience* demonstrates to every one of us, individually, the superiority of the indissoluble marriage. We know that, speaking broadly, marriages turn out well or ill in proportion as husband and wife are—let me not say loving—but loyal, sinking differences and even grievances for the sake of children and for the sake of example.”

We have now to consider what would be the probable effect of a condition of social advancement, the essential characteristics of which have been already hinted at, on the two great problems—the increase of population, and the continuous improvement of the race by some form of selection which we have reason to believe is the only method available. In order to make this clear, however, and in order that we may fully realize the forces that would come into play in a just and rational state of society, such as may certainly be realized in the not distant future, it will be necessary to have a clear conception of its main characteristics. For this purpose, and without committing myself in any way to an approval of all the details of his scheme, I shall make use of Mr. Bellamy's clear and forcible picture

of the society of the future, as he supposes it may exist in America in little more than a century hence.\*

The essential principle on which society is supposed to be founded is that of a great family. As in a well-regulated modern family the elders, those who have experience of the labors, the duties, and the responsibilities of life, determine the general mode of living and working, with the fullest consideration for the convenience and real well-being of the younger members, and with a recognition of their essential independence. As in a family, the same comforts and enjoyments are secured to all, and the very idea of making any difference in this respect to those who from mental or physical disability are unable to do so much as others, never occurs to any one, since it is opposed to the essential principles on which a true society is held to rest. As regards education all have the same advantages, and all receive the fullest and best training, both intellectual and physical; every one is encouraged to follow out those studies or pursuits for which they are best fitted, or for which they exhibit the strongest inclination. This education, the complete and thorough training for a life of usefulness and enjoyment, continues in both sexes till the age of twenty-one (or thereabouts) when all alike, men and women, take their place in the ranks of the industrial army in which they serve for three years. During the latter years of their education, and during the succeeding three years of industrial service, every opportunity is given them to see and understand every kind of work that is carried on by the community, so that at the end of the term of probation they can choose what department of the public service they prefer to enter. As every one—men, women, and children alike—receive the same amount of public credit—their equal share of the products of the labor of the community, the attractiveness of various pursuits is equalized by differences in the hours of labor, in holidays, or in special privileges attached to the more disagreeable kinds of necessary work, and these are so modified from time to time that the volunteers for every occupation are always about equal to its requirements. The only

other essential feature that it is necessary to notice for our present purpose is the system of grades, by which good conduct, industry, and intelligence in every department of industry and occupation are fully recognized, and lead to appointments as overseers, superintendents, or general managers, and ultimately to the highest offices of the state. Every one of these grades and appointments is made public; and as they constitute the only honors and the only differences of rank, with corresponding insignia and privileges, in an otherwise equal body of citizens, they are highly esteemed and serve as ample inducements to industry and zeal in the public service.

At first sight it may appear that in any state of society whose essential features were at all like those here briefly outlined, all the usual restraints to early marriage as they now exist would be removed, and that a rate of increase of the population unexampled in any previous era would be the result, leading in a few generations to a difficulty in obtaining subsistence, which Malthus has shown to be the inevitable result of the normal rate of increase of mankind when all the positive as well as the preventive checks are removed. As the positive checks—which may be briefly summarized as war, pestilence, and famine—are supposed to be non-existent, what, it may be asked, are the preventive checks which are suggested as being capable of reducing the rate of increase within manageable limits? This very reasonable question I will now endeavor to answer.

The first and most important of the checks upon a too rapid increase of population will be the comparatively late average period of marriage, which will be the natural result of the very conditions of society, and will besides be inculcated during the period of education, and still further enforced by public opinion. As the period of systematic education is supposed to extend to the age of twenty-one, up to which time both the mental and physical powers will be trained and exercised to their fullest capacity, the idea of marriage during this period will rarely be entertained. During the last year of education, however, the subject of marriage will be dwelt upon, in its bearing on individual happiness and on social well-being, in relation to the welfare of the next generation and to the continuous development

\* *Looking Backward*. See especially chapters vii., ix., xii., and xxv.

of the race. The most careful and deliberate choice of partners for life will be inculcated as the highest social duty; while the young women will be so trained as to look with scorn and loathing on all men who in any way wilfully fail in their duty to society—on idlers and malingerers, on drunkards and liars, on the selfish, the cruel, or the vicious. They will be taught that the happiness of their whole lives will depend on the care and deliberation with which they choose their husbands, and they will be urged to accept no suitor till he has proved himself to be worthy of respect by the place he holds and the character he bears among his fellow-laborers in the public service.

Under social conditions which render every woman absolutely independent, so far as the necessities and comforts of existence are concerned, surrounded by the charms of family life and the pleasures of society, which will be far greater than anything we now realize when all possess the refinements derived from the best possible education, and all are relieved from sordid cares and the struggle for mere existence, is it not in the highest degree probable that marriage will rarely take place till the woman has had three or four years' experience of the world after leaving college—that is, till the age of 25, while it will very frequently be delayed till 30 or upward? Now Mr. Galton has shown, from the best statistics available, that if we compare women married at 20 with those married at 29, the proportionate fertility is about as 8 to 5. But this difference, large as it is, only represents a portion of the effect on the rate of increase of population caused by a delay in the average period of marriage. For when the age of marriage is delayed the time between successive generations is correspondingly lengthened; while a still further effect is produced by the fact that the greater the average age of marriage the fewer generations are alive at the same time, and it is the combined effect of these three factors that determines the actual rate of increase of the population.\*

But there is yet another factor tending to check the increase of population that

would come into play in a society such as we have been considering. In a remarkable essay on the *Theory of Population* Herbert Spencer has shown, by an elaborate discussion of the phenomena presented by the whole animal kingdom, that the maintenance of the individual and the propagation of the race vary inversely, those species and groups which have the shortest and most uncertain lives producing the greatest number of offspring; in other words, individuation and reproduction are antagonistic. But individuation depends almost entirely on the development and specialization of the nervous system, through which, not only are the several activities and co-ordinations of the various organs carried on, but all advance in instinct, emotion, and intellect is rendered possible. The actual rate of increase in man has been determined by the necessities of the savage state, in which, as in most animal species, it has usually been only just sufficient to maintain a limited average population. But with civilization the average duration of life increases, and the possible increase of population under favorable conditions becomes very great, because fertility is greater than is needed under the new conditions. The advance in civilization as regards the preservation of life has in recent times become so rapid, and the increased development of the nervous system has been limited to so small a portion of the whole population, that no general diminution in fertility has yet occurred. That the facts do, however, accord with the theory is indicated by the common observation that highly intellectual parents do not as a rule have large families, while the most rapid increase occurs in those classes which are engaged in the simpler kinds of manual labor. But in a state of society in which all have their higher faculties fully cultivated and fully exercised throughout life, a slight general diminution of fertility would at once arise, and this diminution, added to that caused by the later average period of marriage, would at once bring the rate of increase of population within manageable limits. The same general principle enables us to look forward to that distant future when the world will be fully peopled, in perfect confidence that an equilibrium between the birth and death rates will then be brought about by a combination of physical and social agencies,

\* See *Inquiries into Human Faculty and Its Development*, p. 321; and *Hereditary Genius*, p. 353.

and the bugbear of over-population become finally extinct.\*

There now only remains for consideration the means by which, in such a society, a continuous improvement of the race could be brought about, on the assumption that for this purpose education is powerless as a direct agency, since its effects are not hereditary, and that some form of selection is an absolute necessity. This improvement I believe will certainly be effected through the agency of female choice in marriage. Let us, therefore, consider how this would probably act.

It will be generally admitted that, although many women now remain unmarried from necessity rather than from choice, there are always a considerable number who feel no strong inclination to marriage, and who accept husbands to secure a subsistence or a home of their own rather than from personal affection or sexual emotion. In a society in which women were all pecuniarily independent, were all fully occupied with public duties and intellectual or social enjoyments, and had nothing to gain by marriage as regards material well-being, we may be sure that the number of the unmarried from choice would largely increase. It would probably come to be considered a degradation for any woman to marry a man she could not both love and esteem, and this feeling would supply ample reasons for either abstaining from marriage altogether or delaying it till a worthy and sympathetic husband was encountered. In man, on the other hand, the passion of love is more general, and usually stronger; and as in such a society as is here postulated there would be no way of gratifying this passion but by marriage, almost every woman would receive offers, and thus a powerful selective agency would rest with the female sex. Under the system of education and of public opinion here suggested there can be no doubt how this selection would be exercised. The idle and the selfish would be almost universally rejected. The diseased or the weak in intellect would also usually remain unmarried; while those who exhibited any tendency to insanity or to hereditary disease, or who possessed any congenital deformity

would in hardly any case find partners, because it would be considered an offence against society to be the means of perpetuating such diseases or imperfections.

We must also take into account a special factor hitherto, I believe, unnoticed in this connection that would in all probability intensify the selection thus exercised. It is well known that females are largely in excess of males in our existing population, and this fact, if it were a necessary and permanent one, would tend to weaken the selective agency of women, as it undoubtedly does now. But there is good reason to believe that it will not be a permanent feature of our population. The births always give a larger proportion of males than females, varying from  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to 4 per cent. But boys die so much more rapidly than girls that when we include all under the age of five the numbers are nearly equal. For the next five years the mortality is nearly the same in both sexes; then that of females preponderates up to 30 years of age, then up to 60 that of men is the larger, while for the rest of life female mortality is again greatest. The general result is that at the ages of most frequent marriage—from 20 to 35—females are between 8 and 9 per cent. in excess of males. But during the ages from 5 to 35 we find a wonderful excess of male deaths from two preventible causes—"accident" and "violence." For the year 1888 the deaths from these causes in England and Wales were as follows:

Males (5 to 35 years)	4,158.
Females (5 to 35 years)	1,100.*

Here we have an excess of male over female deaths in one year of 3,058, all between the ages of 5 and 35, a very large portion of which is no doubt due to the greater risks run by men and boys in various industrial occupations. In a state of society in which the bulk of the population were engaged in industrial work, it is quite certain that almost all these deaths would be prevented, and thus bring the male population more nearly to an equality with the female. But there are also many unhealthy employments in which men are exclusively engaged, such as the grinders of Sheffield, the white-lead manufacturers, and many others; and many more men have their lives shortened by labor in un-

\* *A Theory of Population deduced from the General Law of Animal Fertility.* Republished from the *Westminster Review* for April, 1852.

\* Annual Report of the Registrar General, 1888, pp. 106-7.

ventilated workshops, to say nothing of the loss of life in war. When the lives of all its citizens are accounted of equal value to the community, no one will be allowed to suffer from such preventible causes as these; and this will still further reduce the mortality of men as compared with that of women. On the whole, then, it seems highly probable that in the society of the future the superior numbers of males at birth will be maintained throughout life, or, at all events, during what may be termed the marriageable period. This will greatly increase the influence of women in the improvement of the race. Being a minority they will be more sought after, and will have a real choice in marriage, which is rarely the case now. This actual minority, being further increased by those who, from the various causes already referred to, abstain from marriage, will cause considerable numbers of men to remain permanently unmarried, and as these will consist very largely, if not almost wholly, of those who are the least perfectly developed either mentally or physically, the constant advance of the race in every good quality will be insured.

This method of improvement by elimination of the worst has many advantages over that of securing the early marriages of the best. In the first place it is the direct instead of the indirect way, for it is more important and more beneficial to society to improve the average of its members by getting rid of the lowest types than by raising the highest a little higher. Exceptionally great and good men are always produced in sufficient numbers, and have always been so produced in every phase of civilization. We do not need more of these so much as we need less of the weak and the bad. This weeding-out system has been the method of natural selection, by which the animal and vege-

table worlds have been improved and developed. The survival of the fittest is really the extinction of the unfit. In nature this occurs perpetually on an enormous scale, because, owing to the rapid increase of most organisms, the unfit which are yearly destroyed form a large proportion of those that are born. Under our hitherto imperfect civilization this wholesome process has been checked as regards mankind; but the check has been the result of the development of the higher attributes of our nature. Humanity—the essentially *human* emotion—has caused us to save the lives of the weak and suffering, of the maimed or imperfect in mind or body. This has to some extent been antagonistic to physical and even intellectual race-improvement; but it has improved us morally by the continuous development of the characteristic and crowning grace of our human, as distinguished from our animal, nature.

In the society of the future this defect will be remedied, not by any diminution of our humanity, but by encouraging the activity of a still higher human characteristic—admiration of all that is beautiful and kindly and self-sacrificing, repugnance to all that is selfish, base, or cruel. When we allow ourselves to be guided by reason, justice, and public spirit in our dealings with our fellow-men, and determine to abolish poverty by recognizing the equal rights of all the citizens of our common land to an equal share of the wealth which all combine to produce—when we have thus solved the lesser problem of a rational social organization adapted to secure the equal well-being of all, then we may safely leave the far greater and deeper problem of the improvement of the race to the cultivated minds and pure instincts of the Women of the Future.—*Fortnightly Review*.

#### EXCAVATIONS IN JUDEA.

BY PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE.

THE traveller from Hebron to Gaza cannot fail to be struck with the sudden contrast presented by the mountainous country that he leaves behind him and the long stretch of almost level plain into which he descends. After passing Bêt-

Jibrin, in which some scholars would see the site of the ancient Gath, he has to wend his way through narrow defiles and precipitous limestone crags until he suddenly finds himself in the rich plain which forms the *Negeb*, or district of "southern"

Judæa. On the first occasion on which I traversed it, however, it was not the sharp contrast between mountain and plain that first attracted my attention. It was rather the number of *tels*, or artificial mounds, with which the plain is covered. Each *tel* marks the site of an ancient city or village, and no archæologist could help reflecting as he gazed upon them what a rich field must here await the future excavator. Among them I noted two or three of remarkable height and size, and longed for an opportunity of discovering the historical secrets that lay hidden within them. It was more especially on a lofty mound, which my dragoman told me was called Tel 'Ajlân, that I cast covetous eyes.

The curiosity which the site of the mound excited has now been partially gratified. After ten years of patient importunity the Palestine Exploration Fund succeeded last spring in obtaining permission from the Turkish Government to excavate in the south of Palestine, and Mr. Flinders Petrie, the prince of living excavators, placed his services at the disposal of the Fund. In spite of obstacles of every nature, presented by the climate, by Turkish officialism and by the character of the Beduin inhabitants of the country, his few weeks of work have produced truly marvellous results. We now know something of the art and building of the Israelites in the period of the Kings, and even of that older Amorite population whom the Israelites conquered. It has become possible to speak of Palestinian archæology, and to determine the age of the pottery and hewn stones which are met with in the country. Where all before was chaos, order at last has begun to reign.

The firman granted by the Porte allowed excavations to be conducted over an area of  $9\frac{1}{2}$  square kilomètres in the neighborhood of Khurbet 'Ajlân, but enjoined that all objects found, including even duplicates, should be handed over to a Turkish commissioner specially appointed to oversee the work. When, however, Mr. Petrie arrived in Jerusalem at the beginning of March, he found that, owing to a trifling error of description, the firman was detained in Constantinople, and it did not reach Jerusalem, where Mr. Petrie was awaiting it in the midst of violent storms and penetrating cold, until the very end of the month. At last it came, but, in spite of the courtesy and assistance of the

enlightened Pasha of Jerusalem, further delays were interposed by the Turkish commissioner, and it was not until April 14 that work could be commenced, one week only before Ramadan. What Ramadan means is known too well to those who have lived in the Mohammedan East. An unbroken fast throughout the day, followed by feasting at night, renders even the most industrious disinclined for work. And Mr. Petrie had to deal with a population naturally disposed to steal rather than to work, and who had never tried their hands at excavating before. It was no wonder that the excavator from time to time thought regretfully of the industrious and intelligent *fellahin* he had left behind in Egypt, and longed to see the "savages" who now squat on the fertile plain of Judæa swept back into their ancestral desert homes.

Mr. Petrie began with some preparatory digging at a place known to the geographers as Umm el-Laqla, which has been supposed to be the site of the once important fortress of Lachish. The first time I visited the spot I was told that the real name of the hill-slope was Umm el-Latîs, and three years ago, when I visited it for a second time, I satisfied myself that it represented nothing more than the site of a village of the Roman age. Mr. Petrie's excavations have abundantly confirmed my conclusion. The site, he found, was covered with only six to eight feet of artificial earth, which was filled with fragments of Roman pottery, and in one place a worn coin of Maximian Hercules was disinterred two feet above the virgin soil. Accordingly, he soon moved with his workmen to the *tel* which formed the most prominent object in the district where he was permitted to dig.

The *tel* is about six miles from the village of Burêr, and near the site of a Roman hamlet which goes by the name of Khurbet 'Ajlân, or "Ruin of Eglon." It proves not to be called Tel el-'Ajlân, "the mound of the Eglonite," as my dragoman informed me, but Tel el-Hayy, apparently from a spring of water which flows past the eastern face of the mound. The spring is the only source of fresh water that exists for many miles around, and falls into a brackish brook which trickles from the neighboring Tel en-Nejileh, the united stream being subsequently swallowed up in a stony *wadi* a few

hundred yards lower down. Mr. Petrie is doubtless right in thinking that it was to this spring that the city now represented by the Tel el-Hesi owed its importance. The spring would have borne the same relation to the old town that the spring of the Virgin bore, and still bears, to Jerusalem. When swollen by rain the stream is capable of doing a considerable amount of mischief. It has washed away a large portion of the eastern and south-eastern sides of the mound, thus laying bare a section of the *tel* from its top to the bottom. This has proved, however, of invaluable service to the explorer, as the time at his disposal would never have allowed him to uncover a tenth part of the soil which has been removed by the water. Another season of work would have been needed before the lowest part of the *tel* could have been reached, and the history of the mound revealed, together with that of the pottery which is embedded in it. The kindly assistance of the water was the one piece of good fortune that fell to Mr. Petrie's lot, and he knew how to make the most of it.

On the southern and western sides of the *tel* is an enclosure, about thirty acres square, which is surrounded by a "clay rampart" still seven feet high in certain parts, and in one place by a brick wall. As there is but a slight deposit of earth within the enclosure, while nothing was found in it, Mr. Petrie is doubtless right in holding that it was intended to shelter cattle in case of an invasion. It probably belongs to the later period of the city to which it was attached.

The city is represented by the *tel* or mound. This rises to a height of no less than sixty feet, formed by the accumulated ruins of successive towns, the lowest of which stood on a platform of natural soil about fifty feet above the stream which runs through the *wadi* below. The mound is about two hundred feet square.

Mr. Petrie's description of it reads like the record of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Troy. City has been piled upon city, the latest colonists being Greeks, whose settlement was itself swept away before the age of Alexander the Great. The lowest and earliest city was the most important, if we may judge from the size of the wall with which it was encircled. This was 28 feet 8 inches thick, and was formed, like the walls of an Egyptian

city, of clay bricks baked in the sun. It had been twice repaired in the course of its history, and it still stands to a height of twenty-one feet. As thin black Phœnician pottery was found above it, which Egyptian excavation has shown to be not later than about B.C. 1100, we may follow Mr. Petrie in regarding the wall as that of one of those Amorite cities which, as we are told, were "walled up to heaven" (Deut. i. 28). It is the first authentic memorial of the ancient Canaanitish population which has been discovered in Palestine. As large quantities of potsherds have been met with both outside and within it, we now know the precise characteristics of Amorite pottery, and can consequently tell the age of a site on which it occurs.

The city to which the wall belonged was taken and destroyed, and the wall itself was allowed to fall into ruin. Then came a period when the site was occupied by rude herdsmen or squatters, unskilled in the arts either of making bricks or of fortifying towns. Their huts were built of mud and rolled stones from the *wadi* below, and resembled the wretched "shanties" of the half-savage Beduin, which we may still see on the outskirts of the Holy Land. They must have been inhabited by members of the invading Israelitish tribes who had overthrown the civilization that had long existed in the cities of Canaan, and were still in a condition of nomadic barbarism. We may gather from the Book of Judges that the period was brought to an end by the organizing efforts of Samuel and the defeat of the Philistines by Saul. With the foundation of the Israelitish monarchy came a new epoch of prosperity and culture. Jerusalem and other cities were enlarged and fortified (1 Kings ix. 15-19), and the Chronicler tells us (2 Chron. xi. 5) that after the revolt of the Ten Tribes the chief cities of Judah were further strengthened by Rehoboam. The ruins of Tel el-Hesi furnish numerous evidences of this new epoch of building. First of all we have a wall of crude brick thirteen feet thick, which is probably identical with a wall traced by Mr. Petrie along the western and northern faces of the *tel*, where it ends in a tower at the north-west corner. However this may be, the section laid bare by the stream on the eastern face of the *tel* shows that the thirteen feet wall



was repaired and rebuilt three or four times over. All these rebuildings must be referred to the age of the Kings, since the only remains of post-exilic times discovered on the mound are those of the Greek settlement of the fifth century B.C.

One of the later rebuildings is illustrated by a massive brick wall twenty-five feet thick, and of considerable height, which Mr. Petrie has discovered on the southern slope of the *tel*, and which he refers to the reign of Manasseh. It has been built above a *glacis* formed of large blocks of stone, the faces of which were covered with plaster. Mr. Petrie has traced the *glacis* to a height of forty feet, and has found that it was approached by a flight of steps, at the foot of which, in the valley, was a fortified building, of which only the gateway now remains. The earth on which the *glacis* rests is piled ten feet deep around a large building eighty-five feet in length, and composed of crude brick walls more than four feet in thickness. Ten feet below the building are the ruins of another large building, which, after having been burned, was rudely put together again out of the old materials. The original edifice was of crude brick with doorways of "fine white limestone." Several slabs of the latter have been discovered; on three of them is "a curious form of decoration by a shallow pilaster, with very sloping side, resting on a low cushion base, and with a volute at the top." As Mr. Petrie remarks, "we are here face to face at last with work of the earlier Jewish king, probably executed by the same school of masons who built and adorned the temple of Solomon." In the volute Mr. Petrie sees a representation of a ram's horn, and calls to mind the Biblical expression, "The horns of the altar." Whether this be so or not, the volute is an earlier form of that which characterizes the Ionic capital. On one of the slabs is a *graffito*, which must have been scratched upon the stone by one of the subjects of Solomon or his immediate successors. It represents a lion or dog walking, and as the slab was built into the reconstructed edifice upside down, the drawing must have been made while the stone still formed part of the original edifice. This can hardly have been erected at a later date than the reign of Rehoboam.

The stones of the *glacis* have led Mr. Petrie to a very important conclusion.

They are drafted, the surface of the stone being smoothed away toward the edges so as to leave a rough projection in the middle. But they show no trace of the claw-tool, or comb-pick, as Mr. Petrie prefers to call it. Now this tool is characteristic of Greek work, and as it was used in Greece in the pre-Persian era, while it was introduced into Egypt only after the contact of Egypt with Greece, we may infer that it was of Greek invention. Its employment in Palestine, therefore, would imply that any building in which it was used belonged to the Greek age, Mr. Petrie's excavations at Tel el-Hesi having shown that older Jewish work exhibits no traces of it. Consequently the dispute as to the age of the Harâm wall at Jerusalem is at last settled. Here the stones have been dressed with a claw-tool from the foundation upward, and it becomes clear, accordingly, that they must all be referred to an Herodian date. I have always felt doubtful about the antiquity commonly ascribed to them on the strength of certain masons' marks pronounced by Mr. Deutsch to be early Phœnician characters. But it is questionable whether they are characters at all; at any rate, they do not belong to an early form of the Phœnician alphabet, and no argument can be drawn from them as to the pre-exilic origin of the monument on which they occur.

But while the date of the great wall which surrounds the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem is thus brought down to the classical period, the very fact which has reduced its claims to antiquity has served to establish the pre-exilic character of another monument near Hebron. This is the Râmet-el-Khalîl, or "Shrine of Abraham," about three miles to the north of Hebron. The huge blocks of stone of which this building was composed have never been touched by the claw-tool, and we may therefore see in them the relics of a temple the foundation of which must be older than the exile. Can it represent the site of Kirjath-sepher, the Canaanite, "city of books?"

In Tel el-Hesi Mr. Petrie sees the ruins of Lachish.\* The spring which flowed beneath its walls is, as has been said, the only fountain of fresh water which gushes from the soil for many miles around, and

\* Major Conder had already suggested the same identification ("Memoirs of the Survey of Western Palestine," iii. p. 261).

the spot would naturally therefore have been selected as the site of an important fortress. How precious such a supply of water would be may be judged from the fact that the brackish stream which flows from the smaller and more insignificant Tel en-Nejleh, was in ancient times confined there by a massive dam. We know that Lachish was one of the chief fortresses of Judæa, and its capture by Sennacherib was considered sufficiently memorable to be depicted in a bas-relief on the walls of that monarch's palace; we know also that it stood somewhere in the neighborhood of the present Tel el-Hesi. On the other hand, the name of Khurbet 'Ajlân, given to an adjoining site, might incline us to believe that the *tel* represents Eglon rather than Lachish. Eglon and Lachish, however, were close to one another, and, considering that Lachish was the larger and more important town of the two, Mr. Petrie is probably right in locating it at Tel el-Hesi. In that case Tel en-Nejleh will be Eglon.

If Tel el-Hesi is Lachish, the monuments of sculpture and inscription overthrown there by Sennacherib must still be lying within its ruins. Indeed, even more precious relics of the past may await the explorer of the old Amorite city. Among the tablets discovered at Tel el-Amarna are despatches to the Egyptian king from Zimridi and Yabniel, the governors of Lachish, which prove that the art of writing the Babylonian language in cuneiform characters upon clay was known and practised there. The city was the seat of a governor, and it is reasonable to suppose that the governor's palace contained an archive chamber. For aught we know the clay tablets with which the archive chamber was once stored may still lie buried under the *débris* which has concealed the ruins of the Amorite city for so many generations from the eyes and ravages of man.

However this may be, Mr. Petrie's excavations, brief and imperfect as they have necessarily been, have taught us two important facts. The first of these facts is the mutability of local nomenclature in the East. The recurrence of an ancient name in the mouths of the modern inhabitants of Palestine by no means implies that the place to which it is given is the representative of an ancient locality of the same name. The utmost it can prove is

that the ancient site is probably to be sought in the near neighborhood of the spot to which the name is now applied. The existence of a name like Khurbet 'Ajlân, given though it may be to a comparatively recent site, may yet show that the Eglon of the past once stood somewhere in its vicinity. But it can do no more. The tides of war which have swept from time to time over the civilized East have displaced the older population, have reduced the earlier cities of the land to "ruinous heaps," and have transferred their inhabitants to other places. When the Jews returned from the Babylonian exile, they were in most cases likely to settle in the open country, at a distance from the barren mounds which were all that remained of the older cities. The new Eglon would arise, not on the site of the more ancient one, but where the settlers would be surrounded by green pastures or cultivated fields. The fact is a warning to those who would place the ancient Megiddo at Mujedda on the evidence only of a similarity of name, or who would transform the "Stone" of Zohaleth into the Cliff of Zehwele, in defiance of philology and geography.

The second fact brought to light by Mr. Petrie is that, if we are ever to learn anything about pre-exilic Israel on the soil of Palestine itself, it must be by the help of the spade. His excavations have shown that up to now we have known nothing, or next to nothing, of the archæology of the Holy Land before the classical age. They have further shown what a rich harvest, on the other hand, awaits the excavator. Already the basis has been laid for a scientific study of Palestinian antiquities; the sites that cover the ground can now be assigned to their respective ages by means of the pottery they contain; and we can tell from a simple inspection of the stones of a building whether or not it belongs to the pre-exilic epoch. The future excavator will no longer set to work in the dark, trusting for success to chance and luck; he will know beforehand where and how to dig, and with what rewards he is likely to meet. The explorer who will devote himself to the labor, as Sir A. H. Layard devoted himself to Nineveh and Dr. Schliemann to Troy, will obtain results as marvellous and far-reaching as those obtained by Layard and Schliemann. The former story of

Palestine has not been obliterated from its soil, as has often been imagined : on the contrary, it is indelibly impressed on the stone and clay which that soil still holds in its bosom. We have dug up Homer and Herodotos ; we shall yet dig up the Bible.

Mr. Petrie's excavations could not be continued long enough to allow him to penetrate to that central core of the *tel* where alone he could expect to meet with inscribed stones. Apart from stonemasons' marks, in the shape of early forms of Phœnician letters, the only inscription he has disinterred is scratched on the fragment of a terra-cotta vase. The inscription he assigns to the age of Hezekiah. One of the letters composing it, however, has a very archaic form, and it may therefore belong to an earlier period. But, like the famous Siloam inscription, it indicates in a curious way what was the ordinary writing material employed by the Jews. The "tails" of certain letters are curved, the curve being represented on the refractory terra-cotta by two scratches, which together form an angle. It is clear from this that the Hebrews must have ordinarily written on papyrus or parchment, where the longer lines of the characters would naturally run into curves, and not, like the Moabites, for instance, on clay, stone, or metal. They were a literary rather than a monumental people.

A seal found in Jerusalem, and belonging to Mr. Clark, has at last given us a clue to the relative age of the few Jewish inscriptions of the pre-exilic period which are at present known to us. The inscription upon it states that it was the property of "Elishama", the son of the King." Now, we hear about this Elishama' from the prophet Jeremiah (xli. 1), who tells

us that he was of "the seed royal," and the grandfather of Ishmael, the contemporary of Zedekiah. Elishama' accordingly will have flourished about B.C. 650, and we can therefore now determine what were the forms taken by the letters of the Jewish alphabet at that particular time. Comparing them with the forms of the letters in the Siloam inscription, we find that the latter must be somewhat, though not greatly, older, and that consequently the general opinion is justified which considers that the construction of the tunnel commemorated by the inscription was a work of Ahaz or Hezekiah. A fixed point of departure has thus been obtained in Hebrew epigraphy.

The excavator, then, who continues Mr. Petrie's work next season will be equipped with knowledge and resources which, only six months ago, were not even dreamed of. Discoveries of the highest interest await him ;—monuments of David and Solomon and their successors ; it may be even the clay records of the Amorite priests and chieftains whom the children of Israel dispossessed. The bearing such discoveries may have upon the interpretation and criticism of the Old Testament Scriptures, the light they may throw upon the conquest of Canaan or the establishment of the Davidic monarchy, cannot even be conceived. But we may feel sure that such discoveries will be achieved, if only the means of achieving them are provided. And provided we cannot doubt they will be, as soon as the results of Mr. Petrie's preliminary campaign are made known to scholars and lovers of the Bible. In wealthy England the Palestine Exploration Fund cannot fail to find that money for the work will flow to it in abundance. — *Contemporary Review*.

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#### RELIGIOUS AUTHORITY.

DR. R. W. DALE, in this month's *Contemporary Review*, discusses Dr. Martineau's book on "The Seat of Authority in Religion," and has no difficulty in showing the almost intolerable paradox of the assumption that the great revelation of God in Christ was conveyed to the world enveloped in a mass of fictitious doctrine, fabulous history, invented dialogue, and fabricated prayer, which not only dyed

with prismatic colors that had no real existence the actual teaching and life of our Lord, but contrived to make his figure a great deal more impressive to the world than it otherwise would have been, and to connect with his name spiritual teaching that has seemed to the great majority of his followers even more wonderful, and bathed in a more subduing lustre, than that which Dr. Martineau regards as his

own. If that assumption could be true, it would be a very difficult question whether the real Jesus, or the imaginary image of him which the pious thought of his followers had constructed, were more truly the saviour of the world. Dr. Dale, however, sees clearly that Christianity would never survive such an analysis of Christ into a real being surrounded by a nimbus of imaginary glory, as Dr. Martineau applies, and that so soon as the nimbus had been successfully dissipated by the higher criticism, the shrunken figure which remained would be gently ignored. The mere shock of discovering, if it could be discovered, that the fictitious Christ of the second century was a much more imposing and life-giving conception than the being from whom this conception had taken its rise, would as completely shatter the spiritual might of Christianity, as the discovery that the shadow seen bowing to you from the summit of the Brocken is nothing but a magnified image of your own person, disposes, to those who recognize it, of the magic of the German superstition. Dr. Dale finds it an easy task to show that a revelation which comes into the world thickly robed in veils of its own, does not effect its purpose of unveiling to man the mind and nature of God. But when Dr. Dale comes to the exposition of his own view of the seat of authority in Christianity, he is hardly so successful as he is in demonstrating that Dr. Martineau has introduced us, not to true authority, but to a pallid ghost of authority which vanishes as we gaze.

Dr. Dale's view is that "the authority of the New Testament comes from those parts of it in which I find God and God finds me; but it does not follow that only in those parts is there any divine light and power." He compares the authority of revelation as it is contained in the New Testament, to the authority which time-honored artistic triumphs exert over the minds of lovers of the beautiful. Men are only really touched by what stirs their own admiration; but if they find that "a painting which has commanded the wonder and admiration of cultivated men of different countries for several generations, fails to move" them, then they only suppose that it is due to some want in themselves, not to any want in the painting, and they wait quietly till the time comes when they can see what others have seen,

and do not rashly and presumptuously deny the beauty of the picture only because they themselves are apparently too obtuse to perceive it. And this, as we understand Dr. Dale, is precisely the kind of authority which he attributes to those sayings of Christ or his Apostles which do not "find" him. As parts of a whole, many elements of which do "find" him, he puts them by till that which has hitherto not won its way to his heart, shall have time and opportunity to win its way to his heart; but he does not, we presume, feel bound to obey a command even of our Lord's of which he cannot recognize the intrinsic claim to his will's obedience, until the time comes when that claim makes itself clear to him, just as he does not feel bound to confess his own artistic deficiency in not admiring a picture which he cannot admire, only because the rest of the world has concurred in speaking of it with wonder and delight. He even goes so far as to say that he should not attach less spiritual authority to the Gospels even if they could be proved to have been written "by unknown persons belonging to the third or fourth generation of Christians"—i.e., at least in the case of the fourth Gospel which plainly indicates its own authorship as that of a direct witness of our Lord's life and death and resurrection, even if it could be proved to be a forgery—surely a very strong assertion of the indefectibility of spiritual authority against plain evidence of moral recklessness and indifference to truth. This appears to us to carry the self-evidencing character of intrinsic divinity to a point which is quite suicidal, for if anything in the world should undermine spiritual authority, it is the evidence that the authority in question did not scruple at giving itself out to be that which it was not. And to a very large extent this indictment would apply against the honesty of the third Gospel as well as that of the fourth, if it could be shown to have originated so late. Surely Dr. Dale's view of the intrinsic authority of the text of Scripture for every individual whom it "finds," in spite of external evidence, supposed demonstrative, that it finds us under false pretences, will not hold its ground as adequate. In the first place, it is a doctrine of provisional authority only for such parts of Scripture as have not "found" us; and in the next place, it is an authority divided

against itself, if it professes to overrule adequate evidence of the unscrupulous assertion of false claims. If the intrinsic authority of any given human being or any given human action is not sufficient to overrule, at once and forever, the suggestion of bad faith, it is, in our opinion at least, not sufficient to exert any practical authority at all. Possibly, however, Dr. Dale may think that none of the Gospels does make any direct claim to an authorship inconsistent with its late origin; and in that case, of course, though we could not admit such a judgment as even plausible, this latter objection drops. But the first objection, the objection that its authority only goes so far as it awakens any echo in the human heart, and as to all other portions is purely provisional, hardly even as much as a working hypothesis, remains.

Surely it is obvious that authority is not authority at all unless it inspires us with a perfect willingness to trust it in regions where we cannot verify it. The analogy of the far-famed picture fails here, because it does not inspire us with that willingness. There is such a thing as widespread bad taste. Have not many of Carlo Dolce's sickly-sweet representations of our Lord, commanded widespread admiration without deserving it? If authority not only begins, but ends with the inward response of the spirit to its claims, it is not an authority as effective even as that of parents on whom children rely for all their training in the discipline of life; for how could a parent train a child who told him that for the present his command to learn the alphabet did not "find him," and that he must put it by till he had reached a stage in experience which assured him that he should profit by a knowledge of the alphabet? Authority, to be worth anything, must not be simply provisional, must not be a sleeping authority at all points where the response of the individual mind is not clear and conscious. Christ assures his Apostles that he will be with them always, even to the end of the world; that they are not to perplex themselves with anxious consideration of the defence they should make when they are brought before Kings and Magis-

trates, but trust to the Holy Spirit which should be given them to show them what they should say; that they are to expect persecutions, and even to rejoice in them; that they are to baptize in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost—and, indeed, he multiplies commands of this kind, which are either binding because they come from him and for no other reason, or can never be proved binding at all, for how is the time ever to come when the individual conscience can verify the authority of such commands as these? To our minds, even human authority, so long as it is useful at all, and divine authority always, must imply perfect willingness, and even eagerness, to take on trust what *cannot* be verified by the individual conscience, though it begins, no doubt, in that which can be so verified. The Church was promised, and, as we believe, received from Christ, authority to develop its early institutions, and to guard its own doctrinal teaching against error; and though Christians may fairly dispute when that authority was withdrawn—as authority which is abused always will be withdrawn—we do not think it can be questioned that it protected the Church for several centuries from the gravest perils, and gave to the world an inheritance of Christian character and Christian doctrine without which Christianity—in other words, the influence of Christ over disciples who never knew him—could never have been solidly founded at all. It is and will remain a question at what point the special guidance granted to the Church as a whole was forfeited and when it first came to pass that the light which remained was the light which the ancient Church had diffused, but to which modern Churches have not been true. But it seems to us impossible to doubt that if Christ's claim be solid at all, it is a solid claim to have laid the foundation of great institutions and to have started the development of great doctrines, slowly shaped through centuries of immature life, which we must accept as of the very substance of his promises, and the very blossom and fruit of his divine career.—*Spectator*.

## THE LAST DAYS OF HEINE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF DOCTOR G. KARPELES.)

"WHEN I walk through the streets the pretty women invariably turn to look after me. My closed eyes (the right one is still about the eighth of an inch open), my sunken cheeks, fantastically cut beard, uncertain gait, all these little details combined give me the appearance of a dying man—which suits me admirably! I assure you I am just now enjoying an immense success as a candidate for Death."

So wrote Heine in the spring of 1847 to Frau Jaubert. All those who visited him in Paris at that period confirm this report, and many are the tales told by them of the terrible ravages made by his illness during the short period of a few months. In spite of this, however, on his good days he was still a convivial companion, and never was better pleased than to offer hospitality to guests with whom he could laugh and jest. "His mind seemed to have remained totally independent of his body, and continued to work with the same untiring energy in a physically ruined dwelling-place, heedless if the roof should give way and crush him." Thus it was that Alfred Meissner, who afterward became one of his best and most trusted friends, first met him on February 10th, 1847. The circle by which he was then surrounded was chiefly composed of literary Germans who had come to Paris as reporters, and among whom may be found such names as Ludwig Wihl, Heinrich Seuffert, L. Kalisch, Karpeles, etc. The intercourse with celebrated French authors and composers had almost entirely died out during those last few years. Only Hector Berlioz visited Heine from time to time, and the ill-fated Gerard de Nerval, the French translator of his poems, remained faithful to him until his death.

In January, 1848, Heine paid his last visit to Frau Jaubert, being borne in his servant's arms from the carriage up the two flights of stairs. But the strain was too great; hardly had he been laid on the sofa when one of his fearful attacks came on, commencing with the brain and agonizing the whole body down to the feet. His terrible sufferings could only be allayed by morphia, which had to be administered in ever-increasing quantities. He himself

remarked that he annually consumed about forty pounds' worth of this beneficent drug. A few days after this visit, Heine removed to the *Maison de Santé* of his friend Faultrier in the Rue de Lourcine, and there he passed some time in comparative ease until the first storms of the revolution swept over France, rudely disturbing the sufferer's peace. "Miserable fate," he moaned, "to experience such a revolution in such a position; I should have been either dead or well." All letters and articles written by Heine on the occurrences of the day bear the mark of this same state of mind. The aspirations and actions of the world found no answering echo in his heart. That the first outbreaks should have excited him to such a degree that "his blood ran cold, and his limbs seemed subjected to a galvanic battery," was not surprising. But these feelings soon passed away, leaving in their place only the pessimistical view which saw in all the events of the revolution nothing save "universal monarchy, and a general upsetting of things on earth and things in heaven." To escape the excitement, which in his state was so injurious, Heine gave way to the entreaties of his wife and allowed himself to be transported to Plassy. Much was hoped from this change of air, but very shortly such alarming symptoms showed themselves that he was compelled to return to Paris. A perpetual dread tortured Heine at this time—the fear that his brain would become affected and that he would lose his reason. To all these physical and mental sufferings was added the fact that in consequence of the general disorder prevalent in public affairs he had incurred heavy pecuniary losses. The shares of the Gouin Bank, in which he had invested his small savings, had become almost worthless, and he was obliged to sell out at a ruinous price. As though illness, revolution and loss of money were not enough, yet another torture was his—an unbounded, and most surely an unfounded, jealousy of his wife. One of his doctors relates the following incident:

What avails our art against the power of an unreasoning love and an uncontrollable jeal-

ousy? I know not what false suspicion had taken possession of our patient's mind; I only state the fact. One night he slid, or rather fell from his mattress which was laid on the floor. Exerting all his strength, with the support of his hands he crawled on his stomach to the door of his wife's room, where he fainted away and lay unconscious, Heaven alone knows how long. . . . He is perfectly well aware that his illness must terminate fatally, and I know for a certainty that his courage has not failed him. He is a most remarkable man, busying himself continually with two problems—how he can keep the state of his health from his mother's ears, and how he can provide for the future of his wife.

His first medical attendant was one Dr. Sichel, who professed to cure his patients without the aid of medicine; unhappily this system of "faith-healing" did nothing for Heine, and he was forced to have recourse to others; above all to his friend Dr. Wertheim, who had established the Cold Water Cure in Paris. As, however, the latter was too much occupied to give the invalid the necessary time and attention that he required, he was joined in his task by Dr. Gruby, a Hungarian who had long been settled, and held a very high position, in Paris. At the request of both a consultation was held in October of the same year at which two of the greatest medical authorities, Drs. Chomel and Rostan, were present. All four unanimously agreed that but little could be done to ease the sufferer's pain. They urged him to settle in Nizza, but this he at once refused to do, and nothing could induce him to alter his determination. Heine, who possessed truly wonderful powers of endurance, often laughed over the many injunctions and rules laid down for him to follow. "To heal my eyes," said he, "they place blisters on my back." His last removal was to the Rue d'Amsterdam (No. 50), a house which, though not large or elegant, was quiet.

Yet even there he was not free from the visits of curious *literati* and enthusiastic female admirers; and to contradict the reports circulated by the former in Germany Heine published a most interesting article in several of the leading papers, from which we give the following extract:

I leave it an open question whether people call my illness by its right name, whether it be a family illness (i.e., an illness inherited from one's ancestors), or one of those attacks to which a German is usually subject when from home. Whether it be a French *ramollissement de la moelle épinière*, or a German con-

sumption of the spine, I care not. I only know that it is a very horrible illness which tortures me by day and by night; shattering not only my nervous system but also my brain-power. In the month of May last year I lay down on my bed from which I shall never rise again. Meanwhile I freely confess a great change has come over me. No longer am I a divine biped; no longer am I the "most liberal German after Goethe" as Ruge styled me in better days; no longer am I the great Heine (No. II.) whom people compared to a vine-crowned Bacchus, while they gave to my colleague (No. I.) the title of a grand-ducal Weimarian Jupiter; no longer am I a pleasure-loving, somewhat corpulent Pagan who smiled with cheerful condescension on the dejected Nazarenes. No—I am only a poor Jew sick unto death, a wasted image of sorrow, a miserable man.

Traces of this strange transformation had appeared in the earliest days of his illness, and had kept pace with it in its rapid progress. A friend remarked to Heine how much his conversion was made the subject of discussion and that the world went so far as to declare that he had once again returned to Judaism. "I make no secret of my Jewish proclivities," answered the poet, "to which I have not returned, simply because I never renounced them. I was not baptized from any motives of hatred to the Jews; my atheism was never seriously meant; my former friends, the disciples of Hegel, have proved themselves curs. The misery of mankind is too great. We must *perforce* believe." A better illustration of this change—better than either letters, articles or confidences—is offered by the *Romancero* which comprehends all Heine's poems written during the years 1846–51. This publication created a tremendous sensation, as it seemed to confirm all the statements made in Germany concerning the return of the poet to the old faith. In the epilogue to this volume Heine made many strange disclosures.

Lying on one's death-bed is apt to render one very susceptible and tender-hearted, and one would wish to make one's peace with God and man. I confess that I have scratched many, bitten many, and have been no saint; but believe me, those much-be-praised lambs of meekness would bear themselves less piously did they possess the teeth and claws of the tiger. I can boast that I never used those weapons with which Nature had so bountifully provided me.

Since I myself have been in need of God's mercy, I have conferred an amnesty on all my enemies. Many beautiful poems (directed against persons in very high and very low

positions) were for this reason not included in the present collection. Poems containing offensive remarks, however slight, against the Great God Himself, I have condemned to the flames with nervous celerity. Better than the verses should burn than the versifier! Yes—I have returned to God—like the prodigal son, after tending the swine for so long with the followers of Hegel.

Was it misery that drove me back? Perhaps a less despicable motive—a craving for the Heavenly home awoke in me and drove me forth, forth through forests and ravines, forth over the most precipitous mountain-paths of dialectics. On my way I found the God of the Pantheists, but he could not help me. That poor chimerical being is interlinked and interwoven with the world, imprisoned as it were in the flesh, and stands forth before one's eyes helpless and powerless. When one asks a God who can aid (and that is after all the chief requisition) one must accept His Personality, His exemption from the taint of this earth, and His Holy Attributes—All-Good, All-Wise, All-Just. The immortality of the soul, our resurrection after death, these are thrown in as the butcher throws the marrow-bones without payment into his customer's basket, when content with the purchase made.

More clearly than in this epilogue, and in the *Confessions* which shortly followed, the conversion of the poet cannot be shown. In the days of his illness he sought for some shield to protect himself from his own jests, and found—the Bible. With smiles, pathetic in their exceeding sorrowfulness, he returned to the memories of his youth, and to that Deism which is the fundamental doctrine of Biblical Judaism. The Psalms, so full of consolation, the ingeniously sublime words of faith in the Pentateuch, fascinated him unspeakably and filled his soul with lofty thoughts. As, however, the Bible also contains the book of fundamental pessimism, namely the Book of Job, Heine's views of life, despite a steadfast religious conviction, continued to be those of a decided Pessimist, indications of which recur in the poems of the *Romancero*, as well as in all his productions of this period, which has been cleverly styled the "cynical-elegiac period." Child-like faith, wild skepticism, constant love, restless hate, fiery enthusiasm, chilling apathy, ideal loftiness of intuitive feeling, trivial coarseness of wit, artless delight in Nature, and inflexible pessimism, all these contradictions seemed to unite in this one individuality; the combination offering a mysterious, inexplicable, but beautiful whole. To quote a strikingly appropriate saying of Berlioz

—"It was as though the poet turned back at the entrance of his grave to contemplate and sneer once again at the world in which he no longer had a share."

At times when the physical agony of that long martyrdom asserted its dreadful power, the desponding views of life preponderated, to which the poet gave shuddering expression in demoniacal conceptions, in poems fraught with horror, in weird visions, and in imaginations of frightful beauty. "It is a wail from the grave," Heine himself said of his last poems—"the cry of one buried alive, the despairing lamentation of a corpse, or of the tomb itself, which echoes through the still night air." Numerous friends who sought out Heine during the last years of his life brought these tidings back to the Fatherland. His brothers, Gustave and Maximilian Heine, together with his sister, Charlotte von Embden, saw Heinrich once again on his bed of sickness. But in general the isolation of the poet became greater as time went on. Karoline Jaubert, the Princess Belgiojoso, the Russian Countess Kalgieris, Lady Duff Gordon, and, above all, the mysterious being who flits across the pages of his memoirs only to disappear without leaving any trace behind—these were the only friends who cheered his dying hours.

This young lady to whom we have just made allusion was by birth a German, who from her earliest youth had lived in Paris. She first became acquainted with the poet through the medium of a musical composition, and Heine, who was greatly delighted with this lovable and charming young girl, became so fond of her that it was not long before she became absolutely necessary to him. A peculiar intimacy arose between the dying poet and the beautiful and enthusiastic admirer—one of those intimacies which may perplex the mind of a psychologist, but to which a literary connoisseur would immediately find a parallel in the relation of the aged Goethe to Ulrike von Levetzow. Each particular detail of this friendship is of great interest and may now be read in the memoirs which, since the considerations and scruples of youth have given place to the more mature reflections of age, have been given to the public by the lady herself under the name of "Camilla Selden." Being in the habit of using a seal on which was engraven a fly, Heine always



called her *La Mouche*, and till a short time ago she was known only by this title. A touching impression is made by the little notes written to her by Heine—notes full of yearning love, impassioned desire, and pain. The postscript usually consisted of a laconic communication regarding his hopeless condition. *La Mouche* was his faithful friend, spending day and night by his bedside, reading to him, writing his letters, correcting the French edition of his works, and becoming the object of his most devoted attachment.

At that time, 1855, his condition had indeed become hopeless, and as he lay there in the lonely sleepless nights, an infinite craving for his mother and sister filled his soul. Adventurous plans crossed his fevered brain; he would have a carriage built and padded with mattresses, and so reach home to breathe his last in the arms of those loved ones of his childhood. Seeing the impracticability of this idea he despatched the most urgent letters, imploring his sister Charlotte to come to him. About the end of October his wishes were fulfilled and she started for Paris under the escort of her brother Gustave. The joy of seeing this beloved sister again was indescribable. Her bed had to be placed in the immediate vicinity of the sick-room, and many nights when waked from sleep by the agonized moans of her brother, she would hurry to his side to soothe and console him. The illness of one of her children forced her to return to Hamburg about the end of December. At the parting, which was heartbreaking, Heine told her that by his will he had left the disposition of his writings and papers to her son Ludwig. He gave her many verbal instructions regarding these latter, and expressed a wish that his nephew should come to Paris to discuss many questions of importance with him. This wish was, however, frustrated by his unexpected death a few weeks later.

Next to his own kith and kin it was his Mathilde whose presence made the only bright spot in the fearful darkness of his affliction. "He often assures me," writes Frau Jaubert, "that many times her fresh, clear voice had called him back into life, when his soul was hovering on the borders of the unknown land of shadows. If the bird-like tones of his wife in the adjoining room broke in on the quiet of the sick-chamber, Heine would pause and

listen, a pleasant smile would cross his lips, and he would remain silent till the sound had died away. Such moments heralded the birth of those strange, grand poems dedicated to Mathilde, to *La Mouche*, and those *Last Poems and Thoughts*, which first appeared twenty years later to complete the picture of the poet in so remarkable a manner."

Till the end Heine worked at his memoirs; begun in early life, afterward burned, and finally recommenced. But only a portion, namely a sketch of his youth, has as yet been given to the world, notwithstanding prolonged struggles between the members of the family and a bitter war of words carried on by the leading journals. When one compares the recollections of his boyhood, published in the *Reisebilder*, the fresh-colored, dashing sentences alive with humor, with the faded records of the older man, so surely the reader will perceive a great and undeniable contrast, and will comprehend the degree of disappointment which the latter called forth. These fragmentary memoirs include an account of Heine's education (1810-16) and make much the same impression as an old photograph with the features half blotted out, and only the outlines of the misty figure to be traced.

Meanwhile the loneliness increased around the dying man, and his illness slowly but surely crept on apace, destroying one organ after another in its deadly progress. In the beginning of the year 1856 it was clear that the end was at hand. The attacks of spasms became more frequent, and even morphia lost its efficacy.

One day Frau Jaubert visited him in the forenoon; no one was in the ante-chamber, and the door of the sick-room stood open. A terrible sight met her eyes. Heine's bed had just been made, and one of the nurses in attendance was in the act of carrying him in her arms from the *chaise longue* to the mattress. His body, which had been wasted away in the long suffering, was as that of a mere child; his feet hung down lifeless, and were so distorted that the heel was turned in the place of the instep. This was the last meeting between the two friends. He talked with her as usual, but a strong religious element marked the conversation. Again and again he quoted a saying of La Bruyère on death. As she was taking leave of him, he held her hand for some moments, and then

said : " Do not remain too long away, my friend, it would be imprudent."

The next day La Mouche visited him for the last time. " Push back your hat a little that I may see you better," he said, with a caressing gesture, as she rose to go. Then with trembling earnestness he called after her, " Till to-morrow, then, till to-morrow, be sure not later."

During the following night repeated faintings, convulsions, and severe sickness made it obvious to all that this attack would prove fatal. The next day, however, he was in full possession of his intellectual powers, and even commenced writing the first paragraphs of a new will. The nurse, Katherine Bourlois, besought him to rest, but he put her aside with the words, " I have four more days' work to do ; then my task is finished." To the last he retained his love of humor, and when asked by a friend how he stood with God, he answered with a smile, " Do not disturb yourself ; *Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier.*"

Thus the Saturday came round, and the symptoms grew yet more alarming. Heine asked the doctor if the end was near. Dr. Gruby felt that it would be wrong to conceal the truth, and the patient heard the verdict with perfect composure. The weakness increased rapidly. In the afternoon, between four and five o'clock, he whispered the word " write" three times, and then cried out for paper and pencil—these were his last words. On the night of February 17th, at a quarter to five, he passed away. Mathilde who had gone to lie down at one o'clock, saw her husband only after his eyes were closed forever.

" They took me into a quiet room," writes La Mouche of her last sight of the beloved friend, " where the corpse lay like a statue, enwrapped in the sublime tranquillity of Death. No longer anything earthly in those cold features. No longer any trace to remind one of that spirit which had loved, hated, and suffered. An antique mask, on which the icy hand of Death had imprinted the stillness of a proud indifference, a countenance of marble, the beautiful contour of which brought to one's mind the most sublime masterpieces of Grecian Art. Thus I saw him for the last time."

The funeral took place on February 20th, a cold and foggy day, at eleven o'clock. About one hundred mourners followed the coffin to the cemetery of Montmartre, where the leafless elms bent shivering before the keen wind. The procession was headed by A. Heine and Josef Cohen, who were joined by the friends of the poet. Among the Frenchmen who, in common with the little crowd of German emigrants, had assembled to pay him the last tribute of respect, were Mignet and Théophile Gautier. On the way Alexandre Dumas took his place in the ranks, and silently they proceeded to their destination, and silently they watched the mortal remains of Heine laid in their last resting-place. His own sad words were indeed verified.

No masses shall the stillness break,  
When hence my soul its flight shall take ;  
No holy chant, no psalm arise,  
When cold this shrouded body lies.

In that part of the cemetery consigned to exiles and outlaws sleeps Heinrich Heine. No grand monument, only a simple tablet inscribed with his name, marks the lonely tomb of the German poet. There, since 1883, Mathilde, faithful in death as in life, rests with her husband.

It may be well to add that only since Heine's decease has he been justly appreciated by the German nation, who now honor in him their greatest lyric poet after Goethe. His writings have exercised a great influence on the development of literature ; his prose works form an important addition to the history of art, and his poems will live until the language in which they are composed becomes extinct. With prophetic foresight Heine foretold his life, his vocation, and his fate in the lines of that sublime ode which may be chosen as a fitting conclusion to this brief sketch.

I am the sword ! I am the flame ! I have been a light to you in your darkness, and when the battle raged, I took my place in the front ranks. Around me lie the corpses of my friends, but we are victorious. In the exultant songs of triumph wail the notes of the funeral dirge ! The trumpets sound afresh ! On—on to the new conflict ! I am the sword ! I am the flame !

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## LITERARY NOTICES.

## RECENT NOVELS.

A DIPLOMAT'S DIARY. By Julien Gordon.  
Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Company.

DMITRI. By F. W. Bain, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. (Town and Country Library, No. 58.) New York : D. Appleton & Company.

PART OF THE PROPERTY. By Beatrice Whitby, author of "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick." (Town and Country Library, No. 59.) New York : D. Appleton & Company.

An American novel of pithy and distinctive quality is an interesting fact in the book world. When the author is a new one, the event is the more notable. Julien Gordon is said to be a brilliant woman of society, who has lived many years abroad, and the sketch which she has just given us is full of internal evidence that she knows foreign society at something better than second hand. Her style and method have the *cachet* of social distinction, and that quality of line and tone which bespeaks knowledge of the fields wherein her story wanders. The story is little more than a sketch, a novelette slight in its texture, somewhat inconsequent in its conclusion, and could have been cut down to one quarter of its two hundred odd pages without losing anything essential to the strength of the narrative. Yet with all this it must be conceded that there is that in "A Diplomat's Diary" which gives it a place and demands a hearing in court. That it will be widely read is unquestionable, though the stamp of popular approval in the case of a novel, as in that of a play, may or may not be concurrent with art value. It is worth while to go further and even say that a certain looseness of texture and carelessness of the conventional canons of fiction in this story have much to do with its charm. It is such a book as none but an amateur could have written ; and the amateur achieves, in this case, a freshness, directness, and vivacity of style, the fascination of which might miss its bloom if the discipline and rigor of habit imposed some restraints. This is not altogether a paradox, for there is often a beauty in incompleteness, just as some flowers are most exquisite in bud. Emerson, the most advanced apostle of suggestive writ-

ing, lays down a rule, that the whole of a thing should never be said, and that the potential is greater than the actual in the art of expression ; in brief, that much must be purposely left to alertness of imagination in the reader. Julien Gordon, whether by a stroke of luck or purpose, has something of this quality.

This story is presented in the form of a diary. A distinguished diplomat, who has achieved equal glory in arms and council, accredited to the Court of St. Petersburg, becomes desperately enamoured with a beautiful American, niece to the American minister. Dislike of transatlantic character and habits gradually yield to the charm exerted on him by a lovely sphinx, whose seductive diablerie subdues the *blasé* man of the world and transmutes his indifference, first into curiosity, then into interest, and finally into a mad and absorbing passion. A certain perversity and wilfulness, mingled with nobler qualities, make Lucien Acton a mystery, as most strongly individualized women are, for these can never be comprehended on strictly logical lines of analysis. The diplomat, who tells the story, while eloquent in portraying his own feelings, does not reveal himself, as, indeed, no diplomat ought. So both hero and heroine are a little cloudy to us, and present no sharply defined outlines in that sense which compels us to realize their personalities vividly, though we obtain some tantalizing glimpses. This is specially so in the more passionate scenes of love-making, which are sufficiently realistic without losing poetic refinement. Few diarists are ever frank enough to tell much about their very selves, and the diplomat aforesaid does not depart from the rule. He succeeds a little better in delineating the object of his passion, and she has somewhat more flesh and blood throbbing underneath the veil of language. Most novel-readers will be disappointed in the *dénouement*, which dismisses the diplomatic suitor, though passionately loved by Lucien Acton, and gives the lady to a lover who does not appear in the book, and to whom she is supposed to be bound by a strong obligation of duty and honor.

"A Diplomat's Diary" is peculiarly bright and good in its dialogue, one of the most difficult strokes in novel writing. It is genuine talk—easy, natural, often brilliant, always pointed, utterly without the semblance

of strain or artifice. There are many plums in the pudding, and one could easily collect a string of epigrams from these clever pages. With a piquant, intellectual gusto and the mastery over social life that give distinction to "A Diplomat's Diary," we can easily spare an intimate acquaintance with the principal characters. The author, perhaps, does enough in giving us daring glimpses of passion, which is alike pure and naked in its showing. These tell us that we are not in contact with myths, or phantoms, or talking machines. The description of life at St. Petersburg and the Muscovite Court is full of lifelikeness and warm with the color of truth.

It is pleasant from time to time to discover that the historical novel is not dead. Far from us be the time when any fanatical cult in fiction shall carry public taste away from this healthful and breezy form of story-telling. The world will be clearly in its decadence in our judgment when Scott and Dumas the elder lose their power to charm old and young. There seems to be a revival of taste for historical novel writing and reading, if one may judge from the number recently published. Among the latest is "Dmitri," a Russian story, which is based on an interesting episode of the early part of the seventeenth century, a period when dynastic change was frequent and revolution stalked red-handed not far from the side of the most powerful monarchs. No nation had more stormy experiences in this way than Russia. Since the time of the great Peter, her rulers have trod in perilous places; but prior to the coming of the Romanoff, the history of Czarism smelled of the shambles as rankly as did that of the successors of Augustus at Rome. Assassination was rampant, revolt imminent, and the butcheries of battle or of civil tyranny without ceasing. In that day, too, Poland was at the height of its national glory, and this proud military kingdom not only held its own, but often threatened the peace of Europe. The conditions of the period in Eastern Europe were full of romance and tragedy. The stubborn Orientalism of the Slav then, as now, kept him far in the background of civilization.

The death of Ivan the Terrible, in 1584, left the succession to his imbecile son Feodor in name, but in reality to his brother-in-law, Boris Godunoff, who as chief of council assumed the reins of power. When Feodor died, probably by poison, Boris was called to

the throne by the boyars, for the house of Rurik was extinct. In 1605 Demetrius or Dmitri, a daring Cossack impostor, assumed to be Demetrius, the son of Ivan, supposed to have been assassinated by order of Boris many years before, after having been immured for a while in a convent. Demetrius asserted his claims at the Court of Poland successfully, and Sigismund, the king, gave him armed assistance in the revolt begun against Boris. This was rapidly victorious, and the next year the throne, left vacant by the sudden death of Boris, was at once mounted by the pretender. Demetrius lost his life the next year by a conspiracy among the fickle boyars. The novel before us tells the story of the rise and fall of the bold impostor. The incidents involved are full of romance, and the writer assures us that in sketching the career of Demetrius, whose native qualities appear to have merited a better fate, if we can forget that he was a mere pretender, he had closely followed contemporary testimony. The book is very readable, the story is told with crisp energy of style, and the incidents are sufficiently near the true record.

Miss Beatrice Whitby wrote a most promising first book in "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," though the unevenness of power shown in different parts of the novel was noticeable. "Part of the Property" has far more sustained excellence, and indicates a ripening of skill which affirms a rising light. Miss Whitby does not depart from the conventional lines of the English novel. She is in no way daringly original and never disposed to the use of extravagant and sensational features of current life, nor of abnormal character. Her people are largely the stock personages of English fiction, which, whatever else may be its faults, seeks to be soberly true in the general to English life and sympathy. English life has a large element of Philistinism, and for this just cause English fiction is stamped in considerable measure by the same trait. But whether the same type is dead or living to the finger tips is a question of what the writer puts into it. Margaret Chamberlain, John Anstruther, Jocelyn Carew, Mr. Lovett, Mrs. Lindsay, etc., are thoroughly English personages, such as could not exist outside of the formative influences of English life—but how full of force and genuineness they are! One feels as if he could speak to them and get an answer from the dumb pages. The intense vitality of the

book reminds one of Rhoda Broughton at her best. Margaret Chamberlain and Jocelyn Carew, about whom the interest of the story mainly moves, are admirably contrasted with each other, and, without being antitheses, throw each other into stronger light. The man is strong, reticent, cool-headed, and far-sighted, master of himself and consequently of others, stern yet tender, and dominated by a vigorous sense of duty; the woman sweet, gentle, and full of the finest fibre of her sex, but stormy, impulsive, and passionate withal, with a fascinating but most unwise way of wearing her heart on her sleeve. Grandfather Anstruther is a clever variation of the headstrong, selfish, bigoted, but yet warm-hearted old man in English drama and fiction with which we are so well acquainted.

Without attempting to give details of the story, it may be briefly narrated that Margaret, the fruit of a love-marriage, has been supported by her Grandfather Anstruther far away from himself, till she arrives at the age of eighteen. The old man in the mean time having contracted a second marriage and acquired a stepson, Jocelyn Carew, has become devotedly fond of the latter, and his great hope is to settle his estate consistently with his affections and sense of duty by marrying Jocelyn and Margaret. When the young lady first makes her home with her grandfather, and is informed of the destiny proposed by that despotic person, she revolts violently, and it is in the gradual melting of this dislike into liking, and finally into the tenderest affection, that the main interest of the story is involved. Why she does not marry the man so worthy of her, and to whom both interest and inclination so strongly point, the reader may discover for himself. The great attraction of the book, aside from its deft and skilful construction, which contains a succession of incidents similar to those of everyday life, is twofold. First, the people are so true and real that we take them inevitably into our friendship as we would living people; secondly, the talk of the novel is full of bright and racy thought, sharp repartee, and clever *mots*, which drop from the lips of the speakers with careless ease and grace. Altogether, it is a story of sterling merit—perhaps it has something like genius in it, though this is not a thing to be lightly said. One need not hesitate to call it one of the best novels of the year, and Miss Whitby's reputation is permanently assured by it.

## FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

AN Indian association, known as the Pure Literature Society—the object of which is to translate into the vernaculars, and to disseminate in cheap form throughout the country, light wholesome reading, to supplant, if possible, the nauseous presentments of English life which certain smart Bengali writers have of late been putting into circulation—is in difficulties about a proposed Guzerati edition of Dickens. Naturally "Pickwick" comes first to the front. However, the vexed question does not seem to concern the tremendous problem of rendering such a character as Sam Weller comprehensible to the native intellect. It appears rather that there are one or two Nonconformist ministers on the committee, who are dismayed at the idea of introducing a Mr. Stiggins to the Indian public! Whatever weight the objection may be entitled to, one thing is certain: the Pure Literature Society are contemplating an almost impossible task in much too light-hearted a spirit. Imagine the poor Indian ryot brooding over the vagaries of Daniel Quilp or Sarah Gamp! Does the Society accept the responsibility of intruding on Hindoo mythology new and eccentric incarnations of Vishnu and of the goddess Kali?

In October Messrs. Longman propose to publish the two final volumes of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." As Mr. Lecky announced in his sixth volume, he has devoted the concluding portion of his work to a careful examination of one of the most critical and contested periods of Irish history. The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, the extension of Irish conspiracy and its relations with France, the rise and influence of the Orange Association, the rebellion of 1798, the Legislative Union, and the failure of the measures of Catholic relief which Pitt intended to be the immediate sequel of the Union, are the chief subjects dealt with in these volumes. Mr. Lecky has had, it is said, access to important manuscript materials—often of a most confidential character—which no previous historian has used, and which throw much new light on some portions of his subject. The volumes will be published in the United States by D. Appleton & Co.

THE report comes from Copenhagen that Professor Sönderberg, of Lund, has discovered in a museum at Florence the lost fragments of the Franks Casket, of which the remainder is among the most valued possessions of the

British Museum. The casket is made of the bone of whales, carved with figures, and with Runic inscriptions of the eighth century, which Professor Stephens attributes to the North of England. The newly found portions include a representation of a scene from the Sigurd myth, explained by Runic inscriptions.

THE latest venture in cheap publishing is the "Japanese Library" of Messrs. Cassell—so-called, apparently, from the designs in water-color on the covers, which vary for each volume. The first peculiarity that strikes the eye is that they are printed on paper so thin as to require to be doubled in order that the ink may not show through. The result is that the volumes are perfectly limp and may be rolled up and otherwise maltreated without suffering—an advantage for travellers. Another peculiarity is that they are published at a net price, which allows no margin to the discount booksellers. Some dozen volumes have already appeared in this series, among which we may mention "Ivanhoe," "Oliver Twist," "Handy Andy," and "The Ingoldsby Legends."

THE Palestine Exploration Fund has now ready for issue the new map of Palestine, upon which Mr. George Armstrong, the assistant secretary, has long been engaged. It is on the scale of three-eighths of an inch to the mile; and it takes in both sides of the Jordan, extending to Bealbek and Damascus in the north, and to Kadesh Barnea in the south. All modern names are in black; over these are printed Old Testament and Apocrypha names in red, and New Testament, Josephus, and Talmudic names in blue, thus showing at a glance all the identifications of sites that have been ascertained. A companion map, showing the elevations by raised contour lines, is also approaching completion.

"We are asked to say," says the *Athenæum*, "that 'The Sin of Joost Avelingh,' which we lately praised, and which has passed through several editions, is not a translation from the Dutch, but was originally written in English by the author, a Dutchman. A number of journals, both in England and America, have asserted the contrary, and 'in consequence,' the author writes to us, 'I am credited with a literary fame in my own country to which I have absolutely no claim.'"

MESSRS. LONGMAN & Co., of London, have in the press "The Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman during his Life in the English Church, with a brief Autobio-

graphical Memoir." These letters have been arranged and edited, at Cardinal Newman's request, by the editor of the letters of the late Professor J. B. Mozley, D.D.

It is understood that Major Barttelot's diary and his letters written to his family from Africa will be published early in the autumn. This book will probably throw fresh light on a portion of the Stanley expedition not yet fully explained.

MESSRS. PARKER & Co., of Oxford, conjointly with the Christian Literature Company, of New York, are publishing by subscription a new series of English translations of the more important writings of the Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers, under the editorial supervision of Dr. Henry Wace, Principal of King's College, and Dr. Philip Schaff, of New York. The first volume, "Eusebius," notwithstanding some difficulties causing delay, will be issued, it is expected, immediately. The series will consist of about fourteen volumes.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE has completed his life of his father, Mr. P. H. Gosse, and it will be published early in the autumn by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., of London. The minute particulars which it gives of social life in the colony of Newfoundland, where the naturalist resided from 1827 to 1835, will have a special interest at this moment, when public attention is so much concentrated on that island. Mr. Gosse's later adventures as a farmer in Canada, a schoolmaster in Alabama, and a collecting naturalist in Jamaica may also be expected to attract interest by their novelty. He spent a year in the heart of the Southern States at a time of which hardly any other record describing social life on the plantations exists.

THE late Emperor Friedrich, says the *Tägliche Rundschau*, made a large collection of the correspondence of the late Queen Elizabeth of Prussia, for whose intellectual gifts he had a great admiration, with the intention of writing a biography of his aunt. There is a myth in Germany that this princess, who was educated a Roman Catholic, and became a convert to Protestantism on her marriage to the King of Prussia, was in secret a promoter of her earlier belief. The late Emperor believed that the publication of her letters would definitely put an end to this popular error. His early death of course stopped the work, but the materials remain in excellent order, ready for a capable editor.

THE great Rückert festival, which was to have taken place at his native town, Schweinfurt, on May 16th, 1888, his centenary birthday, will be held next October. The Well-known novelist Felix Dahn will recite, on the unveiling of the poet's statue, a poem written by him for the occasion.

THE eminent jurist Professor A. von Bulmerincq, who was a great authority on international law, died recently at Stuttgart after a sudden illness. Born in 1822 at Riga, he made for himself a name by several forensic works, such as his "Systematik des Völkerrechts" and his "De Natura Principiorum Juris inter Gentes Positivi," and was in consequence appointed Professor of the Law of Nations at Dorpat. In 1875 he settled in Germany, and in 1882 he was appointed successor of Bluntschli at Heidelberg. While at Dorpat he greatly benefited the Baltic provinces by his efforts for their material welfare and intellectual improvement.

THE *Berliner Tageblatt* announces a recent discovery by Professor Pozdnesef, of St. Petersburg, at the National Library of Paris. This is a Manchû manuscript which may prove of the greatest interest to Orientalists, and which he declares to be of more ancient date than the recently discovered inscription at Corea. The manuscript, which numbers one hundred and sixty-one leaves, made of Chinese paper, all fully covered with writing, is said to have been acquired by the great French library, in some unknown way, toward the end of the last century.

ON August 19th at Vik, near Vexjö, the Swedish writer Dr. Peter August Göldecke died at the age of fifty. He had been rector of the College of Vexjö since 1880. His poems, novels, dramas, and studies were numerous, and he was a careful student of early Scandinavian literature and life. Göldecke's translation of the "Edda" into Swedish is a classic. Per Adolf Ljungberg, the Church historian of the Swedish diocese of Vesterås, died at his parsonage of By on the 15th inst., aged seventy-one.

SOME ms. fragments of Dante's "Divina Commedia" have been found at Sarzana in two parchment rolls, discovered among the papers left by Signor De Tomei, a notary. They are of great importance as they belong to one of the first copies of the poem ever made. The Biblioteca Marciana of Venice has recently acquired a valuable codex of the "Divina Commedia," written in the first half of the

fifteenth century, in semi-Gothic characters, and with marginal notes in Latin made by the same hand. The ms. belonged to the rich library of the Counts Piloni of Belluno.

PROFESSOR I. GUIDI, known by his essay on the legal Coptic mss. of the British Museum, has just published in Rome some funereal Hebrew inscriptions of the first half of the sixteenth century, recently found in the Trastevere. Several of the names therein are still represented in the Israelite community of Rome.

IN October will be published the two final volumes of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." As Mr. Lecky announced in his sixth volume, he has devoted the concluding portion of his work to a careful examination of one of the most critical and contested periods of Irish history. The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, the extension of Irish conspiracy and its relations with France, the rise and influence of the Orange Association, the rebellion of 1798, the Legislative Union, and the failure of the measures of Catholic relief which Pitt intended to be the immediate sequel of the Union, are the chief subjects dealt with in these volumes. Mr. Lecky has had access to important manuscript materials—often of a most confidential character—which no previous historian has used, and which throw much new light on some portions of his subject.

PROFESSOR H. LOGEMAN, of Ghent, has been fortunate enough to discover a hitherto unknown Anglo-Saxon inscription at Brussels. In the cathedral of that city (St. Michel et St. Gudule), there is preserved among the sacred relics a cross which purports to be one of the largest existing pieces of the Holy Rood. This cross has a silver rim, and also silver ornamentation on its back. The rim bears an inscription in Anglo-Saxon, recording the names of two brothers who caused it to be made for the soul's rest of a third. On the back the name of the artist is given—"Drahmal . . . me worhte." Professor Logeman proposes to publish a full account of the cross and its inscription in a Belgian periodical.

A CIRCULAR was handed round at the Conférence du Livre at Antwerp by an American Swedenborgian of Philadelphia, Mr. Eugene J. E. Schreck, who is desirous of finding a lost book of Swedenborg's, containing two thousand and numbered paragraphs on Marriage. The

ms. is not in the possession of Swedenborg's heirs, nor is it known what has become of it.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Athenæum* gossips about the late Cardinal Newman on the literary side of his character. The great cardinal had been from early youth a devoted admirer of Walter Scott. This correspondent says: "In later years he lamented when he saw Scott put aside by Oratory schoolboys in favor of writers of fiction who were current, but will never be classic. He delighted in those early days to hear Scott's poetry read aloud; nor was it only its currency that commended it to him. On such models in verse he formed himself, admiring Crabbe, and bestowing upon Southey's 'Thalaba' a feeling for which admiration is too weak a term. Byron he easily tolerated as a poet. Obviously, therefore, of poetical poetry he was not one of the inner worshippers; and although it was a convenient convention for those who thought Reason and Rome the two incompatible R's to say, as Sir James Stephen once did in a letter to Napier, that Newman was highly imaginative, a closer observation will show that it was precisely in imagination and in fancy that Cardinal Newman's limitations as a writer are found; that in these departments the mastery in contemporary prose is with Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. Newman's absence of dramatic fancy accounts for his own failure as a constructor of the two stories he attempted, not for art's sake, but for religion's. The deep feeling which he associates with religious doctrine in 'The Dream of Gerontius' will be mistaken for imagination only by those who are not cognizant of Catholic teaching and of the depth of sincerity with which Newman held it. The verses to which the public has given the title of 'Lead, kindly Light'—correcting the author's own curiously inapt title of 'The Pillar of Cloud'—remain a great hymn because the real emotion of the writer is mysteriously felt in them, despite the unimaginative use of moors and fens and crags and torrent rills to symbolize spiritual doubts; and despite, too, the reproach the writer offers himself and the good daylight by accusing himself of having loved the 'garish day,' though he is praying for light, and, in his last line, anticipates with joy the dawn.

"But each man must speak for himself in these things; and I am just brought to a standstill by remembering, to my confusion, that Mr. R. H. Hutton places 'Callista' at the head of all Cardinal Newman's works—and

this because of its 'marvellous imagination.' It was the 'Apologia' that breathed new life into George Eliot. The old sermons of Oxford days are treasured as incomparable by those who are, perhaps, Anglicans first and critics afterward. Lord Coleridge, calling all the works of Newman as witness, delivers judgment on him as the greatest modern master of style, with the apparent concurrence of the whole court of men of letters, including Mr. John Morley. It was 'The Dream of Gerontius' that did not abandon Gordon at Khar-toum."

#### MISCELLANY.

VILLAGE ALMSHOUSES.—If God should ever grant me five thousand pounds, which I may without injustice to others spend in a lump during my own lifetime, I hereby promise and vow that I will indulge myself to the extent of the aforesaid five thousand pounds in giving shape and form to an old whim or dream. I will buy half an acre of land, and in it I will build a humble row of five little houses, each with its own little garden, and each with its own little patch of land. There shall be ornamental trees planted, and there shall be a good fence all round, and there shall be a frontage to the road, and there shall be at least one well of water, and there shall be the best possible drainage. To the occupants of each house there shall be allowed six shillings a week, and there shall be a surplus income set apart for repairs and contingencies. There shall be a board—or a bench—of governors, or managers, or trustees, to whom the oversight or management of the said houses shall be entrusted, who shall be tied and bound by as few hard and fast rules as possible, consistent with providing for the absolutely necessary requirements of health, decency, and cleanliness. The area from which the governors shall be chosen shall be wider than any single parish, and so shall the area be from which the inmates of the houses may be elected, and no one shall have the right to claim priority of election over anyone else. As I will allow of no disqualification for admission except such as the managers may from time to time lay down for their own guidance, so I will allow no one to be irremovable from his or her house in cases where it shall seem necessary for the managers to exercise their right and power of dismissal. I will set down my houses at least three miles from any market town, and, if it may be so, not less than a quarter of a mile from the They



church, whither the old folk may resort if and when they can and are so disposed. When I think of my model almshouses—as I often do—I really quite envy those dear old people hobbling in and out of one another's houses, and gossiping, and peeping, and sunning themselves, and telling stories—dreadful stories—and squabbling to their hearts' content; of course they will—and be all the better and happier for their little tiffs. And then I think, too, of other scenes; of how the light will fade and fade in the old eyes, and of the peaceful sleep in which the spirit will return to God who gave it, and the little house left empty for awhile till it is made sweet and neat and smiling for the next comer. And I cannot help saying to myself, as I think of all this and a great deal more, "Oh, my dear old Biddy! we'll always do what we can for you in our small way: we will try and smooth your pillow, and come and speak of the great hope, and make the best of what we have for you, and you won't doubt us? But I wish—yes, I do so very much wish—you were in an almshouse such as we talk of and dream of sometimes. Such a one as should not be very far off, you know, where we could come and look at you, as we do now, and have our little talks and little secret communings, but a little home that might be just a trifle more bright and smiling than the one we wot of now, Biddy!"—*Rev. Dr. Jessopp, in the "Nineteenth Century."*

**THE MARCH OF CHOLERA.**—When some months ago the Turkish authorities asserted the extinction or non-existence of cholera in Syria, while Russian consular agents maintained that it was still hovering about on the borders of the Persian and Ottoman empires, we expressed our conviction that the subsidence of the epidemic was merely what might be expected at that season, and that it would reappear with the return of spring. And so it is; cholera is reported now as having broken out on the Imperial domains of Djedil and in the village of Bellek, near Bagdad, where six persons have died out of thirteen attacked. Bagdad was the headquarters of the epidemic last year, whence it was carried by the river boats, far up the Tigris. We believe that the Foreign Office received information of its occurrence as far north as Diabekr and Erzeroum, though in the latter case it was more probably conveyed by road across Tabruz. But, though it may thus appear to have receded, such a phenomenon

would be without precedent. When, in 1847, it seemed to invade India from Turkestan, or, in 1865, it appeared in Armenia after it had ravaged Constantinople and Salonki, it was not retreating but performing a flank movement, and doubling on its own advance, as we have seen in the spread of influenza to India and Australia after it had overrun all Europe. Cholera requires human intercourse for its conveyance, certain meteorological and local conditions for its development, and the ingestion of specifically infected water, etc., for its communication. Thus, while it will cross the Atlantic in a fortnight, it marches by slow stages through lands where railways are still unknown, retiring into winter quarters when traffic and travel are suspended, to reopen the campaign with the return of warm weather, which is naturally earlier in the south and the plains than in northern or mountainous regions. In the winter of 1846-47 it had reached precisely the same points as it did last autumn, and in like manner withdrew for a time to the lower valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, recrossing the mountains and plateau of Armenia in the spring, reaching Astrakhan and Jaguony in July, and Moscow and St. Petersburg in September, when, with the approach of winter, it disappeared only to break out with renewed intensity, and, as it had travelled with tenfold greater rapidity along the good military roads between the Caucasus and the capitals than it had previously done through Persia, so when once it touched the margin of the restless life and commercial activity of Europe it was drawn into the vortex, and there was not a country or large town but had been invaded before the summer was over. If we may venture to prophesy, we would say that it will not proceed farther up the Tigris Valley, but, travelling by the Euphrates, will be next heard of at Aleppo, and perhaps Beyrout, and it will enter Egypt *via* Yeddah and Suez, and then leave Alexandria for the Levantine and Mediterranean ports. From Tabruz it will take the route *via* Erzeroum and Trebizond to Constantinople, Odessa, and by Baku, Tiflis, Derbent, and Astrakhan over Russia.—*British Medical Journal.*

**COFFINED, BUT NOT BURIED.**—There are other matters connected with the disposal of the dead besides the mere method of disintegration which may well engage the attention of reformers. Among these is the privilege allowed to undertakers, and occasionally ex-

exercised by them, of removing to their own establishments bodies intended for burial. However convenient, this custom is not free from serious objection on sanitary grounds, as must be evident from the history of a case lately investigated by Mr. Hicks. The body of an infant, after examination by the coroner, was duly certified, and removed by an undertaker in a coffin to his shop in preparation for burial. Meanwhile, however, the certificate was mislaid or in some way disposed of, and could not be found. Burial was postponed from day to day in the hope of recovering the lost paper till nearly a month had elapsed. Finally, application had to be made for a second certificate, which again entailed a fresh inquiry for the purpose of identification, and this at a time when putrefaction was far advanced. We need not be surprised that the coroner commented strongly on the incident, and proposed in future to forbid the removal of bodies from the mortuary before the day of burial. This, indeed, is the most natural and effectual mode of preventing the occurrence of such obvious neglect of health and decency as distinguished the case in question. The prohibition suggested could injure no one, since the liberty of removal allowed to undertakers is but little used, and is by no means necessary.—*Lancet*.

**THE COCKNEY LANGUAGE.**—The speech of Londoners, who are Londoners and nothing else, whose bones, which will never be old, were made in London, has attracted the notice of a philologist. Perhaps we should rather call the author of "Thanks Awf'ly" (Field & Tuer) a phonologist, for it is pronunciation, not words and idioms, that he studies. He is not himself a purist, though perhaps he is one of Mr. Henry James's young peers; for he says about his sketches that he "has often wished the beastly things at the bottom of the sea." They are what he calls them; for they are hideous illustrations of stupidity, cruelty, narrowness, and other vices which come naturally to idlers in an ugly and endless town. The typical Cockney of the sketches is a cowardly and brutal young ruffian, by no means always of the poorest class. Of youth he has nothing but the callousness and the love of fun, and his fun invariably takes the shape of hurting some inoffensive beast or person. His idea of sport in literature is an account of a rough-and-tumble prize fight; his diversion in practice is pushing people about in the street. Youth must have some

indulgence of the hunting instinct, and this young man, like many others of better education, hunts cats. What else can he pursue in London? How he lives is a mystery, though the mystery is partly explained by one of the characters. He does not beg, for he has neither the right physiognomy nor the professional appeal. He rather despises beggars, though their business is good, because they have neither the energy to work, the pluck to steal, nor the ingenuity to devise "sells" and swindles. Of these swindles the author describes one, in which he gives himself a ridiculous part. He meets a midshipman in the Metropolitan Railway. The midshipman has been on an old Dibdinian spree, and talks like this: "I'd a levlay watch the ether dy, a present from the guvner, sawlid gowld chronometer, with about 'arf a dezzen little fices which towld joo all sorts er things," and so forth. Surely no sane person could believe in a midshipman whose speech so readily bewrayed him; but the author believes, buys his pawn-tickets, and, of course, is swindled. The watch is of pinchbeck, the rings are paste. A citizen who can credit a naval officer of this description is born to be a victim. Another "lay" is to pretend gratitude for a loan to yourself. As a poor newspaper boy, you deposit a cheap chair of Austrian make as a specimen of your own skill in carpentry, and you raise a large loan on the evidence of your industry and gratitude. A much more innocent, and even touching, artifice is to gather shells from the new gravel in Kensington Gardens, and present them to children accompanied by tender-hearted mothers. "Lor bleash you, there's undids o' wize uv earning a livin' in the streets." Here we find a trace of euphony. You say "o'" for "of" before a consonant, "uv" for "of" before a vowel, to avoid the elision.

Laziness, that great cause of phonetic decay, is the chief element in making the Cockney dialect. To drop "r's," and "h's," and "g's" at the end of the participle is not peculiar to one town, or one set of society. Alcibiades, as we know, was too languid to sound his "r's," and substituted "l's." The ancient "w" for "r" has gone out since the Crimean War; but the "g" is dropped in participles—as "shootin'," "rowin'," and so on—by persons ambitious of fashion. The other Cockney peculiarity is said to be derived from the Essex dialect; it consists in a whine, and in substituting the sharpest possible vowel sound for the right one. They

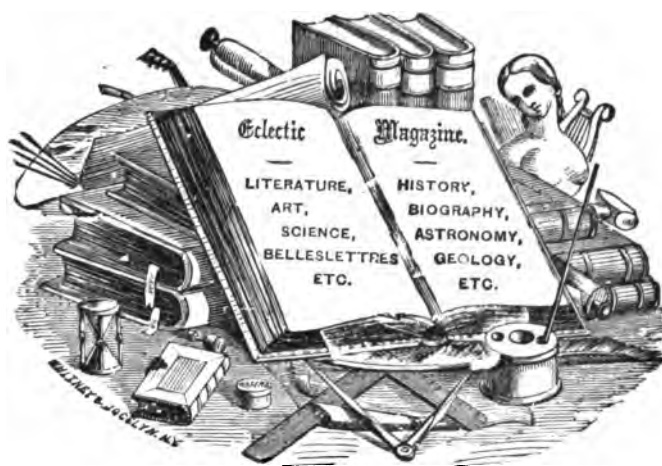
all use "ei" for the sharp "a"—as in "peiper." No newsboy, like the boy in Dickens, relieves the monotony of his labors by alternating Paper, pepper, piper, popper, and pupper. They invariably say "piper," but if you ask them for the "piper," by way of being intelligible, they do not understand. When you cross the Border from Berwick-on-Tweed as far as Perth, they do not say "news," but "nūse" paper. Cockneys make "month" into "menth," "lady" into "lydee," "once" into "wence," "oh" into "ow," where the whine of the dialect is very audible, but we do not think that they turn "you" into "joo." The spelling of school-children proves that they pronounce "nice" as "nicet." By attending to these simple principles, and by cutting all words, in every possible way, anyone may become an expert in the lingo of Cockneydom. Probably the whine and the vowels are really old, and part, as we have said, of a local dialect. They are extremely catching, in children who hear a good deal of the talk of the streets, and, with the instinct of childhood, imitate every trick that least deserves imitation.

A more interesting study than that of Cockney accent would be Cockney language. This our author has, on second thoughts, declined to write about. Whence come the extraordinary slang terms which readers of some more or less sporting papers pick up? Why do we hear of "tarts" and of the "oof-bird," and all the rest of that dull and disreputable drivel? It seems to be born of mixed Semitic parentage in Houndsditch, and to well up in music-halls and minor theatres, whence it reaches the restaurants in the Strand and invades the Universities and military messes. This *argot* can hardly be called popular, and is as alien to the artisan as to the wife of the rural dean. It is believed to be accepted as a symptom of humor and of worldly wisdom. The slang "is always changing, and changing for the worse," says our author, who gives none of it in his Cockney conversations. They are really hard reading in the original, which is accompanied by a translation. The Cockney character, as here set forth, is decidedly decadent, and testifies to the closing of an age. People cannot live forever on the pavement, with no views, except views of very ugly bricks, without becoming as degenerate in taste as in constitution. The nature of things is against it, and will somehow and some day end it, with the ending of that brief-lived world which steam-machinery and electricity have brought to be. The present

and future of Cognac are gloomy subjects, and may be wished, with the author's "beastly things," at the bottom of the Red Sea. And, by the way, what a lively place the bottom of the Red Sea must be, and how mixed the spiritual company which has been laid there since Pharaoh's time!—*Saturday Review*.

#### HOW THE JEWISH SABBATH SHOULD BE KEPT.

—In our observance of the Sabbath, we, for ourselves and our children, have to keep three objects in view. First, we desire to devote a portion of it to religious duties and to make it an aid to our moral and spiritual development; secondly, we wish to set the day apart and create a distinction between it and others; and, thirdly, it should be our aim to make it a day, not only of rest, but also of happiness. The generally prohibited occupations may be briefly catalogued as including all forms of manual occupation, such as writing, drawing, or needlework, all riding or driving, and all such amusements as theatres and dances. To these universal custom has added games of chance, such as cards, and almost equally universally the use of musical instruments. Custom has also to a considerable extent vetoed outdoor amusements, such as cricket and other athletic sports. Personally I much regret that this should be the case, and I think there is so much to be said against their exclusion, that I cannot but hope that a change will ere long be made in this particular. One additional word as to not writing on Saturday, which many nowadays consider an unnecessary and undesirable restriction. It is, however, one which I should be very unwilling to see withdrawn, inasmuch as writing on the Sabbath tends to lessen the difference between that and other days. If we once begin it on the Sabbath it is most difficult to draw the line and say, this letter is for pleasure, that for business, this piece of writing is an amusement, that a labor. I therefore think it right to refrain from writing on Saturday, and to cause our children to refrain from it likewise. Books of all kinds, walks, many indoor and some outdoor games and sports, and the social and family intercourse, which has always been considered especially appropriate to Sabbath afternoons, ought to be enough to make the day enjoyable. It is much more necessary for us to fence round our Sabbath and other ceremonial institutions with careful observances than it is for those whose day of rest is that of the whole country.—*Mrs. Henry Lucas, in the "Jewish Quarterly Review."*



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AMERICAN RAILWAYS AND BRITISH FARMERS.

BY J. STEPHEN JEANS.

A DISTINGUISHED American economist has declared that the railroads of the United States have been the "prime factor" in enabling the people of that country "to overcome the losses of the Civil War, in enabling the Government to resume specie payments, and in establishing prosperity on a solid basis."\* He might have gone much further, and added that to the same potent agency have been due the serious depression that has prevailed in the commercial and industrial world generally, outside of the United States, the revolution that has taken place in the sources of the food supplies of European countries, the general cheapening of the cost of commodities throughout the world, and the remarkable depreciation that has been witnessed in the value of

land and the products of agriculture in our own and other countries. Finally, it is not, perhaps, too much to affirm that there is no source of danger threatening her industrial supremacy and her commercial prestige, from which our own country has so much to fear in the future.

As this has something of the appearance of a paradox, it is well that it should be more clearly demonstrated and better understood than it has hitherto been. The present time appears to be singularly ripe and opportune for such a demonstration. The traders of the United Kingdom have been much exercised during the last twelve months in reference to the future of their relations with the railway companies. An extremely costly and protracted Parliamentary inquiry into the existing statutory powers and the actual conditions of working of British railways has recently terminated. Both traders

\* *The Railroad and the Farmer*, by E. Atkinson.

and railway companies are awaiting with impatience and apprehension the results of that inquiry, which will shortly be submitted to Parliament by the Board of Trade. Every class of the community is more or less interested in cheap transport, and naturally, therefore, the question of how American railways carry traffic so much more cheaply than English lines is one that is much more frequently put than satisfactorily answered. The conditions of the problem are, indeed, complex, and not a little obscure, as well as in some respects highly technical. The main facts are generally unquestionable, but their origin is not in all cases readily traced.

Broadly stated, the position of the railroads of the United States is simply this: The average rate charged and received per ton per mile for the transport of all descriptions of traffic has been reduced from 2.164 cents (1.082d.) in 1869, to .91 cent (.455d.) in 1888. This amounts to a reduction of .627d. per ton per mile, or nearly sixty per cent., and it means that if the traffic carried on the railroads of the United States in 1888 had paid the same average ton-mile rate as they did twenty years before, the people of that country would have been charged for the transportation of the products of their fields, factories, and mines about 192,000,000l. sterling more than they actually did pay in that year.\*

It is necessary to halt for a moment, in order to appreciate what is meant by a saving of this amount. It is difficult, indeed, to lay hold of it without a conscious effort. The sum in question is more than twice as much as the whole public income for State purposes of the United Kingdom, and about one-fourth part of the national debt of Great Britain and Ireland. It is, again, more than six times the annual net earnings of the railway system of the United Kingdom, and, what is still more remarkable, it is rather more than the present aggregate gross income of the railways of the United States. If we seek comparisons in Continental countries, we

\* The railroad traffic returns show that the movement of merchandise on the railways of the United States as a whole in 1888 amounted to 70,423 millions of ton-miles, on each one of which there was a reduction of .627d., as compared with the average ton-mile rate of 1869, giving the sum stated above as the total amount of the reduction of transportation rates.

shall find that this amount is almost equal to the amount paid by France to Germany in the form of war indemnity.

Naturally enough, the first inquiry that these stupendous figures suggest is the question, Were not the rates of 1869 abnormally high? The second inquiry would probably be, How was the reduction of rates effected? And, most probably, the third subject upon which information would be desired, would be that of the results to the railway companies themselves.

If the remarkable fall of rates that has occurred on American railways had been a fall from an abnormally high level, the extent and the effects of the reduction would have been much less surprising than they actually are. But the rate of 1869 was not exceptionally high; on the contrary, it was considerably under the average ton-mile rate in England at the present time, and it was much under the average rate of ten years before in the United States. It has therefore been a fall from a relatively low level of rates, and it is from this point of view that the circumstance is chiefly important to the European railway world. It thereby demonstrates the fact that it is possible to give substantial abatements on rates already fairly low, with results that are proved to be beneficial alike to traders and to railway companies. This is a view of the case that English railways do not appear disposed to allow. Their policy has hitherto been to keep up rates to a point which they arbitrarily fix among themselves as being the amount that the traffic will bear. This point, in the estimation of English railway managers, is not the irreducible minimum so generally adopted on American lines, but the practicable maximum—practicable, that is, in view of retaining, or, at any rate, not immediately destroying, the traffic. What has been the course of the traffic on the two systems as a consequence? The comparison, or rather the contrast, is remarkable. On British railways the goods traffic receipts have only increased from 26½ millions in 1871 to 38½ millions in 1888, while on American railways, during the same period, the goods traffic receipts have advanced from 294½ to about 700 million dollars. To take a much shorter interval, it appears that while on American railways, between 1880 and 1888, the traffic has advanced

from 290½ to 589½ million tons, being an increase of over 100 per cent., the increase on British lines, in the same interval, has only been from 235½ million to 281½ million tons, or 19 per cent. The inference is clear and obvious. The low freight rates of the American railways have greatly stimulated traffic, while the high freight rates of British lines, if they have not hindered absolutely the development of traffic, have at any rate kept it from assuming the proportions that it otherwise probably would have attained, and, to that extent, have interfered with the general development and prosperity of the country.

The immediate impulse to the reduction of rates on American lines has doubtless been the competition for the traffic to be carried. American railway managers and directors do not carry on their business, any more than English, for other than purely business purposes. Benevolence, disinterestedness, and the general good of the community, apart from their own direct interests, were probably not in all their thoughts. The stimulus came, in the first place, from the competition of the canals for a large part of the heavy traffic, and more especially for the traffic in cereals passing from Chicago to New York. This traffic was being carried between these two points, a distance of about 1,000 miles, by lake and canal for fourteen cents per bushel, when the railways were charging twenty-nine cents. Naturally, under these circumstances, the competition of the railways was not entirely effective for a time. But between 1874 and 1881 the railway rate from Chicago and New York was reduced by one-half, having fallen to 14½ cents per bushel as against 8½ cents by lake and canal. The railway companies then found that they were making a strong impression on the traffic, not only by taking a large share from the canals, but also by developing new transport. The keen competition forced the railways to adhere to their low rates, the more so that in the meantime the New York State canals were exempted from toll, and it became necessary, therefore, to solve the problem of making low rates remunerative. This was done successfully by the introduction of different sources of economy that had not been attempted—probably because they were not

really necessary while high rates were the order of the day—up to that time.

There are many technical questions surrounding and underlying the achievements of American engineers and railway managers in the direction of cheapening the cost of transport, but we need not deal with them at any length. Suffice it to say that they first doubled, and then, in many cases, trebled the average load carried; they provided much larger wagons, whereby the proportion of the tare to the live or paying load was much reduced; they got a much larger duty out of their locomotives; and they largely cheapened the cost of the permanent way.

The question is often asked—and it is important that it should be correctly answered—Is it not possible, by similar reforms and alterations of system, to bring about similar results in the United Kingdom? This, however, is a matter that is rather aside from the scope of our present inquiry, although it may be a tempting and useful theme to take up. The position assumed by English railway experts is that the conditions of transport in the two countries are so essentially different, in reference to the traffic carried, the average distance traversed by trains, the methods of consignment, the conditions of the roadway and gradients, and other circumstances, that we could not apply in England the methods that have been successfully adopted with a view to economical transport in the United States. Others, again, are of opinion that, even if American methods could not be wholly applied in England, they could at least be adopted to a much greater extent than they have been, with highly advantageous results.

Letting alone for the present the *pros* and *cons* of this question, the problem that now demands consideration has a twofold aspect: the first, that of how the reductions of freight rates referred to have affected American railways; the second, that of how these same reductions have influenced the relations of the United States with the rest of the world.

On the first blush of it, it would certainly appear as if the withdrawal from the possible revenues of the railways of the United States of the enormous sum of nearly 200,000,000*l.* sterling per annum could hardly fail to be disastrous. It must not, however, be forgotten that the

sum in question would not have been nearly so large as that just quoted had these reductions not taken place. It has been the gradual cheapening of the cost of transport that has brought about the enormous traffic that is carried to-day on American railways. It is difficult to realize what the extent of that traffic really is. The American railways carried in 1888 a larger volume of traffic than all the railways of the continent of Europe taken together, and including Russia. They carried about six times the tonnage that was carried on the railways of France, about three times the tonnage that was carried on the railways of Germany, and fully ten times the traffic that was carried on the railways of Russia. They carried about ten tons per head of the population, as compared with only seven tons per head in the United Kingdom, four tons per head in Germany, and three tons per head in France. This enormous development of traffic has naturally benefited the community as a whole, even if the cheap rates at which it was carried have temporarily lowered the net receipts of the railways. That this latter result has occurred is not to be denied. The dividends paid have become more attenuated every year. In 1872 the average percentage of net earnings on capital expenditure was rather over five per cent.; in 1888 the return, similarly ascertained and expressed, was only about 3.1 per cent. But it is not a little remarkable that some of the leading railways, with the lowest rate of freight, have had the highest rates of dividend. The most important railway system, not in the United States alone, but in the whole world, is that known as the Pennsylvania Railway. This wonderful fabric, with some 4,000 miles of line, had in 1887 a gross income of 23,800,000*l.*, carried 113½ million tons of traffic, and over 74 millions of passengers. And yet the company were content with an average rate of .34*d.* per ton per mile, and an average profit of .10*d.* per ton per mile, which is approximately less than one-third the average freight rate charged in the United Kingdom, and less than one-fifth the average profit charged on British railways per ton per mile. Did the company in consequence go into liquidation? Not a bit of it. They paid a five per cent. dividend all round and carried 830,000*l.* to the credit of profit and loss. The ex-

perience of the Pennsylvania has been that of other companies, only "writ large." If the unremunerative and recently constructed lines in the West and South are eliminated, and if the group of States in which the traffic has been matured are alone considered, such as the Central and Eastern States, it will be found that the average net receipts from American railways are sufficient to pay quite as high dividends as are paid by the average of the railways of the United Kingdom. This fact is clear and sufficient proof that, in the United States at any rate, high railway charges are not necessarily a correlative of high prosperity, although that appears to be a not uncommon view of the case in the United Kingdom.

We are not concerned to enter into all the various elements that differentiate American from English railways, but one element stands out so pre-eminently head and shoulders above all the others that it will naturally be expected that it should not pass without some notice. The English railway system has cost much more money than the American, although whether there is sufficient justification for the difference is a doubtful point. The average capital expenditure on English lines has been about 50,000*l.* per mile; on American lines, notwithstanding a great deal of "watered" or fictitious outlay, the average capital expenditure has been rather under 12,500*l.* In other words, the English lines have cost about four times as much as the American. This means, of course, that whereas a net revenue of 625*l.* per mile will pay a five per cent. dividend on the railways of the United States, it requires a net income of 2,500*l.* to pay the same rate of interest on English railways; and the argument of the latter usually is that this fact alone is sufficient to explain, and must continue to create, the differences in the rates of freight already mentioned. Since, now, we have taken pains to make clear the most essential difference between English and American lines, it is only reasonable that we should endeavor to gratify the natural curiosity that is likely to be excited as to how these differences arise. Every one who has travelled in the United States must be aware that the American railways generally leave a good deal to be desired—more especially the pioneer lines, that are laid down in many cases without

much regard to ballasting or permanence of construction generally, and the equipment of which is usually far from perfect. This, however, is by no means the case in the older states. If, for example, we take the Middle group of states, which includes New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, it will be found that they have practically as dense a traffic as the railways of England and Wales, and a denser traffic than the railways of Great Britain. In 1888, the average tonnage of goods and mineral traffic carried in this group was about 10,500 tons per mile; or, put in another way, about 100,000 tons were carried one mile for every mile of railway open. This is quite as dense as the movement of traffic on British railways in the same year; but the average cost of the railways opened in the Middle group of states was only 18,400*l.* per mile, being a little more than one-third of the average cost of the railways of England and Wales. Their density of traffic, therefore, does not explain the difference of cost. Nor is that difference explained by the greater cost of land in our own country. It is a common mistake to suppose that American railways have cost nothing in the matter of land.\* It is true that, in the earlier days of the system, land was often gifted to railway promoters in the United States; but of late years, in the Middle and Eastern States at least, it has almost invariably been paid for at full market value. The only available returns as to the general price paid show that in 1880 the railways of the United States as a whole had paid an average of 234*·*7*l.* per mile constructed for land alone, which means that in the more thickly populated and highly developed states the price must generally have run pretty high.

Next to land, the first expenditure incurred in the building of a railway is generally made up of the cost of the permanent way, the cost of labor involved in laying out the line, the cost of equipment, locomotives, wagons, and carriages, the cost of permanent erections, such as bridges, viaducts, and stations, and the cost of parliamentary and other expenses. In all of

\* The expenditure incurred for land on the New York Central, a few years ago, was 3,200*l.* per mile of line worked. It is now likely to be more, and so also with other leading railways.

these items except the last, the American railways are, or are generally supposed to be, at a disadvantage as compared with the railways of the United Kingdom. These items, as a rule, are mainly made up of the cost of labor; and the wages paid in the United States are now, and have all along been, much higher than the average rate of wages paid in the United Kingdom—so much so that probably in the latter country a sovereign would go as far as fourteen shillings would go in the former. In reference to steel rails, which are a very important element in the cost of permanent way, the difference is not now nearly so much as it has been, but over the last twenty years it has been quite as much as that supposed; and rolling stock will probably, on an average of years, have shown similar differences against American lines. All this makes the problem appear to be more difficult of solution.

The only way in which the actual facts could be correctly ascertained would be by having a return ordered of all the principal items of cost incurred in the construction of English lines, especially the items of parliamentary contests, stations, land, and works of art such as viaducts and bridges. The expenditure incurred on the latter has no doubt been much greater than that incurred on the railways of the United States, where the configuration of the ground is usually more favorable. Even so, however, the difference is much more against British lines than it should be.

One characteristic of the American railways that requires more careful study and imitation by our railway managers is the system of running more heavily loaded trains than are usual in this country. On the railways of the Middle and Eastern States, a train-load of 1,000 or 1,500 tons is by no means uncommon. In this country a train load of 400 tons is comparatively rare. The rolling stock on American lines is, moreover, as was pointed out by Mr. Hickman in the course of the recent inquiry before the Board of Trade, better adapted to the transport of heavy loads, having a much lighter weight, relatively to the amount of paying load carried, than English lines, so that the same tonnage would be more remunerative.\*

\* In my book entitled *Railway Problems*, published in 1887, I pointed out that the standard capacity of the ordinary American



As a consequence of the adoption of these and other improvements in transport, the duty got out of the locomotives employed on the railways of the United States has greatly increased. In 1870, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the average number of tons hauled one mile by each locomotive was only 2.1 millions, whereas in 1881 the average had increased to 5.1 millions, being an increase of 143 per cent. On the same system each locomotive in 1870 covered an average distance of 19,888 miles, whereas in 1881 the average had increased to 29,297 miles, being an advance of 47 per cent. This movement, instead of being attended by a large bill for repairs, has actually been attended by a reduced expenditure under that head. Per 100 miles run on the Pennsylvania Railway, the average cost of repairs per locomotive fell from 16½ dollars in 1865, and 9 dollars in 1870, to 6 dollars in 1881. If the same average fall of 10.4 dollars per 100 miles had occurred on the railways of the United States generally, the total extent of the economy realized on the 650 millions of train-miles run in 1888 would have been 67½ millions of dollars, as compared with the year 1865.\*

Compared with the sources of economy of transport just referred to, what have the railways of the United Kingdom got to show? The mineral trains on English railways seldom exceed 300 tons net weight, and as the wagons employed are very often of greater weight than the load which they carry, the net or live load, instead of being 64½ per cent. of the whole, as in the case of the Pennsylvania box-cars already referred to, is likely to be more like 45 per cent. In other words, the English railways will be likely to carry well on to 20 per cent. more dead weight relatively to the paying load than the American lines. It is only fair to the English railways to say that they would have some difficulty in adopting the much larger vehicles used on American lines. All their arrangements—their turntables,

their tips, their engine-sheds, and other accessories—are constructed for wagons of much smaller size, and the rolling stock programme would have to be entirely revolutionized before the American type of truck could become the order of the day. Not only so, but the distance over which each ton of traffic is carried, or, as it is expressed in railway nomenclature, the "average length of lead," is much less in this country, and loads are much more broken up. It is also undoubtedly true that, on a number of leading lines, the gradients are much heavier than they are generally found to be on American lines, which more or less limits the average practicable load. But all this notwithstanding, the present English system is, beyond question, more wasteful and expensive than it need be.

It is much the same with English locomotive power. The average number of train-miles covered by each locomotive on the railways of the United Kingdom in 1888 was 18,500, but it has already been shown that on the Pennsylvania Railroad the average in a recent year was as high as 29,297 miles, which is 58 per cent. more, and the Pennsylvania, with the New York Central, and one or two other leading lines that have much the same sort of record, are the controlling factor in the situation.

We have seen, therefore, that, alike in construction and in working, the American railways have attained a degree of economy to which British railways are strangers, and hence it is that the one system can carry agricultural produce and other commodities at rates which, if they were equally at the command of English agriculturists and traders, would be likely to make a substantial difference in the existing economic situation, and to give the people of this country, in so far as they are affected by railway rates, much brighter hopes for the future.\*

However interesting it might be to

goods-wagon, which was nine gross tons in 1876, was increased, about 1877, to twelve tons, and in 1879 to eighteen tons. A Pennsylvania box car, in 1870, had a paying load that was only 49 per cent. of the total, as against 64½ per cent. in 1881, owing to the larger sizes adopted.

\* See *Railway Problems*, p. 326.

\* In the recent discussions before the Board of Trade Commissioners I was anxious and attempted to get attention prominently directed to the differences that distinguish American from English railways, but the raising of this point did not appear to be acceptable to the tribunal. I still think that the matter is one that is well worthy the attention of the Board of Trade and of Parliament, although it might not come strictly within the terms of the reference.

follow this part of the subject further, it cannot be done without infringing upon the space to be devoted to the subsequent problems that it is necessary to consider—that is to say, the question of how far the revolution that has taken place in American transportation charges has affected the economic circumstances of that country; and the further question, of the effect that the same influence has produced, and is likely to produce in the future, on the economic circumstances of European countries.

It goes without saying that the more the trade of a country is developed, and the more extensive the interchange of commodities, either with different sections of the same country, or with foreign nations, the more prosperous the country is likely to be. Transportation means commerce, commerce means barter, and barter does not usually take place without profit to one side or the other, if not to both. It can hardly be necessary to prove so self-evident a proposition. There is one other proposition equally obvious. The more that the cost of a commodity is cheapened the greater will be the demand for it, especially if it is a commodity that is in every-day request, and this applies as much to transportation as to food or fuel. These general principles, as applicable to one country as to another, have underlain and controlled the recent commercial annals of the United States. Within fifteen years the quantity of traffic moved on the railroads of that country has increased from about 200 to 589 millions of tons; in other words, the railway traffic has nearly trebled. Manifestly this could not have happened without enormous gain to the general community, whatever may have been the immediate effect on the railways themselves. The extremely important part which the railways of the United States have played in developing the foreign trade of that country is a matter that has not been so fully understood as it should be. One or two figures may be quoted by way of making this position clear.

During the ten years ending with 1869, the annual value of the exports of agricultural produce from the United States, including cotton and provisions of all kinds, was only 258 millions of dollars. In the ten years ending 1889, however, the annual value of the exports of the

same agricultural products was not less than 671 millions of dollars; and if the general range of prices had been as high as in the ten years ending 1869, the value for the later period would probably have been fully 800 millions of dollars.\* This latter figure is considerably more than the average annual gross income from the railways of the United States over the period to which it applies. It appears, therefore, that, in point of volume, the railway system has trebled the exports of agricultural products from the United States within so short an interval as that bridged over by the ten years that separate 1860–69 from 1880–89.

In the opening part of this paper stress was laid on the effect that had been produced on the commerce and industry of Europe by the cheapening of the cost of transportation in the United States. This again becomes self-evident if the figures be merely stated. The value of the American exports of breadstuffs to Europe increased from 24½ to 288 millions of dollars between 1860 and 1880; while the value of the exports of provisions increased from 16 to 156 millions of dollars during the same interval. These exports would not have taken place unless they had introduced a lower range of prices, and, as a matter of fact, as regards certain important articles they knocked down the previously existing prices by some 40 or 50 per cent. This meant the gradual reduction, and finally the almost complete extinction, of the profits of British farmers, who could only command 30s. for the wheat that they had formerly sold at 45s., 50s., and even 60s. per quarter. As with wheat, so with other agricultural produce. Prices were kept down continuously and steadily by the unlimited supplies that the United States were always ready to throw upon the market, and agriculture languished and declined more and more until it appeared as if it had suffered complete collapse. The evil has, of course, been partially met by introducing certain modifications in the arrangement of the crops. In Great Britain the area under corn crops has been largely

\* Taking wheat as an example, it appears that the average market price of wheat per bushel was 1.36 dol. for the ten years ending 1869, and only .98 dol. for the ten years ending 1889, so that the average was nearly forty per cent. higher in the former period.

reduced, while the area under permanent pasture, orchards, and market gardens has been largely increased.

It seems, on the face of it, the most absurd and impossible thing in the world that the United States, with an average yield of only about twelve bushels to the acre, can send their wheat a distance of nearly 5,000 miles and compete successfully with English-grown wheat of which the yield is hardly ever less than double that figure. How is it done? Can it be done for long? If it is possible to continue it, can English wheat-growers do anything to mend their position? These are a few of the questions that the problem suggests.

In the first place, the question of distance has next to nothing to do with the matter. A bushel of wheat is carried from Chicago to Liverpool for about tenpence, including both railway and sea freights. The greater yield in the United Kingdom is only got by an elaborate and costly system of cropping and fertilizing, so that the American-grown wheat, without these items of expenditure to deal with, is not much, if any, more costly *in situ*, notwithstanding the inferior yield. Finally, the American wheat-grower is usually free of rent, owning, as he does, his own homestead, while the English agriculturist has to pay a rental varying from 15s. to 30s. per acre, and very heavy burdens besides.

The recent revolution in the growth of breadstuffs in other European countries may distinctly be traced to the facility with which they can be received from countries like the United States and Russia, which are specially adapted for their cultivation. In most of the older countries of Europe the area under wheat crops has been steadily diminishing for years past, owing to their inability to produce wheat successfully in competition with the countries named. In Belgium, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, and Switzerland, as well as in the United Kingdom, the home-grown supplies of wheat have been diminishing and the importations of that cereal have been increasing. The agriculturists of Europe have been endeavoring to adapt themselves to the altered situation by the cultivation of other crops, and more especially by giving more attention to the raising of live stock. But even here they are

increasingly threatened with competition from the newer and less populous countries. The United States, for example, increased its exports of provisions, including beef, bacon, and ham, by no less than 406 per cent. during the eleven years between 1870 and 1881. It is true that since the latter year the value of the provisions exported from the United States has rather fallen off; but this is a fall of price rather than a fall of volume, and there is not much likelihood that the supply will further diminish in the near future.

Within the last few years there has been a reduction in the exports of breadstuffs from the United States, which appears to have inspired some hope in England. The quantities of wheat and wheat-flour shipped from American ports to different European countries in 1880 and 1889 were as under in bushels:

Country	WHEAT		WHEAT-FLOUR	
	1880	1889	1880	1889
	1=1,000	1=1,000	1=1,000	1=1,000
Belgium.....	13,418	1,898	49	47
France.....	43,601	7,655	10	—
Germany.....	1,223	—	12	13
United Kingdom....	79,663	31,568	3,645	5,271
Portugal.....	2,196	1,996	5	23

*Corn and Corn-Meal.*

Country	CORN		CORN-MEAL	
	1880	1889	1880	1889
Belgium.....	2,471	4,009	—	—
France.....	8,573	6,564	—	—
Germany.....	7,589	4,608	—	—
United Kingdom....	53,635	41,096	17	1

It is clear from these figures that there has been a material falling off within recent years in the quantities of wheat exported to different countries from the United States. This decline of exports is made still more apparent in the figures which follow, showing the volume of the exports, compared with the production of cereals, in the United States in 1880 and 1888:—

	Exports.	
	1880 1=1,000 bushels.	1888 1=1,000 bushels.
Wheat and wheat-flour.....	186,475	88,823
Corn and corn-meal.....	93,648	70,641

	Production.	
	1888 1=1,000 bushels.	1880 1=1,000 bu.-shels.
Wheat and wheat-flour.....	498,549	415,868
Corn and corn-meal.....	1,717,484	1,987,790

*Percentages of Total Production Exported.*

Wheat and wheat-flour.....	37.4	21.3
Corn and corn-meal.....	5.4	3.5

Here it appears that the percentage exported of the quantity of wheat and wheat-flour produced in the United States fell from 37.4 to 21.3 during the ten years ending 1888. Put in another way, there has been a decline of 17 per cent. in the quantity produced and a decrease of 53 per cent. in the quantity exported during that period. This does not, however, mean that the people of the United States are themselves consuming more wheat relatively than formerly. The 15 million bushels more that they used at home in 1888 is, indeed, hardly equal to their relative increase of population.

The fact that increased importation of breadstuffs into the leading countries of Europe falls concurrently with a diminished production in, and a reduced exportation of such commodities from, the United States appears to indicate that the United States do not now hold the position that they formerly did in relation to the food supply of Europe. Whether that position is likely to become increasingly unimportant and indeterminate is a moot point, but it is by no means doubtful that the agriculturists of North America, acting in concert with the railway interest and the shipping trade of that country, as well as with a not unimportant section of the shippers of the United Kingdom, mean to do what they can, not only to keep the trade, but to monopolize it as far as lies in their power. There has been, as we have shown, a constant tendency toward the cheapening of production and of transport in that country. Whether that tendency can be carried much farther in practice is probably very doubtful, but it does not, in any case, stand alone. No country has the command of cheaper ocean transport than the United States, as the following return—compiled from the official publications relative to foreign commerce—of the average through freight on grain and provisions per 100 lbs., from Chicago to European ports by all rail to the seaboard, and thence by steamer, will sufficiently show:—

Port	Article	1880	1889	Decrease. Amount.
<i>Chicago to—</i>				
Liverpool....	Grain.....	\$ 492	\$ 385	-\$ 097
"	Sacked flour.....	512	416	136
"	Provisions.....	687	574	113
Glasgow.....	Sacked flour.....	565	442	123
"	Provisions.....	873	614	059
Antwerp.....	Provisions.....	788	609	129

Curiously, it appears that over the same period the exports to London have cost more for transport instead of less. This is not due to the dock charges being heavier than those of Liverpool, for a recent comparison shows that for a ton of wheat the total charges from the ship to the truck, including dock dues, are—

	<i>s. d.</i>
For Liverpool.....	3 11
" London.....	3 3
" Glasgow.....	2 9

We are now face to face with the question, If the exports of breadstuffs from the United States have ceased to have the controlling influence that they once had, is that influence likely to be recovered; and if not, what other country has taken, or is likely to take, the ascendant and determining place in relation to British agricultural prospects?

Two matters must, on the face of them, largely affect the final settlement of this question, namely:—

1. The possibilities of future reductions in the cost of transport in the United States and on the ocean.

2. The extent to which virgin lands are still available for the production of wheat and corn crops in the United States.

There is, of course, the further question of how far other countries, such as Russia and India, may in the future improve their means for furnishing supplies of breadstuffs to outside consumers. It is also possible that countries not hitherto distinguished as wheat-growers may in the future come into the field, and take up a large share of the trade.

Although there must of necessity be a limit beyond which freight rates cannot be further reduced, even on American railways, it is by no means certain that such a limit has yet been reached. In 1870 the average freight rate on the eighteen principal railroads in the United States was a fraction over two cents per ton per mile. At that figure, which was

an enormous reduction on the average of ten years before, it was thought by many that finality had been attained, and that both railroads and freighters had just cause to "rest and be thankful." But in 1880 the same railroads had reduced their average ton-mile rate to 1.29 cent, or '64*d.*, and in spite of the fact that Europe looked on with wonder, and English railway managers with not a little incredulity, the average freight rate of the same lines in 1888 was only .92 cent or '46*d.* per ton per mile.

"How has it been done without ruin to the railroads?" is the question that the slower-moving minds of Europe are anxious to solve. That interrogatory opens up a large controversy that we shall not here attempt to answer or deal with further than we have already done. But that the railroads have not been ruined is proved incontestably by two facts—the first, that the gross earnings from freight traffic have increased between 1880 and 1889 from 467½ millions to 639½ millions of dols.; the second, that within the same period the quantity of traffic carried has more than doubled, and amounted in 1888, as already shown, to the enormous total of 589½ millions of tons.

It would, therefore, be rash to assume that "there shall be no more cakes and ale," in the form of further concessions, on the part of the American railroad companies. These vast corporations have made it their business to create freight where it did not already exist, and to carry freight at any price so long as it was to be carried. They have, in fact, applied with some variation the principle which is said to have been instilled into the mind of the Quaker's son—they have determined to get freight, honestly if they can, but at all events to get freight, and, so long as this continues to be their guiding consideration, who shall say what is the irreducible minimum of charge? Only within the last few months a project has been under discussion that aims at making a new Erie Canal, whereby vessels of large size may proceed direct from Chicago to New York, delivering wheat at the latter centre at a transport charge of not more than three cents per bushel. It is claimed that the cost of transport by the large steamers that now navigate the lakes between Chicago and Buffalo is only two cents per bushel for 800 miles, and that

the remainder of the distance to New York, some 400 miles, could, with an improved canal, be done for about 1 or 1½ cent more.

If this conclusion is correct, a quarter of wheat should be transported between Chicago and New York, a distance by water of close on 1,200 miles, for about one shilling. Let us now see how much it should, under the most favorable conceivable conditions, cost to transport this wheat across the Atlantic.

At a comparatively recent date a large quantity of wheat has been carried between New York and Europe for about 10*s.* per ton, or, roughly, 2*s.* per quarter. This means a rate of about .04*d.* per ton per mile. But as the daily expenses of a large steamer, even now, may be taken at only some sixpence per ton register, and as such a vessel can steam 200 to 250 miles per day, the actual cost of transport will probably not exceed 0.03*d.* per ton per mile. In some cases the cost of ocean transport has been reduced to a penny for forty miles of journey, including not only food, fuel, and wages, but interest and depreciation as well. At such a rate the Atlantic freight would not exceed 6*s.* 3*d.* per ton, or, say, 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.* per quarter of wheat; and if this rate could be generally established, as with the improvements even still conceivable in ocean transport it may easily be, we may have the actual cost of carrying a quarter of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool reduced to 2*s.* 6*d.* per quarter as an average normal figure.

Another very important and relevant consideration is that the area of the United States has not yet been by any means fully taken up. The total area of that country, excluding Alaska, is 1,923 millions of acres, of which, however, in 1889, only 38 millions were under wheat, 78 millions under corn, 27½ millions under oats, and about 6½ millions under rye, barley, and buckwheat. Of all crops of cereals the total area in 1889 was 146½ million acres, or rather more than seven per cent. of the total area of the country, disregarding Alaska. Since 1873, however, the area under cereals has just about doubled, so that it is increasing much faster than the population of the country. Nor can it be said that the land is becoming less prolific than it was formerly, although, no doubt, in some of the older

states manures or fertilizers are more largely used. The maximum average yield per acre over the last ten years was 13·1 bushels in 1880; the minimum 10·1 bushels in the following year. The value of the yield has, however, been greatly reduced, mainly, of course, on account of lower prices. It was as much as 15·27 dols. in 1879, and as low as 8·98 dols. in 1889. It is in the matter of value that the greatest change has taken place, and it is this lowering of value that causes the despondency of English agriculture.

It seems, then, to be the "manifest destiny" of the United States to continue for many years to come to be the dominant factor in the agricultural, and perhaps, also, in the industrial situation of Europe, and more especially of the United Kingdom. The time when the United States will, like the older European countries, absorb for their own requirements the food supplies that they are capable of producing is evidently very remote. It is not easy to determine the point at which a population ceases to become self-supporting in reference to its food supplies. In Great Britain that point has, as everybody knows, long been passed, and at the present time practically one-half of all the food supplies of the country is received from abroad. The present population of the United Kingdom is about 38 millions, or an average of 314 to the square mile of area. If this average is divided by two, in order to represent the population actually fed from home-grown supplies, it would still be 84 per cent. in excess of the population of the United States per square mile of cultivable area. The density of population in the United States, excluding Alaska, is now only 31 to the square mile, as compared with 314 in the United Kingdom, so that in the latter country it is about ten times as much as in the former.

One thing appears to stand out with unquestionable prominence in any consideration of the future food supplies of the United Kingdom. They may be received from Russia, from India, from British North America, or from the United States; but the United States will long be the dominating source of supply, because they will be ready, at a price, to furnish unlimited supplies, and that price is certain to continue a relatively low one. The quantities received from this country and

that vary considerably, as between one year and another, and are likely to continue to do so. Thus, for example, we received in 1887 nearly twice as much wheat and wheat-flour from the United States as we did in 1888, whereas in the latter year we took from Russia about five times as much as we did in the former. But Russia can only be depended on to this extent in years when there has been a specially abundant harvest; whereas the United States can almost immediately put under the cultivation of a particular crop a practically unlimited area if it is shown to be worth while to do so. Australia and British India are probably too remote to be entitled to the same degree of dependence. At any rate, it is a notable fact that the supplies from these sources have within recent years been diminishing instead of increasing.

The United States had, at the end of 1888, a railway system of 154,000 miles, and in the previous seven years had added about 40,000 miles to the system. There are those who seem to suppose that the future cannot see the same rapid railway extensions as the past has witnessed, but this is by no means a foregone conclusion. It must not be forgotten that at the present time the United States have only one mile of railway to every twenty square miles of territory, excluding Alaska, whereas in the United Kingdom there is one mile of railway to every six miles of area. In order, therefore, to establish in the United States the same relation of railway mileage to geographical area as in this country, it would be necessary to extend the system to some 500,000 miles. Probably this extent of mileage will never be attained. It is hardly likely to be attained in any case within a measurable period of time. To begin with, the water area of the United States is larger than that of any other country. The American lake system alone covers some 135,000 square miles, or, roughly, 15,000 square miles more than the entire area of the United Kingdom. But this, after all, is but a small proportion of the total area of the country, which is generally fertile, and capable of a high degree of cultivation, so that there is still scope for large and profitable extensions of the means of transport.

There can be no more interesting subject for speculation than that of how far the experience of the past is likely to be

repeated in the future history of the United States. While it is not probable that the railway system of that country will within any measurable period be extended to half a million miles, it is important to remember that at the rate of progress witnessed during the last twenty years that mileage would be attained in sixty-three years from the present time. In other words, the mileage constructed between 1870 and 1889 was 108,341 miles, or 5,417 miles per annum, and sixty-three years of the same annual average would complete the 339,000 miles wanted to make up the round half-million.

Who shall say, however, that we may not in the next twenty years witness the same rate of annual development that we have, with wondering and admiring eyes, beheld in the last two decades? There is in this anticipation nothing in the least degree improbable. On the contrary, the impression that we may at least see an equally large development is encouraged by the fact that while the mileage constructed between 1830 and 1849 was only 7,342 miles, and between 1840 and 1869 was only 37,823 miles, the rate of increase in the twenty years ending 1889, as we have seen, was not less than 108,341 miles. Railway construction, in point of fact, has proceeded over the whole period in an accelerating ratio.

If, then, the American railway system should, in twenty years' time, reach the portentous figure of 269,000 miles, which

would be the result attained by the same annual mileage increase as in the past two decades, the traffic required to feed such a system must be greatly in excess of that which exists at present. The American railways carried in 1888 about 3,800 tons of goods and mineral traffic per mile of line operated. With the same average, the railway system of the United States should in 1909 carry 411½ million tons more than they did in 1888, or 1,001 million tons in all. This is exactly the volume of traffic carried on all the railways of Europe and the United States, collectively, in 1882. Should the traffic of American railways increase to anything like this extent, the competition for it, already extraordinarily keen, is likely to increase also, so that more considerable abatements of transportation rates may be looming in the not distant future. Meanwhile what is to be the outcome of the higher rates exacted in European countries, and especially in England, the highest of all? It must have been to some such contingency as this that Lytton looked forward when, in "The Coming Race," he speaks of having "touched but slightly, though indulgently, on the antiquated and decaying institutions of Europe, in order to expatiate on the present grandeur and prospective pre-eminence of that glorious American republic, in which Europe enviously seeks its model and tremblingly foresees its doom."—*Nineteenth Century*.

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## CARTHAGE.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L.

THERE is no spot on which one more keenly feels the mischief that has come of cutting up the study of history into arbitrary fragments than on the site of Carthage. There is no spot which the Unity of History may more rightly claim as one of its choicest possessions. In the history of the neighboring land of Sicily the main charm lies in the fact that the same tale has to be told twice, that the same struggle has been fought twice. And so it is with the city which so long played a great and fearful part in the affairs of Sicily. Carthage has had a double life, a double history; and we do not take in what

Carthage has really been in the history of the world if we look at one of those lives only. It is pardonable if, standing on the site of Carthage, with the two lives of Carthage in our memory, we go on to dream that a third life may perhaps be still in store for her. It was at least a piece of news which might call up many thoughts when we read the other day that a successor of Cyprian had just dedicated his newly built metropolitan church on the height which is at once the Bozrah of Dido and the hill of Saint Lewis, the spot from which Gaiseric ruled the seas, the spot to which Heraclius dreamed of trans-

lating the dominion of the elder and the younger Rome. We fail to take in the greatness of the story of which we stand on the central scene, unless we call up all its associations, and not the earliest group only. Mighty men have trod the soil on which we stand, and not in one age only. If Hannibal set forth from the first Carthage to deal his heavy blows on the elder Rome, Belisarius came from the younger Rome to bring back the second Carthage to her dominion. If the first Carthage bowed to no foe till the elder Scipio had learned the arts of Hannibal, it was from the second Carthage that Heraclius went forth to practise those arts on a third continent. We feel the greatness of the site when we think of Phœnician Carthage ruling in Sardinia and Sicily and carrying her arms to the gates of Rome. But the feeling of its greatness comes home to us with a twofold strength when we think how, as soon as Carthage was again the seat of an independent power, that power at once sprang to well-nigh the position of the city in its elder days. Teutonic Carthage was but for a moment; but Teutonic Carthage too ruled in Sicily and Sardinia, and carried her arms not only to the gates of Rome, but within her walls. If the bull of Phalaris was carried as plunder to the first Carthage, the candlestick of Solomon was carried as plunder to the second. If one conqueror restored the bull to Agrigentum, another restored the candlestick to Jerusalem. The tale loses half its grandeur, it loses all its completeness, if we stop at the end of its first chapter. Let it be, no one will deny it, that Phœnician Carthage was greater than Roman Carthage. But that Roman Carthage, once planted on the same site, rose to no small measure of renewed greatness, is surely the best of witnesses to the greatness of Phœnician Carthage and to the wisdom of those who chose the site for its first planting.

I should certainly counsel the visitor to Carthage to carry with him Mr. R. B. Smith's not very bulky volume, "Carthage and the Carthaginians." He cannot carry his library with him, and I found to my cost that there is no means at Tunis of getting at any book, old or new. Mr. Smith's "Carthage and the Carthaginians" ranks a long way above his "Mohammed and Mohammedanism." It contains nothing so wonderful as the

passage which some will remember about Mohammed the Prophet and Mohammed the Conqueror. Mr. Smith's Carthaginian work is solid enough to have entitled him to become the prey of the pilferer. We cannot help sometimes smiling at Mr. Smith's enthusiasm for his subject; but we sympathize while we smile, as his enthusiasm stands us in really good stead. Only when we have to take him as our one comrade over so long a journey, it is a little disheartening that we have to part company with him so soon. Mr. Smith has stood, alongside of Polybios, as a spectator of the fall of Phœnician Carthage. He tells us how much the site has changed since the younger Scipio quoted the verses which foretold the fall of Ilios. He then adds:

"Nor has Man been less destructive than Nature. On the same or nearly the same spot have risen successively a Phœnician, a Roman, a Vandal, and a Byzantine capital. Each was destroyed in whole or in part by that which was to take its place, and each successive city found ample materials for its own rise in the ruins which it had itself occasioned."

This is a little dark; but it would seem as if Mr. Smith fancied that Gaiseric and Belisarius destroyed what they found as thoroughly as Scipio did, and that each built up a capital, Vandal or "Byzantine"—whatever that last name means—which was as thoroughly new as the "Roman capital" which the younger Cæsar certainly built up according to the plans of the elder. It is not likely that Mr. Smith seriously thinks that either Gaiseric or Belisarius did anything so foolish. It is just a flourish, a kind of flourish to which we are very well used. There are about a thousand years of the history of Europe during which a large class of writers think that anything may be said; before and after greater care is needful. One must take some care about Hannibal; one must, I fancy, take some care about Charles the Fifth; but Gaiseric, Belisarius, and Heraclius are fair game; it is safe to say anything about them. Yet Mr. Hodgkin and Mr. Bury are among us; let us wish them life and strength to work a reform.

But, while we must not let the greatness of the first Carthage blind our eyes to the existence or to the greatness of the second, we must freely allow that the second Carthage is something, not only second in time, but in everything secondary to the



first. The charm of the second Carthage, of the acts that were done in it or by its masters, comes largely from the fact that the first Carthage and its acts went before them. It is not always so with the second state of a city. Megarian Byzantium has its own place in history; but its main interest is that it was the forerunner of Constantinople. Within the world of Carthage itself, Phœnician and Roman Panormos counts for something; but it counts for little beside the glories of Saracen and Norman Palermo. But the second Carthage lives in a manner by the life of the first. As a power, its greatest, indeed its only, day is its Vandal day. And the most striking thing about the Vandal day of Carthage is that it so wonderfully recalls its Phœnician day. It is the purely Christian associations only that stand on a real level with the associations of the oldest time. Cyprian would be the same if Hamilkar and Hannibal had never trod the ground of the Bozrah before him. Gaiseric hardly would be.

The old Phœnician Carthage holds a place in the history of the world which is all her own. Phœnicia stands alone among nations; and Carthage stands alone among Phœnician commonwealths. That last is a word to be noticed. In a glance across the historic nations it strikes us at once that the Phœnicians are the only people beyond the bounds of Europe who rank as the political peers of the European nations. Aristotle, to whom the name of Rome was barely known, whose thoughts had been in no wise drawn to the polity of Rome, thought the constitution of Carthage worthy of attentive study, and he gives it the tribute of no small praise. Polybios, with his wider range of vision, makes the constitutions of Sparta, of Rome, and of Carthage the subject of an elaborate comparison. One is tempted to think that the Phœnicians, settled within the Western world, within the bounds of Europe itself or of that Africa which is truly a part of Europe, had drunk in something of the spirit of the West, and had almost parted company with the barbaric kingdoms of Asia. We seem to see the change taking place by degrees. The Hamilkar and the Hannibal of the fifth century B.C., the defeated of Himera and the destroyer of Himera, are still essentially barbarians. Their general-

ship does not go beyond a blind trust, successful or unsuccessful, in the physical force of huge multitudes. Massacre and human sacrifice are as familiar to them as to any Eastern despot. The Hamilkar and the Hannibal of the third century B.C. are essentially Europeans. And they are, we need hardly say, Europeans who stand alongside of, or above, the greatest names in Greek and Italian story. It was a mere outward sign that Carthage should adopt the coinage and others of the arts of Greece. The Carthage of the House of Barak had become essentially European in greater points. Its statesmen, its generals, not only the two immeasurably great ones, but a whole generation of them, distinctly surpass those of Rome. A few great men doubtless did much to raise the whole people; but the fact that those great men could arise and could find scope for their energies in the Carthaginian commonwealth shows that the ground was at least ready for them. Doubtless Hannibal soared above Carthage; doubtless Carthage soared above other Phœnician cities. And these two truths imply as their groundwork that Phœnicia, as a whole, soared above all other barbarian nations. The fact that there was a Carthage, that there was a Gades, a Hippo, an Utica, and a Panormos, is enough. If Carthage rose to the first place as the ruling city, the cities of the old Phœnicia had already done something greater. They were the first colonizing cities. They gave the Greek the model of an intelligent system of distant settlements, as distinguished from a simple Wandering of the Nations. And they knew, what later nations have been so slow to learn, the way to avoid the need of Wars of Independence, to bind colony and metropolis together from the first hour of their common being. Carthage in her greatness still revered Tyre in her fall, because Carthage from the moment of her birth had been the child of Tyre and not her subject.

In truth, the mere fact that in speaking of the old Phœnicia we have to speak of cities marks of itself the wide gap between Phœnicia and any other barbarian land. No doubt the westward movement did much to quicken the civic and political life in the Western colonies of Phœnicia. It was in the West, as if by virtue of geographical position, that the orderly constitution of *Shophetim*, Senate, and Peo-

ple, grew up, which Aristotle and Polybios honored with their study, the constitution of which it could be said that its working had never been disturbed by a revolution or a tyranny. The old Phœnicia undoubtedly had kings, and their authority was sometimes tempered by revolutions. Still the old Phœnicia was a system of cities, and the king of a city can never be the same uncontrolled despot as the king of a vast realm. When Tyre and Sidon had sunk to vassalage, their kings still held the first place in the councils of Xerxés. It was to them that the Great King turned for ships and seamen to cope with the ships and seamen of Greece. It was among their people alone that he could find men with wit enough to do his works of engineering. Yes, before Carthage was, before Gades was, the men of Canaan in their old seats had made the beginnings of history. It is with a strange feeling that we look back to those first glimpses of the world, when the clouds were just beginning to lift themselves from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and when those immemorial cities, ancient in the days of our first recorded facts, were already entering on the path of "ships, colonies, and commerce." If the full development of the race was to be wrought on the soil of Spain and Sicily and Africa, it was in the old land of the palm, on the narrow strip of flat land between Lebanon and the Great Sea, that the race first showed its power.

It is an essential part of the history of Carthage that she was, as her name implies, the New City, very far from the oldest, seemingly one of the youngest, of the colonies that Sidon and Tyre and Arvad sent to the West. Gades on the Ocean, farthest of all from the old home, was held to be the oldest of all. Tharshish, the land of gold, was the main object of Phœnician enterprise; the settlements in Africa and Sicily arose as stages on the road. Specially must it be borne in mind that the Phœnician colonies in Sicily—Solous—*Sela*—on her rock, Motya on her island in her sheltered harbor, Panormos in her Golden Shell, on her tongue of land between the two branches of her *All-haven*—all these were no colonies of Carthage, but sister cities, most likely elder sisters, whom she brought step by step under her dominion. It is thus as the ruling city, the city supreme over a

vast and scattered dominion alike over her kinsfolk and over strangers, that Carthage holds her place in history. It was her calling, a calling which no other city of her own stock undertook before her, which no city of any other stock carried out on the same scale or with the same success. No dominion ever lasted so long on so seemingly weak a foundation. For the foundation of the power of a ruling city must ever be weak; it must be weak in proportion as it most fully carries out the idea of the ruling city. Carthage in the end yielded to Rome. We may say that she yielded to Rome, because Rome, carrying out the idea of the ruling city less perfectly than Carthage, had sources of strength which Carthage had not. Rome was a ruling city; but each step by which her rule advanced took away something of her character as a ruling city. For at each step she admitted some new circle of allies or subjects to her franchise. That is, she raised them from the ranks of the ruled to the ranks of the rulers. But each step in the process made the Roman state less of a city and more of a nation. Aristotle, if he had looked at Rome as he did look at Carthage, might have set her down as being, like Babylon, though from quite another reason, *ἔθνος μᾶλλον ἢ πόλις*. This the position of Rome, as an inland city, whose territory grew by the addition of adjoining lands, allowed her to do. And therein lay her strength. Rome could fight her wars by the swords of citizens, and of colonists and allies to whom the hope of future citizenship was held out. When Rome and Carthage first met as enemies, the Roman, master of Italy, might walk from one end of his dominion to the other. For a long part of his journey, his walk would lie among men speaking his own language. At no stage of it would it bring him among men of a speech, a culture, a life, wholly alien to his own.

Carthage, on the other hand, was the ruling city in a sense the opposite to all this. She was a city which could never grow into a nation, because she was herself from the beginning a settlement of a distant nation on a foreign shore. She was the greatest of many Phœnician cities in Africa; but she could not stand to them as Rome did to the Latin cities around her. Rome was the head of a continuous Latium; Carthage could not be the head of a continuous Phœnicia.

For Utica and the Hippos were settlements on a foreign shore no less than herself. The Latin was in his own land; the Phœnician was in the land of the native African. It is the most speaking of all facts that, long after the Carthaginian power had begun, after Carthage had won no small dominion over distant towns and islands, she still paid rent to an African prince for the soil of her own city. The fact has been disputed; but why? It rests on as good authority as most other facts in Carthaginian history; it is in no way contradicted; it is in no way unlikely. To a city wholly seafaring, which began with trade and from trade went on to dominion, the dominion of the mainland on whose shore she stood was of far less moment than the dominion of such points and islands, far and near, as lay well placed for the purposes of her commerce and her ambition. A continuous dominion in Africa seems to have been the latest form of Carthaginian power; and, when it came, it was mere dominion over a subject barbarian land, broken here and there by a Phœnician town that was dependent rather than subject. There was nothing around her that Carthage could take to herself and make part of her own being, as Rome could do with the towns of Latium, as Athens in her earliest day could do with the towns of Attica.

But it is this very isolation, this incapacity for enlarging herself as she enlarged her dominion, which made Carthage the very model of the ruling city. She stood alone. She was lady and mistress over her scattered dominions, commanding the resources of lands and towns, far and near, in every relation of subjection and dependence; but she stood aloof from all, incorporating none into her own body. She waged her wars by the hands of strangers. She commanded the services of subjects and dependents; she bought the services of the stoutest barbarians of the Western world. Her own citizens were but the guiding spirits of her armies; they never formed their substance and kernel. It was only in moments of special danger, on her own soil or on the neighboring soil of Sicily, that the Sacred Band went forth to jeopard their lives for the Carthaginian state. In a Roman army, an army of citizens and kindred allies, every life was precious. A Carthaginian army might win a crowning victory, it might undergo

a crushing defeat, with the loss of no lives but such as the gold of Carthage could soon replace. Here lay her strength and her weakness. A Punic general could risk his soldiers as even a tyrant could not risk Greek citizens; but the state of Carthage lived ever in fear of her hireling soldiers. The great mutiny of the mercenaries after the first war with Rome was but the most frightful of several. It is a ghastly but characteristic tale that Osteodes, the Isle of Bones, the modern Ustica, took its name from a mutinous detachment of a Punic army who were left there to perish. A Roman army fought for Rome; a Punic army never fought for Carthage. The Numidian, the Spaniard, the Gaul, the Campanian, fought in his lower mood for the hire of his arm and his sword; in his highest mood, he fought, not for Carthage, but for Hamilkar or for Hannibal.

All this at once distinguishes Carthage from those ruling cities, Rome the chief of all, which commanded a continuous dominion. That is almost the same as saying that her only parallels, if she has parallels, must be sought for among seafaring powers only. The life by sea was the very life of Carthage. When the Romans before the last siege made it a condition of peace that Carthage should be forsaken and some point ten miles from the sea occupied instead, every Carthaginian felt it as a sentence of death. Athens could not be great without her fleet; but she could live without it. She had for a moment a scattered dominion somewhat of the same kind as the dominion of Carthage; but it was only for a moment. No other city of old Greece, no other city of her own Phœnician stock, comes near enough to her to admit even of contrast. The mediæval world supplies nearer parallels. Among cities of our own race, as we are tempted to call Bern the Teutonic Rome, so are we tempted to call Lübeck the Teutonic Carthage. But neither Lübeck nor any of her Hanseatic sisters fully reproduce the old Phœnician model. They are mighty on the sea, mighty for trade, mighty for warfare; but their special character was to be mighty in both ways, to strike terror and to bear rule, without forming anything which could be called territorial dominion. Far nearer to Carthage are the later seafaring cities of her own Mediterranean waters, Genoa in

some measure, Venice in a higher. Venice indeed is the nearest reproduction of Carthage that the world has seen. She too united trade and dominion; she ruled from her islands, as Carthage ruled from her peninsula, over possessions scattered far and wide, fortresses, cities, islands, kingdoms, over all of which she exercised lordship, but none of whom did she or could she incorporate into her own commonwealth. More perfect in her position than Carthage, she never paid rent for the soil of her Rialto as Carthage did for the soil of her Bozrah. But the two ruling cities agree in this, that dominion on the adjoining or neighboring mainland was the latest form of dominion for which they sought.

One fears to carry on the thought further. But, now that the world has grown, now that great kingdoms and commonwealths have taken the place of single cities, now that the Ocean with its continents has taken the place of the Mediterranean with its islands and peninsulas, it may be that later times supply parallels to the dominion of Carthage on a greater scale than that of Venice. It may be that they supply one special parallel of special interest to ourselves. In every such comparison we shall find the differences which come of altered scale and circumstances; but in every power which has held a scattered dominion over lands parted by the seas we may see a nearer or more distant parallel to Carthage, as in every power which has slowly and steadily advanced to a continuous dominion by land we may see a nearer or more distant parallel to Rome. The thought of Carthage is called up both by analogy and in ways more direct when, in one of the subject lands of Carthage, we see a power grow up which holds under its dominion a large part of her other subject lands. The thought comes more keenly still when that power is for awhile clothed with the majesty of Rome, and in that character goes forth to wage victorious war in Africa and for a moment to make Carthage itself part of its possessions. When a Spanish King who is also Roman Emperor, who is also King of Sicily and Sardinia, goes forth on the old errand of Agathoklès, Scipio, and Belisarius, when he sets forth to war from Caralis and comes back to triumph at Panormos, we seem to see the old forces of Phœnician Carthage turned

against her on her own soil. Charles of Austria, Charles of Burgundy, first Charles of Castile and Aragon, fifth Charles of Germany and Rome, setting up the banners of half Europe upon the walls of conquered Tunis, seems, as it were, to gather up the whole tale of Rome and Carthage in his single person. And when we go on to remember that the Roman Augustus, the Spanish and Sicilian King, was lord, not only of the inner sea, but of the Ocean, that he bore himself as monarch of its continents and islands, monarch of the Eastern and the Western Indies, ruler in every quarter of the globe, master of a dominion on which the sun never set, we may think that the conqueror of Tunis had not only, in a figure, subdued Carthage in her older world of the inner sea, but had called up a dominion like her own in the newer and wider world of Ocean.\* And his dominion has passed away from the older and narrower as well as from the newer and wider world all but as utterly as the dominion of Carthage herself. Of an European power that took in Sicily and Friesland not a shred is left outside the Spanish peninsula and its islands. A few islands east and west stand as survivals of dominion in Asia and America, memorials of the proud style of King of the Indies. A fortress on the coast of Africa, holding one of the pillars of Héraklès, is before all things a reminder that the grasp of the pillar which stands on Spanish ground, and with it the keeping of the mouth of the inner sea of Phœnician and Greek, of Venetian and Genoese, has passed into the hands of an island kingdom in the Ocean. It is in fact in the power which has thus so strangely established itself on Spanish ground that we seem to see the nearest parallel to Carthage in the modern world. England indeed, as well as Spain, has played, and still plays, a direct part within the old dominion of Carthage. Gibraltar, Malta, Minorca so often taken and lost in the last century, Sicily, so remarkable a scene of English influence in the early days

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\* I remember being much struck with the first page of a book which I saw at New York—I saw only the first page under a glass case, and I forgot to carry off the name. A Latin panegyrist of Charles the Fifth magnifies him for having won for himself a new Empire in America equal to his old Empire in Europe. Here is the same general idea carried out in another direction.

of the present century, all bring us within the actual range of Carthaginian power. Malta and Gozo indeed, richer than any other spots in Phœnician antiquities, keeping, not indeed the tongue of the Phœnician, but the kindred tongue of the Saracen conquerors of Sicily, seem to stand as a special memorial of the two ages of Semitic dominion in the Mediterranean. Cyprus again brings us, if not within the immediate range of Carthage, yet within the general range of Phœnicia; and the English bombardment of Algiers, if less striking in itself, not touching the immediate land of Carthage, was a worthier work in the world's history than the Spanish conquest of Tunis. But, just as in the case of Spain, the more instructive side of the comparison between England and Carthage lies outside the old Carthaginian world. England indeed, with her settlements and possessions, her colonies dependent and independent, all over the world of Ocean, is truly a living representative on a vaster scale of the Phœnician city with her possessions and settlements scattered over the Western Mediterranean. The Empire of India, held by an European island, calls up the thought of the dominion in Spain once held by an African city. And in some points the dominion of England seems to come nearer to that of Carthage than the dominion of Spain ever did, while in other points the course of English settlement rather carries us back to the older Phœnician days before Carthage was. One point is that the spread of Carthaginian and of English power, as being in each case the advance of a people, have more in common with each other than either has with the advance of Spain under her despotic kings. But the higher side of English colonization has more in common with the earlier days of Phœnician settlement than it has with the Carthaginian dominion. The old Phœnician settlements grew up in Spain, in Africa, in Sicily, just as English settlements grew up in America, Australia, and New Zealand. In both cases men went forth to find new homes for an old folk and to make the life of the old folk grow up in the new home. But the settlements and conquests of Carthage had all a view to trade or dominion. She conquered, she planted, but with a view only to her own power. It was no part of her policy to encourage the growth of new seats of the

common stock, formally or practically independent of the one great city. It was rather her object to bring the other Phœnician cities, her sisters, some certainly her elder sisters, into as great a measure of subjection or dependence on herself as she could compass. In her struggle with Rome her Phœnician sisters turned against her. She had done nothing to make herself loved either at distant Gades or at neighboring Utica.

To this last form of dominion or supremacy, the rule of one commonwealth over other equal or older commonwealths of the same stock, the relations of the modern world supply no exact parallel.\* But both England and Spain have at different times dealt, if not with sister states, yet with daughter states, too much after the manner of Carthage. The result all the world knows. One hope at least there is, that this peculiar form of national folly is not likely ever to be repeated. We cannot foretell what is to be. How long a barbaric empire may be kept, to whom it may pass if it fails to be kept, are matters at which it is dangerous even to guess. We have had, like Carthage, our War of the Mercenaries, with the difference that we have not had it at our own gates. As for the nearer question of our own flesh and blood in distant lands, the tie between the mother-land and its still dependent settlements may abide or it may be peacefully snapped. There is at least no fear of a new Bunker Hill, a new Saratoga, or a new Yorktown, between men of English blood and speech.

Among all the great powers of the past, Phœnician Carthage seems to stand alone, in being simply a memory, it having had no direct effect on the later history of the world. It needs no effort to point out the endless ways in which Rome and Athens have influenced mankind for all time. Their impress is not only undying, but it is visible at the first glance. We see at once that the world that now is

\* It must be remembered that in saying this we are speaking of a very modern world indeed. The relation of ruling and subject cities and lands was in full force in Switzerland till 1798, and traces of it lasted till 1830. I suppose that the *condominium* of Hamburg and Lübeck, over the district of Vierlande, has hardly lived through 1866; but it was in being in 1865. Middlesex perhaps did not know that it was a subject district to London; but it was till the very last changes.

could not have been what it is, if Rome or Athens had never been. The law of Rome, the tongue and the thoughts of Greece, are essential parts of the civilization of modern Europe. But to Carthage, as far as we can see, we owe nothing. Directly we certainly owe nothing; indirectly Carthage has changed the history of the world in whatever proportion the history of Rome must have been other than what it actually was if Carthage had never been. To Carthage as Carthage, to the great seafaring power of the Western Mediterranean, we owe absolutely nothing. Carthage has had no effect on the speech, the law, the religion, the art, the general culture, of modern Europe. There is no such thing as a Carthaginian book. What would we not give for a record of the campaigns of Hamilkar and Hannibal in their own tongue? And we feel this the more keenly when we remember that all this, so true of Carthage as Carthage, is eminently untrue of the Semitic folk as a whole, that is only very partially true of the particular Phœnician folk. "The letters Cadmus gave" were a boon of the kinsfolk of Carthage, though no boon of Carthage herself. And if we have no Carthaginian books, if we can hardly say that we have any Phœnician books, yet in the tongue of Carthage and Phœnicia, in the tongue common to Solomon and Hiram, we have books indeed. It is truly wonderful how, while other Semitic races, the Hebrew and the Arab, have influenced the world on a scale equal to that of Greece and Rome, the Phœnician has given us his one gift and has vanished, and that that form of the Phœnician which played the most brilliant part in the world's history has vanished without giving us any gift at all. The Saracen who swept away the younger Carthage from the earth has been our master in some things. The Phœnician who founded the elder Carthage has been our master in nothing, save in the warnings, many and grave, which the history of his scattered dominion may give to us into whose hands a dominion of the like sort has fallen.

It is then a disappointment, and yet we feel that there is a certain fitness in the disappointment, when we stand on the site of Carthage, and feel how completely even the younger Carthage has become a mem-

ory and nothing more. Above all, if we come from any of the great Sicilian sites, from Syracuse or Girgenti or Selinunto, Carthage does indeed seem barren. Cities which alongside the might of Carthage were but dust in the balance, Segesta and Tyndaris and Taormina, have more to show than the queenly mistress of the Western Seas. There is, as a matter of fact, a good deal to be seen at Carthage besides the actual site. There is something above the ground; there is a great deal that has been brought to light below the ground, and more diggings may be expected to reveal endless stores. But almost everything has to be looked for; there is nothing that at once forces itself on the eye as a living witness of what has been. There is no great building, perfect or in ruins, nothing like the Pillars of the Giants at Selinunto, nothing like the still standing temples of Pæstum and Girgenti. There is no long extent of wall to be tracked out, like the primeval walls of Ferentino or of Cefalù, like the finished walls of Dionysios at Syracuse and at Tyndaris.\* And there is the further thought that, if there were such things, they could be memorials only of the city which the younger Cæsar set up, not of the city which the younger Scipio overthrew. The Carthage of Hannibal, at all events, can be got at only by digging. The site, we at once feel, is well-suited for a great seafaring city; we see still better that it is so when we learn the changes which have happened in the proportions of land and water. But it is not one of the sites which at once strikes the eye. It is not one of those which make us say that, if great things did not happen on the spot, they ought to have happened. Among the Sicilian sites, it would best go with Himera, Selinunto, and Kamarina, towns on hills of moderate height above the sea. Carthage sat on no such proud seat as Girgenti *la Magnifica* on the hill of Atabyrian Zeus, as Cefalù and Taormina on their mountain-sides, with their castles soaring yet again above them. Carthage does not proclaim its seafaring life like Syracuse again shut up within her island; or like the peninsula where Naxos once stood. Her own allies and subjects, Phœnician and otherwise, put her to

\* I should, perhaps, rather say *Cephalædium*, as Norman *Cefalù* is down below.

shame. It is not in Africa, but in the isles of Malta and Gozo, that we find the abiding monuments of Phœnician religion. And compare Africa with Sicily, with that corner of Sicily which Carthage made her own when she sat as head alike over her own elder sisters and over the older people of the land. Solunto—Sela—sits on her rock as the guardian of the most cherished preserve of Canaan against the Sikel and the Greek. Trapani floats on the waves, with Eryx, mount and town, though no longer temple, soaring above them. Segesta, nestling among her inland hills, with her temple and her theatre, looks out on the distant sea. Palermo, though her twofold haven is choked up, still holds the centre of her Golden Shell, with her arc of mountains fencing her in, and the rock on which Hamilkar held his camp still guarding her. Motya on her island, with the circle of islands, high and low, around her, teaches us better than any other spot, how truly the life of the Phœnician was a life in and on the waters. Destroyed and never built again, she is still girded with her Phœnician wall and looks up to the more cunningly wrought Phœnician wall on Eryx. All these sites, in themselves far more taking, far more impressive, than that of Carthage, looked up to Carthage as their ruling city. It is only on the spot where Carthage was not only a ruler but strictly a founder, in her last and most stubborn stronghold of Lilybaion, that, on a site far less impressive than that of Carthage, we have, as at Carthage, as far at least as objects above ground are concerned, to search with curious eyes for the witnesses of the past. Yet there too the mighty ditch of Marsala, the ditch which Polybios stood and wondered at, the ditch which, hewn in its breadth through the hard rock, puts to shame our easier northern cuttings at Arques and at Old Sarum, stands, wherever modern improvements do not wholly choke it up, as a witness of Carthaginian power and skill such as Carthage itself has not to show.

Yet the site of Carthage, though disappointing both in itself and in its lack of historic remains, is not to be despised. It distinctly grows on the visitor. The hills are not very high; but they are hills. And we better understand matters as we come to take in, what does not strike us at the first glance, how thoroughly peninsula the site is. As we approach—at least

as we approach directly from Europe—other objects are likely to strike the eye rather than the site of Carthage. The mountains to the south of the lake of Tunis with their bold outlines, the singular appearances of the lake, with the rim of land fencing it from the outer bay, and the *throat—La Goletta*—by which we pass from one to the other, the sight of Tunis itself, White Tunis, at the finish of the lake to the west—not to speak of the strange sights and sounds which greet the traveller who sets foot in Africa for the first time—all these things seize on the mind far more strongly than the not displeasing but not exciting piece of coast scenery which marks where Carthage stood. And nowhere does the traveller, at his first approach, on his first landing, find it harder to take in where he is. It is not very hard to get wrong in the points of the compass. There is a certain temptation to fancy that Tunis lies south of Carthage instead of west. There is nothing whatever to suggest that the low hill immediately behind Tunis is in fact an isthmus parting the lake of Tunis from another lake beyond it. And there is least of all to suggest the existence of another lake somewhat to the north of the lake of Tunis, parted from the northern sea by another strip of land, perhaps a little thicker than that which parts the lake of Tunis from the eastern sea. The group of lakes is clear enough as soon as any rising ground is reached; but in the journey from the outer sea to Tunis by great steamer, small steamer, and railway, there is nothing to suggest any such save the lake of Tunis itself. But what is now the lake to the north, the lake known as *Sokra*, had a most important bearing on the position of Carthage. The rim of land which parts it from the sea is of later growth; in the great days of Carthage the lake was an inlet of the sea. The city thus stood on a distinct peninsula, with water on three sides. On the three hills within this peninsula stood Carthage and its surroundings, its suburbs and its nekropolis. It is hard to believe that the city proper ever spread over so great a space. The wall of Dionysios was, for military reasons, carried round the whole hill of Syracuse; but no one thinks that the whole of the vast surface of Epipolai was ever as thickly peopled as Achradina and the Island.

Of those hills one specially concerns the muser on the long story of Carthage. The *Bozrah* of Dido, the royal seat of Gaiseric, the official dwelling of the proconsuls of Rome, is now the hill of Saint Lewis. It was already crowned with his chapel when France was a foreign power; since the practical supremacy of France has in some sort restored Africa to the Latin world, it has been further crowned with the metropolitan church of the primate of Algiers and Carthage. Another church and monastery crown another spur of the *Bozrah*. The central hill is crowned by a village, that of Sidi-bou-Said, which, at the time of Mr. R. B. Smith's visit, was inhabited only by Mahometan saints, and which does not seem to have been much disturbed since. But from another point of the same hill the palace of the Cardinal-Archbishop looks down on the country palace of the Bey, the nominal prince of the land. He has withdrawn from his capital to lead the quieter life of those Carthaginian country gentlemen whose rich gardens and fields Agathoklès and Regulus so pitilessly harried. Farthest of all, in the north of the peninsula, parted by a wider valley than we have yet crossed, rises the city of the dead, *Djebal Khawi*, the Catacomb Hill of the maps. These three hills, and the low ground at their feet, make up the site of Carthage.

The main centre of interest is the *Bozrah*, the hill of Saint Lewis. I imagine that I may without fear give it that name. Nobody, I believe, now doubts either that this is the akropolis of Carthage or that its true name is the same as that of the city of Edom renowned in the minstrelsy of Isaiah. The Greek name *Byrsa* is one of the many attempts to give a foreign name an appearance of meaning in one's own language. The name once given, the familiar legend, common to Carthage with a crowd of spots in all quarters of the globe, naturally followed. I will not stop to argue whether Elissa was, as the latest Phœnician learning teaches us, a goddess degraded into a queen; I am still less called on to disprove the tale that she cut an ox's hide into strips, like the Normans at Hastings and the English at Calcutta. Anyhow we may take her familiar name as that of the eponymous heroine of hill and city. As an akropolis, the *Bozrah* is but a lowly one; but it served the purposes alike of

the elder and the younger Carthage. And it serves the purposes of the traveller as his point from which to look out on the hills, the lakes, the plain, the sea, the rim of land parting lake and sea, the distant mountains, and Tunis glistening in its whiteness, on the site in short of Carthage and her surroundings. We ought perhaps to rejoice at finding the city of Cyprian in some sort won back to Christianity and to *Latinitas*. But the modern buildings jar on the feelings. With all honor to the Cardinal's zeal, in this and in other matters, it would need a more successful work than his to reconcile us to the presence on such a spot of any buildings of the last three centuries. A contemporary memorial of Saint Lewis, a trophy of the Emperor Charles, would be a part of the history of the place. Even the chapel of Louis Philippe's day, when Frenchmen were strangers and pilgrims, seems less artificial, less out of place, than the metropolitan church reared where as yet no city has sprung up again. The thought of the holy King of France may perhaps stir our crusading feelings. How many Christian churches were overthrown to supply the mosques of Tunis and Kairwan with columns? It is among them that Carthage really lives. The great mosque of Tunis won for Christendom like the mosques of Cordova and Seville would be a worthier trophy than this easy display of the victory of Europe on the forsaken *Bozrah* of Dido.

Be this as it may, from the *Bozrah* we begin to understand Carthage. And one thing strikes us above all. With the sea on three sides of her, Carthage still needed artificial havens. Her sisters had no such need at Panormos and Motya. But here we look down on the double haven, just as it is described by Strabo and Appian. There is the outer haven, the merchant-haven; and there is the inner haven, the *Kothôn*, the basin, the haven of the war ships, with the island in the middle, where once the admiral of Carthage had his official dwelling. It is whispered that they have been filled up and opened again, and not opened to their full size. Let it be so: if not of the right size, they are at least of the right shape and in the right place. If they are not the things themselves, they are at least very good models and memorials; and, in such a case, it is perhaps best to ask no



questions. These artificial havens, whether Scipio and Belisarius looked on them as they stand or not, are the most speaking things in Carthage. They call up more fully than anything else the memory of what Carthage twice was. There we really see the past. There,

"In the still deep water,  
Sheltered from waves and blasts,  
Bristles the dusky forest  
Of Byrsa's thousand masts."

It is hard to call up the walls ; it is hard to call up the temples ; but the havens are there, and it is no great feat of imagination to fill them with the navy of Asdrubal sailing forth or with the navy of Belisarius sailing in.

The havens then force themselves on the eye ; other objects at Carthage, save the outlines of the hills and the waters, have to be looked for. The Bozrah is full of remains ; there are the diggings in its own hill-sides, and there are the precious collections in the museum. Dig near the surface, and you come to the Roman building which passed for the palace of the proconsul. Dig lower down, and you come to Phœnician tombs which tell us something of Carthaginian arts of construction. But there is nothing standing up, no castle like Euryalos, no house like Cefalû, no temple like Segesta. A fragment of the aqueduct does indeed stand up at some distance, a striking object on the road from the Goletta to Tunis. We can hardly apply the same words to the elaborate system of cisterns on each side, both those which have been lately turned again to modern use and those which still remain broken down and half covered up, the shelter of a few homeless Arabs. Besides these there is little indeed, save one precious memorial indeed of the younger Carthage which has been brought to light within these last years. This is a gigantic basilica with its attached buildings, of which nearly the whole foundations have been brought to light. I have carried away a ground-plan ; but I confess, even with the ground-plan, to be puzzled with the intricacy of its many colonnades and apses, at utter cross-purposes to one another. They must surely mark more than one change in design which may easily have happened during the eight hundred years' life of Roman Carthage, pagan and Christian. One point is marked as the baptistery. The thought flashed across

the mind : here was Heraclius baptized. But that rite must have been done in Asia.

I have not attempted any minute topographical account of Carthage. I had no call to make such an one. I visited Carthage and Africa on account of their relations to the history of Sicily. One must see the city from which the great fleet went out to Himera and to Syracuse, the city which sent forth the men who overthrew Selinons, and those who defended Eryx and the rock of Pellegrino. But I am not called on to examine Carthage in detail as I am called on to examine both Greek Akragas and Phœnician Lilybaion. As a piece of topography indeed, Tunis, which Agathoklès held, comes nearer to the historian of Sicily than Carthage which he never entered. There, Diodôrus before me, I could read and write the story on the spot. In truth you cannot make such an account of Carthage as you can of Syracuse or Akragas, for the simple reason that there are not the same materials to make it. Nor can the traveller who does not set up his dwelling-place in the land, get the same means for illustrating such materials as there are. I felt keenly the impossibility of getting a single illustrative book, Beulé or any other, either at Tunis or while things were still fresh in the memory at Palermo. I longed for something like the great *Topografia* of Syracuse, with its noble atlas, which had so well taught me my way over Achradina and Epipolsi. And a little incident taught me that no great local help was to be looked for, at least not at the hands of the special servants of Saint Lewis. The first day that I was at Carthage, armed with a recommendation from the British Consulate, I and my companions were received on the hill of the saint by a Carmelite friar—I think they are Carmelites—who on that day showed himself both courteous and intelligent. We made an appointment to come again another day, when he would take us to some of the more distant objects. The day came ; after a visit to Susa and Kairwan, we came again to Carthage. But this time the religious man laughed in our faces, and asked how he could be expected to remember a promise of so old a standing as eight days. I did not expect that the doctrine of no faith with heretics would be so openly acted on in these days. I am sure Mr. Smith's Marabout, if that

is his right description, would have treated us better. And I certainly felt more kindly toward two casual Saracens who greeted me friendly as I was walking alone near the sacred village.

But there are after all some advantages in the lack of remains at Carthage and in the lack of means for studying the few that there are. We can still climb the Bozrah; we can still look down upon the Kothôn; we can still go down and walk round it and look back ages to the akropolis of Phœnician, Roman, and Vandal rule. We can walk to and fro at pleasure both along broad roads and along narrow paths among the sea-cliffs, ever taking in the outline of things from various points, now and then marking some special object suggesting thoughts. I shall not forget how, between the Kothôn and the merchant-haven, a small animal ran across my path, yellow and with the air of a rodent. It was the only free mammal I have ever seen either in Sicily or in Africa. I was not sorry that I did not meet any of the hyenas of which Mr. Smith speaks, and which may perhaps have vanished before the French occupation. But one would be glad to see signs of a higher animal life than that of lizards, *grilli*, and butterflies, pretty as they all are. Still less shall I forget a tower on the hill of Sidi-bon-Said, a tower overhanging the sea, a tower that was assuredly no work of Phœnician or Roman, but which may either have been placed there by the Saracen to keep out the Christian, or else may mark some short-lived occupation of Saracen ground by the Christian. But it is in some sort a gain to be relieved from the need, fascinating as the work is, of tracking out some fragment of wall or temple at every step. When one has not the time to spend both on the whole and on every detail which I have had at Syracuse and some

other places, it is a certain relief to be able to fix the mind altogether on the whole. So it is at Carthage. On the Bozrah we wish the modern buildings away; on the fellow hill the Arab village, which has come in the natural course of ages, seems quite in its place. But neither really interferes with our contemplation of the city of Hannibal and Gaiseric, its hills, its coasts, its havens, the lake and the rim that fences the lake, and which the Roman turned to his purpose in the last days of the Punic city. Up to that point the honest enthusiasm of Mr. Smith makes him a guide to whom we cannot but take kindly. We only wish to persuade him and his school that the history of Carthage, the interest and the instruction of that history, do not end when the wife of the last Amdrubal stood on the burning temple that crowned the Bozrah. What Roman and Christian Carthage was we may best learn among the endless columns of the mosque of Kairwan. Among them are a few which are the fellows of those that crown the columns of Saint Vital. Under the restored rule of the Roman Augustus, craftsmen were working in the same style in recovered Ravenna and in recovered Carthage. The wall of the great basilica which has been brought to light may well have glittered with the painted forms of Justinian and Theodora, sovereigns of the city won back from the Vandal no less than of the city won back from the Goth. And the same hand won back both of them. If we give Hannibal the first place among the leaders of warfare, if we hail him as the most loyal among the servants of commonwealths, a place not far behind him in his own craft must be given to the most loyal of the servants of princes. On the Bozrah, beside the Kothôn, if we think of Hannibal, we think of Belisarius too.—*Contemporary Review*.

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## A POMPEII FOR THE TWENTY-NINTH CENTURY.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

WE live in an age of archæological research; and there never was a time when so much industry and genius were given to restore for the men of to-day the exact life of our ancestors in the past. All ages, all races, all corners of the planet have

been ransacked to yield up their buried memorials of distant times. Rome, Pompeii, Athens, Asia Minor, Egypt, Assyria, India, Mexico, have rewarded the learned digger with priceless relics. The Rosetta stone, the Behistun rock, have revealed

entire epochs of civilization to our delighted eyes. We have a passion for *looking backward*—and it is one of our most worthy and most useful pursuits. There is one age, however, for which our archæological zeal does nothing. We are absorbed in thinking about our ancestors; why do we not give a thought to our descendants? Should we not provide something for posterity? Let us, once in a way, take to *looking forward*; and, with all our archæological experience and all the resources of science, deliberately prepare a Pompeii, a Karnak, a Hissarlik, for the students of the twenty-ninth century.

Every student of history knows that the vast superiority we possess to-day over the age of Shakespeare and Bacon in our accurate understanding of the past is due to the antiquarian research and the marvellous discoveries of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. The unearthing of Pompeii, of the Forum, the Acropolis, of Budrun, the tombs along the Nile, and the palaces of Nineveh, the deciphering of the Egyptian hieroglyphs, of the arrow-head inscriptions, of the Etruscan tombs, of the Runic monuments, the recovery of the Institutes of Gaius by Niebuhr, the collection of the Vatican Manuscripts, the labors of such men as Niebuhr, Mommsen, Savigny, Canina, Lepsius, Brugsch, Layard, Thorpe, Stubbs, Freeman; the editing of the Calendar of State Papers—all that is represented by the British Museum, the Record Office, the Louvre, Boulak, and the libraries of Berlin and the Vatican—have enabled historians accurately to present to our minds the thoughts, the life, the very look of the past. After infinite labor and through cruel disappointments, we are beginning to feel the unbroken biography of the human race as a single and intelligible story.

And yet how incessant the labor by which these triumphs have been won! How heartrending the disappointments, how cruel the waste, how irreparable the loss! We, the heirs of time, stand, like Crusoe the morning after the wreck, mournfully surveying the destruction, and eagerly picking up the priceless fragments that chance and the elements have spared. The glorious ship was but a mass of splinters; his comrades lay tossing with the seaweed beneath the waves; the stores and tools, merchandise, food, arms, books, instruments and charts were swept

into the deep, while here and there he could pick out a gun, a saw, some damaged biscuit and a soaked Bible. It was his all. So we rescue now and then the torso of a Melian Aphrodite, a Vatican Testament, the Domeeday Survey, a fresco from the Palatine or the tombs of the kings.

But, if we had the seventy plays of Æschylus, the hundred and more of Sophocles, the whole of Polybius, of Livius, of Tacitus, if we had Dante's entire writings in his own manuscript, if we had an authentic, perfect holograph Shakespeare, if we had intact one single statue of the great age, one absolutely genuine portrait of some ancient hero, poet, or thinker! If we could only imagine what the *Agamemnon* or the *Clouds* sounded like, as men sat and listened on the tiers of the Theatre of Dionysus! Whole lives have been spent in trying to restore for us the *Zeus* or the *Athene* of Pheidias, as they shone forth all ivory and gold; in recalling to life an Egyptian sacred procession, a Roman triumph, a mediæval army, a pilgrimage to Canterbury or Jerusalem. How cruelly chance has gone against us! Cursed was the fire that consumed the *Cnidian Aphrodite* of Praxiteles: abhorred be the sea which overwhelmed Michael Angelo's designs for the *Inferno*! If science had been able then to preserve for us but a tithe of the precious things which fire, water, air, the brutal ignorance of man, the blear-eyed stupidity of monks, the ambition of kings, the greed of traders, and the slow all-consuming dust of ages have destroyed! If some contemporary photograph could have presented for us the faces of Pericles, Socrates, Virgil, Alfred, Columbus, Shakespeare; or the Parthenon as it looked on the day of its dedication; or the Forum, when Julius triumphed over the Gauls! If some phonograph could repeat to us the very tones of Æschylus reading his *Prometheus*, or Virgil's as he recited the sixth *Æneid* to Augustus, or the very voice of Saint Bernard at the Council of Sens, or of Shakespeare as he played Hamlet! Or—oh that the invention of printing could have been antedated, and that we had exact copies of the entire works of Tyrtæus and Sappho, of Menander and Ennius, of Archimedes, Aristotle, and Pythagoras! If but one library, one cathedral, one castle, one

market place of the middle ages had been preserved for us untouched, unfaded, with all its surroundings perfect !

The proposal I make is this. Let the science and learning of the nineteenth century do for the twenty-ninth century what we would give millions sterling to buy, if the ninth century A.D., or the ninth century B.C., had been able and willing to do it for us. In other words, let us deliberately, with all the resources of modern science, and by utilizing all its wonderful instruments, prepare for future ages a sort of Pompeii or Boulak museum, or Vatican library, wherein the language, the literature, the science, the art, the life, the manners, the appearance of our own age and its best representatives may be treasured up as a sacred deposit for the instruction of our distant descendants. Let us no longer leave it to chance whether our knowledge and our life be preserved for them or not. Let us do all that forethought, experience, and science can do to perpetuate the best products and the noblest men of the present age. The thing is done in every royal and important family. Portraits are accumulated by each generation to give to its successors the living effigy of its ancestors. All published books are by law deposited in the British Museum. A complete series of all coins, seals, and medals is carefully preserved in more than one public institution. Coins form, perhaps, the most absolutely trustworthy and continuous series of monuments in the whole range of our materials for historic research ; for they alone are able to withstand the attacks of time. It is usual, when a public building is begun, to place, in a ceremonial manner, a series of coins, a few documents, and a copy of the *Times* newspaper under the first stone. That is indeed a futile and trivial mode of providing for the historic research of ages to come. But it contains the principle. And the present proposal is simply to do, on a truly national scale, and in a complete, systematic, and scientific mode, what on a local scale, and in a shamefaced, serio-comic style, and with much tomfoolery of the aldermanic sort, we do, up and down the country, a dozen times in every year.

The problem is this—to preserve for the next ten (or even twenty) centuries a small museum in which we may store a

careful selection of those products of to-day which we think will be most useful and instructive to our distant descendants. The conditions to be observed are these :

1. A place, as far as human foresight can tell, secure from any possible change, physical, social, industrial, or mechanical—so strong, so remote, so protected that nothing but great labor, scientific appliances, and public authority could ever again disturb it.

2. The construction in such a spot of a National Safe on a simple scale and at moderate cost, scientifically contrived to protect valuable things in deposit ; but such as to awaken no possible opposition from artistic, economical, political, or religious susceptibilities.

3. An arrangement so that each century, in its turn, might have access to its own safe, without disturbing the rest.

4. The placing therein a rational and fairly representative collection of the best works, memorials, and specimens of our own age.

5. The construction of such a museum within moderate limits and at a practicable cost.

6. The protection of the museum by some public sanction and national authority.

Let us examine each of these conditions in detail.

I. A strong room, which is to last ten centuries, must be placed far from any city, in a remote spot not liable to be wanted. If it were in the capital, or indeed anywhere near the haunts of man, some Sir Edward Watkin or J. S. Forbes of the future would be driving a railway through it, or make it, perhaps, the central Balloon Terminus of the Universe. Like St. Paul's, the Tower of London, or Westminster Abbey, it might be wanted by the enterprising engineer, or a syndicate about to found a new electric city or a continent in the air. I propose a spot, like Salisbury Plain, which it is difficult to imagine that even Sir Edward Watkin could ever persuade Parliament to give him, or that even in the twenty-ninth century could ever be included in the suburbs of London. Say Salisbury Plain, a spot beside Stonehenge : nay, it might be incorporated with Stonehenge itself, and thus link the centuries A.D. to those B.C.

II. No building of any kind would be safe : and none is wanted. A Pyramid

would serve the purpose ; but we have no Pharaohs and no Chosen People ; and though Pyramids may be built without straw, we cannot as yet build them without hands. Any building, however massive, may be destroyed. Fire, war, insurrection, greed, taste, caprice, and necessity have it down in the end. The Tower of Babel, Babylon itself, the Colosseum, and the Temple of Ephesus, have all gone the way of all brick and stone. Besides, a building would cost much money. It would provoke the communists, the contractors, and the art societies to destroy it, or convert it. Lord Grimthorpe would want to restore it. And he, William Morris, and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck would squirt vitriol at each other about it, and its destiny. No ! A building of any kind is quite out of the question, and none is wanted.

All that we want is a vaulted chamber. And this must be subterranean. It would practically occupy no space at all on the surface, or none that any man could ever want. A hundred pounds might buy the site, or we might utilize a disused mine or drive a gallery underneath Skiddaw or the Malvern Hills. Nothing is simpler than a few vaults—dug, say, underneath Stonehenge, cased twenty feet thick with the strongest known cement. A plain granite portal with a suitable inscription would be the sole architectural feature. When finished and filled, the museum would be solemnly closed up with twenty or thirty feet of cement, and a plain granite block between the granite piers would finally bar the entrance. There would be neither doors, keys, nor locks. Nothing but a gang of navvies, working for weeks under a staff of engineers, could ever open it again. It would need no guarding, no insurance, and no outlay. Fire, destruction, contractors, even an earthquake, could not touch it. So long as this island keeps its head above the German Ocean, so long the National Safe would exist.

III. The National Safe might consist of a gallery with a series of subterranean vaults, like the catacombs at Rome, or the chambers under the Pyramids. The scheme might be carried to any extent ; but for simplicity we may limit our views to the next ten centuries, and provide ten vaults, each thirty or forty feet square, with perhaps a double or treble space for the tenth. Each vault would contain a

careful collection of products, works, inscriptions, pictures, books, instruments, and the like, of the nineteenth century. Each vault might be opened officially by some public authority and with legislative sanction only, on the last year of each century. As the collection would be in duplicate, each vault containing practically the same objects, there would be no inducement to anticipate the ages by opening any vault before the appointed time. Each century, having opened its own vault, might make its own deposit, seal it up, and finally close the general entrance in the same way, or as its own improved scientific knowledge might suggest. The tenth vault might hold a special and fuller collection, as being the more distant and liable to decay.

IV. As to the mode of preservation the present writer would rather make no suggestions. It is a problem for engineers, physicists, mechanicians, opticians, photographers, architects, and specialists of various kinds. It might call out a body of ingenious suggestions ; and the problem appeals to great numbers of experts. How can we preserve untouched for a thousand years books, pictures, records, portraits, models, instruments, coins, medals, specimens, and products of various kinds ? We may assume that, as an outside casing, some form of cement, to some thickness yet to be determined, would be an almost absolute protection from fire, water, plunder, and even a restoration committee. Inscriptions cut upon lava and cased with glass might be trusted to see out the life of the planet. Let experts tell us how to protect books. A few precious poems or the like might be printed on vellum or composition, and secured in hermetically-sealed glass cases. Photographs on stone, similarly protected and with all light excluded, might remain for centuries. A few choice paintings, if needful on panel, or on porcelain or ivory, might be sealed up in air-tight boxes. If experts could suggest a mode of protecting photographs from decay, or of transferring a photographic picture to some indestructible substance, it is clear that we might preserve for the twenty-ninth century photographic portraits of our great men, views of our public buildings, of our daily life, of many a historic incident. What would Lord Rosebery or the Duke of Westminster bid at Christie's for a

permanent photograph on porcelain of Augustus at supper with Virgil, Horace, and Ovid round him, or of Alfred sitting in council at Winchester, or of Edward the First in his first Parliament, or the signing of Magna Charta, or the battle of Agincourt, or even Elizabeth listening to a play of Shakespeare? And why should not the phonograph be tried also? The Laureate would recite the *Princess*, and his chosen bits from *In Memoriam*, into a photographic box, which it would be the business of Mr. Edison to protect for a thousand years. A copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* would give the twenty-ninth century an adequate idea of our present knowledge and opinions. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery and Professor Huxley, might live again by photograph, phonograph, and preserved speeches and writings. A copy of *Hansard*, of the *Times*, of the *Graphic*, of *Bradshaw*, of Whitaker's *Almanack*, of the *Nineteenth Century*, a set of Ordnance maps, the British Museum *Catalogue*, the catalogues of the Art galleries, would teach the twenty-ninth century more about the nineteenth than a thousand scholars have been able to teach us about the ninth. If one had but a Whitaker's *Almanack* for the year 1 A.D., or for the year 1,000, or 1,300, or even 1,600! Models of a locomotive, of an ironclad first-rate, of the Forth Bridge, of the House of Commons, might be thrown in, along with a dressed model representing Mr. Irving in Hamlet, and a fine lady dressed for a drawing-room. There is no limit to the exact and interesting information which we might store up for the use of our posterity, if science will only show us how to preserve photographic pictures indefinitely, and how to protect from decay, books, drawings, paintings, instruments, and specimens.

A wide field would be open to our physicists and inventors to discover processes by which things in daily use could be protected against decay and the action of the elements. Whether any metal, or some form of porcelain, or a composition be the better material, we need not decide. It might be worth while to place specimens of various materials together, so as to give posterity the means of judging which material, under exactly the same conditions, ultimately proves the most durable. But, having found a suitable

material, or a suitable casing, the most delicate and fragile of our ordinary surroundings might be preserved for our most distant descendants. Portraits by hand and by photographic process of our foremost statesmen, poets, thinkers, and men of mark, copies of our most important books, catalogues, plans, maps, views, dictionaries, and the like, would be of surpassing interest a thousand years hence. If the phonograph could be protected from decay, the twenty-ninth century might listen to a speech by Mr. Gladstone, a poem by the Laureate, a song by Madame Patti, and a sonata by M. Joachim. Sets of the Ordnance maps, plans, geographical atlases, post-office directories, catalogues of public libraries, and dictionaries of various kinds would be useful to distant ages. Let us reflect on the unique value to the historian of the rare official documents which have survived—the Domesday Survey, the Great Charter, the English Chronicle, meagre and accidental as these notices too often are. Of what extreme value to the historian of the twenty-ninth century would be the possession of a complete official record of England in the nineteenth century!

There are a few things to which attention might be specially directed, as being such as are liable to disappear altogether, or such as are certain to undergo continual change. Such are plans of great cities and great public buildings, maps of the country, marine and geological charts, pictures and descriptions of the actual fauna and flora. Special care might be given to preserve for distant ages some exact record of the animals and plants which there is too much reason to fear will have disappeared from the planet long before many centuries have passed. It is a melancholy reflection that our descendants will never see a most beautiful, useful, and unique substance—which we so carelessly abuse and waste—ivory. The elephant, the last of the great mammoth tribe, which savage fools kill for "sport," and foolish savages kill for gain, can hardly last another century on this planet. In the twenty-ninth century the elephant will be a memory far more distant than the mammoth. And with the elephant will disappear no doubt the seal, the whale, and all the marine mammals, whose habits and forms expose them

to the reckless cupidity of man. By the twenty-ninth century we may fear that all the larger wild mammals will have disappeared—certainly the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, with all rare African beasts; no doubt also, the lion, the tiger, the bear, the buffalo, and their congeners.

Of course the wolf, the fox, the chamois, the antelope, the wild boar, the kangaroo, and the like, are doomed to early extinction before the march of civilization and the vile thirst for "sport." We ought not to leave to our descendants the task of piecing together their scattered bones, as we have had to do for the Megatherium and the Dinornis. Of all the fauna which we may reasonably expect to be "extinct" a thousand years hence, we ought to leave our posterity an exact and full record.

In the same way, we ought to leave them a record of the actual state of this planet and our island. When we reflect on the enormous value to us of the travels of Herodotus, of the paintings on Egyptian monuments, of the engraved plan of the Forum, of the Bayeux tapestry, of the Hereford *Mappa Mundi*, and of a few rude sketches in illuminated manuscripts, we may estimate what it would be to our descendants to have full, accurate, and contemporary maps and plans of England as it stands to-day. London in the twenty-ninth century may be as desolate as *Birs Nimroud* or Egyptian Thebes. What a boon will it be to the New Zealand globe-trotter of 2890, as he sits on the last broken arch of London Bridge to which his electric balloon is moored, and takes his luncheon of ambrosia and manna, to have by his side, as he tries to trace the mound which covers St. Paul's and the Abbey, an electro photographic reprint of the Ordnance plan of 1890! And if to this plan of the ancient city he could add authentic views of London, as it appeared in the dim light of hoar antiquity, how well-informed, to the ninth power of a German professor, would be our young friend from the Antipodes! A use might even be thus found for the admirable studies of Cockneyism at home on which Mr. Frith and Mr. Logsdail have bestowed such unrewarded labor.

It may be said that these things will take care of themselves, and that all which is useful will survive. A few great books

no doubt will survive a thousand years and more. But there will be infinite interest a thousand years hence in the ordinary books of information which are very likely to perish. Our curious young New Zealander of 2890 would no doubt much prefer a Whitaker's *Almanack* or a Bradshaw's *Railway Guide* of 1890 to all the works of Mr. Froude or Robert Brown-ing. Which would we rather have to-day—the epics of Lucius Varius, or a complete gazetteer, or post-office directory, of Rome under Augustus? These things should not be left to chance.

V. And now comes the question:—How is this to be paid for, and how is it to be done? A question not so difficult as it seems. In a normal state of society, one would say that it was the business of the State or the Church. But there is no State and no Church nowadays; these are obsolete legal formulas. If Mr. Balfour proposed it, Mr. Healy would foam at him with indignant patriotism. And if Mr. Gladstone proposed it, Mr. Balfour or Lord Randolph would mock at him, as the children mocked at Elisha the Prophet, saying, "Go up, thou bald head!" And if the Archbishop of Canterbury proposed it, the Dissenters would rise up as one man. And if Mr. Spurgeon suggested it, Churchmen would see in it a fresh attack on their beloved Establishment. So State and Church are alike out of the question: both are reduced to a condition of dead-lock.

It must be done by voluntary effort and by free gift, if at all. Perhaps, if Mr. Goschen saw that the Treasury were not asked for a penny, he would consent to giving the movement some simple legislative authority, or the sanction of a Royal Commission. The outlay in money would be very moderate, for neither costly building nor valuable site is needed. All that is absolutely wanted is a small catacomb somewhere in a remote waste, such as Salisbury Plain, not more expensive to make than a few vaults in a cemetery. The objects stored would not be intrinsically of much market value; or, if they were, they might be looked for as free gifts. The difficulty of the committee of selection would be to refuse, to reject, to exclude. Artists, authors, inventors, and producers of all kinds would be only too eager to deposit works which would be destined to so distant and certain an im-

mortality. A Greek or Roman temple was cram full of votive offerings of great beauty, inscribed with the names of donor and artist, which century after century remained to delight and instruct posterity. We gaze to-day with profound pathos on the simple words—ΚΑΛΛΙΑΣ ΑΝΕΘΗΚΕΝ ΠΥΡΡΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕΝ — *Callias dedicated this: Pyrrhus made it.* What, if the temple of Delphi, or the *Cella* of the Parthenon, or the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, had been, with all their contents, sunk in the earth and hermetically sealed until our day! With what wonder and joy should we proceed to open and survey the sacred treasure-chamber! And what artist or patron of art would not long to inscribe his name on the offerings which would one day be the object of such interest!

If Sir Frederick Leighton would dedicate thus his *Psyche*, Sir J. Millais his *Chill October*, Mr. Watts his *Portrait of Mr. Gladstone*, the Laureate present his *Poems* printed on vellum, Mr. Ruskin offer the manuscript original of the *Modern Painters* with his own sketches for his published works, if Mr. Gladstone would give his correspondence, if Lord Rothschild would offer a collection of historical curios, and some other collectors would supply cases of autograph writings and letters, a series of contemporary portraits and the like, posterity would have an archæological "find" such as never before occurred in history. Permission to inscribe the name of author or donor would be enough to cause the committee of selection to be inundated with offers and overwhelmed with gifts.

For this reason it would be necessary to clothe the committee of selection with a national character and some legislative sanction. A Royal Commission of men representing Art, Science, Literature, Industry, and Statistics, could easily manage an undertaking far simpler than a Great Exhibition. Let us have a rest from Great Exhibitions for a year or two: and try to organize a posthumous Exhibition for the benefit of posterity. As to funds, since we cannot effect a *post obit* for the amount, or draw a check on the twenty-ninth century, a simple contrivance will suffice. It will be reasonable that the portal of the National Safe should contain a statement of its origin and purpose: and such statement would naturally include

the names of those who assist it. A statement with a list of all who share in the work might fairly be inscribed both within and without the chamber.

VI. All that is needed further by way of legislative sanction would be a short Act, which perhaps would not be blocked either by Dr. Tanner or Sir George Campbell, to the effect that the National Safe was to be held as incorporated with the British Museum, held in trust for the nation by the trustees of the Museum, and protected from wanton injury by the law for the time being applying to the protection of works of art and interest in the national collections. From its own enormous strength, the National Safe would not be liable to accidental or mischievous destruction. And as it would contain nothing of market value, it would never be exposed to plunder, even during war or insurrection. Access to it in any case would be physically difficult: a matter of prolonged engineering labor. But to prevent the premature examination of its contents, out of mere curiosity and impatience, the Act should provide that it could only be opened by formal national authority, and by Act of Parliament *ad hoc*, or such supreme legislative Act as may hereafter replace our Acts of Parliament of to-day.

If, with means so simple, and without any call on the public purse, so useful an end can be obtained, there seems to be no reasonable objection to making the attempt. Its enormous value and interest to our distant descendants is obvious. That posterity has done nothing for us is a claptrap objection which we need not stop to notice. Nothing could be more useful than to think about posterity's interests more seriously than we do, to leave fewer things to chance, and to husband and store the perishable things of this earth. The lesson of history is continually reminding us of the cruel and wanton destruction wrought by generation after generation, each in brutal indifference to its successor. Forests, plantations, animal races, mines, and a thousand useful things are being consumed or driven from the face of the earth. A few centuries more and the human race will have exhausted gold, silver, coal, ivory, fur, whalebone, and perhaps oak and mahogany. Substitutes of course will be found; but skins are not so nice as sable, and gum is not so beautiful as gold, and



a vegetable compound is a poor makeshift for ivory. It is fearful to think of all the waste and destruction that each age has wrought on the products of the last. The ruin of the Acropolis and the Forum in sheer wantonness; the burning of the Alexandrian Museum; the loss of priceless works of human genius; the statues of Praxiteles and Scopas burnt to make mortar; Greek dramas and Roman institutes erased to write over them patristic homilies; temples destroyed by Vandals, by Catholics, by Saracens, or Norman adventurers; mediæval cathedrals gutted by Anabaptists, Independents, and Protestant zealots generally. And what Protestant bigotry has spared, in our own day is "restored" away by Puginesque committees and Lord Grimthorpe's learning. *Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecere Barberini.* Let us turn over a new leaf, and lay by out of our abundance a trifle for the use of posterity.

A friend tells me that all this is but a fresh example of the self-consciousness of the nineteenth century. I would rather

say of its "historical-mindedness," as the jargon has it. It is the duty of an age to be self-conscious, and to reflect how its acts and its thoughts will appear in the eyes of a distant posterity. It is mere affectation to deny that our doings and our lives will be as interesting to the men of the twenty-ninth century as the doings and the lives of the ninth century are to us. It may well be that our descendants may smile at the simplicity, the ignorance, and the faults of their ancestors, and may hold very cheaply indeed much that we pride our age on to-day. It will be a useful lesson to them to know what it was that we thought most precious or most worthy to preserve. And for us it cannot but be good to ask ourselves what, after all, of our present age will be thought a thousand years hence to have been worth preserving, what of all our eager struggling and our feverish industry will, after the lapse of ten centuries, be still judged to have added something to the progress of mankind. — *Nineteenth Century.*

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#### THE ARGENTINE FILIBUSTERERS.

BY W. R. LAWSON.

THE Argentine Republic is a peculiarly constituted country. It has also come through a good deal of rough experience in the eighty years in which it has claimed to be a nation. A nation in reality it has never yet become. The fourteen provinces which form the Argentine Confederation have never been so thoroughly welded together as to possess a national sentiment dominating, and at the same time soothing provincial jealousies. In the rare intervals of peace and harmony they have enjoyed since they started on an independent career in 1810, provincialism has always been more or less rampant. The feud between Buenos Ayres and the inland provinces has hardly had time to cool after one civil war, before another plunged them afresh in gall and bitterness. Not till the last thirty years did the country have any real rest from guerrilla fighting. The Gauchos were a continual scourge to it, and Gaucho generals were its rulers and barriers combined. There were always a few too many of

them. Rosas might have been an endurable tyrant, if Lavalle, Estrada, and Urquiza had given him an occasional breathing spell. As it was, he had seldom a moment's peace. When a rising had been crushed at Cordoba, a pronunciamiento was reported in Corrientes, and ere Corrientes had been pacified, somebody else had broken loose at Tucuman. A Buenos Ayres Governor of those days was an Ishmaelite, indeed, and if his hand was not literally against every man, there were hands in abundance against him.

It was fondly hoped that the Gaucho era of Argentine politics had closed forever in 1861, on the battle-field of Pavon. Then the politicians and the financiers all broke out into hymns of peace. There was to be no more fighting in this South American Eden. Pronunciamientos and all other forms of evil shape were to go out of fashion. Moral force was to rule, and fighting was to be a thing of the past. The Buenos Ayres revolt of 1880 somewhat disturbed that halcyon theory, but it

quickly revived again, and once more the Argentines and their friends agreed that civil strife had become an anachronism. But again rude facts have upset golden dreams. Buenos Ayres, the rich, the brilliant, and the wealthy capital of the River Plate, has indulged in another sharp frenzy of insurrection. Its citizens, goaded by misrule and spoliation, have tried with but partial success to throw off the yoke of a filibustering gang imposed on them by the provinces. The streets have flowed with blood, and public buildings have been cannonaded by national ironclads. A President more detested than Rosas ever was, has been hunted out of the city to steal back again under the protection of provincial bayonets. At one time it seemed as if Buenos Ayres had been beaten by the Provincials as completely as she was ten years ago, and by the same men too. General Roca, who forced her back into the Confederation in 1880, organized also the victory, such as it is, of 1890. It was evidently through his influence that the insurgents laid down their arms, and sacrificed their cause within an hour or two after its apparent triumph. The revolt has great political, and still greater financial significance. It casts a cloud on the future of the Argentine Republic, which no ordinary ray of sunshine will be able to break through. There may be a silver lining to it somewhere, in fact, sanguine eyes already begin to see a little bit of silver; but shadows like these are not to be dispelled in a day or a week.

The political mischief might not be serious if it were not of such old standing. In itself, the feud between Buenos Ayres and the inland provinces is not vital. It turns on no great and uncompromisable question of principle such as separated the Northern and Southern States before their life and death struggle for mastery. It is a thing of sentiment and political prestige quite as much as of real interest. The Buenos Ayreans suffer in their *amour propre* rather than in their pockets or their persons, but all the same, it is hard on them to have to endure a half alien *régime*, which they know they could soon throw off if they had a fair chance. Were the constitution of the Republic honestly enforced for only a year or two, the supremacy of the Cordovese gang would be at an end. A clean

ballot-box and a fair quota of representatives in Congress would secure for Buenos Ayres all she wants without the firing of another shot. Her complaint is that for the past ten years she has been filibustered by Cordoba, Santa Fé, and Tucuman, out of her proper place in the Confederation. Her voice was stifled, her industry was crushed by taxes in the levying of which she had only a secondary voice, and her good name was dragged in the dirt by a corrupt administration over which she had little or no control. This argument she is able to drive home to foreign bondholders, and other sympathetic observers by pointing out that after she lost her due share of weight in the Republic, the national finances drifted into utter confusion, the currency lost seventy per cent. of its normal value in gold, and jobbing honey-combed the public service from the ex-President himself to the meanest of his menials. Buenos Ayres when supreme may have had her faults, but the many and varied sins of the Cordoba Gang make them look like virtues in comparison.

Having stated the fundamental issue of the case—the chief province of the Confederation against the secondary provinces—let us indicate rapidly how it arose out of the past history of the country. From the birth of their independence the Argentines have erred in aiming too high and hampering themselves with too large a programme. “The United States of South America” was the first title they adopted, and it revealed even at that early day a wide range of unfulfilled aspiration. They were, at the first suitable opportunity, to absorb Uruguay and Paraguay into the Confederation. Twice they went to war with Brazil to prevent her forestalling them in Uruguay, and it was the second of these wars which finally broke the power of the dictator Rosas. Bolivia and Patagonia were reserved for later consumption, and the possibility was not overlooked that Brazil might not always be able to keep a firm hand on Matto Grosso, and her other back provinces, which, in point of time, are twice as far from Rio de Janeiro as from Buenos Ayres. “The United States of South America” would have been a grand country if the Argentine ideal of eighty years ago had not encountered quite so many unexpected difficulties at the outset. When the Confederation got into its teens

it drew in its horns a little, and submitted to the limited and reduced title of "United States of the River Plate." So it was styled for the first time in the Treaty of Commerce with Great Britain, negotiated by Sir Woodbine Parish, in 1825.

But this smaller programme was still beyond Argentine strength, and terrible waste of blood and treasure has been made in unsuccessful attempts to carry it out. It was one of the grand ideas which have been the bane of Argentine politics, and the main source of its troubles. The people took to making history when their proper business was to grow wool and raise wheat. In 1823, when they had just effected their first loan in England for the purpose, as they doubtless honestly meant at the time, of promoting public works and immigration, they went to war with Brazil over the Banda Oriental, and the money which was to have built a great harbor at Ensenada, got wasted in powder and shot at Montevideo. After beating the Brazilians the Confederation had not strength enough left to hold itself together. It broke up into five provinces, each of which was captured by a dictator of its own. General Dorrego got Buenos Ayres, Lopez took Santa Fé, Ibarra hoisted his banner in Santiago, Bustos, with the help of the priests, snatched Cordoba, and Quiroja, afterward a zealous lieutenant of Rosas, had to be content with Rioja, though he aimed at higher things. In this division of governorships one important guerilla chief had been overlooked, and he resented the slight. General Lavalle, on returning with his victorious Gauchos from Brazil, wanted in city phrase "to know where he came in." Nothing having been reserved for him, he proceeded to help himself after the custom of the country and the age. He pounced on Dorrego, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, at Navarro, and shot him.

But when Lavalle fancied that he had thus secured the reversion to the chief province, he found that he had another rival, and a tougher one, to deal with. There came down on him from Guardia Monte a commander of Rural Militia, Rosas by name. Being one of the principal *estancieros*, or Shepherd Kings, in his own district, he was well provided with the sinews of war. At the first onset Lavalle was defeated, and though

the battle of Puente Marquez was not in itself a very important affair, it gave an evil turn to the development of Argentina. The Republic fell a prey to guerilla politics of the most rancorous and quarrelsome sort. Every province, and even every town, was divided into factions. Most of them simply took the name of their local chief, but more general catchwords were also in use. The Reds, or Progressistas, were fond of posing as *Unitarios*, while they dubbed their opponents *Federals*. Buenos Ayres was federal, because it wished to keep a free hand in regard to its unruly neighbors. The typical *Unitario* of those days was General Paz, a Cordovan. He objected to Bustos, the Ultramontane Governor of his native State, and turned him out, whereupon Quiroja, who was in league with Rosas, swept down on him from Rioja. They had two short campaigns, the first in 1829, when Quiroja was sent home with a flea in his ear, and the second in 1830, when the champion of Rioja was again unfortunate. The victories of Tablada and Oncativo made Paz a hero in the Andine region. His next move would in all likelihood have been on Buenos Ayres, had not the always inopportune Rosas forestalled him, as he had done Lavalle the year before. In 1829 Rosas got himself elected to the Governorship of Buenos Ayres, and his first enterprise was to settle accounts with Paz. His ally Quiroja up in the northwest was put in a position to attack Paz vigorously. The fighting began at Rio Cuarto, spread to Mendoza, and then to Tucuman. Paz had the worst of it every time, and not for several years was he able to show fight again.

Meanwhile Rosas, in 1833, started on his celebrated expedition against the Indians in the south of Buenos Ayres. He drove them south across the Rio Negro, and thus far threw the pampas open for settlement. The prestige of his Indian campaign enabled him two years later (1835) to proclaim himself Dictator, a precedent which was partly followed forty years later by General Roca, when he made an Indian campaign a stepping-stone to the Presidentship. But rivals were still superabundant, and every now and then Rosas had to be fighting for his own hand somewhere or other. In 1839 he was compelled to march against General

Estrada in Corrientes, and what might have been a dangerous rising was nipped in the bud at Pajo Larga. In 1841 Lavalle popped up again, this time in the northwest. Being captured as well as defeated, Rosas had him shot in cold blood.

In 1845 another stormy spirit of revolt reappeared. The *Unitarios* had transferred their headquarters across the river to Montevideo, where General Paz, their leader, was now hatching desperate designs against Rosas. The Dictator laid siege to the Uruguayan capital, a task he was destined never to finish, though he worked hard at it for about eight years. All the while, anarchy reigned in the provinces, save in Entre Rios, which had fallen into the hands of a local tyrant, Urquiza, who seems to have been above the average of guerilla chiefs. He entered into an alliance with Brazil, offensive and defensive, against Rosas. They carried the war into the enemy's country, and had advanced within striking distance of Buenos Ayres before Rosas could raise the siege of Montevideo, and recall his army to defend his own capital. One sharp engagement decided the war. At Caseros, in the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres, Rosas was completely routed.

Here Rosas vanishes from Argentine history to make room for his victor, Urquiza, the champion of Entre Rios. This broke up for a time the Confederation. The up-river provinces formed a new Confederation for themselves with a separate capital at Parana. For the next nine years there were two Brentfords with a king, or at least a Congress, in each. It was only a question of time when they should again come to loggerheads. Buenos Ayres, thinking she had secured a match for Urquiza in her Minister of War, General Mitre, challenged the inevitable combat in 1859 and was worsted by Urquiza at Cepeda. Buenos Ayres was forced back into the Confederation and had to sit behind Entre Rios, but only for a short time. Mitre made another attempt in 1861 and with better success. The veteran Urquiza was routed at Pavon, and the centre of gravity moved down the river again to Buenos Ayres. The Confederation was restored under its proper head, and in 1862 Mitre was elected President. From Pavon dates the existence of Argentina as a nation. It had till then been a group of provinces living in

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hot water with each other. Mitre consolidated them and created among them a balance of power which rendered it possible for a Federal Government to maintain itself apart from and independent of the provinces.

Had the balance of power been allowed to remain undisturbed, the era of a civil war would have been over on the River Plate, as the politicians and financiers once more proclaimed it to be. But the provincial spirit was still far from being dead, and there was as little love as ever lost between Cordoba and Buenos Ayres. Any bold soldier who could play his cards well might revive the moribund *Unitarios* and find a pliant tool in them. Such a soldier was Julio Roca, now Minister of the Interior, a man trained in frontier war as Rosas had been, and as well suited to his time as Rosas was. Roca is a born ruler, firm, resolute, and ambitious. He is also a statesman in his way, though of a not very noble school, his model being Macchiavelli. From his boyhood he has sat at the feet of the master of Italian statecraft, and in actual life has found or made some fine opportunities of turning his maxims to account. Having married into a distinguished Cordovese family—that of Dean Funes—he became Cordovese in politics and in policy. Then he took another leaf out of the book of Rosas in suggesting and carrying out very successfully an expedition against the Indians. He cleared them out of the southern parts, both of Buenos Ayres and Cordoba, and so strengthened the frontier against them that they have never since been able to give serious trouble to settlers. When the old, old quarrel broke out again between Buenos Ayres and the inland provinces, Roca, like another General Monk, could turn either scale by throwing his sword into it. He preferred the *Unitarios*, as the Provincials still called themselves, though rather to disguise than to indicate their object. Afterward they adopted the even more self-satirical title of "Nationals."

In 1880 Buenos Ayres, having been seized with one of its periodical fits of restiveness, the Provincials from Cordoba and Tucuman swooped down on it as they were about to do again the other day, if Buenos Ayres had not at the psychological moment run short of cartridges. Roca, in his pet character of General Monk,

marched into the city and speedily quieted it. Then he had himself elected President, and in the following year (1881) Buenos Ayres was reduced to the rank of an ordinary province by having its capital taken from it, and appropriated by the nation. That was a thoroughly Macchiavellian stroke, in which the calculating genius of Roca is to be clearly seen. By forcing the Buenos Ayreans to form a new capital for the province, he removed the most active of their leaders from the city, and secured free scope there for himself. Such of them as did not or could not migrate to La Plata were gradually driven out of politics. Morally, Buenos Ayres became a conquered city. It had been filibustered by the Cordoba and Tucuman carpet-baggers, who introduced into it quite a new kind of politics and finance.

Cordovese carpet-baggers, now known as "Celmanites," are a race by themselves, who have improved on the worst examples offered them either in Australia or the United States. They not only endorse the Tammany Hall maxim that to the victors belong the spoils, but they go a long step further, and hold that the victors should take as much spoil as they can lay their hands on. It is acknowledged all over the world that a man should live by his trade, and their trade is politics. They make no secret of it, and have not a vestige of false shame about it. Politics to them means office, salaries, opportunities. They devote their lives to the public service, and the public should show proper gratitude to them. If it carries favor with them by making them presents—good; if it wants some special favor, and is willing to pay an adequate price—good again; if it can be drawn into a grand speculation in which the big prizes drop into official pockets, and most of the blanks into other pockets, what harm? If it be willing to have its credit exploited by raising loans, granting concessions, setting up free banks, and revelling all round in borrowed money, why should the poor politician not embrace the chance to fill his pockets? Such are the political ethics of Cordoba, as they were speedily practised on Buenos Ayres after its capture by the Cordovese carpet-baggers.

And now who are the carpet-baggers? It would be unfair to Roca to call him

one, though he opened the door for them and carefully refrained from turning them out until the other day, when new arrangements could be made to suit himself. He has not only shown great forbearance to them, but he stands in close personal relations to some of them. Juarez Celman, the arch jobber and concession-monger, is his brother-in-law. It was Roca who at the close of his presidential term in 1886 brought down Celman from Cordoba, and put him in as a presidential warming pan. The idea was that the warming pan having filled itself with doubloons should return to Cordoba, and leave the stage open again for General Monk, but that part of the confidential programme went awry. Celman got so intoxicated with the delights of rolling in money that he became deaf to the prudent counsels of his brother-in-law. Once firmly seated on the beggar's horse, he rode ahead to—the usual destination. It was a lively change for him from a law clerk's desk in Cordoba to the Plaza Victoria, and he enjoyed it. His early career was so very obscure that even his townsmen give different accounts of it. According to some he began life as a boy in the Municipal Office, but I learn from a local history of the province that he owed his start to a lawyer, Señor Del Viso, who employed him first as clerk and then as secretary. Del Viso having been elected Governor, both of them abandoned law for politics, and Celman became his friend's Prime Minister.

The local chronicler already referred to says proudly of this administration that "it was composed for the most part of young men and Progressistas, with ideas new and advanced, and keen initiators of liberal reform." One of their reforms was civil marriage, which they carried in the teeth of the strongest and most bigoted priesthood in the River Plate. So astutely did Celman work his premiership that he became the next Governor of Cordoba, and brought a crowd of his friends into the inner circle. His half-brother, Marcos Juarez, he made *Jefe Política*, or Prefect of Police, a usual stepping-stone to the Governorship, which Don Marcos enjoyed till the other day to the great amusement of his fellow-citizens. A smart young brother-in-law became Intendente, or Mayor of the city, and he is booked for the next Governor—so nicely do the

carpet-baggers arrange all those family affairs in advance. Another henchman, Dr. Carcano, has since become notorious in Buenos Ayres as his Black Pope, or go-between. The delicate duty of a Black Pope is to conduct certain private and personal negotiations which frequently run parallel with the official ones. In the too frank phraseology of Washington lobbyists he "fixes up the steal," says how much is wanted for A., how much for B., how much for C., and so on down to Z., assuming he stops there, which is by no means certain.

Evidently Roca had not a high opinion of his relative's intellect, or he would not have chosen him for a warming pan, but in that he was not singular. Englishmen who knew Celman in Cordoba describe him as a creature without brains, but of unlimited self-assurance, and a low kind of cleverness. He had played his cards well as a politician, and every step he rose was well secured by the new allies he was always gathering round him. He filled every official vacancy with relatives or friends who became his touts and electioneers. Carcano, his Black Pope, he made Postmaster-General at Buenos Ayres, and editor of the new presidential organ, *La Argentina*. Every man in the ring has gorged himself with presents, pickings, commissions, and plunder under all kinds of names. The site of Celman's private house in Buenos Ayres is well known to have been given to him as a mark of gratitude for favors to come. It is full of pictures and statuary, which he had not the trouble either of selecting or paying for. From his windows he could look north, east, west, and south on public works which in some shape had paid toll to him or other members of the gang. It was almost impossible to get an audience of him on business without being black-mailed from the street-door upward.

In the salad days of the Celman régime, when paper dollars were flying about in handfuls, an itching palm might have been painted over the door of every Ministry as an official symbol. An eminent contractor in Buenos Ayres said once: "When I want to see a Minister it costs me on an average six or seven hundred dollars. At the door I must slip two dollars into the porter's hands, or his Excellency is not likely to be in. Then I get to the secretary's clerk, and a fifty dollar

note must be dropped among his papers, or his Excellency is sure to be engaged three or four deep. That passes me on to the secretary, whose valuable time is worth a hundred dollars a minute. He thinks he is doing me a great favor when he lets me off for five hundred dollars. At last I get to the great man himself, and how he receives me depends entirely on the progress of affairs between his Black Pope and me. If the official percentages are being satisfactorily arranged he is chatty and pleasant as can be—promises anything I like to ask, and meaning all the time to do very little. But if the private negotiations are hanging fire, it has a visibly depressing influence on the official ones also."

There are still some Arcadian souls who will not believe that Argentine jobbing is so brazen-faced as it is called. Doubtless many untrue stories are told about it, and the modicum of truth in others may be much exaggerated. I would fain avoid giving countenance to mere gossip, and therefore limit my illustrations to what good authority can be given for. The Northern Central Railway job, for instance, was carried out with such unblushing coolness that nearly every step of it can be traced. A political railway had been built from Cordoba to Tucuman, a nigger railway, good only to quarter politicians on as managers, station-masters, and engine-drivers. The Argentine Government could not work it, could hardly keep the engines on the rails even, and it had to be sold. Tenders were invited by public advertisement, and a day and hour were appointed for opening them at the Ministry of Public Works in presence of the tenderers. Three tenderers were represented on the occasion, and three tenders were duly opened. A. offered fifteen million one hundred thousand dollars, B. fifteen million dollars, and C. fourteen million nine hundred dollars. The Minister of Public Works declared A. to be the purchaser, and the preparation of the contracts was at once begun. President Celman was at this time out of Buenos Ayres—in Cordoba, I believe—and a fortnight afterward a telegram was received by the successful tenderer stating that by mistake one of the tenders had been overlooked. The original tenderers were invited to meet again at the Ministry of Public Works and see it opened. They

did so, when the Minister entered into a rambling explanation about a tender having been sent by mistake to his private house and lost itself somehow in his letter-box. It had now been recovered, and on being opened it turned out to be a second tender from C. for fifteen million two hundred thousand dollars, which was duly accepted, and A. calmly put on one side, though the contracts with him had actually been drafted!

The letter box story was a very transparent mask for something peculiar that had taken place in the interval between the first and second meetings at the Ministry of Public Works, but where this carpet-bagging came in was not at first quite clear. There could be very little steal in a simple act of sale and purchase. It had, however, a sequel in which the cloven hoof betrayed itself. The purchaser on taking possession found the railway in a sorry state. There was hardly a rail on it fit for anything else than corkscrews, and the sleepers would have made poor fire-wood. The road had in short to be rebuilt, and the Government guaranteed interest on several millions of dollars for that purpose. There is nothing that the carpet-bagger and filibusterer likes so well as to have his finger in a little loan. Anything may be put down under the elastic head of "commission or floating expenses." How this particular loan was officially greased is no doubt recorded in the archives of the Argentine secret service. What appears on the surface is that the Northern Central Railway, instead of realizing fifteen million one hundred thousand dollars for the Treasury, as it would have done under A.'s tender, produced, after allowing for the new capital, only twelve or thirteen million dollars.

Loan-mongering of various sorts was an important and lucrative branch of the filibustering business of Celman and Company. In loan contracts a very liberal margin is generally left for commissions and etceteras. Four per cent. on the "firm" price is not unusual, and if the contractor were reproached with extravagance he might shrug his shoulders and say significantly: "My dear fellow, you don't suppose that we get it all, do you?" Then the contractor has to get his profit, which, if he is abnormally merciful, may be another five per cent. In Argentine usury that is mild. I have copies of the

official contracts of one small loan where the difference between the contractor's price and the issue price was *fifteen per cent.* Of course, only "very eminent firms" get big whacks like these, and in the final adjustment of accounts Celman and Company would not be forgotten.

Juarez Celman, the lawyer's clerk of ten years ago and the reputed forty million dollar man of to-day, must have done some conjuring with his presidential salary of thirty-six thousand dollars a year if he had no subsidiary sources of income. His sudden wealth is of itself *prima facie* proof that he had. It is confirmed by the strange coincidence of all his political friends and confederates having also leaped from poverty to affluence in their first few years of office. His Black Pope Carcano, who, by the way, lost his Postmaster-Generalship in the recent lightening of the pirate ship, produced from his Cordovese carpet-bag one of the many princely mansions in the vicinity of Palermo where the late revolution broke out. Public opinion in Buenos Ayres may do them injustice, but it is firmly convinced that Celman and Carcano had a finger, and not a little one either, in all the loans brought out under their auspices, as well as in the important concessions which they induced a servile legislature to vote by the dozen. According to popular repute every man of the gang had his price, and "Carcano's tariff" became a byword among concession hunters. All kinds of favors, large or small, were thankfully received by them. They could open their mouths one day to the extent of a million or a million and a half dollars, and next day they would playfully swallow a two or three hundred dollar pill. In one notorious case, a million and a half dollars was publicly mentioned as the cost of "carrying through" a concession. Turkish officials, who have hitherto been the champion artists in backsheesh, leave off where Argentine blackmailers begin. The price of a drainage scheme at Buenos Ayres would buy a whole cabinet of pashas at Galata.

When Argentina is said to be a very rich country, I readily admit that it is—in concessions and other political spoil. Talk yourself hoarse about the fertility of the pampas, their bottomless beds of black loam and the splendid crops they can produce, but do not forget that the two best

paying trades in the country have for years past been politics and finance ; exploiting the Treasury with one hand, and European capitalists with the other. The money which has been made and lost over there since President Celman came into office, in 1886, runs into millions sterling. A true inventory of it would be thrown aside as incredible, or more indulgent readers might refer it with a sneer to Baron Munchausen. But without attempting an exact estimate, simply look at the scope which the filibusterers have had for their operations. When the Cordoba régime began with General Roca's presidency, in 1880, the public debt, internal and external, was under eighty-seven million dollars. When he handed over the reins to his brother-in-law Celman, in 1886, it had grown to fully a hundred and seventeen million dollars, and the Ministry of Finance was costing fourteen and three quarter million dollars a year. President Celman in his second message to Congress (May, 1888) stated the amount of the debt at forty-seven million dollars Internal, and ninety-two millions External—total a hundred and thirty-nine millions, or twenty-two millions increase in a couple of years. In his last message (May, 1890) he had to report a further increase to two hundred and eighty-one and a half million dollars—namely, a hundred and eighty-eight millions Internal, and ninety-three and a half millions External. The rapidity with which the carpet-baggers have run up the public debt is a disgrace they cannot get away from. It rests on no vague hearsay or mere suspicion, but is fixed on them by their official records, from which the following figures are taken :

ARGENTINE NATIONAL DEBT, 1880-90.

	INTERNAL.	EXTERNAL.	TOTAL.	PER CENT. INCREASE.
March 31.	\$	\$	\$	
1880.....			86,313,000	....
1886.....			117,000,000	35
1888.....	47,100,000	92,487,000	139,587,000	20
1889.....	187,946,000	93,608,000	281,554,000	120
Excess of 1890 over 1880 .....			\$195,231,000	227

National debts have a habit of growing fast, but not many of them more than treble themselves in a decennium as that of the Argentine Republic has done under the Cordoba régime. The carpet-baggers, who till lately terrorized Buenos Ayres, not only spent lavishly as most young Governments do, but they discovered en-

tirely new and original methods of mortgaging the future. They went in for banking reform forsooth ! One of the many political errors of the Argentine Republic has been an inveterate weakness for State banking. The first bank in Buenos Ayres—it was a modest and useful institution, started by English merchants to relieve them from exorbitant rates of discount—the politicians would have a hand in. They brought it of course to grief, and it was soon a mere distributor of Government greenbacks. After the fall of Rosas (1852), it was resuscitated as the Provincial Bank of Buenos Ayres, and up to the beginning of the Cordoba régime it got along very well, though still mainly in the greenback business. A second State bank, the National, was started in 1872, and after that came a flood of provincial banks, all run as a branch of provincial politics. They lent money to their friends with a light heart and on lighter security. But that did not do so much harm after all, seeing the borrowers took it in paper, and the only difficulty was to print the paper fast enough. Paper money is a strange and apparently incurable mania among Argentines, especially up the country. They are absolutely free from European prejudices in favor of metallic money. Gold they have come to regard as a thing of evil not to be touched or countenanced in any shape. When foreigners talk to them of their absurdly inflated paper values, they reply : " Oh, no, it is not the paper values that are too high ; it is the gold. Gold premiums are outrageous evils and must collapse one day." They play off paper against gold—a very one-sided and foredoomed contest for any country to enter into, above all for a young country whose exports do not cover more than two-thirds of its imports, and less than half of its total foreign liabilities.

The carpet baggers are Argentine to the backbone in their hereditary partiality for paper money. " More paper " was ever their shibboleth until foreign capitalists at the eleventh hour put a veto on it. The so-called Argentine boom which preceded, and in fact produced the present collapse, was a thing of paper mainly. Substantial progress there was, doubtless, in various directions, but the higher flights of speculation were made on paper wings. The pinions of the Argentine Dædalus were



greenbacks, and they had an advantage over their classic originals, in so far as they could be indefinitely renewed and multiplied. This new Dædalus broke his fall by collecting a pile of paper wings underneath him. To our unsympathetic eyes "Nacionales" may be mere rag money, but he prefers them to either gold or silver. The whole problem of State banking in the Argentine is to get notes enough. Secure that, and everything else may be trusted to take care of itself. The Celmanites bravely did their share of note manufacturing. They have given to the four millions of Argentines nearly the same quantity of paper currency as the thirty-six million inhabitants of the United Kingdom require to have in circulation. The United Kingdom is satisfied with forty millions sterling. The Argentine Republic has, in its various issues legal and illegal, about two hundred million dollars, and still it cries for more. In the past three years its note circulation has nearly trebled, and yet grave responsible politicians, like the new President Pellegrini, affirm that it is still inadequate to the wants of the country. Of course, it will always be when the value of the paper dollar falls faster than the number of them is increased.

In 1886, when Celman took office, gold was nearly at par, which in popular language means that the paper money of the day was only at a slight discount measured in gold. The note circulation was then about eighty million dollars, and for two or three years of Roca's Administration (1880-86) it had been actually convertible—you could get gold for bank-notes in Buenos Ayres. Under these conditions the Argentine paper dollar was practically worth its face value—four shillings. But that was not good enough for Celman and Company. They had called into existence a ravenous brood of State banks. All the loafers, beef-eaters, and Orpheus C. Kerrs were in a hurry to borrow, but there was no money to lend them. The eighty million dollar notes in circulation only sufficed for legitimate trade, and more could not be printed under the existing law. Finance Minister Pachec solved the dilemma, with a little bit of sleight-of-hand, entirely to Argentine taste. He patched up a free banking law professedly on United States lines, but with much more of Cordoba than of

Washington in it. The supply of notes was to be doubled, not all at once, but by degrees, starting with an addition of forty million dollars to the existing eighty millions. The new note was to be called a "Nacional"—the only provision of the law which has been strictly carried out—and for guarantee it was to have a special issue of Government bonds, four and a half per cents. payable in gold.

The next question was how were the banks to pay for these bonds? Gold they had none, and the bonds being repayable in gold the Government could hardly give them away for nothing—except, perhaps, to its special pet, the National Bank. *Vales*, or IOU's, are infinitely useful in Argentine banking, but even the carpet-baggers could not stretch financial charity so far as to base a note issue on them. Gold had to be got somehow, and Europe was the only source of supply. Wheels had to be set moving within wheels in order to reach the pocket of the European capitalist. The Provincial Banks being already of dubious solvency could raise nothing on their own credit, and their god-parents, the Provincial Governments, had to help them. Most of the Provincial Governments being only second or third rate debtors, the National Government had to endorse for them. It was a mixed security to lend on, but the British investor will jump headforemost into any kind of wasps' nest prepared for him by a "highly respectable house."

Thus the National Government, the Provincial Governments, the Provincial Banks, and the Provincial politicians had the supreme felicity of getting heroically in debt all together. The Provincial Governments sold bonds of their own in London, and with the proceeds bought bonds of the National Government in Buenos Ayres against which they issued notes. It would have saved trouble and expense if the two sets of carpet-baggers had simply swopped bonds and the British investor would have been well out of it. These, moreover, were the easiest cases; more difficult ones had also to be dealt with in other ingenious ways. Banks which could not borrow for themselves, or find a friend to borrow for them, had to get credit from the Treasury. They arranged to pay for their Government bonds by seven annual instalments, and meanwhile they were allowed to go ahead

issuing notes against them as if they had been fully paid. The two principal State banks—the National and the Provincial of Buenos Ayres—had to be most leniently treated of all. The proportion of the new issue they were entitled to was far beyond what they could pay for, even on the instalment principle. But some smart fellows set to work to discover neglected claims they had on the Government. The Provincial Bank had suffered damage through the nationalization of Buenos Ayres—so many million dollars compensation for that. It had lost heavily on its exchange operations in trying to maintain the convertibility of the old currency in 1884 and 1885—a few more millions for that. Thus artificial credits were made for the Provincial Bank as a set off against a considerable portion of its new issue, and the rest it undertook to provide for on the seven years' system.

The National Bank being the National Bank, and the nation being its principal shareholder, it could not, of course, be treated as a common debtor. The Government bonds it required to enlarge its issue on were simply handed over to it; but with a proviso that they should not carry interest. A sarcastic commentary on this transaction is furnished by the difference of opinion which has since arisen as to whether it was intended for a gift or a loan. The author of the Free Banking Law says now he meant it only for a loan; but his successor, Señor Varela, wrote it off as a gift. Where a sum of many million dollars is involved, misunderstandings of that sort are unfortunate. Of the one hundred and eighty-eight million dollars of Internal Debt with which the Republic is now saddled, one hundred and sixty million dollars arose out of the Free Banking Law of November, 1887, which may be more correctly designated a Free Currency Law. Its motto is "bank-notes for everybody;" or, "how to trade without gold and pay your debts without costing you anything." In sober earnest that is what the Argentines are coming to if they keep on their present tack. Once before they ran their currency down to the burlesque depth of three-halfpence in the dollar, and it needed nearly nine hundred million dollars of paper to buy bread and jerked beef for two millions of people. Innocent strangers landing at Buenos Ayres in the

sixties, or even well into the seventies, were horrified at hotel bills, which charged them a hundred dollars per day for a room, and twenty or thirty dollars for every meal. If they went to the theatre they would have to fill all their pockets with notes to pay for a box, and even the pit came to twenty dollars plus twenty dollars entrance money. But those dollars had a bark much worse than their bite. They had come down in the world, till their sterling equivalent of four shillings could buy two dozen of them.

That is the sort of currency which Celman and Company were anxious to get back to. They had the note reduced more than once to fifteenpence sterling—all owing, they said, to the iniquitous gold premium, which was manipulated by foreign speculators in the Buenos Ayres Bolsa. But it might be that an increase in the note supply from eighty million dollars to over two hundred millions in less than three years had also some influence on their decline in value. It is this currency muddle which demands attention first, foremost, and all the way along, both from the Argentines themselves and from their creditors. Until it is realized in the full breadth of its wide-reaching demoralization, there can be no permanent relief to the country. Other evils and difficulties lie on the surface; this one goes to the root of the whole commercial, financial, and political system. With money so bad and fraudulent as the Argentines revel in, no country can have profitable or useful intercourse with the rest of the world; it can have no standard of value fit to trust from day to day; its public revenue and expenditure must be always in disorder, and stable Government of the rudest kind becomes well-nigh impracticable. With the best intentions, and the most honorable sentiments, people cannot be sure of meeting their foreign engagements punctually with bank-notes which may every now and then drop to sixty or seventy per cent. discount.

So far as personal character and reputation go, the new President Pellegrini is the man for the emergency. He is highly cultivated without being a theorist or a doctrinaire. He is a good tactician without having ever soiled his fingers with jobbing or concession-mongering. For an Argentine politician, he has an exceptionally wide experience of the world. Lon-

don is as familiar to him as Buenos Ayres, and he is at home also in the City. There is English common sense about him, thanks no doubt to the strain of English blood in his veins. Tradition gives him credit for being nearly related to our own ideal tribune, John Bright, and, though the relationship may not be quite so close as is said, it must have had some wholesome influence on his moral constitution and his training. The one reproach ever heard against Pellegrini during the Celman scandals, was that he should have got into such a *galere*, and being in, should have remained. He certainly ran a risk of touching pitch and being defiled, but the event has proved him to be a far-seeing man. Knowing as he must have done what Celman was, and how the thieves' carnival must end, he waited apparently for his opportunity. Now he has got it and in a perfectly constitutional way. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the other party-leaders in Buenos Ayres, no one can deny that Pellegrini stood at his post all through the crisis. He gave his rivals a fair chance, and even his opponents he treated honorably. Now, in his turn he is entitled to a fair field, though there is more than one reason to doubt if he will get it. His partnership with Roca may not bode well. Of course it must be paid for either in meal or in malt. The Argentine *Macchiavelli* never gives himself away, or does anything for nothing. Pellegrini will have had to take him on his own terms, however stiff, and most likely it is the next reversion of the presidency.

But, whether under Roca or Pellegrini, the Republic will be much safer than it was under Celman. An attempt at least will now be made to deal with the ruinous abuses which are festering in the body politic. It cannot be expected to have a sudden or rapid success. The evils that Argentina is suffering from have penetrated deep into the commerce, the finance, and the whole economy of the country. Take the currency question alone, and ask yourself what one man can be expected to do in a few weeks or months toward healing a sore which has been running for over sixty years! The patient has yet to be convinced that it is a sore and not a mere outbreak of over-exuberant health. At every new pinch there will be babbling lunatics in Congress and

in the local press clamoring for more rag-money. Before Mr. Pellegrini was sworn in the presidential chair, he heard the old, old cry raised—a new issue of a hundred millions. He will very probably have to yield to it, though his personal objection to such quack measures was voluntarily proclaimed and put on record only a few months ago. There can be no question just now, or for months hence, of a new foreign loan except it be to avert default on loans already out. Even the short-sighted optimism of Bishopsgate Street must by this time be nearly exhausted, and outside of the commission clique nobody in this country wants more Argentine securities. As a *pis aller* there may have to be more rag-money to meet urgent necessities, but next dose should be the last.

If President Pellegrini is to live up to the expectations of his friends and the stern exigencies of the situation, he will at the earliest moment produce a statesmanlike scheme for giving the Republic a circulating medium which will be of some use in international exchange. The present one is fit only for Gauchos and political pickpockets. It has been created by loafers and jobbers to enable them to plunder the honest laborer. If it be continued, it will drive labor out of the country, and commerce after it. The close-fisted Italians and Basques who go out to the River Plate to work hard and take home all the money they can save in a few years, are not always going to let themselves be fooled as they have been lately with bank-notes which may be down twenty per cent. in value before they have had them half an hour in their pockets. When they used to put their savings in the banks that was worse. Every cent they could scrape together was lodged on deposit until the little pile grew big enough to be remitted home. On the day before the mail closed, men and women went in hundreds to the banks to get drafts on Italy or Spain. They knew from their receipts they had so many dollars to their credit, and they had it all reckoned out how many liras or pesetas of their own country they should get for it. But in the interval things may have happened which the poor souls had no suspicion of. Just the day before, the gold premium may have shot up thirty or forty points, sending their wretched paper dollars down

in the same proportion. When they made sure of getting a draft for a hundred liras, the teller might have to explain to them that the Italian equivalent of their dollars was now only eighty liras. They would first be dumbfounded, then indignant, then heartbroken. Often and often men, as well as women, would slink off into a corner of the bank office and have a good cry.

At last they became sullenly desperate, stopped putting their savings in bank, and stuffed the greasy notes in their belts. Millions of dollars of paper money are believed to have disappeared in that way, the hoarders still hoping against hope that it may come all right again. If nothing is done toward at least a partial atonement for the cruel robbery which has been perpetrated on these foreign laborers, no Argentine Government can ever hope to recover credit and confidence abroad. The Republic has in this matter violated the most elementary duty of a civilized State, and there can be little sympathy felt for its own troubles until it shows some disposition to repair the wrongs it has systematically inflicted on the innocent people who created for it the best part of its real wealth. In future, foreign labor and foreign trade should insist on the Argentines giving them honest money. If they will cheat with rag dollars, let them cheat each other. As a sequel to honest money, there will also have to be honest banking. Of that the Argentines have, as a rule, no more conception than a monkey has of the violin. They have played very extensively at free banking, with the result that most of their free banks are now a public nuisance. Some of them can no longer

disguise their insolvency, in fact they seem rather proud of it. Where not openly and confessedly insolvent, they are under grave suspicion. Even the condition of the National Bank is, according to Buenos Ayres telegrams, "a cause of anxiety." To-morrow we may hear the same thing of the Provincial Bank of Buenos Ayres, the oldest and once the most respected in the Republic. The minor provincial banks, which have been little else than bucket-shops, will have to be reformed out of existence. General Roca is understood to be of that opinion, and it is strongly held in Argentine circles in London. Action has, in fact, been already taken on it, for a Buenos Ayres telegram of August 20 states that the Governor of Cordoba (Marcos Juarez) has resigned, and the Provincial Bank of Cordoba has been closed. This may be the beginning of an honest attempt to rid the Republic of the bogus banking system. It was very much happier and better off when its business was done by a third of the number of banks it now has. A hundred million dollars of hard cash would be an infinitely safer currency for it than over two hundred million dollars of greenbacks; twelve strong well-managed banks would render it far better service in every way than sixty rotten ones. If the Argentines could screw themselves up to the self-denial of placing their banking system under the control of genuine instead of amateur bankers, then there would still be a hope for them; but without good money, good banks, and good finance generally, no other conceivable good thing that can happen will be of much benefit to them.—*Contemporary Review.*

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## A CENTURY OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

Two late events may be said to mark a new era in the history of female emancipation: in the United States, a territory in which woman suffrage is established has been admitted, with full State rights, into the Union; in London, after a very weak protest, two women have been allowed to sit in the County Council. These are facts, the significance of which those who disapprove of them most

heartily cannot deny. It is therefore especially appropriate that at this juncture a publisher should be found to announce a new edition of Mary Wollstonecraft's *Rights of Women* almost one hundred years after its first publication. Now that even the political future of her sex seems no mere Utopian dream, it is but just to remember the first woman who braved public opinion and lifted up her

voice to declare that woman had rights as well as man. Moreover, the book, though for long all but forgotten, is of the utmost interest, not only because it helps one to realize the social change a century has wrought, many of its most daring statements having become the common-places of to-day; but because of its relation to the intellectual movement of the age of which it was the product.

Mary Wollstonecraft's most famous work, owing to its style, has been a sealed volume to the present busy generation, which cannot spare time for the justest arguments when set forth with Johnsonian eloquence; its subject, from her own contemporaries who would have found no fault with her rhetoric, won for her such pleasant names as the "hyena in petticoats" and the "philosophizing serpent." But for all that, the book went quietly through two editions, it was translated into French and German, and its authoress became probably the most talked-about woman in London. The truth is that, startling as her doctrines seemed, the world intellectually was ready for them, as is shown by the fact that almost at the same time in France Condorcet and the Abbé Sièyes were officially making similar pleas for the abolition of female slavery; the position of woman was assuming popularity as a subject of discussion in the political clubs, while the heroines of the Café Foy, of the march upon Versailles, of the taking of the Bastille, were giving proof that women could to some purpose—evil as well as good—take active part in public affairs. Indeed, the *Rights of Women*, far from being mere "metaphysical jargon," as good Hannah More concluded from its "absurd" and "fantastic" title, was the work of one who had genius enough to foresee the real drift of the new philosophical and political creed, and courage enough to declare in unmistakable, if somewhat verbose, language, that truth about women which, once Rousseau's *Contrat Social* had revolutionized the standard of social relations, could not much longer remain concealed.

The doctrine of women's rights was but the legitimate conclusion of the reasoning legally authorized in England when Henry VIII., in pursuit of his own pleasure, abjured the authority of Rome. As soon as men had grasped the great truth of the Reformation, as soon as they had exercised

the right of private judgment, despite the endeavors of the reformers, immediately upon its concession, to deprive them of it, they began gradually, but surely, to loosen the chains which for hundreds of centuries had held them religious, political, and social captives. The Civil Wars and the Rebellion of 1688 were but natural consequences of Henry's revolt against Rome. The divine right of Kings was not slow to go the way of the infallible right of Popes, for temporal fetters are even easier to throw off than spiritual shackles. When Oliver Cromwell and William of Orange had demonstrated that sovereigns are dependent upon the people, philosophy was prepared to justify this dependency, and a Locke was ready to teach "the sacred rights of insurrection," and to insist upon the responsibility of all officials to the community. The new utilitarian doctrine that good and evil are nothing but pleasure and pain, or that which occasions pleasure and pain to us, was bound to give a new interpretation to the relations existing between the governed and the governors. Men began to claim the right of private judgment as citizens which they had already obtained as Christians. But, as Mr. Leslie Stephens has so ably pointed out, the prosperity of England during the first half of the eighteenth century produced such complete contentment that there was little cause to seek for a still fuller definition of these rights. Discontent is the true stimulus to all progress, and English wealth and comfort were stumbling-blocks to the English democratic and radical movement. However, a new impulse to social and political speculation came, strangely enough, from France, where the Pope had still complete power over the souls of the faithful, the King complete possession of their bodies. Men were supposed to believe only the truths preached by the Church, to obey only the commands issued by the sovereign. But the Reformation, though nominally a failure in France, had necessarily exerted a tremendous influence over French thought; and French philosophers, simply because of the spiritual and temporal tyranny which weighed on them in their own country, were bolder than their fellow-thinkers who dwelt in a freer land. To them, the English constitution seemed the very model of perfect government, and to it Montesquieu turned when he

sought his ideal of political liberty, when he endeavored to demonstrate that lawmakers should remember the needs of the people as well as the pleasure of the King. In England, where the constitution of the country did not seem quite so perfect as in France, his work gave to current thought that democratic tendency which was to be confirmed by Rousseau's revolutionary theory that "man is born free;" and he is everywhere in chains. For to the new social philosopher it was not sufficient that the interests of the people should be occasionally remembered by Parliaments and statesmen; freedom would not truly have been secured until human liberty, human equality, was made the end of all government. Natural, and not simply religious and political, rights were what men should claim for themselves. Rousseau exhorted them to remember a fact that they had striven for long centuries to ignore: i. e., that they were not solely subjects of their hereditary ruler, not solely citizens of the country in which they happened to be born, but primarily, and above all things, human beings.

It is true that his doctrine of the abstract rights of human beings was never very popular in England, but it had its followers—its Godwins and Paines—and, most certainly, its effect upon philosophical and political reasoning. Moreover, the new turn of affairs in the American colonies gave the democratic problem a more vital importance to all Englishmen. Theories of political liberty had been realized by the constitutions of many of the different colonies, notably that of Pennsylvania. But so long as all were nominally subject to England their freedom at home was cheerfully overlooked. But when they joined the open revolt, when they rebelled against the mother country, when they formed for themselves a new government based upon the purest democratic principles, their practical application of the doctrine of political liberty attracted the attention of all England—indeed, of all Europe. The result, then, of Rousseau's revolutionary social creed and of the American rebellion was that never, since the days of Oliver Cromwell, had Englishmen been so preoccupied with the problem of human freedom as in the second half of the eighteenth century; and it is to this second half that Mary

Wollstonecraft's life belongs. She was born in 1759.

But, while the Democrats of the seventeenth century were concerned altogether with the political answer to the question, the new champions of human liberty, who belonged to the school of Rousseau, were seeking to reduce it to its first principles, and to find its solution by determining what were man's rights as a human being. This gave it an entirely new aspect in more ways than one, but even Rousseau had failed to understand that his arguments, pushed to their logical conclusion, must revolutionize not only all human, but all sexual, relations. Though he went beyond the Anarchists in his hatred of the social slavery to which man had so long been reduced, he was content to maintain that woman was made for the pleasure of man. And yet, while there was nothing inconsistent in Montesquieu's belief that woman is but a charming child, in Diderot's that she is but a courtesan, in Voltaire's that she is not worth theorizing about, Rousseau's feminine ideal was in direct contradiction to his conception of humanity. He could not have denied that women, too, are human beings; according to his own teachings, therefore, they must have certain human rights, whatever may be their sexual functions. He might remain, consciously or unconsciously, blind to this inevitable deduction from the premises of the *Contrat Social*, but it was impossible that the eyes of his followers should likewise continue forever closed. That the woman question had hitherto been reserved for discussion in Utopia is not to be wondered at, since in the actual state it had not yet been conceded that all men have social and political rights, while it had never occurred to legislators that woman was anything but a negative quantity; it would have seemed as sensible to pretend that children and animals had rights. Even in the Church, where they might be supposed to be the equals of men, George Fox alone had offered them spiritual equality. But now that the abstract rights of human beings were to be considered, it was inevitable that the fact that human beings are male and female should be recognized in its full meaning, and that the distinction established by custom between men and women should be found illogical and arbitrary.

It is curious that Rousseau, who objected so strenuously to all shams and conventionalities that he urged for man a return to a state of nature, should not have seen that the sacrifice of reality to appearances must be as bad for women. No one, save the insignificant Dr. Fordyce and Dr. Gregorys of the eighteenth century, has ever set up so odious an ideal of womanhood as he did in his *Sophia*; it seems but a just retaliation that he who would have shamefully subjected woman—mentally, morally, and physically—to man, should be indirectly the cause of the first declaration of her rights. It was his demand for the natural freedom of all human beings that inspired Mary Wollstonecraft to write her *Vindication*, that inspired the French pioneers to espouse the cause of female emancipation. Condorcet's paper on Woman Suffrage appeared a year before Mary Wollstonecraft's book, and as this was the work of six weeks, and as her knowledge of the French language was only less than her interest in French affairs, it is very improbable that she had read his statement of the case; but, nevertheless, she owed her principal inspiration to the *Contrat Social*.

It is interesting and significant to compare the Englishwoman's treatment of the subject, in an England where there was no extreme of royal tyranny to hurry men to the other extreme of anarchy, with that of the French philosopher in a France where men, in the first enthusiasm of successful rebellion against their tyrants, were endeavoring to do the impossible and pull down old systems and build up new ones at the same time. Both Mary Wollstonecraft and Condorcet were animated to an unusual degree by the love of humanity. But in England the people had still to be aroused to a full realization of their natural rights as human beings: in France they were already preparing to establish these by political means. It was thus inevitable that the woman without power in the State should aim chiefly at demonstrating that the old sexual ideals were false, while the statesman, called upon to assist in framing a new constitution, should dwell upon the political disabilities of woman.

The chief end of Mary Wollstonecraft's book, therefore, was to awaken mankind to the knowledge that women are human beings, and to insist that they should be

given the chance to assert their human rights, and that their sex should become a secondary consideration. It is so long since men have honestly believed that the sole duty of a woman is to please and be useful to them and to render their lives easy and agreeable, as Rousseau taught, that many may wonder that Mary Wollstonecraft gave so much space to the refutation of silly arguments. But that which seems the apotheosis of silliness to us was serious enough in her day. Even from the pulpit, preachers bade women pray because of the new graces and attractions piety gave to creatures whose only object in life was to be charming in the eyes of men. Health and strength, knowledge and freedom, were all to be sacrificed for the sake of the superior sex, supposed to look upon weakness, ignorance, and deference as the highest feminine qualities; while the emptiness of woman's life under the old order of things is nowhere better expressed than in Wilberforce's naïve rejoicing over the condition of unmarried women, once they were allowed to devote themselves to works of charity; "for really," he exclaims, "there seemed to be nothing useful in which they could be naturally busy, but now they may always find an object in attending to the poor!" Mary Wollstonecraft knew but too well, from her own experience, all the indignities which woman was forced to suffer because of the artificial conception of her sexual status, and all the pettiness and egoism to which her training had degraded her. She had lived in a home made unbearable to wife and children alike by the brutality of the husband and father, who must still be looked up to as a superior being; she had helped her sister in her flight from an unworthy husband; she had been governess in a family where the mother had cultivated feminine sensibility until her dogs had grown dearer to her than her children; and she had further learned how almost impossible it was for those of her sex who were forced to support themselves to find honest work to do. When she herself had come up to London to actually live by her literary work, had she not seemed the first of a "new genus"?

Lowered by her subjection to man, woman was given no chance to escape from it. Trained solely to serve his ends, she was allowed no other duty in life

Were she left alone and penniless, then she became in truth and indeed an outcast; if her husband were a brute or a villain, she was without redress; if she fulfilled the ideal set up for her, she was no better than a coquette or a harlot, for whom there was no use or place once her youth was spent. It was against these indignities that Mary Wollstonecraft rebelled with all the strength of a nature, at once sensitive and independent, impetuous and proud. In this connection it will not be amiss to quote from a forgotten paper by George Eliot, in the *Leader* of October 13th, 1855, in which she makes a comparison between Mary Wollstonecraft and Margaret Fuller. "In both writers," she says, "we discern, under the brave bearing of a strong and truthful nature, the beating of a true woman's heart, which teaches them not to undervalue the smallest office of domestic care or kindness. But Margaret Fuller, with all her passionate sensibility, is more of the literary woman, who would not have been satisfied without intellectual production; Mary Wollstonecraft, we imagine, wrote not at all for writing's sake, but for the pressure of other motives." Her unrestrained vehemence makes one feel how much of herself she put into her work. Again and again, in words that are forcible despite their pompousness, she denounces the social system that refuses to see in woman anything but her sex, she exposes the rottenness of virtue based upon ignorance, she proves the immorality of an education that is devoted to perfecting girls in the art of pleasing. Women are human beings as well as men; let them be treated as such—this is the beginning and end of the *Vindication*. That she had considered woman's political claims and believed in their legitimacy is more than likely. In her *Dedication* to Talleyrand she reminds him that the framers of the new French constitution would be tyrants like their predecessors if they did not allow women to participate in it; and, further on, she writes quite frankly: "I really think that women ought to have representatives instead of being arbitrarily governed without having any direct share allowed them in the deliberations of the Government." But it was not to the Sophias, not to the Lady Kingsboroughs, with whom England was filled, that the power could be entrusted.

Women must be developed from their stage of puppetdom into true women before their political needs could be inquired into. And so also with their industrial pursuits. She did, indeed, urge their proper education at length and with some warmth, for if women were not educated she felt that they would stop the progress of knowledge, that they could never become the equals of men.

As George Eliot, in the paper to which I have referred, puts it, there is "no medium between the old plan of corporal discipline and that thorough education of women which will make them rational beings in the highest sense of the word." And Mary Wollstonecraft also pointed out certain professions, such as that of medicine, for which women were eminently adapted. But her plea for their education, her suggestions for their possible pursuits, were only incidental as it were. To her, the most important thing of all was to convince women of their sacred rights as human beings, to convince man of the evil wrought by the degradation of women into mere creatures of sex.

Condorcet, whose love for humanity was so great that, as he wrote jestingly to Voltaire, he had always held Gargantua in aversion because of his eating the six pilgrims in his salad, had also discovered the flaw in Rousseau's reasoning, and had seen clearly that if it were in their capacity as human beings that men had rights, then women could consistently advance the same claims. But these arguments he used solely to establish woman suffrage in the new and regenerated France. The habit or custom, he declared, which had made men accept the violation of their natural rights as a matter of course, is altogether the reason why woman was deprived of all participation in political or social law-making. To show that this deprivation is not an act of tyranny it would be necessary to prove that the natural rights of women are not absolutely the same as those of men, or that they are not capable of exercising them. His argument here is not unlike that of Socrates in the *Republic*. The rights of man are born solely of the fact that he is a reasonable being, susceptible of acquiring moral ideas and reasoning upon them. And so woman, having these same qualities, has necessarily the same rights. Either no one individual of the human species has any real



rights, or all have the same ; and he who votes against the right of another, of whatever religion, color, or sex, has from thenceforward abjured his own. That man is intellectually woman's superior can never be believed until both receive the same education ; and after all, he asks, are political rights reserved only for men of intellect or genius ? The shortcomings of the sex are due to their prolonged slavery. It is therefore unjust to allege as a reason for continuing to deprive them of their rights, a weakness which is solely the result of this deprivation. If such reasoning be accepted, all free government must come to an end. And as for the plea that they are needed in another sphere, where they can be more truly useful, is it not in the name of utility that Africans are condemned to slavery ; was it not in the name of utility that the Bastille was filled with prisoners ? It will always be a small number who can actively serve in affairs of state. By giving women their rights there is as little danger of taking them from their household as of taking the peasant from the plough or the artisan from his workshop when their political independence is insured. And by this political change domestic morals will be improved. Condorcet, like another Socrates, challenges the world to show him any natural difference between man and woman. That his challenge was not answered to his satisfaction is shown by his return to the subject when writing in his hiding-place in Mlle. Vernel's garret, after he had felt but too well the evil effects of man's sudden possession of his natural rights. Few of the modern champions of female emancipation have stated the case as fairly and thoroughly as Condorcet ; I know of not one, save Mr. Karl Pearson, who has been so logical.

Indeed, the only difference between Mary Wollstonecraft's manner of treating the subject and Condorcet's was not to be attributed solely to their point of view. It was due to their methods quite as well. Condorcet's style was not very much better than Mary's, though a critical Godwin would not have found in it the faults of grammar and construction which displeased him in the *Vindication*. But if Mary's style was pompous, Condorcet's was heavy and declamatory, too much after the fashion of his day. In this respect there is, comparatively speaking, but

little choice to be made. Condorcet, however, was a scholar and philosopher, a member of the Academy, and a statesman—he was nothing if not logical and scholarly. Mary Wollstonecraft, on the other hand, was a woman without education, save that which she had given herself, without experience in the study or the council chamber. She, in her work, relied upon impulse, and was wholly without plan or system. Instinct had led her to see the truth to which Condorcet's eyes had been opened by reason. And where he argued from a strong sense of abstract right, she wrote from a stronger knowledge of concrete suffering. He was the man, she the woman of the eighteenth century ; and perhaps there could be no better proof of the justice of her demand for woman's education than the faults in her own work. Had she to her own sad experience joined such an education as Condorcet had received, her book would probably have had twice its power, twice its influence.

But however that may have been, certain it is that, though the world intellectually was prepared for the teachings of English and French advocates of woman's rights, practically it was far from ready to receive them. The time had not yet come for even men, with all their aspirations as human beings, to rejoice in their natural rights. They could throw off the old royal yoke, but a social and political growth that required years and centuries to perfect it, could not be suddenly brought about even by royal executions and reigns of terror. Poor man still waits for the happy day when he may return to the much vaunted state of nature. Woman's fate in the France where Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality had been declared was even sadder. From the beginning Condorcet, though he had an ally in the Abbé Sieyès, had had for opponents such men as Mirabeau, who protested against everything that savored of female liberty ; Danton, who could see in women only caterers to his sensuality ; and Robespierre, whose scheme of human emancipation omitted one-half of the human species. Hardly had woman been assured that her political claims were as sound as man's, hardly had she commenced to exercise her rights as *citoyenne* or *tricoteuse*, than she was bidden officially to return to the domestic hearth which she

had had no business to leave. The Convention decided that women could not be granted political privileges, or allowed to form political clubs, or take any part in the government of the country. "Remember your sex, let morals be respected," Chanmette, who had once inscribed upon their banner, "Elles ont balayé les tyrans devant elles," now told those who came into the courts or to the bar of the Assembly. Since when, he virtuously asked, is it decent to see women abandoning the pious care of the household? Woman's despotism is that of love, and consequently that of nature! Here was the true definition of her natural rights—a melancholy sequel to Condorcet's brave arguments but three years before. Little hope was there for women in the France of the Empire, or, for many a day, in the France of the Republic.

And in England, Mary Wollstonecraft's name for long years was covered with infamy and contempt. The picture of her given in Chalmers's *Dictionary* was popularly accepted, and the immorality of her doctrines, as well as the unwomanliness of her conduct, taken for granted. Women remained the puppets she had found them; they still clung to their one recognized right—that of pleasing.

But almost imperceptibly the change for the better began, and now that a hundred years have passed since the world was first startled by the new discovery that women have rights, many of these have been irrevocably secured. The gradual emancipation of women which the last fifty years have witnessed, shows very clearly that of its two pioneers of the last century, the woman who relied upon her instinct better understood the exigencies of the case, than the man who was wholly ruled by reason. Condorcet insisted upon the immediate accomplishment of the great end of the new movement; Mary Wollstonecraft would have urged rather the adoption, one by one, of the means which must eventually lead to it. The consequence is that to-day, when the political sphere in which Condorcet would have placed women has only just been opened to them, all the new privileges which Mary Wollstonecraft demanded have already been granted. Though unfortunately too many women still remain the social puppets and shopping dolls Mr. Pearson has called them, the ideal of womanhood is certainly different from

that of the eighteenth century. It is impossible to imagine a Rousseau to-day being seriously listened to if he preached that woman was made for man's pleasure. The change of feeling in this respect was very strikingly emphasized when, about eighteen months ago, Ibsen's *Nora* was played in London; for all the soulful discussion to which the performance gave rise, the disinterested spectator could not but feel that, while the moral might be all very revolutionary and edifying in Scandinavian countries, in England it was decidedly behind the times, for the English or American *Nora* who continued to live in her Doll's house would have but herself to thank. When the whole country was but yesterday ringing with the late triumphs of women students at Cambridge, it would be useless to do more than point out that Mary Wollstonecraft's theory of female education has been realized beyond her most ardent hopes. True, her suggestion for the co-education of the sexes has not been carried out, but something very like it already exists at the Universities, where women are allowed to come up for the examinations, and the Public School System in the United States virtually meets her views on national education. Woman's economic position, though it is not yet what the most radical reformers would have it, could not fail to satisfy Mary Wollstonecraft's ideal of womanly independence. That her instinct was not at fault when she recommended the pursuit of medicine for women, the success of women doctors to-day proves beyond dispute.

And so it is that doctrines, which in the eighteenth century were held to be subversive of all morality, are now thought to be its very basis. If practically there is nothing more to be learned from Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, since all its theories have become facts, the new edition so soon to appear will have served its purpose, if it remind women of the old state of slavery from which they have so recently been freed—the social and domestic slavery which is always so much more unbearable than the most unjust political disabilities. Men, as well as women, cannot but be thankful that the old sexual relations, once justified by custom and idealized by poets and philosophers, have been done away with, let it be hoped forever.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## 10TH NOVEMBER, 1882 : AN EPISODE IN THE LAND LEAGUE MOVEMENT.

"A mother is a mother still—the holiest thing alive."

"So ye'll have nothin' to say to me, Mary? Well, I've nothin' more to say to ye now, except a long good by. For I'll not shtay in this counthry to be made a fool of by ye any longer. Shtandin' up for every set in the dance-house wid me one night, maybe, and turnin' yer back on me the next. Walkin' the whole road to Mass wid me on a Sunda', and scarce lookin' at me to bid me the time o' day on Monda'. But I'll shtand it no longer. So now take me or lave me as ye like. I'll sail be the very next steamer for America, and I hope ye'll thrate the next boy that comes coortin' ye better nor ye did me. Anyway, I'll not be here to see it. So good by to ye now."

And Thady Connor turned on his heel and walked quickly away, leaving Mary Reilly standing alone in the lane looking after him.

"Ah, thin, go to America, and me blessin' go wid ye," she cried after him. "A small loss ye'd be to any one if ye never came back, a sore-timpered, cranky—Och, Thady, Thady, Thady! is it really gone ye are? Oh, wirra, wirra! what'll I do at all, at all?" And Mary, hiding her face in her apron, burst into a violent fit of crying. But it did not last long; she soon wiped her eyes, and, with head erect and firm tread, walked back to her own cottage.

It was a still evening about the middle of October. There was a frosty feeling in the air, and a mist was beginning to rise in the low ground. When Mary reached her own door, she paused a minute to look round before she went in.

A pretty scene it was in the waning light of the autumn evening, and a wild scene, too, in parts. The Reillys' cottage stood on the edge of a cantaway bog, which, with its piled-up stacks of turf and deep holes reflecting the setting sun, looked bleak and wild enough. It was surrounded on three sides by a wood of fir and larch-trees, which bounded the view there, though far away behind the woods rose some hills, called by the natives "mountains." At the back of the cottage a rich pasture-land, diversified with oat-fields and other crops, stretched

as far as the eye could see, ending in the woods belonging to the "big house," about two miles distant.

Various cottages or hovels were dotted about here and there, all of the same type as Mary Reilly's, and they did not add to the civilized appearance of the scene. Low thatched cottages, most of them black and dirty, with the thatch in bad repair—all with the "dunkle," [a heap of filthy refuse, in front of the house. No attempt at beautifying their homes had been made in any one instance. Where there was a garden there was nothing to be seen in it but a few cabbages—not a flower anywhere. In all the hovels the doors stood open to let out the thick volume of turf-smoke with which the house was filled.

Such as it was it was Mary's home, and she loved it dearly. She looked all round now with a softened expression in her eyes; they filled with tears, which she brushed impatiently away with her hand, and entered the house. Accustomed all her life to the smoky atmosphere, she had no difficulty in seeing the inmates. A turf-fire burned on the ground, and seated very close to it, on a sack of chaff, was a small, brown, dried-up old woman, with a red handkerchief tied round her head, smoking a short pipe. This was Mary's grandmother. Her mother, a fine-looking, middle-aged woman, stood at the other side of the fire, stirring up a mess of pig's food in a large iron pot, which had a strong but not savory smell.

It was from her mother Mary had inherited her tall stature, masses of jet-black hair, and fine features. Her father and brother were of quite another and very inferior type—middle-sized, with reddish complexions and flat features. They had a long net between them, which they seemed to be mending.

"Och, father," said Mary, when she saw what they were doing, "shure ye're not goin' out to-night."

"And why not?" said her father. "It'll be a fine dark night, and we ought to get a good haul of rabbits in the long wood."

"Well, I think ye might as well lave them alone. Ye'll be caught some night, and then ye'll be sorry."

"Hould yer tongue, and mind your

own business," said her brother, sharply ; and Mary sat down to her knitting with a dissatisfied expression of countenance. She knew that her mother agreed with her in her heart in her dislike of poaching, though she did not dare to say so ; while the old woman—her father's mother—aided and abetted the men, to the best of her power, in every lawless measure.

These were bad times, the autumn of 1882, and poaching and discontent were likely to go to extremes undreamt of by Mary a few years ago. This she knew well.

The night passed quietly, the Reillys returned unmolested with their spoil of rabbits, and the next evening about sundown saw Mary strolling on again toward the field of oats, where she knew Thady Connor was working.

He soon appeared in the lane with his reaping-hook in his hand. He started, and seemed surprised to see Mary, and would have passed her by without speaking, but she placed herself in his way in the narrow lane, and said :

"Good-evenin' to ye, Thady. Did ye take yer ticket for America yet?"

"I hadn't the time to-day," he replied, shortly ; "but never fear, I'll take it soon enough, and ye'll be quit of me for good and all."

"Thady," as he tried to pass her, "I've just one word to say to ye before ye go. (Whisper.) Don't take it at all, Thady, or else take two while ye're about it."

"Mary, Mary, what do ye mane?" He dropped his sickle and took her hand. "For God's sake, Mary, speak out : shure ye don't mane—"

"Throth, I do, Thady ; and if ye go at all, don't go without me," and as he clasped his arms about her, she raised her blushing face to his, and their lips met in a long loving kiss.

"Well, well, Mary," said Thady, about half an hour afterward, "I often heerd women were quare and conthrairy in their ways, but I don't believe there could be another as quare as yerself. To think ov the way ye thrated me, an' you havin' a likin' for me all the time ! Arra, Mary ! why did ye do it at all, at all ? Me heart was nearly broke wid ye."

"Ah, then, Thady, it only shows what an ould omathaun ye are, not to know that if I didn't like ye I wouldn't have

thrated ye so badly." With which purely feminine reason Thady was obliged to be satisfied, though not less puzzled than before.

"Well, Mary, before I go I want to know when I may come and ax your father for you?"

"Deed, I don't know what to say to that, Thady. Me father and Terry are not goin' on to me likin' at all, out poochin' every dark night ov their life, and always sayin' agin' payin' the rint, an' agin' the young masther. Mother and I is fairly annoyed wid them, and th' ould woman encourages them in every-thing that's bad. It's my belief they wouldn't be half as bad if she wasn't in it ; an' I'm afraid they belong to some o' them blackguard sacret societies, they're out so often in the evenin's now, and have a kind of a *sacret* way wid them that I don't like ; and they say things about you, Thady, that they've no call to say. I don't think they've a bit likin' for you."

"Ay," said Thady, bitterly, "bekase I pay me rint honest, and mind me own work, instead av stalin' the masther's rabbits. Well, maybe I'd betther wait a bit ; maybe times 'ill mend, and shure ye're worth waitin' for any way, Mary."

"Well, it's getthin' dark now, Thady, I'd betther be goin' ;" and with a fond embrace they parted.

A few days elapsed, during which Mary still kept her secret. Her suspicions about her father and brother had become certainty, as they now no longer concealed that they went to secret meetings at various houses of the worst character in the neighborhood. Mary and her mother suffered much grief and anxiety on their account, but remonstrance was useless, and only brought down a tirade of abuse on their heads from the two men and the old woman.

Things had been going on so for about a week, when Mary came in one day, after a talk with Thady during the dinner-hour. Her father and brother were away for the day, doing a job of stacking oats for a farmer. She was resolved to have a talk with her mother, and perhaps tell her all about Thady, and get her to intercede for them.

But to her disappointment she found that a "neighbor woman" had dropped in for a "kaly," and was at this moment

telling a most interesting anecdote to her mother, who listened with unwavering attention.

Mary took her knitting and sat down, intending to wait until the visit was over. "Well," the woman was saying, "havin' a little business of me own in the town, I tuk the child and the dunkey-asses' car, and dhruv in. Well, whin I got into the market-place, did I take a wakeness? Biddy Muldoon kem up, and whin she seen me, she wouldn't be off it, but I must go down to Mrs. Gibney's to get a sup o' somethin'. Well, she kem down wid me, and whin I wint in, 'Catherine,' says Mrs. Gibney, 'ye're wake.' 'I am wake, ma'am,' says I, 'with respects to ye; I think it's the *med-e-cine* I tuk—'

Mary could stand it no longer: the anecdote seemed interminable, though to her mother apparently full of interest, as she listened with long-drawn sniffs, and ejaculations of "Well, well," "Did ever ye hear the like?" "Did ye ntow!" etc., etc. So Mary took her knitting, and going out to a field at the back of the house, walked up and down by a thick hawthorn hedge which divided it from the next field.

Her thoughts were busy with Thady, and speculations as to her future, so that for some time she did not notice that there were voices on the other side of the hedge; nor did she until her brother's name, distinctly spoken, attracted her attention. She could not help listening then, and soon recognized the voice of the speaker to belong to a little boy, the son of a very disreputable neighbor of the name of Kelly, in whose house Mary believed unlawful meeting were frequently held.

"Ay, I was in it the whole time," the boy was saying. "They all thought I was fast asleep in bed; but I crep' down before the boys kem in, and hid behind the dhresser, and heard every word; and whin they all wint out for a minute to see the rest o' them aff, I med off up to bed, and let on to be sound asleep when Pat and Mick kem up."

"Och, Consheen, did ye now!" in a voice of envy, mingled with admiration. "Well, ye might as well tell me somethin' about it, and I'll never let on to *wan* I know anything."

After a little persuasion, Consheen, who was evidently bursting to reveal his

secret, having sworn Patsy to inviolable secrecy, proceeded to tell all he knew, while Mary listened with eager interest.

"Well, Patsy, there's two people to be 'removed' in the next month, and I lave ye to guess who they are."

Patsy having made some very bad shots, Con first withered him with scorn, and then went on to tell him.

"Why, first and foremost, *av coorse*, the young masther. He must be removed at wanst. I heerd thim say so, and they're to have a big meetin' and dhraw lots for the job some o' these nights. But the other, guess now—ye'll never guess who the other is—not a gintleman at all, but Thady Connor."

Mary's heart gave a wild bound, and then seemed to stand still, then galloped on again, while her head seemed as if it would burst, and a sound like waves roaring surged in her ears.

But she put a constraint upon herself, and forced herself to listen. The boys now stood still in the intense interest of Con's narrative.

"Ay," he was saying when Mary again heard him, "Terry Reilly named him. He's always goin' agin' them for poochin', and he's goin' to pay his rint next Hollentide, and Terry Reilly says he's as bad as any ov the landgrabbers, and ought to be removed, and I'm of that opinion too."

Mary waited to hear no more. Putting her shawl over her head, she ran a few steps toward the lane leading to the oat-field which she had so often visited in the last week; then remembering that until work was over, Thady would be among other men, and she could not get a word alone with him, she paused a moment, and then turned her steps toward the "big house."

It was about four o'clock when she arrived at the Hall, and she was at once shown up to the drawing-room. Mary had always been a favorite with Miss Fitzgerald, "the young mistress," as she was generally called, though her mother had been dead for some years. She was sitting at work now, but rose and greeted Mary kindly when she came in.

"Well, Mary, how are you? and how is your mother, and the gran, and all of you? Won't you sit down? But, Mary, what is the matter?"

As Mary put the shawl down from her

head, which had partially concealed her features, Miss Fitzgerald saw for the first time the stony set look of her face, and the wild agonized expression in her eyes. The girl could not speak for a second, and on finding her voice burst into a violent flood of tears. At first she could say nothing but "Oh, Miss Alice, Miss Alice! the villains, the blackguards!" But Alice led her to a sofa, and soothed her with kind words, and soon the girl was able to speak more coherently.

"Oh, Miss Alice, it's the bad news I have for you; but shure I didn't know what else to do but to come straight to yer honor and tell ye all I heerd."

"Quite right, Mary. You know I am always your friend, and have been since the days when you and Terry, and Master Edward and I, used to go fishing in Lough Ivaghan, and I have never forgotten the delicious hot oat-cake and fresh butter your mother used to give us afterward. So tell me all your troubles, Mary, and you may be quite sure you will always find both myself and my brother willing and anxious to help you in any way we can."

Alice Fitzgerald spoke on, hoping to give Mary time to control her emotion. But it seemed as if every word she said but added to the poor girl's trouble.

"Och, Miss Alice dear, shure that's what it is breaks me heart intirely. To think of your goodness to us ever and always, and now the way they're turnin' round on ye."

"On me! Do tell me what it all is, Mary. I am most anxious to hear."

"Well, I may as well say it out first as last, and the story is, Miss Alice, that Masther Edward is the next on the list to be 'removed,' as they call it. I only heerd it about a half an hour ago, and I kem straight to yer honor to see what could ye do."

Alice Fitzgerald turned very pale, but looked more angry than alarmed.

"The villains! Is it, can it be true, Mary? Have you heard it on good authority?"

"Ay, miss, the besht at all. I heerd that little spalpeen Consheen Kelly tellin' Patsy Muckanroo that he was at the last meetin' hid in behind the dhresser, and heerd every word iv their chat."

"Well, Mary, you are a brave true girl to come and tell me at once. I thank

you with all my heart for your timely warning. But you need not be so distressed, my poor girl. Master Edward will at once apply for police protection, and then he will be quite safe."

"Och! thank God for that same. But that's not all, Miss Alice. The next afther the young masther is to be—is to be—"

"Who, Mary? Speak out; not myself, surely."

"Aw, no, Miss Alice; it's to be Thady Connor."

"Thady Connor! Oh, Mary! is *that* how it is?"

"Throth it is, Miss Alice. I'm spakin' to him this while back, and he gev me no pace nor aise till I promised to marry him—follyin' me, and botherin' me wherever I wint."

"Well, Mary, I think you have chosen very wisely. I have the highest opinion of Thady Connor in every way, besides thinking him a fine handsome young fellow." ("Och, he's not," from Mary.) "But why should you think they want to 'remove' him?"

"Well, miss, bekase he's a quite dacent boy, and doesn't go out poochin' and dhrinkin' wid them, and bekase he's goin' to pay his rint at Hollentide, and the others is all makin' up a band to say agin' it. And, oh! Miss Alice, what'll poor Thady do at all, at all? He can't get polis to purtect him."

"Don't fret, Mary. I'll speak to Masther Edward about it, and I'm sure he'll be able to think of something. And now, Mary—" but before she could finish her sentence, Mary, having caught sight of the clock, exclaimed, "Five o'clock! Och, is it five o'clock it is? I must go, Miss Alice," and putting her shawl over her head again, she took her leave, refusing all offers of refreshment.

She hurried away to meet Thady, which she did sooner than she expected. He was coming down the road, whistling gayly, with his sickle in his hand.

"Och, Mary, is that yourself, comin' to meet me? But what's on ye, Mary? Why, what is it at all, at all?" He threw down his sickle, and in the shelter of his loving arms Mary sobbed out her sad story.

"Well, bad luck to thim," was Thady's remark when he heard all Mary had to tell. "But don't be botherin' yerself

about them, Mary. They're not worth it. I'd like to see the boy that 'id lay a finger on me. Don't ye think I'm able for them, Mary—eh?"

"Och, Thady, what's the use o' talkin'? Shure, I know well enough ye'd be able for two or three o' them in a fair fight. But if seven or eight o' them sets on ye some dark night, and you not thinkin' about them, what could ye do then? An' ye know well enough that's the way they'll thrate ye. Och, Thady, there's nothin' for it but to go to America. Ye were ready enough to go last week. So now go next week, if they let you live that long, and me blessin' 'ill go wid ye, Thady, and I'll go out to ye as soon as I can earn the money. If it wasn't till twenty years, I'd never look at another boy. Now say ye'll go before we part this evenin', an' I'll go home wid a light heart."

"Och, Mary, shure I can't give you an answer in such a hurry as that. What about me ould mother, Mary? the besht mother that ever reared a boy, and she a widdy woman ever since I was born, and not a chick nor a child but meself. How could I go and lave her? And I haven't the money to take the two of us. Let alone that I think she'd niver be able for the journey. For you know, Mary, she's compainin' this while back, and she was very donny\* in herself all this week."

"Och, Thady, shure I'll be a daughter to her, and mind her as well as ye could yerself: but go, Thady, do go for my sake. But I must lave ye now, for it's ettin' dark, and shure if they knew I was talkin' to you they'd have my life."

Good-nights were exchanged, and Mary hurried homeward, while Thady resumed his sickle, and walked slowly off in another direction, buried in deep thought. He whistled no more, nor was his step as light as before meeting Mary. He soon reached his home, which was but a hovel, on the other side of the bog from Mary's house. But though very small, and wretchedly poor in all its surroundings, it was as spotlessly clean as the constant turf-smoke would allow it to be. A clear turf-fire blazed on the hearth, a row of clean shining plates adorned the dresser, the floor was swept, the chairs and stools all

well rubbed—everything about the little kitchen bore evidence that the inmate was a cleaner and tidier person than the lower orders of Irish generally are. When Thady came in, his mother was sitting in a wooden arm-chair beside the fire. Her knitting lay in her lap, and her head leant back upon the dresser behind her. She slept, and the wan white look on her face struck terror to Thady's heart.

He loved his mother dearly. They had been all in all to each other for so many years, and the signs of age and failing health which she had lately begun to show grieved him intensely.

He stood for a few minutes looking sadly at the loved old face, with its delicate worn features and soft white hair smoothly banded under her neat cap. Her dress was very poor, but all clean and tidy. She opened her eyes, and seeing Thady, smiled a welcome.

"Is that you, Thady? Sit down, avick, and I'll wet the tay this minute. The kettle's boilin', but I didn't expect ye so soon."

"The field's done, mother. We got it all up to-day. But what's on ye? You don't look well at all, at all."

"I'm a bit donny, Thady, but not too bad entirely. I'm thinkin' I'll live to see ye bring a young wife to mind me and the house, and then I'll get a bit rest before I die."

"An' 'deed an' ye've earned it well, mother. Up early and down late, ever since I knew you, to keep me clane and comfortable. My blessin' and God's blessin' go wid ye, mother, for all ye've done for me all me life."

"Why, Thady, avick, what's on ye at all? Shure, why wouldn't I mind ye well, and you all I had in the world? and now I'm gettin' ould, shure you'll mind me as long as God laves me in it, and bury me dacent when I die, along o' your poor father."

"I will, mother. I'll never lave ye while I live. I'll shtand to ye while I have a breath in me body, and I'll bury ye dacent, if you don't bury me first." And the honest fellow's eyes filled with tears, and his voice was hoarse with emotion.

Though but a poor, uncouth, Irish peasant, Thady's love for the mother who had given him life, and lived but for him, was as unselfish and chivalrous as though that

\* Poorly.

true heart beat beneath broadcloth instead of fustian.

He took the old woman's hand in his as he spoke, and felt that he had vowed a solemn vow before God never to leave his mother while she lived.

He was off early the next morning, having engaged to work for a farmer who lived two or three miles away.

That day Edward Fitzgerald got his first threatening letter, one of the usual type—the inevitable death's-head and cross-bones at the top, and coffin at the end, all very rudely drawn, and a badly spelled intimation that if he did not accede to all his tenants' demands, he would occupy the latter very speedily.

Fitzgerald was a fine, manly young fellow of three or four-and-twenty, and would have liked nothing better than to have faced his tenants single handed, trusting to his Winchester repeater and his own unerring aim as his sole protection. Alice, however, prevailed upon him to apply for police protection, on the plea that she felt frightened, and would feel happier if he did so.

The brother and sister had a long talk together on the subject of Thady Connor, and they came to the same conclusion as Mary had already done—i.e., that flight was the only remedy in his case. They agreed to help him with his passage out, and to send Mary after him whenever she wished. The poor old mother they both felt to be the greatest difficulty in the way, and Alice's kind heart bled for the cruel parting inevitable between mother and son. She walked over to their cottage, intending to try and see Thady alone, and talk it over with him; but, as we know, he was absent.

It was one of those calm autumn days, with a thick mist in the valleys, which a hot sun shone through and dispersed in the higher grounds. The sky was pure unclouded blue, and the leaves, in all their last glory of red, brown, and gold, as yet untouched by frost. Very fair and calm the scene looked through which Alice walked: who would have dreamt that scenes of savage cruelty and bloodshed would so soon desecrate its peacefulness! About the same time, Mary, having fulfilled her household tasks—fed the hens and pigs, and milked the cow—went out on the hills behind the house to enjoy the lovely evening, and to indulge in her own

thoughts. Bitter and painful they were, as could be seen by the fast dropping tears which fell on her work. Some one—whom, she knew not—had told her brother of her meetings with Thady. Father, brother, and grandmother had all set upon her, and abused her unmercifully, forbidding her to have anything more to say to Thady, on pain of their severe displeasure.

Mary had fired up indignantly, and had most imprudently taken his part.

"Ay! I know why yez are all agin' him. Bekase he doesn't go out *poochin'* wid yez, and bekase he pays his rint honest. Throth, I'll tell ye it's what he says—he'd as soon take a leg o' mutton out of the butcher's shop as be stailin' the masther's rabbits; and he'd as lief pay his rint as his bill in the shop. He says it's all *wan*. He owes them both."

"Is that his chat?" said Terry, scowling darkly. "Begarras, Mary, I'm glad ye tould me. He's worse even nor I thought, and can't be left too long in it to make mischief."

Mary had never ceased regretting her unlucky speech ever since. She knew she had done more harm than good to Thady's cause; and as she sat on the hill now, she anxiously watched the road he would come by, hoping to be able to have a word with him that night, and once more entreat of him to leave Ireland as soon as possible.

Presently she saw a figure approaching. Was it Thady? No, it was too small. As it drew nearer she recognized Consheen Kelly.

A thought struck her, and she called him to her.

"Come here, Con, I've somethin' to say to ye. Would ye like to earn a sixpence, Con?"

"To be sure I would," replied the unsuspecting youth, "barrin' it's *aisy arnt*."

"Oh, aisy enough," replied Mary, her heart beating loudly with anxiety. "Now, Con, listen to me. I know all about yer hidin' behind the dhresser and listenin' at the meetin', and if ye don't mind yerself, I'll tell the boys *on ye*. But if ye do what I ask you, I'll never let on a word, an' I'll give you sixpence for yourself. So now, Con, what'll ye do?"

Consheen's face had undergone a variety of expressions during Mary's speech—surprise, injured innocence, fear, greed, and finally firm determination.



"Well, Mary, I'll earn the sixpence if I can at all. But, Mary, who tould ye about the dhresser? If it was that thief Patsy Muckanroo, I'll not lave a whole bone in his body."

"It was not Patsy, it was yourself; so there now! But now, Consheen, avick, listen. I want ye to hide agin' the next meetin' at your house, and listen your best, and tell me *whin* they're goin' to 'remove' Masther Edward, and—and—Thady Connor. Ye see I know all about it, so ye may as well tell me the rest."

"What do ye want to know for?" said Con, suspiciously; "do ye want to go informin' on uz?"

"Oh, Con! is it me do the likes o' that—Terry Reilly's sister! Shure isn't he the first man in it? No; but I'll tell ye what, Con—they're hidin' it on me for fear I'd get a *fret*, maybe; but the sorra a fret I'd get. All I want is to know the night, that I may be lookin' on at the fun *unbeknownst*."

Consheen's eyes sparkled with admiration.

"Begarras, Mary, ye're a great girl! You and I'll be behind the ditch together lookin' on" (Mary shuddered), "and as sure as eggs is eggs I'll come and tell ye as soon as I know meself. And, Mary, don't forget the sixpence."

So the compact was made, and though Mary missed seeing Thady that night, she went home with a somewhat lighter heart, feeling that she had taken some step to defend her dear boy.

Alas, poor Mary! the vengeance of cruel and unscrupulous cowards is not so easily averted.

The following day the discontented tenants went up to the "big house" in a band to make their demands for reduction of rent in person. Edward Fitzgerald came out on the steps to meet them, and listened to what they had to say. In reply, he said:

"Now, my men, if you had come to me a week ago, or even the day before yesterday, to ask for a reduction of your rents all round, I would have listened to what you had to say. I would have gone into your cases with my agent, and wherever I thought it right and just to do so, I would have lowered the rent. But since I received this blackguard production yesterday morning" (holding up the threatening letter), "I will not abate one frac-

tion of my rights. You shall learn that I am neither to be coerced nor threatened into making any concessions. If I can find out who is the sender of this letter, I will have him punished with the utmost rigor of the law, and may then take the rest of your cases into consideration. But until that mystery is solved, all friendly relations between us are at an end, and those who do not pay their rent in full shall be prosecuted and evicted in course of time. So now you know exactly how we stand. If any of you choose to come privately and give me reliable information as to this letter, it shall never be known beyond him and me. But unless this happens, as I said before, I shall stand upon my rights, and make no concessions whatever."

A low murmur of dissatisfaction went through the crowd, and one of the men said:

"Is that your last word?"

"Yes; it is my last word to you. And were my poor father living this day, he would say the same."

He turned and went into the house; and as the men filed away down the avenue, one said to his companion: "Faix, maybe it's nearer bein' his last word than he thiuks. Th' ould masther, God rest his sowl, 'id never have been so hard."

The speaker was Terry Reilly.

The next ten days passed uneventfully away. October glided into November, and still Thady Connor had not left for America, though Mary had done her utmost to persuade him to go. "No, Mary," was all he had to say; "I'll not lave th' ould woman while she's above ground." All Mary's entreaties and tears could win no other answer. Uneducated and ignorant, he could not express himself any better. He could not explain that he felt the promise made that night to his mother as a solemn sacramental bond between himself and his God. He *felt* it, nevertheless, and never for a moment flinched in his resolution.

The bright October weather had given place to the storms and gloom of November, the leaves had nearly all gone, and the country now looked bare and desolate.

So thought Mary, as she made her way up the hill one chill rainy afternoon. She was going with some eggs to Miss Fitzgerald, and walked slowly along, wrapped in deep meditation. Presently she en-

tered a narrow strip of woodland, and here she was suddenly greeted by Consheen Kelly.

It was past four o'clock, the rain was falling fast, and it had suddenly become so dark that she would have passed him without noticing him, had he not sprung out from the trees and caught her by the shawl. "Whisht! Mary, is that yerself? Ye're just the wan I was wantin'. Have ye e'er a sixpence about ye?" (significantly).

"Why, Con, have ye any word for me? Is it fixed yet?"

"When I'm *ped* I'll tell ye all I know, but nothin' for nothin'," said the boy, cunningly.

"How 'cute ye are, Con!" said Mary, faintly; "and 'deed I haven't a sixpence about me, but I'm goin' up to the big house now, this minute, wid eggs for Miss Alice, and I'll have money comin' back. So will ye tell me now, Con, or will ye wait till I'm comin' back? Shure ye might thrust me that long."

Mary was anxious to hear at once, in order to confer with the Fitzgeralds. She did her utmost to conceal her anxiety from Con, but the intense look in her eyes and quivering of her lips were beyond her control.

She placed her basket of eggs on the ground, and leant against a tree, wrapping her shawl tightly around her, while waiting for Con's answer.

He glanced sharply at her, then looked away, whistling softly to himself, while he thought over the matter. Mary waited, every nerve strained to the utmost tension of anxiety. Oh, that she could see into that shallow cunning brain, and fathom the thoughts that flitted through it!

It would not have been a pleasant sight, Mary. Greed, self-interest, cruelty, and suspicion, rapidly chased each other. At last he spoke.

"Well, Mary, I'll thrust ye till to-morra' for me sixpence, and I'll tell ye now, for throth I must be gettin' home, it's very wet and cowl'd. Well, the' don't know what to do wid the young mather, bekase o' the polis, bad cess to them! So they're to begin on Thady. The' know the' can get him aisy, any night comin' home from Mick Delaney's, so they'll be there to meet him a Saturda' night, and they'll not forget to bring their shillelahs wid them, never fear."

"Well, I'm obliged to ye for tellin' me, Con," said Mary, taking up her basket. "So you and I'll be there unbeknownst. Whereabouts on the road, do ye think, will the' wait?"

"Oh, just at that dark spot, beyant the cross-roads, where the two woods is."

"Well, a good night, Con, and I'll not forget the sixpence;" and she turned and walked rapidly away, while Con looked after her, remarking:

"Well, ye've got your news now, and much good may it do you."

Mary found both Alice and her brother at home. She gave her information, and they formed their plans of defence for Saturday night. Edward, taking up a huge blackthorn stick covered with formidable knobs, exulted in the thought of laying it about vigorously among the intending murderers. This was Wednesday, and Mary went home with a lighter heart, and slept more soundly than she had done for weeks. Edward had assured her, if the fellows were caught and prosecuted, it would frighten them from making any such attempt again—for a long time to come, at all events, and in the meantime *something* might happen. Mary felt hope for the future once more reviving in her bosom, and Con received a shilling instead of sixpence next day, so grateful did she feel to him for the information which she believed would save Thady's life.

Thursday passed away and Friday set in, a day of gloom and darkness and storm. Mary met Thady coming home about four o'clock—earlier than she expected. "'Deed I was *thinkin'* long to see ye, Thady," she said; "it's seldom we get a word together now."

"The day was so bad we quit work airy," he told her, so they had time for a few stolen words, unheeded of the fast-falling rain.

The Fitzgeralds had advised Mary to say nothing to Thady of the expected fight on Saturday. They feared he might in some way betray his knowledge. "The fewer who know anything about it the better," they said; "if anything should leak out, it would spoil all." So Mary kept her own counsel, like a brave girl as she was, and after her chat with Thady, hurried home, feeling unusually cheerful.

All were there except her mother, who

was in attendance upon a sick neighbor. Mary heard talking as she lifted the latch, but directly she entered a dead silence fell on the group round the fire.

The old woman looked much excited, and was grasping her stick in her hand; the father looked pale, and Terry fierce and determined. They started when Mary came in, her hair blown by the wind, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright, and a happy smile on her lips. She paused for a moment with the latch in her hand, and then, as a wild blast swept in and blew the turf-ashes about, she shut the door and advanced.

"What are yez all talkin' about?" she said, taking off her wet shawl and hanging it on a nail; "did I give yez a *fret*, comin' in so sudden?"

"Ay, ye *fretted* us greatly," said Terry, drily; "and now ye'd better get us a bit of supper, for me father and I has to go out about a little business."

Mary was used to this now, so she only sighed, and proceeded to make some tea, and fetched a loaf to set the table.

As she looked at her father, a feeling of compunction came over her. He was getting to be an old man now, it struck her for the first time, and he was looking pale and ill to night. When she had laid the table, she placed a chair for him, and putting her hand on his shoulder, said kindly:

"Ye oughtn't to go out to-night, father. It's pourin' wet, and ye don't look too well."

He looked doubtfully at her, as though he wavered in his determination, and she whispered:

"I wish ye'd quit goin' out at night, father, altogether. It's not fit for ye, and you gettin' ould."

Her grandmother, who had not heard what she said, but had watched her speaking to him, here called out:

"What are ye slutherin' yer father for, Mary? Lave him alone, and keep yer slutherin' ways for Thady Connor."

A roar of laughter greeted this witty sally, as the men seated themselves at their supper, and Mary retreated abashed, murmuring, "I wish ye'd lave me alone."

About eight o'clock the old gran grumbled herself off to bed, and the men rose, and putting on their coats, and taking their sticks, wished Mary a gruff good-night.

"You and yer mother 'll be in bed when we come back," said her father, "for we'll be late to-night."

As they opened the door, Mary went to look out. A wild black night it was, the rain falling in torrents, and the storm raging fiercely. With a sigh she saw them disappear into the darkness, and returned to the fireside to keep her lonely watch for her mother.

Thady had been infected by Mary's cheerfulness, and had turned toward home in good spirits, whistling merrily. But the little cottage looked gloomier than usual, he thought, as he approached it, and when he opened the door he was surprised and frightened to find it all in darkness. He struck a match at once, and then saw that his mother was lying on the bed. He lit a candle, and approached her anxiously.

She opened her eyes as he bent over her, and held out her hand to him.

"Och, Thady! is that you, avick? and you all wet" (feeling his sleeve), "and I haven't a bit of fire or supper ready for you. I tuk a wakeness there awhile ago, and threw meself on the bed, but I'm rightly now, and I'll get up and light the fire."

"Stay where ye are. Not a stir ye'll stir, an' I'll light the fire and make ye a cup of tay this minnte. Shure, isn't it my turn to do it for you?" and with rough affection he forced her to lie down, and spread the quilt over her; then lit the fire, and put the kettle on to boil, while she watched him with a loving smile.

He soon made the tea, and brought her a cup, which she pronounced the best she had ever tasted; and then, feeling much revived, came and sat beside him at the fire, while he smoked his evening pipe.

"Aw, indeed, Thady, it's time ye brought home the wife. I'm gettin' terrible old and stupid, and soon I'll be no good at all, at all."

"Ye mustn't be sayin' the like o' that, mother," said Thady, huskily, and then words failed him: he knew not how to express his affection and loyalty to his old mother; but he got up, and put a pillow at her back, spread a shawl over her knees, and brightened up the fire.

"'Deed it's too good ye are to me, Thady," she said fondly, with tears in her eyes. "The saints be about you

here and ever. God'll reward ye for your goodness to your ould mother."

"Ah, whisht will ye, mother?" was Thady's response, as he resumed his pipe and his stool, and silence fell upon them. The fire burned cosily, the candle was put out, and the old woman dozed in her warm corner, while Thady thought over his last conversation with Mary, and pondered over the possibility of ever bringing her home as his wife. How good she would be to the old woman! How clean and comfortable she would keep the house! And Thady smiled and sighed as he built "castles in the air."

Eight o'clock struck, and what a blast that was that came swirling down the chimney! The roar of it awoke Mrs. Connor.

"God be good to us, Thady, but it's an awful night!"

"It is that, mother; and I'm thinkin' it's time we wint to bed," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"I couldn't sleep wid the storrum, Thady, avick; we'll wait a bit longer."

Thady agreed, and they sat silently listening to the storm raging outside.

Presently the old woman said:

"What's that? There's some one at the door, Thady."

"Aw, no; it's only the wind shakin' it."

But a knock was distinctly heard, and his mother said, "Some poor body out in the wet, Thady. Let them in, whoever they are."

Thady rose and listened. Again a knock, and he went over to the door and opened it. He was instantly surrounded by five or six men with blackened faces, who tried to drag him out, but the wind shut the door to, and they were all shut in, in the kitchen. Thady was unarmed, and absolutely at their mercy, as they gathered round him with their huge sticks in their hands. Mrs. Connor, with a cry of alarm, rose and approached them.

"Och, boys, dear! what do yez want? Shure it's only Thady Connor, that never done harm to man nor mortal. Yez must be makin' a mistake."

"Sorra mistake," replied one in Terry Reilly's voice. "It's Thady Connor we want, and no other. But we don't want *you*, ma'am, so ye'd better go and sit down in your corner. But ye can give Thady a good *advice*, if ye like."

"Ay," said the elder Reilly, eagerly, "give him an advice, Mrs. Connor, not to pay his rint, and we'll go *quite* and aisy, and no more about it."

She looked from the fierce men with their blackened faces to Thady, pale, erect, and determined, and then said:

"I'll give him no advice. He's old enough to do for himself."

"Well, Thady, what do ye say? Will ye give your word you'll pay no rint, and let uz go? or will ye take your batin'?"

"Go on to bed, mother," said Thady. "Here, come out—out o' this, boys; this is no place to be talkin'."

"We may as well settle it as we're here," said a burly savage (Consheen Kelly's father): perhaps he thought his mother's presence might have shaken Thady's resolution. "So now, Thady, which'll ye have—no rint and no batin', or both? Take yer choice."

"I'll pay me rint while I have a shillin' in me pocket," said Thady, doggedly; "and bad luck to yez all for dishonest—"

That word was the signal.

"Hould him, boys!" cried Terry Reilly.

Two of them seized him and threw him down. The rest raised their sticks, when, with a cry of anguish, the mother, who had listened breathlessly to the short discussion, threw herself upon the prostrate form of her boy.

"Thady, Thady, avick! I'll not let them hurt ye!"

They tried to drag her from him; but she clung so tightly, they could not move her.

"He must get it *anny way*," they muttered; and shame—oh, everlasting shame!—to Irishmen, to *men*, the blows fell fast and thick upon mother and son, and the silver hair, which mingled with his brown locks, was soon bedabbled with blood.

It was done! The cruel deed was done, and, sated with vengeance, the murderers took up their sticks, and silently departed into the gloom of night and storm.

Fitting surroundings for deeds of darkness!

The morning dawned chill and gloomy. The rain had ceased, but the wind still moaned in the chimneys. Mary, who had gone to bed early, awoke early, and her first thought was, "To-night them black-

guards 'ill be taken ; but I wish me father wasn't in it. I'll thry and keep him in'.

She got up and dressed quietly, so as not to disturb the others, and stole noiselessly into the kitchen to set the fire and fill the kettle. She put some bog-wood on the fire, and its cheery blaze soon lit up the little kitchen, and gave her light to go about. She went over to the corner for the big iron pot to put it on to boil the stirabout. As she stooped to lift it up she started back with horror.

What did she see? Only the two blackthorn sticks which always stood in that corner—but on the sticks were stains like blood. She seized one of them to examine it more closely. Good God! there was blood on it—blood and hair!—brown hair and silver hair! O God! what could it mean? She must know, and out into the wild morning, with the first faint streaks of dawn beginning to show in the stormy sky, Mary rushed.

Straight to Thady's cottage she ran. The door was shut but not fastened inside, so it opened easily at her touch, and Mary went into the kitchen. All was silent and dark, the daylight had not yet penetrated through the narrow smoke-grimed window. Mary paused on the threshold—something, she knew not what, filled her with a vague undefinable fear. Then she moved a step forward, and her foot touched—what?

She staggered and started back, and opened the door wider.

The light came in, the first beams of the now risen sun. Oh, shut the door,

Mary! Let not the blessed light shine in on such a sight—cover it up in darkness and gloom! Hide it, bury it out of sight!

Mother and son lay clasped in each other's arms in the long sleep of death. The frail worn form of the feeble mother had been unable to shield the son from the cruel hail of blows. But she had died for him, and with him, and "in their death they were not divided."

Could a mother's heart wish for more?

\* \* \* \* \*

Years have elapsed since that dreadful morning. The Fitzgeralds have shut up the old house and gone to live in England—as Edward said, "shaking the very dust of that accursed country from their feet." Mary Reilly is with them, but no longer the same Mary. Something seems lost, something gone. She seldom speaks, and never smiles, and though she can do the easy household tasks allotted to her, still it is evident that, as they say in her country, she is not "all there."

Strange to say, she has never mentioned Thady Connor's name, and no one dares to break through the mysterious seal set on her lips. They hope the dreadful past is buried in forgetfulness, but they know not. She often seems to listen intently, and watch for some one; then resumes her work with a sigh, but still says nothing and asks no question. But it is quite evident that, as she said to Thady once, "If it were to be for twenty years, she will never look at another boy."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

# THE AMERICAN TARIFF.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE days of Protectionism in the United States, I begin to think, are now numbered. The McKinley Bill is the darkness which precedes the dawn. I would rather say that a streak of dawn is already in the sky. Economical truth has been preached in vain. It was preached in vain even by Mr. David Wells, much more by the Cobden Club, to whose tracts the ready answer has always been, that they were put forth in the British interest, though in point of fact

Great Britain probably gains more by the handicapping through a suicidal system of her most dangerous rival in the markets of the world than she loses by partial exclusion from the market of the United States. But that which no preachings, however convincing, could effect is now likely to be brought about by the force of circumstances, and especially by the growth of surplus revenue. To those who looked on from a distance the last Presidential election, in which Harrison and

Protection triumphed over Cleveland and a Revenue Tariff, might seem a decisive verdict of the nation in favor of the Protective system. To observers on the spot it seemed nothing of the kind. In the first place the election was bought. There is no question about the fact that the manufacturers subscribed a great sum to carry the doubtful States—New York, Indiana, and Connecticut. In the second place, the farmers' vote which, contrary to expectation and to reason, went for the Republican and Protectionist candidate, was given not on the fiscal issue but on the party ground. Words can hardly paint the stolid allegiance of the farmer, both in the United States and Canada, to his party shibboleth, which in many cases is hereditary. More truly significant on the other side was the increased vote of mechanics in favor of Free Trade. The mechanic has been all along enthralled by the belief, sedulously drummed into him, that Protection keeps up wages. As soon as he sees through that fallacy the end must come, and the last election showed that his eyes were beginning to be opened. After all Mr. Cleveland would probably have won had he been content to stand on the general principle which he first put forth, that the Government had no right to take from the people more than it needed for its expenses. That proposition unquestionably commended itself to the good sense of the people. The mistake was the Mills Bill, which specifically threatened a number of protected interests and scared them into making desperate efforts and subscribing large sums to carry the elections. Republicans were also enabled to appeal to their party, perhaps with some show of reason, on the ground that the Bill was a Southern Bill.

The farmer has paid the cost of the Protective system while he has himself been left to compete unprotected not only with the "pauper" labor of Europe, but with the more than "pauper" labor of the Hindoo. This even his dull eyes had begun to see; and it was evident that unless an interest, or an apparent interest, could be given him in the system, the mere party tie, tough as it was, would not hold him forever. To give him an apparent interest, and thereby to secure his vote for the autumn elections to Congress, seems to have been the main object of the McKinley Bill.

I was at Washington when the Bill came before the House of Representatives. To me it seemed evident that on the economical or fiscal merits of the question hardly a thought was bestowed. The only question was how the claims of different local interests could be satisfied and reconciled. The duty was put on hides and taken off again, again put on and again taken off, not because the minds of the legislators were undergoing changes about the fiscal merits of the tax, but because there was an evenly balanced struggle between the Eastern and the Western vote. The perplexity of the framers of the Bill, thus called upon to satisfy and reconcile jarring interests, was extreme. It boded the catastrophe of the whole system. Protectionist legislators who undertook to mete out a fair measure of Protection to every interest in a country so vast and embracing interests so diverse as the United States have a tangled web to weave. The wider the area becomes and the greater grows the diversity of the interests, the more tangled becomes the web. It has long appeared to me that the extension of the field and the multiplication of the objects would in the end prove fatal to the system. A New England Protectionist may talk about native industries and patriotism, but what he wants is the immunity from competition which will enable him to make twenty instead of ten per cent. It matters not really to him whether his competitor is an Englishman, a Canadian, or a man in Illinois or Georgia. It would not greatly surprise me to see New England some day step out of the ranks of Protection and declare for free importation of raw materials and Free Trade.

Between the protected manufacturer and the protected producer of the raw materials of manufactures there is, happily for the ultimate deliverance of the consumer from both their monopolies, an antagonism which nothing can stifle. The Power of Commercial Darkness cannot reconcile the interest of that part of his family which makes cloth or shoes with the interest of the part which breeds sheep for wool or cattle for hides. Nor can the Protectionist politician afford to let any interest drop. If he did, the ring would break, and the jilted interest would at once become the fiercest enemy of the system.

Before leaving the House of Representatives for the Senate the McKinley Bill received a heavy blow. Mr. Butterworth, the Republican Member for Cincinnati, is a very able man and an excellent speaker, but in character not well qualified for a party politician. The Machinists say of him that he is "too high-tipped in his notions, too precarious, and too particular for his political good or for the welfare of his party." He saw, as a man of his intellect and largeness of view could not fail to see, the folly and iniquity of the McKinley Bill. Party discipline, which in America is adamant, constrained him to vote with his party for the Bill, but he was too "high-tipped and particular" to give a silent vote. He delivered himself of a criticism from a friendly point of view which evoked loud echoes of sympathy on all sides, and made the regular politicians gnash their teeth.

It is not unlikely that the reception of Mr. Butterworth's speech encouraged Mr. Blaine to load the bomb which he soon afterward threw in the shape of a letter addressed by him to the President, and transmitted by the President to the Senate. Mr. Blaine's aim is to signalize his administration by bringing about reciprocal freedom of trade between the United States and all the "nations of the American hemisphere," that is to say, with all the South American republics, Canada as a dependency not being included among the "nations." Probably he intends that the closer commercial connection shall bring with it a political approximation. Perhaps at the end of the vista he sees something like the Protectorate over all the American republics which Sir Charles Dilke regards as the destiny of the United States. He had just been holding, in furtherance of his policy, his Pan-American Congress, though the fruits of that august assemblage appear to have been meagre, not only in the way of closer commercial connection, but even in that of increased amity. The removal, proposed in the McKinley Bill, of the duty on sugar withdrew from Mr. Blaine's hand the lever by which he hoped to move the South Americans to the acceptance of reciprocity. This was the immediate cause of his wrath, and of the launching of his letter. But Mr. Blaine is also a sagacious man, possibly more sagacious than he appears when, as the

leader of the Republican party, he defends Protectionism on the stump or in the symposium. He can hardly fail to see that the Protectionist horse is being ridden to death, that the bow is bent to the point of breaking, that the credulity of the people, even that of the farmer, must be nearly exhausted, and that there are signs all round the horizon which show that the day of national awakening is at hand. He must know, too, that if the Republican party falls in obstinately upholding the war-tariff, it will fall never to rise again.

In truth the American people must be in their dotage if they let things go on as they are much longer. Not only are they bearing war-taxation in time of peace, not only are they paying in some cases more than cent per cent on articles which they consume to bloat the incomes of monopolists, but they are being made to squander this year a hundred and nine millions of dollars in pensions in order to get rid of the surplus revenue and avert a reduction of the tariff. The great scandal of monarchical finance is the cost of Versailles. Everybody knows what an effect Mirabeau produced on the National Assembly by his fabulous story about the destruction of the accounts by a horrified Finance Minister. The accounts being now before us, it appears that the total cost did not nearly equal that of the American pension-list for a single year. Yet a Protectionist Senator the other day proposed an enormous addition to the list. Of the soldiers on whom the pensions are bestowed, a great many served merely for the pay, and had been abundantly remunerated by bounties, especially if they enlisted toward the close of the war. Many thousands were Canadians, and if the statement which I see in the newspapers is correct, a Lodge of the Grand Army has been formed at Ottawa. Much of the money, moreover, goes not to the pensioners, but to the pension-agents, whose sinister trade has been called into existence by the fund. If you venture on the subject with an American politician, he talks to you in a moving strain about national gratitude. You listen with deference, but you feel inclined to ask how it came to pass that national gratitude awoke in such intensity just when the surplus accrued, and when it became evident that unless expenditure could be increased

revenue must be reduced, and the tariff must come down.

It is instructive to trace the history of American Protectionism from the green wood to the dry. The first demand was for just Protection enough to shelter nascent industries from the nipping blasts of foreign competition while they were taking hold of the soil; so soon as they had taken hold they promised to dispense with Protection. How has this promise been fulfilled? We have before us a table\*—we give three of the comparative

by the McKinley Bill are higher by far than those during the war when the Heads of the Government compelled taxation to be raised to the utmost. The more the infant gets the more it wants and the more it is able to extort, since its vote grows larger with the number interested in its trade, and its increased gains furnish it with a more copious fund for political corruption.

Meantime the President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, who is the reputed arbiter of the Woollen

ARTICLES.	RATE OF DUTIES UNDER THE TARIFF OF			
	1791.	1859.	1864.	1890.
	Percent	Percent		
Dress goods of cotton and worsted, costing 15 cents square yard...	5	19	55 per cent.....	88 per cent.
Same, costing 20 cents square yard	5	19	50 per cent.....	90 per cent.
Same, all wool or of mixed materials, costing 24 cents square yard.....	5	24	47 per cent.....	100 per cent.
Same, costing 30 cents square yard	5	24	55 per cent.....	90 per cent.
Same, costing 60 cents square yard	5	24	45 per cent.....	70 per cent.
Same, weighing over 4 oz. square yard.....	5	24	40% and 24 cts. per lb.	50% and 44 cts. per lb.
Ready-made clothing.....	7½	24	40% and 24 cts. per lb.	60% and 50 cts. per lb.
Tapestry Brussels carpets.....	7½	24	50 cents square yard...	28 cts. sq. yd. and 80%
Tapestry velvet carpets.....	7½	24	80 cents square yard...	40 cts. sq. yd. and 80%
Brussels carpets.....	7½	24	70 cents square yard...	40 cts. sq. yd. and 80%
Druggets and bockings.....	5	24	25 cents square yard...	20 cts. sq. yd. and 80%
Silk goods, including velvets and plushes.....	7½	19	60 per cent.....	Average, probably 90%
Woollen hosiery and underwear:				
Costing 32 cents per pound....	5	24	90 per cent....	214 per cent.
Costing 43 cents per pound....	5	24	79 per cent.....	175 per cent.
Costing 62 cents per pound....	5	24	62 per cent.....	185 per cent.
Costing 82 cents per pound....	5	24	54 per cent.....	120 per cent.
Linen goods.....	5	15	Average, 37½ per cent..	50 per cent.
Cotton hosiery:				
Costing 62½ cents per dozen...	7½	24	35 per cent.....	110 per cent.
Costing 2.10 cents per dozen...	7½	24	35 per cent.....	76 per cent.
Costing 4.10 cents per dozen...	7½	24	35 per cent.....	64 per cent.

exhibits—showing how it has been fulfilled by “our infant Woollens.” The table exhibits the progress made by the infant from its cradle to maturity—from the tariff of 1789 and 1791, vaunted as the first protected tariffs and the foundation-stones of American prosperity, to 1864, when the war was at its most costly period, and so on to the McKinley Bill.

It will be seen that the rates proposed

\* A tract entitled *Our Infant Woollens*, which comes to me endorsed with the signature of one of the highest commercial authorities in Massachusetts.

Schedule, reports to stockholders of the Arlington Mills: “I have been your Treasurer for a consecutive period of twenty years; during this period the average earnings have been 20½ per centum on the capital. . . . The earnings last year were nearly three and a half times those of the year previous, and there is every indication that the current year will be the most profitable one in the Company’s history.” Poor infant, how great is its need of parental protection!

That the wealth of the United States has been growing rapidly all this time is



true. But what have been the sources of its growth ; monopoly and high taxation ? The sources have been the opening of immense tracts of fertile lands, of prodigious stores of minerals, of great water-powers, with a vast immigration recruited from the most active spirits of Europe. These have been the motive forces of a prosperity which even Protectionism has been unable to repress. The one point which Mr. Blaine made in his tournament with Mr. Gladstone was that Mr. Gladstone had not taken notice of the variations among the circumstances of different countries. But that point was good for no more than this, that Protection had not so much harm when applied to a whole continent with an ever-spreading area of production and new resources daily coming to light, as it has when applied to a nation with a comparatively small territory and near the limit of its development.

In the extract before us the President of the Arlington Woollen Company makes no reference to wages. We cannot tell therefore whether he has shown that the workmen of his mills have profited by monopoly to anything like the same magnificent extent as the shareholders. If he were on the stump at the Presidential Election, he would strenuously maintain that they had. This, as I have already said, is the hinge upon which, in the political contest which is coming, the question will practically turn.

I had the pleasure the other day of hearing one of the strongest Protectionists and Anglo-phobes (the two things always go together) on his own subject. He was an excellent speaker, vigorous and effective in delivery, as well as fresh and forcible in expression. His main argument was the contrast, the existence of which he undertook to show, between the condition of the working class under the blessed reign of Protection and its condition under the accursed reign of Free Trade. He had hardly got through ten sentences when he gave his whole case away. To be quite fair, he said, he would take his examples from England, "which was the best wage-paying country in Europe." It did not occur to him that if England was the best wage-paying country in Europe, she being the only great Free-Trade country in Europe, the cause of Free Trade by his own showing was won. After tendering the census of

British cities as specimens of the industrial life of England, he proceeded to Germany and gave some harrowing instances of the suffering among the poor of that country, forgetting that Germany had a Protection tariff. So he went round demolishing his own fallacy with facts of his own selection, and cutting his own legs with every sweep of his logical scythe. In one part of his discourse he vaunted the high prices received for articles under Protection as a proof that the artisans who made those articles must be receiving high wages ; in another part he vaunted the cheapness of protected goods as a proof that Protection did not harm but good to the consumer. He did not tell the audience which was swallowing his fallacies, that if there was a greater pressure on the means of subsistence and consequently more suffering in England than in America, it was not because England was unblessed with monopoly, but because population there was more than twenty times denser than it was in the United States. Of course he did not compare the state of the working-classes in England before Free Trade with their state since ; he did not tell his audience that before Free Trade tens of thousands of artisans were out of work, hunger was stalking through English cities, wedding-rings were being pawned by the hundred, and people were even digging up carrion for food.

The orator had not the hardihood to talk about infant industries. But he had the hardihood to assert that Protection by forcing industries into existence diversified the national character, and to pretend that this was one of the motives of the Monopolists. I thought of the glowing passage in De Tocqueville about the American mariner who fearlessly putting to sea in all weathers asserted his ascendancy in the carrying trade of the world. Where now was that glorious element of the national character ? In the pocket of my Protectionist friend. The British Member of Parliament who has terrible visions of an American war-navy may dismiss his fears. America has no commerce for her warships to protect and no seamen to man them.

What has caused this fresh growth of Protectionist delusions, a hundred and twenty years after Adam Smith, which is so disappointing to those who forty years ago looked forward so confidently to the

general triumph of Free Trade with peace and good-will in its train? What has thus caused the shadow to go backward on the dial of opinion? The answer is, in the first place, that the work is done to no small extent, not by the perversion of opinion, but by sheer corruption and the agencies which corruption calls into play. In the second place, the extensions of the franchise, whatever may be thought about them in other respects, have inevitably placed supreme power in the hands of men less enlightened and of narrower view than Turgot, Pitt, Peel, and Cavour. Government has been transferred from intelligence to the masses. With the good of the change we must take the evil, one part of which is the renewed ascendancy in fiscal legislation of the blind cupidity of the Dark Ages.

What are the political effects of the Protective system? First and most obviously, ill-will among nations. You will not find a Protectionist in the United States who is not anti-British, or a Protectionist organ which is not always railing at England. The weapon constantly used against Free Traders is the charge of being bought with British gold. No doubt Free Traders like Bright and Cobden, who looked too exclusively at the commercial side of things, overrated the influence of commerce as a peace-maker; yet the influence of commerce as a peace-maker is great. It maintained friendship between the English Monarchy and the Commons of Flanders in an age in which the military spirit was most dominant. But whatever doubt there may be touching the power of Free Trade as a minister of good-will, there can be none whatever touching the power of Protectionism as a minister of hatred. The Irish in the United States are Protectionists as a matter of course, though, as British factories are full of Irish workmen, in boycotting British goods the American Irish are boycotting the work of Irish hands. It was stated the other day by a Victorian Colonist that there also the Protective tariff had been carried by the Irish vote.

Another effect, as no one can question who knows the United States or Canada, is corruption. All industries pursued by people of the country being equally "home" and equally "native," though a few arrogate to themselves the name, what is to decide which industries are to

be picked out for protection and to how much of it each of them is entitled? What but the Lobby? England had a Lobby perhaps at the time of the railway mania; but commonly she has no Lobby, at least none to compare with the Lobby at Washington. My friend Mr. Bryce, looking on at a Presidential election, was greatly impressed by the spectacle of so many millions of freemen choosing their chief. But did he ask how the choice was determined? It was determined by the money which the manufacturers poured into the doubtful States. Manufacturers, some of them at least, make no secret of the fact. With the Protective tariff a large portion of the corruption which is at present the curse and shame of the country would probably vanish. There would still remain the offices and the office-seekers; but office-seekers do not command the means of bribery which are commanded by the owners of woollen mills with their profits of twenty per cent. In Canada, under our Protective system, corruption, if it is not more extensive than in the United States, is more open. Here a Prime Minister before an election calls together the protected manufacturers in the parlor of an hotel, receives their contributions to his election fund, and pledges to them in return the commercial policy of the country.

Another consequence to the United States is a loss of unity in the National policy which threatens to become legislative disintegration. The Republic is being broken up into a sort of Polish Diet of local interests in which each interest has a veto. Every cabbage-ground and potato-plot, to borrow Mr. Butterworth's graphic words, pursues a selfish policy of its own without regard to the general policy of the nation. This growing evil has its source largely in the struggle for Protection. The tendency has shown itself in a marked way in the dealings of the American Government with Canada, though sometimes, as it has happened, to our advantage. The threat of Retaliation, for instance, held out by the American Government to coerce us on the Fisheries Question was at once nullified by the interposition of a local interest. National aspiration itself seems to be growing weak compared with the covetous cravings of the local cabbage-grounds and potato-plots. There is no reason for the fear that the

national unity will be impaired by the mere extension of territory or increase of population. The extension of territory is amply countervailed by the increase of communication, and if three hundred millions of Chinese can hold together under such a government as theirs, surely a hundred millions of Americans can hold together under a government which is highly elastic and allows fair play to local self-development. The only disintegrating force now at work, apart from the Negro question, is commercial antagonism, which is intensified and stimulated by the Protective system.

A revenue tariff there must still be, and one adapted to the circumstances of the country. This qualification must be understood throughout as often as the phrase Free Trade has been used. But to a revenue tariff, if my diagnosis of the situation does not greatly deceive me, the United States are likely soon to come. Let those in England who, in their natural exasperation at the McKinley Bill are tempted to call for measures of retaliation, possess their souls in patience for the present and see what the next Presidential

election will bring forth. For my part, I am not such a purist of Free Trade as to object to retaliation if it will open foreign ports which can be opened by no other means. But it is an ugly sort of remedy; it involves an immediate loss to those who employ it; and in the present case I am sanguine enough to hope that the occasion for its adoption will soon have passed away.

P.S.—A formidable movement is just now on foot among the depressed and discontented farmers—Grangers, as they are called—who are demanding chimerical measures of legislative assistance. This movement may disturb general politics and upset the balance of parties, especially if it should form a junction with the industrial agitation organized by the Knights of Labor. But, barring this contingency, the general opinion seems to be that the Democrats, who may now be designated as the party of Tariff Reform, will carry the autumn elections for Congress; and this will be the beginning of the end.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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WORLDLY WISDOM.

(ON THE TERRACE.)

BY E. NESBIT.

SHE. So you're going to Scotland to-morrow,  
And our foolish dream-holiday ends.  
Life is parting, and parting is sorrow—  
But I hope we shall always be friends!

HE. Yes, friends. When you're Duchess of Mayrose  
Will you ever look back with regret,  
To the day when we parted—to-day, Rose—  
Or the wonderful day when we met!

SHE. Oh no, I shall never regret you,  
You know we agreed it was best,  
You'd forget me and I should forget you,  
And time should take care of the rest.

HE. You know I *must* marry for money,  
I haven't a *sou* to my name!

SHE. Yes, I know; it's as sad as it's funny  
That my situation's the same.

And the Duke comes to-day——

HE. Yes, confound it !  
My eye's on the Lodge—when I see  
That brute and his carriage come round it,  
Then “ Hey ! bonnie Scotland ! ” for me.

SHE. That girl you are going to marry,  
I'm sure she is red-haired and tall,  
And freckled—broad Scotch—my poor Harry,  
You're not to be envied at all !

HE. And your Duke ? He is sixty and over,  
And crooked and cross as can be ;  
A very desirable lover,  
That's one consolation for me !

SHE. Don't talk about him : I would rather  
Forget him as long as I can.  
Hal—are you quite sure that your father  
Is set on this Scotch heiress plan ?

HE. Yes—embarrassed estates—empty coffers—  
Don't talk about that—but instead,  
Let's talk of your Duke's handsome offers,  
And all that your mother has said.

SHE. Oh, you need not remind me. Don't fear it !  
I know we agreed we must part ;  
And you'll find it quite easy to bear it—  
HE. And it won't break your ladyship's heart.

SHE. We must take the world as we find it ;  
Love's all very well for a day ;  
But when love has no fortune behind it,  
Love fades very quickly away.

HE. Yes—of course ; but these weeks have been pleasant !  
You remember the first day we met ?

SHE. That's one of the things which at present  
I think we had better forget.

HE. There's the carriage ! I'm off to my Carry !  
Rose—don't look like that ! You will fall !  
Are you sure that you do mean to marry  
That loathsome old man after all ?

SHE. Yes—of course. Ah, good-by ! it is better,  
Believe me, when duties are done ;  
You'll find time to send me a letter,  
To say how your wooing goes on !

HE. Good-by ! There are wheels on the gravel !

SHE. Good-by !—since you will have it so !  
It's beautiful weather to travel ;  
And the Duke——

HE. Hang the Duke ! I won't go !

—Murray's Magazine.

## ROME AND THE ROMANS.

UPON first acquaintance, Rome is now like any other large European capital. You thunder into a great, vaulted railway station, lighted by electricity, skirmish with the two or three porters who pester you with their attentions, give up your ticket, assure the civic customs officers that you have neither eggs nor butter in your portmanteau, resign yourself and your luggage to the tender mercies of a carman, and drive through a number of long streets bordered by tall houses and attractive shops. Here and there you see a fountain: if it is night, the water scintillates pallidly under the glow of more electric light; if it is day, men and boys sit with their legs dangling about it. Full-lunged urchins din you with entreaties to buy their newspapers—*The Tribune*, *The Voice of Truth*, *Don Quixote*, and so forth. The stiff springs of your car, and the rough paving-stones of the streets, do not lull you into a state of tranquil beatitude such as would befit your entrance into so immortal a city. The crowd thickens; the streets get narrower and narrower, and the houses taller and taller. There is an increasing number of mammoth erections set among the shops, with barred lower windows, and portals as Titanic as the stones of which they are constructed. In England we should regard them as prisons, notwithstanding the scarlet camellias in the gardens beyond their portals. Here they are palaces, and the grandiose old gentlemen with broad shoulders, patriarchal beards, cocked hats, liveries of sky-blue or claret color, and long staves with a knob of gold or silver at the top, and who stand gazing from the palatial precincts upon the passers-by with a calmness that would be contemptuous if it were less statuesque—these are merely the door-keepers of the Roman nobility. From such mansioned streets you pass into others of a more plebeian kind; and so at length you are brought up, with a resounding crack of the whip, at the porch of your hotel, in the heart of Rome. Deferential murmurs and bent heads are the agreeable but somewhat ordinary tokens by which the hotel signifies its welcome to you.

No incident of Roman life need nowadays interfere with the pleasure or the ease

of the resident in Rome. Whether there be or there be not a Pope in the Vatican, it may be all one to him: he will be under none of those queer and troublesome restrictions that formerly oppressed the faithful city during the interval between the death of one Pope and the election of his successor. The gates of the city were then shut an hour after sun-down. Under a penalty of fifty crowns, every one was obliged to burn candles at his bedroom window through the night, and continue this futile sacrifice of tallow until the new Pope was chosen. Barriers were erected here and there in the streets leading to the Vatican, and none could be passed upon any pretext, except by special permission of the Papal Chamberlain and the Chief of the Police. As a yet more portentous touch, the artillerymen of S. Angelo at such a time stood, with lifted brands in their hands, by the side of loaded guns, the muzzles of which were turned point-blank against the city on the other side of the Tiber. Even assuming, as one well may, that there was more cry than possibility of wool in such demonstrations, they were yet famously adapted to alarm the nervous, and send them in hasty flight elsewhere.

Instead of the homage of an entire city to its spiritual and temporal head, nowadays the Roman walls teem with ribald pencillings about the world's Primate. The very pillars of the famous colonnade by S. Peter's testify of the change. "Down with the Pope!" "The priests to the Tiber!" are specimens of the milder and more polite kind of these vituperatory scrawls. Every morning and every night the newspapers lavish some new form of abuse upon his Holiness: it may be a paragraph of two lines, with a sting in each word, or a more sounding diatribe a column or two long. The Papal journals respond with equal bitterness. It is profoundly unedifying, and one wonders how it will end. If the Vatican be transplanted root and branch to London, the Roman press will be much at a loss; and any less emphatic migration will fail to protect the Pope.

A hundred years ago, the civilian in Rome who was not a noble was treated with stereotyped indignity. No matter

whether he was lawyer, doctor, professor, schoolmaster, or a citizen of means—if he did not clothe himself in the long coat of an Abbé, he was good for nothing except to be taxed. If he could afford to ride in a carriage, he was compelled to paint it black. This is a sample of the humiliations which the old Papacy put upon the middle ranks of men: it feared their intelligence, and so it persecuted them. But the tables have turned. The most virulent of the Vatican's enemies are now to be found among this very class of doctors and lawyers and professors whose grandsires bowed to the ecclesiastical yoke. And in these days it is the cardinals who drive through the streets in black coaches, drawn by black, long-tailed horses, seeking what solace they may find in the elegant little illuminated breviaries the leaves of which they turn with their jewelled fingers as they jostle amid the throngs which cast spleenful eyes at them. It may be doubted if even the pleb. of Rome (always the Pope's strongest and steadiest card) would, in these days, follow placidly, as of yore, in the wake of those ancient gilded carriages of the Cardinals which were wont, during Conclave time, solemnly to transport their Eminences' dinners to the Vatican; and would, in their hungry moments, be satisfied to smell the steam that escaped from the damask-covered baskets which held the savory dainties.

One's earliest impressions of Rome are confessedly somewhat flat. It is necessary to roam at large in the old city for a week or two before one can in any degree appreciate its allurements. The endless blocks of gigantic, white houses which now cover so much of the historic soil, and absorb so many pleasant antiquarian relics that to our grandsires were objects of pilgrimage and reverence, are a plague to the eyes and like ice to the imagination. It really seems as if the speculative builders of King Humbert's reign have determined to make a clean sweep of all the immortal ruins of the capital. One would hardly be surprised if a motion were introduced into the Italian Parliament for permission to quarry in the Colosseum once more. Even as building material, the ruin is still worth a fortune. There are many reasons for its removal. It would aid the national Budget to some extent; it would take away the outward

and visible sign of what was once a scandal upon humanity; and it would leave another acre or two of land available for sale on behalf of the nation as "excellent building sites in a convenient part of the city, in constant communication, by train and omnibus, with all the chief gates and thoroughfares."

The absurd thing about this building mania is that the houses fast being "perched upon all these great relics of old time, like a mushroom on a dead oak," find no tenants. The population of Rome has certainly swelled amazingly since Victor Emmanuel's day; but the city itself has enlarged upon a scale yet vaster. And so there they stand, these huge, empty hives for the men and women of a future generation! One is almost comforted by the reflection that the financiers who put their money in such miserable ventures have come face to face with ruin as a result of their audacity.

By-and-by, however, one sees through this pretentious modern mantle of Rome. At the outset, perhaps, we clap

Our hands, and cry, "Eureka," it is clear,  
When but some false mirage of ruin rises  
near:

for example, the skeleton of a house which the destroying masons have left standing cheek-by-jowl with a bit of a wall of the time of Cato. But soon we learn how to thread the maze, and then, slowly, piece by piece, one is able to reconstruct the Rome of the past with some contentment to the fancy. It is mortally hard to discover where each of the seven famous hills begins and ends: the houses are so high, and the hills so low, and the valleys between them have been so tampered with by subterranean forces and the depositors of urban rubbish: yet that too is possible after a time; and then the glamour of past ages sets its fascination upon the scene.

Let us see lightly how life goes on in this venerable, chaotic city, whose destinies are now, as never they were, in an active state of transition.

We may assume that it is Lent. The Carnival is over; and a good thing too. A man must be surprisingly fond of old institutions to have an affection for this mournful, spiritless survival of an ancient custom; or he must be gifted with a singular taste for flowers if he likes being

hit in the face with bruised nosegays that have been flung to and fro for hours, or bunches of greens that look like the *débbris* of a market-hall. The masks themselves are well enough. They, at any rate, are not aggressive; and if they choose to play the fool for the public entertainment, it were ungenerous in the public to upbraid them. Cardboard noses, swords of wood, and divers fantastic garbs, do give color to the streets; and one cannot but admire the courage of the gentle damsels who go hither and thither in motley, with their marvellously long black hair down their backs. But the masquerade balls are now poor affairs, in spite of all the exertions of the committee. If you whisper your artless confidences to a creature whose disguise makes her seem fair, you are sure, if you persevere, to find that she is nearer forty than twenty. None but they who have experienced it can estimate the horror of such a calamity.

Adieu, then, to the Carnival. All the Romans say that it is a dying institution, and many wish it a speedy and happy release. It is no longer the vogue to send riderless horses galloping down the Corso (the Regent Street of Rome). The battles of greenstuff and the contagion of buffoonery will soon be equally out of fashion. Italy means to be practical after the model of northern nations, now that she has a king and is a settled country. She is getting ashamed of all her moods of levity, even as she is ashamed of her former superstitious regard for the Pope.

As one who designs to get on close terms with the great city, it must be supposed that you have left your hotel and taken a room in the artists' quarter. It may not be luxurious, but it is sure to be costly. You are told of the fabulous increase in the expense of living since Italy became a kingdom. Alfieri, about a hundred years back, hired a furnished palace in the Via Viminale for ten dollars a month. In Pius the Ninth's time, a suite of rooms which now lets for two hundred francs could be had for fifty francs. It is the same with other expenses: they have doubled, trebled, or quadrupled, in the last twenty years. Your landlady makes you understand that the view from one of your windows into a convent garden adds five francs weekly to your bill. In the old days, the mother superior of the convent would have got an injunction to re-

strain you from using your eyes in her direction: either the window would have to be blocked up, or it would be a penal offence for you to appear at it. But, as it is, you are free to gaze as much as you please at the orange-trees and cabbages below you; you may loll on your window-sill, smoking cigarettes and looking at the moon, all through the night; and if you can make a picture, or take an instantaneous photograph, of any of the nuns, no one will charge you with sacrilege, or think nowadays of applying to the Pope that you may be incarcerated.

It is, on the whole, an agreeable room, though you do have to climb to it by a narrow, tortuous, stone staircase like that of a dungeon, and which, being destitute of light, after dark breaks your shins regularly twice or thrice a week. For neighbors, you have a Norwegian sculptor overhead—a noisy fellow who seldom goes to bed before three A.M.; a German student of archæology on the same flat—a sensible, mild youth, of whom you cannot think in disassociation from his spectacles and the big books under his arm; and, beneath you, a Dane of indefinite purposes. Your atmosphere is therefore admirably Teutonic. The walls of your room are painted in fresco by your predecessor, who lived beyond his means, became penniless, and eventually thus worked out the dregs of his bill—to the stern dissatisfaction of your landlady, who asks *you* to pay her a month in advance. You judge the unfortunate artist to have been a man of some natural genius, but that his imagination would have served him better with a bridle. Not every painter finds his vocation in Rome, or is able to learn from Michael Angelo and Raphael what their works are supposed to be able to teach him.

In this room, then, you keep your books and shirts—the Lares and Penates of the tourist; and this is your anchor in the bustling, multiform city.

One does not rise early in Rome, unless one is much pressed for time. Perhaps it is a pity, for the sun, here as elsewhere, touches the world with tender tints at its first appearing; and the broken palaces of the Cæsars on the Palatine Hill, and the long, striding arches of the aqueducts on the green Campagna, are passing fair to see, with the morning flush upon them. But in Lent the dawn is apt to come with

a chill in the narrow streets, and red are the noses of the devout who leave their beds betimes in response to the clamor of church bells.

You will not be culpably lazy, therefore, if you are content to take your coffee at nine o'clock. The little girl of the house will bring it to you—she has stood model to her mother's lodgers during the last two years; or, if you like, you may accompany the Dane to a small dairy at a street-corner. Here it is possible to have rolls and butter, an egg and coffee, for threepence-halfpenny; a true triumph of economy. Perhaps, however, it were more dignified to go to the *Café Greco*, still, as in Taine's time, the rendezvous of the artists. These Raphaels in embryo are hearty, talkative youths of all ages: even the graybeards among them are boys in vivacity. There is no luxury here. You pay three-halfpence for your coffee, and a penny for a "maritozzo" (a Lenten bun, with infrequent plums in it). The company and its traditions suffice to give distinction to the *Café Greco*.

Glancing through the morning paper over your coffee, you learn how Rome stands toward the world on this particular March or April day. If your paper is aggressively secular in tone, you weary of its constant unchivalrous assaults upon the Pope. If, on the other hand, it comes from a source inspired by the Vatican, you scan sundry dry proclamations in Latin, and read of the sensation made by the Lenten preacher of the year. The day may chance to be early in April. In that case, the paper tells certain waggish stories about the "pesce" by which confiding Romans have been deceived on the first of the month. In Italy "an April fish" is the equivalent of our April fooling. Some of the fishing is done on an heroic scale. For instance, the other year fifty printed circulars were sent to influential professors, in different parts of the country, requesting their attendance at an important scientific assembly in the capital. Several of the professors were men of immense fame, but guileless nature: they travelled to Rome, and discovered the cheat. Another "pesce" is more amusing. A number of fathers of boys at a school in Rome received letters purporting to be written by the principal of the school, complaining of the misdemeanors of their children, and asking the

favor of an interview. The misdemeanor was in each case so grave that it seemed to make expulsion advisable. Well, the principal welcomed the first of these irate parents with becoming gravity and some surprise. But no sooner was one parent soothed than another was announced. The poor gentleman spent a miserable morning.

Leaving the *Café Greco*, you find yourself involved in a stream of men and women, all eddying in one direction. There is no doubting their goal. The camp-stools and prayer-books in their hands remind you of the Franciscan friar specially licensed by his Holiness to preach sermons in the church of S. Carlo, by the Corso, daily during Lent. These sermons are a veritable crusade in Rome: they are the talk of the town. The friar looks well in the pulpit, in his brown gown and cord, and he is a past master in oratory. Until he speaks, he resembles in a singular degree one of Rabelais' wassailers; but the magic of his voice and the sweetness of his smile soon make one unmindful of his ruddy face and full lips; and when you have heard him for ten minutes, you scarcely marvel that the ladies of Rome, from Queen Margarita downward, have gone wild about him.

It is nothing less than that. Never have you struggled in so perfumed and aristocratic a crowd as this outside the doors of S. Carlo an hour before the sermon time. There are old ladies in it as well as young: they came hither in their carriages; but even their lackeys cannot protect them, and cruel is the ordeal they and their silks and jewels, smelling-bottles, camp-stools, and prayer-books have to undergo ere they can get into the church. Once in, however, they speed to a vantage position in the spacious nave, set down their stools, breathe with relief, and wait patiently. By-and-by, the throng of those who have no camp-stools thickens around them, and they are in peril of suffocation where they sit, like beings in a well. But they brave all risks, and when one of them faints, and is with difficulty removed, another takes her place.

Who shall presume to say that the friar's influence is not obtained by the most legitimate and natural of means? He speaks from the heart, and therefore his words go to the heart. It is said that



his early life was romantic, and that he suffered much in many ways before he entered the cloister. If the pamphleteers are to be believed, as a youth he fought strenuously under Garibaldi, and as a man he loved and won the love of a beautiful girl, the daughter of a noble. He was wounded in battle, and his beloved was married, against her will and in spite of her menaces, to a man of her own rank in life. On the day of her marriage, she took poison and died. The friar, as a soldier, then made occasion to quarrel with the husband who had robbed him of his dearest hopes: he challenged him, and shot him dead in a duel. After this came remorse and repentance, and at length he turned his back on the world that had treated him so ill, and entered the monastery of which he is now the most distinguished member. If there be truth in the tale—and there well may be—how should it not deepen the interest with which these fair, proud daughters and matrons of old Rome lift their dark eyes to him in his pulpit? He draws tears and sobs from them like no other preacher, and they, who love emotion as a cat loves warmth, are duly grateful to him.

As for their obdurate, incredulous husbands and brothers, they shrug their shoulders at all this enthusiasm. They do not like the disturbance of household arrangements which this daily sitting at the friar's feet involves. It is a revolution. Worse still, the ladies wish the friar to be their confessor as well as their most favored preacher. They are received in the bare little room of the monastery, in which the Franciscan greets his visitors one by one. It contains a rush-bottomed chair, a divan, and a table covered with a green cloth—that is all. Here, in hope and earnestness, the influence of the friar's sermons is seconded by words spoken face to face in solitude.

One day a bombshell bursts in the church during the sermon. It kills no one, but certain of the ladies swoon. The friar pauses for a moment to see through the smoke what has happened; then he reassures his congregation, and continues his sermon. At another time some cowardly cur throws a bowl of filth over him as he is going from the church to the monastery. But the preacher is not to be discouraged. "I should be surprised in-

deed," he says, "if they did not do something of the kind. These are times in which one must be prepared for all things."

It is not wonderful that the tender, impressionable hearts of women should yearn toward such a man. Whether, as some say, all his eloquence is designed to work insidiously on behalf of the temporal power, or whether he is merely concerned in making bad people good and the good better, he succeeds in stirring Rome as she has not been stirred for years. And so, toward noon, the sermon ends, and the crowd disperses, with low echoings of the choicest of the friar's words. Outside the church there are shouts innumerable of "Complete and authentic life of Father —, only a penny!" and "Yesterday's sermon—special version!" This is fame with a vengeance. The booklets sell by hundreds of thousands. And yet the cry is that Rome is an infidel city! "Gallantry," it is said, "has departed from men of the world, and taken refuge in the monastery!" This ought to be regarded as the unkindest cut of all to the soul of a thoroughbred Roman, the great-grandson of the dandies whom Parini has limned so well, sacrificing to the ladies all their hours and aspirations.

It is now time to breakfast in earnest. The friar's sermons are as exhausting to his congregation as to himself. The man who can go straight from the church to a picture-gallery may be envied for his hardihood, but must not serve as an example. Never mind the beggars who accost you for coppers on your way to the eating-house. They are stout, hearty rogues as a rule, with a rare trick of groaning afflictively at sight of a stranger. Not so long ago, one of them used to ride daily into Rome, on his own cob, from his country seat. He amassed a respectable fortune by sitting, with outstretched palms, on the stone steps which ascend from the Piazza di Spagna, and gave his daughter a dowry of a thousand crowns. That, however, was in the days of the popes, when mendicity was a recognized profession, quite as reputable as law or medicine.

The waiters of Rome are to be commended for their urbanity. You are treated with princely courtesy by the gentle old man in a swallow-tail coat who comes forward to relieve you of your

cloak with his chillblained fingers. Fancy having chillblains in Rome, where no one thinks of suggesting that you would like a fire in your room, though the wind blow nippingly from the snow on Mount Soracte, and there be a film of real ice on the gutters! So it is, however, and, with a murmur about the weather, the old fellow marshals you to a table, takes your order for wine, and perhaps asks if you will breakfast as a good Catholic, or without scruple in the matter of meat. In these days you may follow your humor, though a hundred years ago it was an offence punishable with eight days' imprisonment to eat a beefsteak when you ought, according to the calendar, to eat salt fish.

What a chatter your neighbors at your table are making! They consist of six youths, freckled and spectacled, and one pretty girl, whose fair hair and blue eyes whisper of her northern home. Evidently students, the entire seven. The young lady sits at the head of the table, and accepts the homage of her companions' eyes and tongues with exquisite complacency. What would her mother say, one wonders, if she knew how lavishly her pretty daughter was studying experience in Rome! Art means more to some people than to others, yet we will go bail the girl is as good as she looks, and as worthy to inspire an ideal on canvas or in marble as anything of flesh and blood may be.

Who, on the other hand, are those five voluble gentlemen who gesticulate so floridly while they talk, or rather declaim, to each other at the next table? The old waiter tells you in a twinkling. They are B, C, D, E, and F, all members of Parliament: a group of notorious irreconcilables, at present in a difficulty with the Government. C, in particular, is a household word in the newspapers. He is a small, dark man from the Abruzzi, with passion and generosity writ large on his face. These senators pay two francs apiece for their meal (including wine), and when the door has swung upon their backs, as they return to the House, you are perhaps surprised, though not greatly concerned, to hear that their combined gratuity to the waiter amounts to but fivepence.

And now it is well to be industrious in use of such of the prime of the day as

still remains at your disposal. The lively blue of the strip of the heavens above the houses is suggestive of warmth; but to you, in the narrow, sunless byway of the city, the cold breath of the breeze belies the heavens.

A car is ready for you at the street-corner, and the driver will be enchanted to rattle you anywhere within Rome's boundaries for a sixpence. Perchance he spies the foreigner in you, and says word of a friend of his, eminently qualified to act as cicerone. But be deaf to that prompting, unless you have no confidence in yourself. "The history of the ruins of Rome," it has been well said by a Spaniard, "is, in the mouths of the ignorant, often a real ruin of history."

You pass at a gallop palaces, churches, and fountains by the score. Your driver nimbly points with his whip stock at one object after another. He gives it its name—more he cannot do. It is for you to put the flesh on the dry bones. What profit is it to you, for example, to know that this great mass of columns and rocks, and statues, a hundred feet high, with the water gushing from it in three broad streams, and falling from basin to basin in a double cascade, is called the Fontana di Trevi? It is more to the point to know that here Alfieri used to come of a morning, long before his brother aristocrats were out of bed, and sit eating bread and cheese, and thinking, to the sound of the water's roar. And roar it does like a storm-bound sea, so that one marvels how the citizens of the neighborhood sleep in the night. It is the purest water in Rome, and, as such, is favored by the nobility. One day, however, they found a dead drunkard in it, which for a time affected the appetite of those whose taps connect with it. There are a myriad of fountains in Rome, but none, if you have acquired a passion for the old city, of so much consequence to you as this; for on the morning when your fate compels you to leave the dear place, if you come hither and cast a copper coin into its broad basin, you propitiate destiny on your behalf. It is believed by so doing that you assure your return to Rome.

You ask your driver to carry you to the Vatican by a circuitous route. It is not surprising therefore, if, after a few minutes spent in devious alleys, only just wide enough for your car, you chance upon an

open, depressed area between houses and churches, bearing a double line of broken pillars and plinths set in the wet ground, various monstrous pieces of granite lying amid the pillars, and a glorious, uninjured column in the midst, with a railing at its summit, and a statue as a finial. Four or five cats are the sole inhabitants of this parallelogram of classical space. The Forum of Trajan is a sweet place for their antics, whether they play "catch who can" with each other, or find adequate pastime in the pursuit of their own individual tails.

After the Forum you reach another open space—that of the Piazza di Navona, with shops and palaces and florid churches at its four sides, marble seats set about it, statues here and there, and other gigantic fountains dating from the time of the fifth S'tus, whom Master Pasquín nicknamed Summus Pontifex instead of Summus Pontifex. This is a quarter much abandoned to nursemaids and idlers, although it is close to the Senate House of the Italian nation. Time back it was the circus attached to Nero's baths. Only the other day, speaking comparatively, it served as a convenient place for summary execution of the law upon criminals. Here they set rogues in the pillory, or stretched them face downward on the stone bench, and whipped them well with a thong of cowhide—vastly to the amusement of their fellow Romans, who enjoyed anything in the nature of a spectacle. An assassin or a thief caught in the act, was in those days hung with but little formality. The gallows was always ready, as indeed it ought to have been in a city wherein from 1758 to 1769 there were 4,000 homicides. It was only needful to send for the hangman, who soon turned the poor wretch off, and then jumped on his shoulders to make him die the quicker. It might happen, however, that during the execution the coach of a Cardinal rolled into view. His Eminence, if in a good humor, was likely enough to exercise the privilege of pardon, which belonged to all Cardinals. At the lifting of his finger, as the coach stumbled by, there would be a cry of "Respite!" The arm of the flogger would be instantly arrested, the man in the stocks would go free, and if the luckless villain awaying to and fro from the gallows was not already dead, he would be cut down and released. It is told how

one man at such a contingency had actually been hung, and the hangman was just about to leap upon him, when his Eminence gave the sign—a narrow escape out of the fell jaws of death.

Another characteristic of this notable Piazza—the largest in Rome—was the efficacy of the water of one of its fountains to convert Jews into Christians. But the virtue is nowadays not so considerable. It has gone the way of the cemetery for prostitutes, the wolves of the Campagna close to the city gates, the prejudice against the innovation of gas (publicly denounced by Gregory XVI.)—all of which were current in Rome a few decades ago.

From the Piazza di Navona you approach the Tiber. The water is a dirty primrose color, with a strong stream, enlivened by a multitude of eddies, and bearing away to the sea much jetsam and flotsam in the shape of dead dogs and cats, fragments of boards, and drifts of straw. It is not a river you would care to bathe in, spite of its heroic history, much less be drowned in, like Heliogabalus, whom they threw from one of the bridges, with a stone tied to his neck, "lest he might float, and receive honorable burial." Your driver considerably draws your attention to a great drain which debouches into the river hard by. The sight of this was unnecessary to make you think with but scant respect of the outward and visible aspect of the famous stream. No doubt, however, it will "smooth its yellow foam," and grow sufficiently pellucid and estimable, when you think of it at a distance. A pleasanter feature of it this day is the lumbering Sicilian bark, gay with a draping of boughs and fresh vine-wreaths, moored by the castle of S. Angelo. Here you may drink pure Etrurian wine in a fantastic little arbor on the deck of the craft, gently rocked by the turbulent river.

Next you come in view of S. Peter's. It is possible you will be disappointed both by the Piazza in front of it and by the Basilica itself. There is a deal too much grass among the stones of the Piazza. The fountains have an air of decrepitude due to corrosion from the falling water, and the steps up to the portico would be the better for repair. Seen, too, upon an ordinary, uneventful day in the Catholic year (and, in this generation, few days have much pomp attached to them), there

is something infinitely melancholy in the solitude and silence of this vast area before the church of the world's vicar-general. There may be half a dozen tourists methodically ascending the steps, now glancing at their guide-books, and now staring at what their guide-books exhort them to observe. These, with one or two long skirted priests, are all the human beings in waiting upon the church. Away to the right, where the shops, full of rosaries and reliquary trifles, come to an end, and the colonnade begins its bold curve toward the Vatican, there are a score or two of cabs, and some omnibuses. For sound, there is nothing but the splash, splash of the water in the fountains, the spray of which flies far before the wind, and the tolling of the bell which marks the hour.

Here, where last of all in Rome you expect to find them, there are just those signs of neglect and decay which give tender grace to the courtyards of ancient manors and palaces long divorced from the cheerful hum of life and the tread of vigorous feet. Moss and mould on the stones of S. Peter's of Rome! Then truly it would seem that there must be heavy force in those words of the Pope to the Bishop of Brescia the other day, about the oppression he suffers "contrary to the dignity of the Roman Pontiff, and so repugnant to his true liberty," but which he is nevertheless satisfied to continue to suffer, "constrained by hard necessity, so long as it shall be the will of God, who is the supreme omnipotent ordainer of all human things."

If a housemaid deposits her broom in a corner and protests that she will do no more cleaning unless her wages be raised, one of two things must happen: either cobwebs and spiders will stay awhile in the ascendant, or her broom will pass into other hands.

One cannot shake off the fancy that the Vatican cherishes the grass between the stones of the Piazza, and the dilapidation of its masonry, much as a pretty widow clings to the weeds that become her so well. But, if so, it is a pitiful error. Ours is an age in which those who whine and sulk meet with little compassion, and less mercy. Fortitude under calamity wins the world's admiration like nothing else, and, that obtained, much may follow. They who sulk and chafe in a cor-

ner are likely to be left to sulk and chafe, and meantime every such wasted hour is a link in the chain of their ruin.

One thinks of that other Pope, Clement XIV., and his words on the burning subject of our day:—"Christ's vicar is a shepherd of souls, not a trafficker in estates." And again: "The Holy See will not perish, because it is the base and centre of purity; but the Popes will be made to surrender just as much as has been given to them."

When he was but a humble friar, with no particular ambition to be great, this Clement, like the rest of Rome, found himself in the Piazza one day, to see the splendor that surrounded a Papal coronation. He climbed upon a granite column, like a street-arab, the better to view the show; and there he stayed until one of his Holiness's policemen compelled him to descend. Eleven years afterward, he himself sat in the chair of S. Peter. Which column was it, we wonder, that he scaled? Poor Ganganelli! Perhaps there never was a Pope who had nobler ideas about the Papacy; and yet it was of him that they wrote the epitaph:—

Pope Clement the Fourteenth  
Began to reign like a mouse,  
Reigned like an ass,  
And died like a hog.

They were not content to poison him, to get him and his reforms out of the way; but they must also, in self-justification, vilify his memory.

The interior of S. Peter's had such an effect upon Macaulay that he was "fairly stunned" by it, and he "could have cried with pleasure." It takes weeks before ordinary visitors can be brought within a measurable distance of such emotion; if, indeed, it be not true that Rome cannot be appreciated by those who are not Catholics. To most of us the words of a certain diplomatist on the subject have exact application: "The church swells and swells each time we enter it, like a balloon gradually being inflated with gas." People of vigorous imaginations see from the outset whither their experience of it will lead them, and so they are fitly impressed by it at first sight. Instinct, in some of us, here does the work of the imagination. Of this, the "I calculate this is a biggish place of worship when you measure it," of the American citizen on a tour, is a fair example.

After some acquaintance with it, Joseph II. of Austria said of the Roman Court, that "it is impossible for any one who knows it not to despise it." From all accounts he was not far wrong. But no one can venture to be contemptuous of this great temple of Rome. Not that it is by any means above criticism. Where is the human achievement that is? One would like to cut off and sweep away *en masse* the western façade, and perhaps shorten the nave to the length originally designed for it by Michael Angelo. One would like to clip the wings of some of the stone seraphim and cherubim that assume to adorn it. Bernini's gigantic canopy over the high altar would be better returned to the melting-pot, and the bronze thereof given back to the Pantheon, whence it came. The five-and-thirty thousand francs spent a few years ago in forging sheet-iron vestments to cover the nakedness of the saints and angels upon the tomb of Pope Paul III., might have been applied to better use. It would be a relief to some of us if the famous papal choir contained no members of that unfortunate class who are neither masculine nor feminine, and whose singing, for once that it enchants, nine times sets the teeth on edge, or the mind wandering off at a tangent in search of the explanation of the sadness occasioned by the shrill quail-pipe of these nondescript but highly-paid members of society, mutilated for the behoof of the first Church of the Christian faith. If it could be done, one would be glad to see the countless stains of tobacco-juice, etc., completely removed from the marble pavement, and one would like to discover the Pope walking about and conversing with the sacristans in the brisk, companionable manner that marks the intercourse between our country parsons and their sextons. And so on. One could readily frame a strong indictment against S. Peter's upon divers counts, even as one may without difficulty find flaw after flaw in the character of this or that man or woman commonly reckoned a miracle of excellence.

When you have paid your homage to S. Peter's daily for a month or two, you may be in train to admire the noble building as it deserves to be admired. The nervousness that attends upon an introduction will then have worn off. Indeed, you will be on such terms of intimacy

with it, that even its failings will seem to you an essential, and not so very repugnant a part of it. It will all be dear to you—from the vaults underneath, with their urns full of the dust of popes, and emperors, and saints, to the cramped copper sphere at the summit, wherein, having climbed to it by a perpendicular ladder set in a funnel, the sides of which press your shoulders, you have consented to sit for awhile, with your knees almost touching your nose, in company with three or four unwashed Roman vagabonds, who defile it with scurrilous canticles and the ill-smelling smoke of their cigar-ends. The wind wails through the interstices of this ball of S. Peter's with many a weird intonation.

A hundred years ago, the Basilica was menaced with deadly peril. The French had designs upon it. It was not enough that they should loot the galleries and palaces of Rome, foist their own barbarous calendar upon the reluctant faithful, flood the State with their sham bank-notes, and tax the Romans as they had never been taxed before. They proposed also to strip the first church of the world of all its valuables, and sell these for what they would fetch. The schedule of its properties was already drawn up, and only the order to devastate was wanting. Happily, this order was deferred and never issued.

In their despair, the Romans of that day went to and fro about the Holy City, petitioning Heaven in the quaint but rather obsolete way that accorded best with their aspirations. Some scourged their naked backs as they walked in procession; others dragged ponderous chains at the ankle; some bore heavy crosses of wood upon their shoulders; and others kept their arms stiffly distended, as if they had been nailed to a crucifix; yet others wore crowns of thorns, which drew blood from their brows at each footstep. These petitioners at the gate of Heaven were blessed by the Pope from his balcony. It was hoped that their intercessions, and the miraculous conduct of certain statues of the Virgin, which in this time of tribulation were seen to open and shut their eyes—as much to the terror as the joy of the people—would induce God Himself to be on their side.

But their hopes seemed vain. For, spite of the flagellants and the other self-torturers, spite of the public exposition of

a number of the relics which give Rome its supreme sanctity (the heads and trunks of S. Peter and S. Paul, the inscription from the Cross, the column to which Christ was bound when He was scourged, the table upon which the Last Supper was spread, the grill upon which S. Lawrence was roasted to death, etc., etc.)—spite of all, for a score of years there was no peace in Rome; and it seemed as if at any moment the words of Napoleon, after the Treaty of Tolentino, might be fulfilled: "This old machine (the Papacy) will now fall to pieces of its own accord."

How, one cannot but ask oneself, will the Papacy weather the storm which in our day is persistently over its head? It is not, perhaps, so brutal and ruthless as that of the Revolution, but it is more protracted, and likely to be even more serious in its final results. Is the time near when S. Peter's of Rome will no longer be the church of the Holy See? It is hard saying what cataclysm is in store for the Pope's city. The whirligig of time seems to threaten us with much radical change, as a corollary of those words from the Vatican only the other day, "Woman in Europe is the sole hope of the Church." Never was there a more fatal confession of weakness.

But in the waning afternoon one must make haste to the Vatican galleries, even though there be time only to walk once through them. Cold indeed on a dull Lenten day are the precincts of S. Peter's and the Vatican. The straight walk of nearly a quarter of a mile between the high wall of the Vatican garden (the tops of the big pines of which rise above the wall) and the lofty, ugly, brown body of the palace itself, is enough to frighten enthusiasm into a corner. You may chance on your way to see some of the fantastic coaches of the Pope's establishment in the ground-floor chambers of the palace. They would better befit Mr. Barnum or the organizers of our Lord Mayors' shows than him who claims pre-eminently to personate the apostolic character.

One soon develops a preference for this statue or that in such a gallery as that of the Vatican. Either it is the gracious, refined head of Antinous, or the Apollo Belvedere, "lord of the unerring bow," or that striking old battered relic of a great artist's work, without a head, without feet, and without hands, or the disk-

thrower (you may see the boys by Frascati, in the same attitude, engaged in the same pastime), or what not of the marble wealth of this "Niobe of the nations."

For our part, we like best the Laocoon. Some say it is not a work of art the contemplation of which tends to brace the spirits of a man. Perhaps it is not. The comfort is that there are times when one feels so strong of body and mind as to be in no want of external fortifying. But there is one decided drawback to the Laocoon. It has been the source of so much controversy that you are sure to be afflicted by the sound of argument round about it. Tiresome German professors make it a trysting-place for their pupils, and, having massed their ardent flock in front of it, are audacious enough to apply it as the text of a sermon twenty minutes in duration, not perceiving that though Lessing, Winckelmann, Goethe, Schopenhauer, and divers other Teutons of renown, have largely discussed the meaning of the expression on the old priest's face, this does not give the German nation a monopoly of the statue. These art-students measure its parts, raise their eyebrows, and excitedly let loose to each other the inspired rhapsodies that suddenly come upon them; and, in short, make such a babble that it is impossible to enjoy it as one might under other conditions. It may be worth while to debate, as they do, whether Laocoon was a Stoic, as Winckelmann thinks, and therefore not likely to cry out in his agony; or whether, according to Lessing's view, the sculptors cared nothing about the old man's sufferings, and were only anxious to suppress his screams as incompatible with ideal beauty; or whether, as Hirt supposes, the serpents had already squeezed so much of his life out of him that he had no strength left to spend in wailing; or whether it be true that Schopenhauer has said the last word about the work in his ridicule of all this futile debating, and his simple assertion that Laocoon does not shriek because it is not in the power of inanimate marble to shriek.

One is at times half, and more than half, disposed to fancy that we befool ourselves by our excessive admiration of the sculpture of the ancients. As architects, indeed, these merit all the homage we can offer them. But in sculpture, in so far only as it assumes to represent the

human form, it is surely less our fault than our misfortune that we must confess them our superiors. It is a commonplace that "the invention of breeches has changed the history of the world." Our modern sculptors are sadly hampered by civilization: they are forced to study faces rather than forms. No wonder if, as a rule, they fail to please us like the Greeks. Yet in Rome's modern cemetery, outside the gate of S. Lorenzo, there is at least one chiselled face sweeter and nobler than any done by a Pagan hand. The expression, as well as the sympathetic execution, may doubtless be ascribed to that other more modern force in the world—quite as powerful in its way as the invention of breeches—to wit, Christianity.

His Holiness's picturesque domestica dismiss you from the Vatican punctually at three o'clock. What next? If you are in an indefatigable humor, you may still see much before the dinner hour. Why not, first of all, drive as near the Capitol as your car can take you, ascend that awful flight of steps which leads to the site of the venerated temple of Jupiter, and then stroll down the lane to the right, and view the Tarpeian rock? It does not thrill as it ought, but it is interesting. You ring a bell by a garden gate, explain your wishes to the dame who answers the bell, and then follow her through a garden of orange-trees, acacias, and cypresses, shaken by the wind which whistles shrilly about this exalted spot. "Behold it, sir!" says your guide, as she stops on the brink of a precipitous cliff of red rock about eighty feet high. Seneca must have strained at his adjective when he wrote of it as "*immensæ altitudinis*."

The obvious plea that the rock is not high enough to kill is met by your cicerone with the counter-plea that in the old days it was three times as high. You may not be convinced by her bold assertion, but it is all the solace your imagination is like to get. It is too bad. There are flowers and grasses about the face of the cliff. The base of it serves as a courtyard for three or four houses, whose roofs are on a level with you. The inmates of the houses, engaged in various humble offices of life, are declared to you: clothes are being hung to dry where of old the mutilated bodies of Rome's traitors fell dead; children are singing in wooden balconies; a woman is making a salad. You see, too,

the Madonnas over the beds within the houses, and the pots and pans in the kitchen. Behind the chimney-pots are the ruins of the Palatine Hill; and beyond, the blue Alban mountains. When you have stored the picture in your memory, your cicerone tells you the rock is in the estate of the German Consul, whose residence adjoins. Our northern half-brethren are not satisfied to exercise a sort of prescriptive right over works of art like the Laocoon; they must also obtain possession of Rome's natural phenomena.

If you care for what is termed "high life," your day's revelry in Rome will be incomplete unless you give the last hour of the daylight to the Corso. The bearers of great names may then be seen by the score, driving up and down this narrow street of shops at a funereal pace. The noble youths of Rome loiter by a certain *café* in the street, dressed to the ears, with cigars between their primrose-kid-covered fingers, and ever and anon saluting a passer-by with grave elegance. These youths are sad gossips. They break the reputations of their lady friends with a whisper as easily as you break a biscuit. There is still much of the old leaven of malicious frivolity in their race.

Some of the ladies, their sisters and wives and cousins, are quite oppressively magnificent in feature. The Roman nose stands transcendent upon their dark faces. It gives them a character of imperiousness and severity that their hearts belie. Parini's words about the Roman husband of his period are as serviceable now as they were then. He is of no consequence whatever in his own house, and if he be a man of spirit, he will betake himself elsewhere, to seek entertainment in the company of some fair lady whose husband, on his part, is amusing himself with the conversation of another lady, whose husband is also away. The Romans are noticeable for the size of their ears. You may have remarked it in their statues: those of Cato of Utica, for instance, would excite the envy of an ass; and afterward you perceive that the modern Romans are much like their classical forefathers in this respect. After the tongue, the ear is certainly the organ most in request here. And as it hears a great deal it ought not to hear, its size may well be abnormal.

This paper is already too long. We may, therefore, skip over the time that

intervenes between sunset and midnight on this typical day of your life in Rome ; a period of five or six not unimportant hours, consecrated to dinner and the theatre. You will indeed be fortunate if you leave the theatre so early as midnight ; for the play often drags on its tedious course until one o'clock or later.

Surely, you protest, it is now time to put your shins at hazard on the grimy stone staircase that leads to your bed. Indeed it is not. It were treason against the majesty of Rome not to spend an hour or two of nocturnal reverie in that eerie haunt, the Colosseum. It is not at all eerie by day. You cannot possibly conjure up the spectres of its past when you are in the midst of a throng of the especially-conducted from London or Berlin. There are then so many Anglo-Saxons smoking meerschaum pipes, so many amateur photographers and artists struggling after new effects, so many well-informed clergymen discoursing to their wives and daughters about the martyrs who died in the arena where they stand, so many Roman hucksters of glazed picture-books, rosaries, and mock antiques—briefly, such strong and various distraction, that the Colosseum is really tiresome. Perhaps the only fancy it then provokes in you is a desire to glissade down that towering brick slope which a certain Pope built up as a protective buttress to the much-despoiled ruin.

But the night tells another tale. The dark vault of the heavens then plays the part of that ceiling of canvas which they stretched from side to side of the amphitheatre to keep off the sun. Your imagination quickens. You see eighty or ninety thousand men and women, in tiers, around and above you : the married here ; the unmarried there ; the boys with their tutors in yonder corner. They are all as silent as the tomb. In the middle of the arena the gladiators are at work. One is down—no, he is up again. He bleeds, but what of that ! A hundred and seventy thousand eyes are upon him : he must show himself a hero. He staggers a second time. Did you not hear the flesh part at the sweep of his rival's blade ? He lies prostrate ; nor will he rise again. And now at length the multitude suddenly shout their applause. They are excellent judges of an agony, and this man has died famously.

A hundred other gladiators breathe their last in the same way. It becomes monotonous. The crimson patches upon the sand are gruesome to see ; and so is the dark steam which ascends from them. Fountains of perfumed water are set in motion here and there, but the perfumes are overpowered by the fœtor. The multitude are heated in spite of the screen betwixt them and the sun. They are querulous also ; they cry for a new sensation ; and meanwhile eat and drink and settle their wagers of the morning. They have sat for four hours, but it is not enough. To pique their jaded appetites, the bars of dens on all sides of the arena are briskly slipped aside, and from the recesses lions, leopards, elephants, wild boars, bears, and tigers, leap or stride forward sullenly upon the sand. The lions and tigers snuff the blood at their feet, and roar their loudest. There is a flutter of white rags to anger the boars, and the bulls are taunted with red rags ; a cracking of whips behind some of the beasts, and a touch of the goad for others. The elephants have been made drunk with a decoction of herbs. A score of men and women, in white garments, are urged into the midst of this fierce company ; and then the turmoil of whips and shouts and roars is redoubled. The elephants totter to and fro, crushing whatever gets in their path ; the bulls and boars toss and gore ; the lions and tigers and leopards rend and begin to devour ; and the bears squeeze the life out of the hearts of the human beings nearest to them. The glamour grows deafening. The arena is a shambles, and the fumes from it are sickening. But the Romans have tough stomachs, and so, by-and-by, they return to their houses, rejoicing in the spectacle.

Again all is silent in the stupendous building. The stars shine overhead. The cool night wind sighs among the marble seats, the walls and hollows. It will sweeten the place in readiness for the morrow. But look ! what are these shadowy forms gliding into the arena ? The sand is still strewn with the dead of the day ; men and women and beasts side by side ; time enough to remove them when the first cock crows. Under the starlight, the dead Christians are gently but swiftly borne away, one by one. Their living brethren are ready for them by the outer walls, and these transport them to the



solitudes of the Celian hill, to their last homes in the catacombs.

You may, if you please, see visions like this all through the night in this monstrous skeleton of an extinct age ; and you may mark further, if you will, how the later history of Rome has been epitomized in the vicissitudes of the Colosseum. It has been a fortress, a church, a cattle-market, and a quarry, as well as a theatre and a slaughter-house. It has seen a hundred Popes amble by it on white mules, in solemn pomp, toward the Lateran Church. They say that Peter the Hermit here con-

ceived the idea of the "Crusades." Here Michael Angelo used to come and muse upon architects and architecture : he called it his school. There is no end to its experiences. What new sight, we wonder, is Rome preparing for it ? There's not a doubt about the answer. The acres of huge white houses, built and building, hardly a gunshot away, mark the latest phase in the history of Rome and the Colosseum. When the Pope has gone, the Colosseum as well as Rome will have turned over a strange new leaf.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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A STONY WAY.

BY F. P.

"I am thankful now,  
Mute, passive, acquiescent, I receive,  
And bless God simply."

R. BROWNING (*In a Balcony*).

You are so far above me ; yet I stand  
And watch your upward way,  
I know the path is stony that you tread ;  
You strive, and toil, and pray.  
The strife and toil have brought you peace at last ;  
Yes, peace—but not forgetfulness of what is past.

I know the heavy burden that you bear  
With you must always stay,  
But you laid it down at our Saviour's feet,  
And its bitterness past away.  
And now you would not break the quiet rest  
Of him you lov'd so dearly : God knows best.

And so He called him early to his home ;  
That home of peace so fair,  
Where he is waiting till the time shall come  
For you to join him there ;  
In that land where our lost ones are found once more,  
Where we meet our beloved, who went before.

But yet you have this comfort to the end—  
Not his, but yours, the loss.  
God called him home to a heavenly crown,  
And He bade you bear the cross ;  
And the weight of that cross no soul may know,  
Save those who through life with its burden go.

You shed below you on the toilsome way,  
The path your feet have trod,  
A light to point all lesser souls the way,  
And bring us nearer God.  
In pain and in sorrow, and bitterest loss,  
You show how His servant can carry the cross.

—*Academy.*

## LISBON.

ROUNDING the Rock of Lisbon, the westernmost point of Europe, the voyager enters the noble estuary of the Tagus. Some ten miles inland from the sea, on the northern bank, stands Lisbon. On our left hand is the Bay of Cascaes, with its ancient castle, generally occupied by the Royal Family of Portugal during the summer bathing season. On the landward side parks and scattered villas stretch away into the distance. The bay is the gathering-place of the Royal regattas, but is stormy and unsheltered. Volcanic rocks crop out of the sterile soil at every turn, and the Portuguese say, in allusion to the somewhat desolate and dreary prospect, *Quem vai a Cascaes vai uma vez e nunca mais*—"Who goes to Cascaes goes once, but never again." Cintra soon comes in view to the north, with its rocky eminences, crowned by the old Moorish castle and the Cork Convent; the latter so called from its corridors lined with cork. Cintra is abandoned and desolate, only visited by occasional stray tourists. Pena Castle, the former residence of the Saxe-Coburg Dom Fernando, father of the late King Dom Luis, stands boldly on a rocky height. Hard by is the old summer palace of Dom John I., whose queen was the daughter of John of Gaunt; built in Moorish style, with pateras, courtyards, balconies, baths, and gardens. The Throne-room is remarkable for its ceiling, adorned with painted magpies, each with the legend "*Para bem*" in its beak. This was Dom John's revenge on his gossiping courtiers for their merry use of these two words of excuse, which the King had been overheard whispering in the ears of the angry Queen. This palpable hint about chattering magpies stopped *for good*—"para bem"—the wagging tongues of the discomfited courtiers. Cintra, with its towering volcanic rocks, its groves, and lovely prospects over sea and land, is a favorite summer resort of the wealthier merchants of Lisbon, who have their modern villas nestling among its rocks and groves. Montserrat, that costly folly of the magnificent Bedford, who squandered a fortune in its construction, now gives its title of Viscount to an English merchant. Approaching Lisbon by a charming succession of orange

groves, olive groves, vineyards and gardens, broken and rocky heights rising from the green, and mansions embowered in verdure, Quintas is seen in the distance, and at Belem Castle (Bedlam, Bethlehem)—a diminutive and unique specimen of Moorish architecture. The Portuguese Customs officers hail and board our passing vessel. At high water the little castle is washed on every side by the Tagus. The silting of the river-bed is rapid and incessant, and the channel is constantly changing by the shifting of the mud and sand banks. The southern bank of the river presents quite a different aspect to the rocky northern shore. Here, toward the mouth of the Tagus, the land is low and uninhabited, save by a few fishermen. As we approach Lisbon, however, the rocks begin to crop up again, and on the last rocky point on that shore stands the Lazaretto, where quarantine must be done whenever Government officials can find or invent an excuse for that extortion. Voyagers who are unfortunate enough to find themselves prisoners at this spot have perforce to patronize the only "*Restaurant*" in the place. The enterprising Lisbon merchant who farms this monopoly pays the Government an annual sum of 2,000*l.* for the privilege.

The Portuguese (who live in their past) please themselves by relating the legend of Ulysses, who landed, they say, at the little island of Troia, at the entrance to Setubal Bay, and finding that small island too confined for his purpose, sailed again northward, and founded Lisbon on its seven hills, to which city he gave the name of Ulysippo, hence the modern name Lisbon. The city, as seen from the river, has an exceedingly picturesque appearance, its broken tiers of houses rising from the shore against the background of hills which shut off the city from the level country inland. The Portuguese are proud of their capital, and use the proverb, *Quem nao ha vista Lisboa, nao ha vista cousa boa*—"Who has never seen Lisbon has missed seeing a good thing." But when one has landed and explored the streets, both of the lower and the upper town, which are neither clean nor imposing, and made a nearer acquaintance with the houses of Lisbon, which are

neither clean nor comfortable, one is inclined to the opinion that the Portuguese idea of a good thing is somewhat behind the more modern and advanced idea.

The lower town of Lisbon, which was a congeries of crooked and narrow lanes, with castellated piles at every corner, whence the owners, the Portuguese nobility, used to emerge for frequent brawls and faction fights, was entirely destroyed in the earthquake of 1755. The great Marquis de Pombal, who was Prime Minister at the time, used the opportunity to remodel the city, and made, for that age, an excellent use of his opportunity. Commencing at the Royal Landing Place, he first laid out the Black Horse Square facing the river. Round two of its sides, north and west, he built the offices of the Ministers of State, and on the eastern side he raised the enormous pile of the Custom-house. He then proceeded to lay out his new streets in parallel lines running north from the river, and crossed by others at right angles. Black Horse Square, where Wellington landed with the English troops, occupies the site of the old Esplanade and Royal Palace, the whole block of which, during the earthquake, was carried bodily away by an immense tidal wave. Many hundreds of the inhabitants of Lisbon had fled to this spot for safety, and were swept away to destruction with the ground on which they stood. In Dom Pedro Square, north of Black Horse Square, stands the old building of the Inquisition, now the theatre of Donna Maria II. Beyond, the new Avenue of Liberty, the fashionable promenade of Lisbon, stretches its shadeless, scorching, and dusty vista. During most hours of the day the glaring Avenue is a place to be shunned. The old, or eastern part of the town, round the old Castle of St. George, was spared by the earthquake, and remains now much as it was then, only more squalid and decayed than ever.

The scare of that terrible earthquake

still lingers in the minds of the Lisbonenses. They build their houses with a framework of intersecting and interlacing beams and piles, and then fill in the frame with rubble, stone, and mortar, and face with cement. The roofs are of wood, covered with red tiles. In the grim, prison-like appearance of their lofty houses one sees nothing of the light and graceful style of architecture which is common in the South of Portugal.

On the hills between Belem and Lisbon lies the picturesque suburb of Buenos Ayres, where the English colony principally inhabits. The English Minister's residence is here; and here stands the English Consular Chapel, on the site of the old church built by the Dutch and English in 1680, and which was burned down in 1887. The Estrella Gardens, with their shady walks, adjoin the English Cemetery, which is known as "the Cypresses," from the magnificent cypresses which fill it. It is a relief to aching eyes and weary limbs, after that hot pull up the glaring hill, to saunter through the dark groves, in the shadow of which so many of our countrymen sleep their last sleep. Fielding sleeps under a massive stone sarcophagus, and in the next avenue a modest square urn on a plinth covers the ashes of Doddridge.

Lisbon, with its 200,000 inhabitants, produces nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of manufactures. The shops are full of imported goods. Not more than twenty per cent. of the population can read or write. The lawyers and merchants monopolize between them what enterprise, or wealth, or learning is found in the country, and from these two classes the official and hereditary nobility are largely recruited. The other families despise the name of trade, and spend their time (or waste it) at their country seats, only paying very occasional visits to the capital.—*Saturday Review*.

## TWILIGHT.

BY A. MARY F. ROBINSON (MADAME DARMESTETER).

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.

How often on the western window seat  
I leaned my book against the misty pane  
And spelled the last enchanting lines again  
The while my mother hummed an ancient song  
Or sighed a little and said, "The hour is sweet,"  
When I, rebellious, clamored for the light.

But now I love the soft approach of night,  
And now with folded hands I sit and dream  
While all too fleet the hours of twilight seem ;  
And thus I know that I am growing old.

O granaries of Age ! O manifold  
And royal harvest of the common years !  
There are in all thy treasure-house no ways  
But lead by soft descent and gradual slope  
To memories more exquisite than hope.  
Thine is the Iris born of olden tears,  
And thrice more happy are the happy days  
That live divinely in thy lingering rays.  
So autumn roses bear a lovelier flower ;  
So, in the emerald after-sunset hour,  
The orchard wall and trembling aspen-trees  
Appear an infinite Hesperides.  
Ay, as at dusk we sit with folded hands  
Who knows, who cares in what enchanted lands  
We wander while the undying memories throng !

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.

—*Athenæum*.

## THE IMAGINATION AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

MR. ALDERMAN BAILEY, in an address to a body of engineering students at Manchester, has been telling his hearers, and telling them very rightly, that they ought to cultivate their imaginations. Engineers, he pointed out, must necessarily be on one side of their minds very hard-headed, practical persons. They must be accurate, for instance, to the hundredth part of an inch, for an error in measurement is certain to bring its results—results which are not unlikely entirely to spoil the finished work. But this worship of the two-foot rule, this devotion to the concrete, is apt to stunt the mind. A man who is perpetually thinking of minute material details, who is forced to train his mind to abhor the inexact, and

who can never allow himself to imitate the liberal maxim of the social polity, and declare that *de minimis non curat scientia*, is very apt to find his intellectual faculties growing crystallized, and his mind approaching every new question with the deadening interrogation, "Isn't it contrary to common-sense?" The necessity for expressing every idea in terms of yards of earthwork or masonry, or tons of iron, is, in fact, constantly tending to deprive him of that inspiration which is nevertheless as essential to the great engineer as to the great poet. The man who proposes to undertake the subjugation of the forces of Nature in a hundred different ways never attempted before, is specially bound

to prevent any hardening of the mind. The soldier and the statesman, the physician and the man of science, the scholar and the mathematician, no doubt all require imagination to succeed; but the technicalities of their various professions do not in anything like the same degree deaden that faculty of the brain. Hence it is perfectly right that the engineers should be particularly warned that they cannot do their work well unless they cultivate the imagination.

But how is the imagination to be cultivated? That is a question which it is far easier to ask than to answer. Still, if the cultivation is to be attempted, a reply must be found, for it is obviously necessary to know the nature of what we intend to foster. Perhaps the best definition that can be given of the imagination is, that it is the creative faculty of the mind—that function of the intelligence by which the brain moves outside the circumscribed orbit of experience, and becomes capable of construction on its own account. Of course this process is never purely independent of trains of thought that have their ultimate origin in our sensuous impressions. No man can imagine something absolutely different in *kind* from all human experience and utterly divorced from knowledge, except, indeed, it be in regard to a future life and the existence of a Deity. In these two particulars alone is the product of the human mind isolated and unconnected by some ladder of thought, however slender, with the ordinary perceptions of mankind; and it is, therefore, far more reasonable to regard them as due to intuition than to suppose the rule broken only twice. In every other instance, man, even when he scales “the highest heaven of invention,” has all the time only risen from the earth by a series of steps, one based upon the other. But though it is thus impossible for a human being to think thoughts new in kind, he may construct images that are different to any previously conceived. Man takes his sensuous impressions, and so combines them as to make a fresh development. To take a very simple instance. Experience has made known to him the bird and the snake. Imagination works upon these, and we have the freshly created creature the dragon. This is typical of the process by which is being gradually built up the whole fabric of human thought, and

by which every fresh invention is made. Nature provides us with a view of the material universe in which the objects perceived by the senses appear under a certain configuration. The imagination, however, gives a turn to the kaleidoscope, and out of what are precisely the same materials produces a perfectly new set of appearances. It is not satisfied with the order of Nature, but “selects the parts of different conceptions,” and forms thereout a whole more useful or more pleasing, as the case may be. Imagination is no doubt sometimes used almost as if it meant a certain power of producing fantastic or unreal images; but this is a wholly mistaken use. The part of imagination which is thus restricted in its scope should more properly be called fancy. Imagination includes fancy, but is far wider. In truth, imagination is co extensive with invention. It is the faculty by which the mind leaves the plain of human experience, and builds up, stage upon stage, new phenomena of thought, some destined to remain abstractions, others to be applied to the material universe. But imagination, as usually employed, means, we admit, something more than this building-up of thought-structures. It means not only the process, but its carrying-out with rapidity. The man of imagination is he who can skip, or rather appear to skip, the series of gradations by which his new conceptions are connected with what may be called the *terra firma* of thought—i. e., the phenomena of human experience—and project his mind almost instantaneously to the desired conclusion. Imagination, in a word, builds up, and then employs the ladder of thought with lightning rapidity. It seems to be leaping, though in reality it is climbing. When, then, we say that an engineer should have imagination, we mean that he should be able to spring to or climb to fresh conclusions, as if he were more than a limited human being. The imaginative are coral insects who pile cell on cell so rapidly that we cannot follow the process, and who, therefore, half persuade us that they have snatched some of the “authentic fire” of Heaven, and made themselves creators indeed.

But if imagination is ultimately the power of forming new rungs on the ladder of thought, and of forming them rapidly, we can cultivate this faculty by teaching people to think, and to think

quickly. To go back to our old instance, the best way for the engineers to cultivate their minds is to acquire the power of thinking. Now, roughly speaking, education consists in being taught to act, to observe, and to think. The first two are supplied by the technical studies which an engineer is compelled to pursue. The thinking is best got by the study of those "humanities" which were the educational ideal of the mediæval world. The accident that in the Middle Ages literature, poetry, history, and philosophy were confined to the ancient tongues, unfortunately set up the notion that Greek and Latin alone were *Literæ humaniores*; but, in truth, the phrase should have no such restricted meaning. Poetry, if by that is meant not mere lyrical outbursts, is one of the greatest teachers of the art of thinking, and especially of thinking rapidly, for the Muse must of necessity move with flying foot. Indeed, when we speak of poetry being of an inspiring kind, we mean that it affords the presentation of thought in a form so lively and active, that it at once begins to sprout and blossom anew in the mind that receives it. That is why the general sense of the universe has always declared that poetry stimulates the imagination. The study of logic and of

grammar in its highest sense—that is, considered as the machinery of thought—also develops the power of thought, and so the imagination. Philosophy and mathematics are, of course, also strong stimulants to thought, as, indeed, is everything which was included under the old description of "the arts."

It is possible that, notwithstanding the plainness of the case, some so-called "practical men" will ask for a better, or, rather, for a more practical proof that engineers become more efficient by cultivating their imaginations. We think we can give them an instance in point. The man who invented the lock on canals and rivers was surely a great engineer. This was Leonardo da Vinci, who had probably the keenest and subtlest imagination ever possessed by any human being. That he was so great an inventor and engineer, was, we cannot doubt, due in no small measure to the fact that he had cultivated his imagination to a point where it became positively uncanny. So agile was his mind, that it was impossible to detect the use of the ladder of thought. In him, imagination seemed like some demoniac possession, and did not so much build up as create the new instrument of power.—*Spectator*.

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VERSE.

THE FAUN'S PUNISHMENT.—*Correggio*.

(*A Drawing in the Louvre.*)

BY MICHAEL FIELD.

WHAT has the tortured old Faun been doing?  
 What was his impious sin,  
 That the Maenads have ceased from pursuing  
 Cattle, with leaps and din,  
 To compass him round,  
 On woodland ground,  
 With cords, and faces dire,—  
 Cords, fastened with strain,  
 Faces hate-stretched?  
 Why have they fetched  
 Snakes from the grass, with swift tongues of fire,  
 And a reed from the stream-sodden plain?  
 Beneath the sun's and the oak-leaves' flicker,  
 They settle near—ah, near!  
 One blows her reed, as dry as a wicker,  
 Into the old Faun's ear;

The scream of the wind,  
 With flood combined  
 Rolls on his simple sense :  
 It is anguish heard,  
 For quietness splits  
 Within, and fits  
 Of gale and surge are a fierce offence  
 To him who knows but the breeze or bird.

One sits with fanciful eyes beside him,  
 Malice and wonder mix  
 In her glance at the victim—woe betide him,  
 When once her snakes transfix  
 His side ; ere they dart,  
 With backward start  
 She waits their rigid pause.  
 And with comely stoop,  
 One maid, elate  
 With horror, hate,  
 And triumph, up from his ankle draws  
 The skin away in a clinging loop.

Before the women a boy-faun dances,  
 Grapes and stem at his chin,  
 Mouth of red the red grape-bunch enhances  
 Ere it is sucked within  
 By the juicy lips,  
 Free as the tips  
 Of tendrils in their curve ;  
 And his flaccid cheek,  
 'Mid mirthful heaves  
 And ripples weaves  
 A guiltless smile that might almost serve  
 For the vines themselves in vintage-week.

What meaning is here or what mystery,  
 What fate and for what crime ?  
 Why so fearful this sylvan history  
 Of a far summer-time ?  
 There was no ill-will  
 That day, until  
 With fun the gray-beard shook  
 At the Maenads' torn  
 Spread hair, their brave  
 Tumultuous wave  
 Dancing ; and women will never brook  
 Mirth at their folly, O doomed old Faun !

—Academy.

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A WORLDLY WOMAN.;

BY VERNON LEE.

I.

"But why should you mind who buys  
 your pots, so long as your pots are beauti-  
 ful ?" asked the girl.

"Because, as things exist at present,  
 art can minister only to the luxury of the  
 rich, idle classes. The people, the peo-  
 ple that works and requires to play, to  
 have something to tell it of happier things,

gets no share in art. The people is too poor to possess beautiful things, and too brutish to care for them ; the only amusement it can afford is getting drunk. And one wearies and sickens of merely adding one's grain of sand to the inequality and injustice of existing social condition—don't you see, Miss Flodden ?”

Leonard Greenleaf stopped short, his breathlessness mingling with the annoyance at having let himself be carried away by his ideas, and producing a vague sense of warm helplessness.

“Of course,” he went on, taking up a big jar of yellow Hispano-Moorish lustre ware, and mechanically dusting it with the feather brush, “it's absurd to talk like that about such things as pots, and it's absurd to talk like that to you.”

And raising his head he gave a furtive little glare at the girl, where she stood in a golden beam of dust and sunlight, that slanted through his workshop.

Miss Valentine Flodden—such was the name on the family card which she had sent in together with that of Messrs. Boyce & Co.—made rather a delightful picture in that yellow halo, the green light from under the plane-trees filtering in through the door behind her, and gleams of crimson and glints of gold flickering in the brown gloom wherever an enamel plate or pot was struck by a sunbeam, winnowed by the blind that flapped in the draught. Greenleaf knew by some dim, forgotten experience or unaccountable guess-work, that she was what was called, in the detestable jargon of a certain set, a pretty woman. He also recognized in her clothes—they were would-be manly, far more simple and practical than those of the girls he knew, yet telling of a life anything but practical and simple—that she belonged to that same set of persons, a fact apparent also in her movements, her words and accent, nay, in the something indefinable in her manner that seemed to take things for granted. But he didn't care for her being beautiful. His feeling was solely of vague irritation at having let himself speak—he had quite unnecessarily told her he intended giving up the pottery next year—about the things that were his very life, to a stranger ; a stranger who had come with a card to ask advice about her own amateur work, and from out of a world which was foreign and odious to him, the world of idleness and luxury. Also, he experi-

enced a certain shame at a certain silly, half romantic pleasure at what was in reality the unconscious intrusion of a fashionable eccentric. This girl, who had been sent on from Boyce & Co.'s for information which they could not give, must evidently have thought she was coming to another shop, otherwise she would never have come all alone ; she evidently took him for a shopman, otherwise she would not have stayed so long nor spoken so freely. It was much better she should continue to regard him as a shopman ; and indeed was it not his pride to have shaken off all class distinctions, and to have become a working man like any other ?

It was this thought which made him alter his tone and ask with grave politeness, “Is there any further point upon which I can have the pleasure of giving you any information ?”

Miss Flodden did not answer this question. She stood contemplating the old warped oaken floor, on whose dust she was drawing a honeysuckle pattern with the end of her parasol.

“Why did you say that you ought not to speak about such things to—people, Mr. Greenleaf ?” she asked. “Of course, one's a Philistine, and in outer darkness, but still—”

She had raised her eyes full upon him. They were a strange light blue, darkening as she spoke, under very level brows, and she had an odd way of opening them out at one. Like that, with her delicate complexion, and a little vagueness about the mouth, she looked childish, appealing, and rather pathetic.

“All these things are very interesting,” she added quickly ; “at least they must be if one understands anything about them.”

Greenleaf was sorry. He didn't know exactly why ; but he felt vaguely as if he had been brutal. He had made her shut up—for he recognized that the second part of her speech was the reaction against his own ; and that was brutal. He ought not to have let the conversation depart from the technicalities of pottery, as he had done by saying he intended giving it up, and then bursting into that socialistic rhapsody. It wasn't fair upon her.

By this time the reaction had completely set in with her. Her face had a totally different expression, indifferent, bored, a little insolent—the expression of her society and order.



"It's been very good of you," she said, looking vaguely round the room, with the shimmer of green leaves and the glint of enamel in its brown dustiness, "to tell me so many things, and to have given up so much of your time. I didn't know, you know, from Messrs. Boyce, that I was breaking in upon you at your work. I suppose they were so kind because of my father having a collection—they thought that I knew more about pottery than I do."

She stretched out her hand stiffly. Leonard Greenleaf did not know whether he ought to take it, because he guessed that she did not know whether she ought to offer it him. Also he felt awkward, and sorry to have shut her up.

"I should—be very happy to tell you anything more that I could, Miss Flodden," he said; "besides, the owners of Yetholme must be privileged people with us potters."

"If—if ever you be passing anywhere near Eaton Square—that's where I live with my aunt," she said, "won't you come in and have a cup of tea? Number 5; the number is on the card. But," she added suddenly, with a little laugh, which was that social stiffening once more, "perhaps you never do pass anywhere near tea time; or you pass and don't come in. It would be a great waste of your time."

What had made her stiffen suddenly like that was a faint smile that had come into Greenleaf's face at the beginning of her invitation. He had understood, or thought he understood, that his visitor had grasped the fact that he was a sort of gentleman after all, and that she thought it necessary to express her recognition of the difference between him and any other member of the firm of Boyce & Co. by asking him to call.

"Of course you are a great deal too busy," she repeated. "Perhaps some day you will let me come to your studio again—some day next year—good-by."

"Shall I call you a hansom?" he asked, wondering whether he had been rude.

"Thank you; I think I'll go by the Underground. You cross the big square, and then along the side of the British Museum, don't you? I made a note of the way as I came. Or else I'll get a bus in Tottenham Court Road."

She spoke the words *bus* and *underground*, he thought, with a little emphasis.

She was determined to have her fill of eccentricity, now that she had gone in for pottery, and for going about all alone to strange places, and scoring out everything save her own name on the family card. At least, so Greenleaf said to himself, as he watched the tall, slight young figure disappearing down the black Bloomsbury Street, and among the green leaves and black stems of the Bloomsbury Square. An unlikely apparition, oddly feminine in its spruce tailoring, in that sleepy part of the world, whence fashion had retreated long, long ago, with the last painted coach that had rumbled through the iron gates, and the last link that had been extinguished in the iron extinguishers of the rusty areas.

## II.

Greenleaf had a great disbelief in his own intentions; perhaps because he vibrated unusually to the touch of other folks' nature, and that the number and variety of his impressions sometimes made it difficult to come to a cut and dry conclusion. There was in him also a sensitiveness on the subject of his own beliefs and ideals which made him instinctively avoid contact with other folk, and avoid even knowing much about them. He often felt that in a way he was very unfit to be a Socialist and an agitator; for besides the absurd attraction that everything beautiful, distinguished, exotic, exercised upon him, and a corresponding repugnance to the coarse and sordid sights of the world, he knew himself to look at people in an excessively subjective way, never seeking spontaneously to understand what they themselves were trying to do and say, but analyzing them merely from the series of impressions which he received. Just as his consciousness of being a born aesthete and aristocrat had pushed him into social questions and democratic views; so also his extreme conscientiousness occasionally made him attempt, rather abortively, to behave to others as he might wish to be behaved to himself, his imagination being taxed to the utmost by the inquiry as to what behavior would be the altruistic and just under the circumstances.

This preamble is necessary to explain various inconsistencies in our hero's conduct; and more particularly, at this moment, the inconsistency of suddenly veering round in his suppositions about Miss Valentine Flodden. In his monotonous

life of artistic work and social study—in those series of quiet days, as like one another as the rows of black Bloomsbury houses with their garlanded door-lintels and worn-out doorsteps, as the spear-heads of the railings, the spikes of blossom on the horse-chestnuts, and the little lions on the chain curbs round the British Museum—the weekly firing of his pottery kiln at Boyce's works near Wandsworth, the weekly lecture to working-men down at Whitechapel, the weekly reception in the sooty rooms of Faber, the Socialist poet and critic who had married the Socialist painter—all these were the landmarks of Greenleaf's existence, and landmarks of the magnitude of martello towers along a sea shore. So that anything at all unexpected became, in his life of subversive thoughts and methodical activity, an incident and an adventure.

Thus it was that the visit of Miss Flodden, although he repeatedly noted its utter unimportance to himself and every one else, became the theme of much idle meditation in the intervals of his work and study. He felt it as extraordinarily strange. And feeling it in this way, his conscientious good sense caused him to analyze it as sometimes almost unusually commonplace.

It was in consequence of repeatedly informing himself that after all nothing could be more natural than this visit, that he took the step which brought him once more into contact with the eccentricity of the adventure. For he repeated so often to himself how natural it was that a girl with a taste for art should care for pottery (particularly as her father owned the world-famous Yetholme collection), and caring for pottery should go for information to Messrs. Boyce's the decorators, and being referred by Boyce's to himself should come on, at once, and quite alone, to the studio of his unknown self, he identified Miss Flodden so completely with any one of the mature maidens who carried their peacock blue and sage green and amber beads, and interest in economics, archaeology and so forth freely through his world, that he decided to give Miss Flodden the assistance which he would have proffered to one of the independent and studious spinsters of Bloomsbury and West Kensington. Accordingly he took a sheet of paper with "Boyce & Co., Decorators," stamped at the head of it, and wrote a

note directed to Miss Valentine Flodden, Eaton Square, saying that as she would doubtless be interested in examining the Rhodian and Damascene pottery of the British Museum, which she had told him she knew very imperfectly, he ventured to enclose an introduction to the Head of the Department, whom she would find a most learned and amiable old gentleman; the fact of her connection with the famous Yetholme collection would, for the rest, be introduction enough in itself.

After posting the note and the enclosure, Leonard Greenleaf reflected, with some wonder and a little humiliation, that he had chosen a sheet of Boyce's business paper to write to Miss Flodden; while he had selected a sheet with the name of his old Oxford college for writing to the Head of the Department. But it was not childish contradictoriness after all; at least, so he told himself. For old Colonel Hancock Dunstan (one never dropped the Colonel even in one's thoughts) had a weakness in favor of polite society and against new-fangled democracy, and liked Greenleaf exactly because he had better shaped hands and a better cut coat than other men who haunted the Museum. And as to Miss Flodden, why, it seemed more appropriate to keep things on the level of pottery and decoration, and therefore to have Boyce & Co. well to the fore.

Greenleaf had made up his mind that Fate would never again bring him face to face with Miss Flodden, and that he would certainly take no steps toward altering Fate's intentions. It was for this very reason that he had introduced the lady to his old friend of the Museum: for it is singular how introducing some one to somebody else keeps up the sense of the some one's presence; and how, occasionally, one insists upon such vicarious company. But, as stated already, he never dreamed, at least he thought he never dreamed, to see his eccentric young visitor again.

Such being the case it might seem odd, had not experience of human feelings destroyed all perception of oddity, that Greenleaf experienced no surprise when, obeying a peremptory scrawl from the former terror of Pashas and the present terror of scholars, he found himself one afternoon in Colonel Dunstan's solemn bachelor drawing-room, and in the presence once more of Miss Valentine Flodden.

Colonel Hancock Dunstan, who in his distant days had gone to Mecca disguised as a pilgrim, dug up Persian temples, slain uncivil Moslems with his own hand, and altogether constituted a minor Eastern question in his one boisterous self, had now settled down (a Government post having been created expressly to keep him quiet) into a life divided between furious archaeological disputes and faithful service of the fair sex. He was at this moment promenading his shrunken person—which somehow straightened out into military vigor in the presence of young ladies—round a large table spread with innumerable cups of tea, plates of strawberries, and dishes of bonbons, spread out for the benefit of Miss Flodden. He was informing her, among anecdotes of dead celebrities, reminiscences of Oriental warfare, principles of Persian color arrangement, and panegyrics of virtuous incipient actresses, that Greenleaf was a capital fellow, although he would doubtless have been improved by military training, a scholar, and the son of a great scholar (Thomas Greenleaf's great edition of the "Mahābhārata," which she should read some day when he, Colonel Dunstan, taught her Sanskrit), and that, for the rest, philanthropy, socialism, and the lower classes were a great mistake, of which the Ancient Persians would have made very short work indeed. To Greenleaf also he conveyed sundry information, not troubling to make it quite intelligible, for Colonel Dunstan considered that young men ought to be taught their place, which place was nowhere. So from various mutterings and ejaculations addressed to Miss Flodden such as, "Ah, your great aunt, the duchess—what a woman she was! She had the shoulders of the Venus of Milo—I always told her she ought to ride out in the desert to excavate Palmyra with me;" and "that dear little cousin of yours—why didn't she let me teach her Arabic?" it became gradually apparent to Greenleaf that the old gentleman, who seemed as versed in Burke's "Peerage and Baronetage" as in cuneiform inscriptions, had known many generations of ladies of the house of Flodden. Nay, most unexpected of all, that the young lady introduced by Greenleaf had been a familiar object to the learned and hot-tempered Colonel ever since she had left the nursery. Greenleaf experienced a slight pang on this discovery: he had for-

gotten, in his own unworldliness, that worldly people like Colonel Dunstan and Miss Flodden probably moved in the same society.

"And your sister-in-law, how is she?" went on the old gentleman; "is she as bright as ever, and has she got that little air mutin still? It's months since I've seen her; why didn't you bring her with you, my dear? And does *she* also take an interest in Rhodian pots, the dear beautiful creature?"

Miss Flodden's face darkened as he slowly spun out his questions.

"I don't know what my sister-in-law is doing. I don't live with her any longer, Colonel Dunstan; and she is always busy rushing about with people; and I'm busy with pots and practising the fiddle; I've turned hermit since quite a long time."

"Well, well, practising the fiddle isn't a bad thing. Orpheus with his lute, you know. But you'd much better let me teach you Greek, my dear, and come to Asia Minor next winter with me. Lady Betty's coming, and we'll see what we can dig up among those confounded sots of Turks. You can get capital tents at that fellow's—what's his name—in Piccadilly. And how are your people? I saw your brother Herbert the other day at a sale. He told me your father was determined not to let us have your collection, more's the pity. And what's become of that nice young fellow, Hermann Struwē, who used to be at your house. He hasn't got a wife yet, eh?"

Miss Flodden took no notice of these questions. She passed them over in disdainful silence, Greenleaf thought, till she suddenly said coldly:

"I should think, Mr. Struwē will have no more difficulty in finding a wife than in hiring a shooting, or buying a sham antique."

She was a very beautiful woman, Greenleaf said to himself. She was very tall (Greenleaf wondered whether the women of that lot, of the idlers, were always a head taller than those of his acquaintance), and slender almost to thinness, with a rigid, undeveloped sort of grace that contrasted with the extreme composure—that sort of taking things for granted—of her manner. Old Mr. Dunstan had just alluded to her mother having been a Welsh woman; and Greenleaf thought he saw very plainly the Celt in this superficially

Saxon-looking girl. That sharp perfection of feature—features almost overmuch chiselled and finished in every minutest detail—that excessive mobility of mouth and eyes, did not belong to the usual kind of English pretty woman. She was so much of a Celt, despite her Northumbrian name, that the pale brown of her hair—hair crisp and close round her ears—gave him almost the impression of a wig; underneath it must really be jet black.

Notwithstanding a slight weariness at Colonel Dunstan's social reminiscences and questions, she seemed pleased and rather excited at finding herself in the sanctuary of his learning. While quietly taking care of the old gentleman, and much concerned lest he should stumble over chairs and footstools in his polite haverings, she let her eyes ramble over the expanse of books that covered the walls, evidently impressed by all that must be in them. And from the timid though pertinacious fashion in which she questioned him, it was clear that she thought him an oracle, although an oracle rather difficult to keep to the point.

"And now," she finally said, with a little suppressed desperation, "won't you show me some of the Rhodian ware, Colonel Dunstan? It would be so awfully good of you."

Colonel Dunstan suddenly unwrinkled himself with considerable importance. He had forgotten the Rhodian ware, and rather resented its existence. Why, bless you! He didn't possess such things as pots; and as to going to the Museum, it was the most cold-taking place in the world. He would show her his books some day, and the casts of the cuneiform inscriptions. She must come to tea again soon with him. Did she know Miss Tilly Tandem, who had just been engaged by Irving? He should like them to meet. That was her photograph.

"But," said Miss Flodden—Val Flodden it appeared she was called—"mayn't I—couldn't I—be allowed to see those Rhodian pots also?" She was dreadfully crestfallen, and had a little disappointed eagerness like a child.

"Of course you can," Colonel Dunstan answered, with infinite disdain. "I don't think anything of Rhodian ware, you know—mere debased copy of the old Persian. Those Greeks of the islands were a poor lot, then as now. Believe

me, those Greeks have always been a set of confounded liars. But if you want to see it, why, of course, you can. Greenleaf, take Miss Val Flodden to see the Rhodian ware some day soon; do you hear, Greenleaf, eh?"

"Yes, sir." Greenleaf had always said sir to Colonel Dunstan, like a little boy, or a subordinate. It made up for a kind of contempt with which the learned, but worldly and hot-tempered old gentleman very unreasonably inspired him. Greenleaf was full of prejudices, like all very gentle and apostolic persons.

"There's Greenleaf—go with him some morning," said Colonel Dunstan, regaining his temper; "but, bless me! why haven't you had any more strawberries, Miss Val?"

### III.

The discovery that he had introduced two people who had already been acquainted for years, depressed Greenleaf with something more than the mere sense of slight comicality. Indeed, Greenleaf, like many apostolic persons, was deficient in the sense of the comic, and destitute of all fear of social solecisms. As he waited under the portico of the Museum, the pigeons fluttering from the black temple frieze on to the sooty steps, and the rusty students pressing through the awinging glass doors, he felt a vague dissatisfaction—the sort of faint crossness common in children, and of which no contact with the world, the contact with its grating or planing powers, had cured this dreamer; but such crossness leaves in the candid mind a doubt of possible vicariousness, of being caused by something not its ostensible reason, or being caused by the quite undefinable. When at last, from out of the blue haze and gauzy blackness of the Bloomsbury summer, there emerged an object of interest, and the slender recognized figure detached itself from the crowd of unreal other creatures, on foot, in cabs, and behind barrows, he was aware of a certain flat and prosaic quality in things since that tea-party at Colonel Dunstan's; and he was very angry with himself, and consequently with everything else, when it struck him suddenly that perhaps he was annoyed at the little eccentric adventure—the adventure of the lady dropped from the clouds and never seen again—turning into a humdrum acquaintance, which might

even linger on, with a girl about whose family he now knew everything, who, on her side, was now certain that he was a gentleman, and who did really and seriously intend to find out all about pots.

They walked quickly upstairs, exchanging very few words, save on the subject of umbrellas and umbrella tickets; and when they had arrived in the pottery room they became wonderfully business-like. Miss Flodden was business-like simply because she was extraordinarily interested in the matter in hand; and Greenleaf was business-like because he was ashamed of having perhaps thought about Miss Flodden apart from pottery, and therefore most anxious for his own moral dignity, to look at her and pottery as indissolubly connected.

As the narrator of this small history is unhappily an ignoramus on the subject of pottery, prudence forbids all attempt to repeat the questions of Miss Flodden and the answers of Greenleaf on the subject of clay, colors, baking, glaze and similar mysteries. These were duly discussed for some time while the patient assistant unlocked case after case, and let them handle the great Hispano-Moorish dishes, heraldic creatures spreading wings among their arabesques of yellow brown goldiness; the rotund vases and ewers where Roman consuls and Jewish maidens and Greek gods were crowded together, yellow and green and brown, on the deep sea blue of Castel Durante and Gubbio majolica; the fanciful scalloped blue upon blue nymphs and satyrs of seventeenth century Savona, which looked as if the very dishes and plates had wished to wear furbelows and perukes; and the precious pieces, cracked and broken, of Brusa tiles and Rhodian and Damascene platters, with the gorgeous crimson tulip—opening vistas of Oriental beanfields, and fantastic green and blue fritillaries standing almost in relief on the thick white glaze.

"I suppose it's being brought up among the Yetholme collection that makes you know so much about pottery?" remarked Greenleaf, in considerable surprise: "you haven't been to this part of the Museum before?"

Miss Flodden raised her pale blue, luminous eyes.

"Do you know, I've never been to the Museum since I was a tiny girl, at least, except once, when my sister-in-law con-

ducted a party of New York friends. I thought we were going to see stuffed birds, and I was so surprised to see all those beautiful Greek things—I had seen statues once when we went to Rome—I wanted so much to look at them a little, but my friends thought they weren't in good repair, and wanted to have tea and to go to the park, so they scooted me round among the Egyptian things and the reading-rooms and out by the door. Yes, the little I know I have learned by playing with our things at home. Some day you must see them, Mr. Greenleaf."

Greenleaf did not answer for a moment. Good heavens; here was a young woman of twenty-four or twenty-five who had spent part of every year of her life in London, and had been only once to the British Museum, and then had expected to see stuffed birds! And the girl apparently an instinctive artist, extraordinarily quick and just in her appreciations.

Then there were other things to do, besides opening galleries on Sundays and promenading East end workmen in company with young men from Toynbee Hall! And Greenleaf's heart withered—as one's mouth withers at the contact of strong green tea or caper sauce—with indignation at all the waste of intellectual power and intellectual riches implied in this hideous present misarrangement of all things. Was it possible that the so-called upper classes, or at least some members thereof, were in one way as much the victims of injustice and barbarism as the lower classes, off whose labor they basely subsisted?

The thought came over him as his eyes met Miss Flodden's face—that delicately chiselled, mobile young face which was suddenly contracted with a smile of cynical, yet resigned bitterness. He made that reflection once more, when with the wand-bearing custodian imperturbably occupying the only seat in the place, they leaned upon the glass case, and she asked him, and he told her, about the various currents in art history—the form element of ancient Greece, the color element of the Orientals, the patterns of Persian ware, the outline figures on Greek and Etruscan vases—things which he imagined every child to know, and about which, as about Greeks, Orientals, and Etruscans, and Latin and geography and most matters, this girl seemed completely ignorant.

"My word," she exclaimed, and that

little slang grated horribly on Greenleaf's nerves ; " how very interesting things are when one knows something about them. Do you suppose all things would be equally interesting if one knew about them ? Or would it only be every now and then, just as with other matters, balls, and picnics, and so forth ? Or does one get interested whenever one does anything as hard as one can, like hard riding, or rowing, or playing tennis properly ? Some books seem so awfully interesting, you know ; but there are such a lot of others that one would just throw into the fire if they didn't belong to Mudie. But somehow a thread seems always to be wanting. It's like trying to play a game without knowing the rules. How have you got to know all these things, Mr. Greenleaf ? I mean all the connections between things ; and could anybody get the connecting links if they tried, or must one have a special vocation ? "

Greenleaf was embarrassed how to answer. He really could not realize the extraordinary emptiness in this young woman's mind ; and at the same time he felt strangely touched and indignant, as he did sometimes when giving some little street Arab a good thing which it had never eaten before, and did not clearly know how to begin eating.

" Have you—have you—never read at all methodically ? " he asked. He really meant, " have you never received any education ? "

Miss Flodden reflected for a moment. " No. Somehow one never thought of reading as a methodical thing, as a business, you know. Dancing and hunting and playing tennis and seeing people, all that's a business, because one has to do it. At least one had to do it as long as one hadn't turned into a savage ; every one else has to do it. Of course, there's the fiddle ; I've practised that rather methodically, but it was because I liked the sound of the thing so much, and I once had a little German—my brother's German crammer for diplomacy—who taught me. ' And then one knew that, unless one got up at five in the morning and did it regularly, it wouldn't be done at all. But reading is different. One just picks up a book before dinner, or while being dressed. And the books are usually such rot. ' "

It was getting late, and Greenleaf conducted Miss Flodden back to her parasol,

where it was waiting among the vast and shabby umbrellas of the studious, very incongruous in its semi-masculine, yet rather futile smartness, at the door of the reading-room.

" It is all very beautiful, " remarked Miss Flodden, as they descended the Museum steps, with the pigeons fluttering all round in the dim, smoky air, nodding her head pensively.

" What ? " asked Greenleaf. He had an almost conventual hatred of noise and bustle, which seemed to him, perhaps because he had elected to work among them, the utter profanation of life ; and to his æsthetic soul, the fact that many thousands of people lived among smoke and smuts, and never saw a clear stream, dainty meadow of grass and daisies, or a sky just washed into blueness by a shower, was one of the chief reasons for condemning modern industrial civilization.

" Why, all that—the pale blue mist with the black houses quite soft—like black flakes against it, and the green of the trees against the black walls, and the moving crowd. " Then, as if suddenly taking courage to say something rather dreadful, she said : " Tell me about Colonel Dunstan. Is he really so learned, does he know such a lot of things ? "

Greenleaf laughed at the simplicity with which she asked this. She seemed to have a difficulty in realizing that any one could know anything.

" Yes, he knows a great lot of things. He is one of the first Orientalists in Europe, I believe—at least my father, who was an Oriental scholar himself, used to say so ; and he is a great archæologist, besides his knowledge of Eastern things, and of course he knows more about Oriental art, and in fact all art, than almost any one. "

" Does he know, " hesitated Miss Flodden, " what you were telling me about the different currents of ancient art, Persian and Greek and Etruscan, and the way in which artists lived then—all that you were telling me just now ? "

Greenleaf laughed. " Good gracious, yes ; I know nothing compared with him. Why, most of the little I know I learned at his lectures. Shall I bail that hansom for you, Miss Flodden ? "

They were crossing Bedford Square. The birds were singing in the plane trees, and from the open windows of a solemn

Georgian house, with its courses of white stone, and its classic door frieze, came the notes of a sonata of Mozart. All was wonderfully peaceful under the hazy summer sky.

"No—not yet—tell me, then. Since Colonel Dunstan knows so many interesting things, why in the world does he live like that?"

"Like what, Miss Flodden?"

"Why, as if—well, as if he knew nothing at all. Why does he go every afternoon a round of calls on silly women, gossiping about their dresses, and listening to all—well—the horrid, because it often is horrid, nonsense and filth people talk? I used to meet him about everywhere, when I used still to go into the world. He often came to my sister-in-law's—I thought he was just an old—well, an old creature like the rest of them, collecting gossip to retail it next door. Since he really knows all about beautiful things, why doesn't he stick to them—why does he go about with stupid folk—he must know lots of clever ones?"

"Because—because Colonel Dunstan is a man of the world," answered Greenleaf bitterly; "because he cares about art, and history and philosophy, but he also cares for pretty women, and pretty frocks, and good manners, and white hands."

"But—why shouldn't one care—doesn't every one care for—well, good manners?"

He had spoken with such violence that Miss Flodden had turned round. Her question died away as she looked into his face. It had hitherto struck her merely by its great kindness, and a sort of gentle candor that was rare. Now, the clean-shaven features and longish hair gave her the impression of a fanatic priest, at least what she imagined such to be.

"In this world, as it now exists," continued Greenleaf in an undertone, which was almost a hiss, "things are so divided that a man must choose between people who are pretty, and pleasant and well-mannered, and people who are ugly and brutish and hateful, because the first are idle and unjust, and the second overworked and oppressed. Nowadays, less even than when Christ taught it, a man cannot serve both God and Mammon; and God, at present, at least God's servants, live among the ignorant, and dirty and suffer-

ing. Shan't I stop that hansom for you, Miss Flodden?"

"Yes," she answered with a catch in her breath, as if overcome by surprise, almost as by an attack.

"Good-by," he said, closing the flaps of the hansom.

Miss Flodden's hand mechanically dropped on to one of them, and her head, with the little black bonnet all points and bows of lace, was looking straight into space, as one overcome by great astonishment.

Greenleaf sickened with shame at his vehemence.

"You will let me show you the Etruscan things some day?" he cried, as the hansom rolled off.

Ah, could he never, never learn to restrain himself? What business had he to talk of such things to such a woman. To let the holy of holies become, most likely, a subject of mere idle curiosity, and idle talk?

#### IV.

As Greenleaf looked up from the article on the "Rochdale Pioneers and Co-operation" and glanced out of the window at the smoke-veiled, soot engrained Northern towns, and the bleak green North country hill-sides which flashed past the express, he did not realize at all clearly that he was going to see once more Miss Val Flodden, and see her in the unexpected relation of hostess and guest.

She had, indeed, during their last ramble through the British Museum, said something vague about his coming to Yetholme if ever he came North; but he had given the invitation no weight and had forgotten it completely. His journey was due to a circumstance more important in his eyes than the visit of a young lady to his studio, and would be crowned by an event far more satisfactory than the meeting with a stray acquaintance.

For Sir Percy Flodden had at last decided to sell the famous Yetholme collection of majolica and Palissy ware; and the South Kensington authorities had selected Leonard Greenleaf, potter and writer on pottery, to verify the catalogue and conclude the purchase. It was one of Greenleaf's socialist maxims that no important works of art should be hidden from public enjoyment in the houses of private collectors; an Act of Parliament, in his opinion, should force all owners to sell to the

nation, supposing that arguments in favor of true citizenship and true love of art had failed to make them bestow their property gratis. Greenleaf had agitated during several years to induce the public to make the first bid for the Yetholme collection; difficulties of all kinds had stood in the way, and the owner himself had become restive in the negotiations; but now, at last, this immortal earthenware had been saved from further private collections and secured for the enjoyment of everybody.

This being the case, it was not wonderful if Miss Flodden was thrown into the shade by her family collection; and if Greenleaf had gradually got to think very little about her of late—I say of late, because until the Yetholme sale had diverted his mind from theory to practice, Miss Flodden had played a certain part in Greenleaf's thoughts. Her sudden intrusion upon the monotony of his existence, had made him ponder once more upon his undergraduate's dream of reclaiming the upper, as well as the lower, classes, a dream which had gradually vanished before practical contact with the pressing wants of the poor. He had forgotten, during the last five or six years, that the leisured classes existed otherwise than as oppressors of the overworked ones. But now there had returned to the surface his constitutional craving for harmony, his horror of class warfare, a horror all the greater that in this very gentle soul there was a possibility of intense hatred. Why should not the whole of society work out harmoniously a new and better social order? After all, he and his chosen friends belonged to the privileged class, and only the privileged class could give the generous initiative required to counteract the selfish claiming of rights from below. Mankind was not wicked and perverse: and the injustice, wantonness, and cruelty of the rich were, doubtless, a result of their ignorance: they must be shown that they could do without so many things and that other folk were wanting those things so very much. And, half consciously, the image of Val Flodden rose up to concentrate and typify the ideas she had evoked. She was the living example of the ignorance of all higher right and wrong, of all the larger facts of existence, in which the so-called upper classes lived on no better than heathen blacks.

In these reflections Greenleaf had never

claimed for Miss Flodden any individual superiority: to do so would have been to diminish her value as a type and an illustration. She had become, in his thoughts, the natural woman as produced, or rather as destroyed, by the evil constitution of idle society. She appeared, indeed, to have a personal charm, but this was doubtless a class peculiarity which his inexperience perceived as an individual one. It was the sole business of idle folk, Greenleaf said to himself, to make themselves charming, and they doubtless carried this quality as high as blacksmiths do strength of arm, and seamstresses nimbleness of finger: for the occasional examples of idle folk without any charm at all quickly faded from Greenleaf's logical memory. Also, he forgot, for the moment, that many women, neither ignorant nor idle, the three Miss Carpenters, for instance, who lived in a servantless flat in Holborn and worked in the East End, had as much charm, though not quite the same; and that there were tricks of manner and speech, affectations of schoolboy slang, yokel ways, about Miss Flodden herself, which affected his sensitive nerves as ungraceful. But, be this as it may, the acquaintance with Miss Flodden had set his thoughts on the disadvantages of the upper classes, and he found it convenient to use Miss Flodden as an illustration thereof.

Besides, every now and then, Greenleaf had felt, in those long talks at the Museum, a curious pang of pity for her. In Greenleaf's nature, more thoughtful than logical, the dominating forces were a kind of transcending æstheticism, and an extraordinary, also transcendent, compassion—compassion which, coming upon him in veritable stabs, went to his head and soon passed the boundaries of individual pain and wrong. This man, who aspired toward the future and really hankered painfully after the past, was like some mediæval monk all quivering at the sufferings of a far distant, impersonal Godhead, for the sake of whose wrongs he could even hate liberty, and for the sake of whose more than individual sufferings he could feel, every now and then, overwhelming pity for some small ill treated bird, or beast, or man. That this girl—intelligent and good—had been brought up not merely in utter indifference to real evil (tempered only by a vague fear of a black man who carried you to hell, and a much blacker



man who turned you out of society) but in ignorance of every one of the nobler and more beautiful activities of life;—this perception of moral and intellectual starvation, veiled his mind with tears and made him spiritually choke, like the sight of a supperless ragged child, or of a dog that had lost its master.

Such impressions had been common enough in their two or three meetings. They had met several times in the Museum, and once at Messrs. Boyce's works, the utter unworldliness of Greenleaf's mind preventing his asking himself, even once, whether such proceedings did not display unusual recklessness on the part of a girl belonging to Miss Flodden's set; so much that he did not even take heed of Miss Flodden's occasional remarks showing that this liberty, this familiarity with a man and a stranger, were possible only because she had deliberately turned her back on her former companions. Indifferent to personal matters, he had not even understood very plainly (although he had a pleasant vague sense of something similar) that unfamiliarity with the class and type to which he belonged had given the girl a sense of absolute safety which allowed her to go about and discuss everything with this man from a different sphere, as she might have done with another woman. This knowledge was vague and scarce conscious, taking the form rather of indignation with Miss Flodden's world and pity for Miss Flodden's self, whenever, incidentally, she said things that revealed the habit of an opposite state of things, the habit of a woman's liberty of action, speech and feeling being cramped by disbelief in men's purity and honor, or rather by knowledge of their thinly varnished baseness.

Thus it had come about during that dim and delicate London June that the young lady from Eaton Square had become a familiar figure in the mind, if not in the life, of the Socialist potter of Church Street, Bloomsbury. There was, of course, a certain exotic strain in the matter, and as they rambled among the solemn-sitting Pharaohs, the Roman Emperors and headless Greek demigods, and the rows of glass cases in the cool, empty Museum, Greenleaf occasionally experienced, while discussing various forms of art and describing dead civilizations, a little shock of surprise on realizing the nature

of his companion, on catching every now and then an intonation and an expression that told of ball-rooms and shooting-houses, on perceiving suddenly, silhouetted against the red wall, or reflected in a glass case, the slender, dapper figure in its plain, tight clothes; the tight, straight-featured head beneath its close little bonnet. But this sense of the unusual and the exotic was subdued by the sense of the real, the actually present, just as, in some foreign or Eastern town, our disbelief in the possibility of it all is oddly moulded into a knot of familiarity by the knowledge that we are ourselves, and ourselves are on the spot.

It was different now, as his train jogged slowly along the banks of the Tweed, between the bare, green hills and the leafy little ravines of Northumberland. A couple of months' separation had gradually reduced Miss Flodden to an unfamiliar, and almost an abstract, being. She was the subject no longer of impressions, but merely of reflections, and of reflections which had grown daily more general, as the perfume of individuality faded away. Greenleaf lived so much more in his thoughts than in his life that creatures very speedily got to represent nothing but problems to him. At this moment his main interest in life was to secure the Yetholme collection of majolica and Palissy work; the fact that he was going, in a few minutes, to meet Miss Flodden was not more important than the fact that he would have to get his portmanteau out of the van. And as to Miss Flodden, she represented to him, in a rather rubbed-out way, the problem of upper-class want of education and moral earnestness.

It seemed to him also, as he shook hands with Miss Flodden, in her cart at Yetholme station, and took his place beside her in the vehicle, that not only all his own feelings about Miss Flodden, but Miss Flodden herself, had changed. She had grown so much more like everybody else, he thought, or he had got to see her so much more in her reality. There was nothing exotic about her now, wrapped in a big, fuzzy cloak, a big cap drawn over head, which concealed her close, light-brown curls, and made her face so very much less keen in feature. He wondered why he had seen so much of the Celt, and such a far-fetched nervous fineness in her. She seemed also, in her almost monosyl-

labic conversation, mainly preoccupied with his portmanteau, the hours of his train, the names of the villages and hills they passed, and similar commonplace matters, whereas, in London, he had noted the eager insistence with which she had immediately set the conversation and firmly kept it on intellectual and artistic problems.

The cart rolled away by high-lying fields of pale green barley and oats, shivering in the cold breeze, between the stunted hedges, whence an occasional wind-warped thorn-tree rose black against the pale yellow afternoon sky, with every now and then a bunch of blue cranesbill, or a little fluttering group of poppies, taking the importance of bushes and trees in this high, bleak Northern country. Great savage dogs, with chests and pointed ears like the antique Cerberus, came barking out of the black stone cottages; and over the fields, from the tree tops just visible in the river valley below, circled innumerable rooks, loudly cawing. The road made a sudden dip, and they were on a level with the wide, shingly bed of the Tweed, scattered sheep grazing along the banks. Then a black belfry appeared among black ash trees; a row of black cottages bordered the road with their hollyhocks and asters, and the cart rolled in between rows of rook-peopled trees, and stopped at last before a long, black, stone house, sunk, as in some parts of Scotland, into a kind of trench. There was a frightful alarm of dogs of all kinds, rushing up from all directions. But Miss Flodden led Greenleaf into the house and through various passages, without any human being appearing, save a boy, to whom she threw the reins at the door. At last, in a big, dark drawing-room, a child was discovered helping herself to milk and bread and jam at a solitary table.

"They're all out," she said, taking no notice of Greenleaf, although scanning him with the critical eyes of six or seven. "Cut me a scone, Val, and put butter on it, but not too much."

"This is a step-sister of mine," explained Miss Flodden laconically, nodding in the child's direction, as she threw aside her cloak, drew off her gloves, and began pouring out tea. "I say, leave that scone alone until I can cut it for you. It's rather hard lines on one for the family to have its tea and leave us only the cold dregs."

She looked listless and almost bored. Greenleaf wondered how he could ever have romanced about this handsome, commonplace young woman. Then he began to speculate as to where the famous collection was kept.

# V.

"It's very unfair of me, of course," Miss Flodden remarked next morning, as she handed down plate after plate, jar after jar, to Greenleaf, seated, the catalogue before him and the pen in his hand, at a long deal table—"it's very unfair, and it isn't at all business, but I used to think I should like to see you again, and now, on account of these pots, I dislike you."

Greenleaf looked up in astonishment. It was as if the veil of sullenness, preventing his recognition of Miss Flodden ever since his arrival, had suddenly been torn asunder by a burst of passion. The girl was standing by the glass case, dusting a Limoges platter with a feather brush, her mannish coat and short skirt covered with dust. She spoke in an undertone, and her eyes were looking down upon the platter, but it struck him at once that she was a Celt once more, and that the Celtic waywardness and emotion were bursting out the more irresistibly for that long repression due to the Spartan undemonstrativeness of smart society. He noticed also a trait he had forgotten, and which had seemed to be, long ago at the Museum, a sort of mark of temperament, telling of inherited ferocity in this well-bred young lady: two of her little white teeth, instead of being square pearls like their companions, were pointed and sharp, like those of a wild animal. And as she raised her eyes, their light, whitish-blue, flashed angrily.

"Excuse my being so rude, Mr. Greenleaf," she added very coldly, "you have been so good, showing and explaining a lot of things to me, that it's only fair you should know that, on account of the pots, I have—well—got to dislike you. You see," she went on, turning her back to him, "they were my toys. They were the only people, except the trees and the river, one had to talk to sometimes."

Greenleaf had noticed at dinner last night, and again this morning at lunch; that Miss Flodden seemed to have very little in common with her family, and, indeed, scarcely any communication at all.

Sir Percy Flodden, an old gentleman with a beautiful white beard, and beautiful soft manners, but a deficiency in further characteristics, had found leisure in the intervals of organizing Primrose meetings, making speeches at Conservative dinners, writing letters to the *Times* about breeds of cattle, and hunting and fishing a great deal, to get married a second time, and to produce a large number of younger fishermen and huntresses, future Primrose Leaguers and writers to the *Times*. The second wife being dead, and sundry aunts installed in her place, the younger generation of Floddens, after gradually emerging from the nursery, ran wild in brooks and streams, stables and haylofts, until the boys were packed off to civilization and Eton, pending further civilization and Sandhurst; and the girls were initiated into their proper form of civilization by being taken to a drawing-room and then hustled into further female evolution by an energetic and tactful sister-in-law. The elder girls were now at home, preparing clothes for various balls and packing trunks for various visits; and the elder boys had come back on holidays with fishing-rods, coin collections, the first three books of Euclid, and the last new thing in slang; as to the younger half-brothers and sisters, they were still in the phase of the hay-loft and stable, emerging only to partake of gigantic breakfasts and teas.

Among all these good-natured and well-mannered, but somewhat dull creatures, Val Flodden moved in an atmosphere of her own, somewhat of a stranger, considerably of a puzzle, and regarded with the mixed awe and suspicion due to her having been recently an admittedly pretty woman, and now showing signs of becoming an undoubtedly eccentric one. Besides, there was the fact that Val Flodden was partially a Celt, and that her father and brothers were most emphatically Saxons.

All this it has been necessary to explain that the reader might understand that Greenleaf might have understood Miss Flodden's passionate clinging to her sole companions at Yetholme, the old crockery of her grandfather's collection.

But although Greenleaf did actually take in a portion of the situation, he was mainly impressed by the want of public spirit exhibited by the young lady; so inevitably do we expect other folk to pos-

sess even our most eccentric standard, and to rule their feelings and actions by notions of which they have probably never even heard.

Miss Flodden had broken through all rules in manifesting her feelings about the pots; Greenleaf never dreamed of taking advantage of her false move, but with his usual simplicity encouraged by a plain-spokenness, which never struck him as otherwise than natural, he answered very gravely: "Of course I understand how fond you must be of these beautiful things, and how much it must have been to you—it would be to any one who cared for art, even if not specially interested like you in pottery—to have them constantly before you. But you ought to remember that you are parting with them for the advantage of others."

Miss Flodden flushed a little. It was from surprise and shame at this man's stupidity. She felt as if she herself had alluded to the necessity of selling these heirlooms, as if she herself had done the incredible thing of pointing out the pecuniary advantage. Then, apparently, she reflected, that if this man was so obtuse, he could not help himself; but that he was doubtless honest in his intentions. For she added coldly, and hiding her contemptuous face from him with a jar held at arm's length:

"Of course I know that it's for the benefit of my brothers and sisters. I don't grudge them the money, Heaven knows, and when one's broke, one's broke. Only it's sad to think what sort of things—what stupid amusements and useless necessities these lovely things will be exchanged for, merely because the world is so idiotically constituted. You see, the possession of these pots ought to give every one more pleasure than the possession of an additional horse, or an extra frock."

Greenleaf was as much taken aback at her misconception of his meaning as she had been at her supposed understanding of it.

"Good gracious, Miss Flodden, I didn't mean the advantage of your brothers and sisters. But surely you ought to reflect that these pots passing from a private house in Northumberland to the South Kensington Museum, will mean that hundreds of people will be afforded pleasure, instead of only one or two—one, namely yourself, by your own account. Besides, do you

really think that any private individual has a moral right to keep for himself any object capable of giving a noble kind of pleasure to his fellows, merely because the present state of society allows him to possess more money than his neighbors, and to lock up things as his property? Surely art belongs to all who can enjoy it!"

There was something fault-finding in Greenleaf's tone, owing to the fact that he could not realize such ideas, so very familiar to himself, not being equally familiar to every one else.

Miss Flodden set down the jar she was dusting, keeping her wrist balanced on its edge; and looked at Greenleaf with surprise in her blue eyes, which concentrated, and seemed to grow darker and deeper by the concentration.

"Really," she asked incredulously, "are you speaking seriously? But then—what would become of luxury and so forth?"

"The active would enjoy it as well as the idle—or rather, there would be no longer either active or idle, every one would work and enjoy equally, and equally fairly and rationally."

"Then," went on Miss Flodden slowly, the sequence of thoughts bursting with difficulty on to her mind, "no one would have things, except for real enjoyment, and as a result of fairly earning them? People would all have books, and beautiful trees and fields to look at, and pictures and music, but no diamonds, or stepping horses, or frocks from Worth—the things one has because other folk have them."

Greenleaf smiled: she seemed to him, talking of these things which "one" had because "others" had them, things so futile, so foreign to his mind, extraordinarily like a child talking of the snakes, whales, and ogres, represented by tables and chairs, and hearthrugs.

"Of course not."

"At that rate," went on the girl, "there would no longer be any need for marrying and giving in marriage. One would live quite free, free to work at what one liked, and look about, without folks worrying one."

Greenleaf did not follow her thought, for his own thoughts were too foreign to the habits she was alluding to.

"I don't see," he added simply, "why people shouldn't marry or be given in marriage because every one worked and had

leisure. I mightn't perhaps, because I should always, perhaps, want to work too much, and because things matter to me more than people. But I can't see why others shouldn't marry and be given in marriage, Miss Flodden."

A little contraction passed across the girl's face, and she answered in a hurried, husky voice:

"No, no; that would be all over."

And they fell again to the catalogue. It was a very hard day's work, that first one, for the catalogue was in horrid confusion; and they really could not have had time to talk much about other things, for they went on with merely a brief space for lunch, and Greenleaf was sent for a walk with one of the boys at tea-time, while Miss Flodden unwillingly entertained some neighbors. Then at dinner the conversation, in which she took no part, rolled mainly upon local pedigrees, crops, how many fish the boys had caught, what houses friends were staying at, how sundry young ladies of the neighborhood were likely to marry, and how many bags had been made at various shoots. Still, despite these irrelevant interests, Miss Flodden seemed to have understood why Greenleaf had expected her to like the sale of the collection, and Greenleaf to have understood why Miss Flodden should have been vexed at the collection being sold. At least there was a sense of mutual comprehension and good-will, such as the morning had scarcely promised. And when, after fretting a little over more bags of game, and more local pedigrees with his host and the boys after dinner, Greenleaf returned to find the ladies in various stages of somnolence, over the drawing-room fire, he experienced an odd sense of the naturalness of things when Miss Flodden asked whether he could play the piano, and took her violin out of its case.

Among the dreams of his life there had always been a very silly one, of a younger sister—he always thought of her as called Emily—who would have learned the violin, and who would have stood before him like this, bow in hand, while he looked up from his piano. It seems odd, perhaps, that the fair violinist should never have appeared to his mind as a possible wife; but so it was. And so it was that this image, which had dawned upon his schoolboy fancy long before the delectableness of marriage could ever be understood, and

when his solitary little soul still smarted at his dull, grown up, companionless home ; so it was that the image of " Emily"—the imaginary sister with the violin—had gradually taken the place in his heart of that stately Miss Delia Carpenter, the only woman whom he had ever loved, and who had told him she was in love with another.

The family was beginning to disperse ; the girls to wake up yawning from their novels or their embroidery, the father to start suddenly from his slumber over the *Times*, the boys, having satisfied themselves in the newspapers about the number of brace of grouse, had sneaked off to prepare flies for the next day's fishing, and still they played on, the image of " Emily" gradually acquiring the blue eyes (its own had been brownish) and clear cut, nervous features (she had hitherto had an

irregular style of beauty) of Val Flodden.

" That's enough," said Miss Flodden, putting by her violin tenderly—she had the same rather unwonted tenderness with some of the majolica—into its case, and looking round at the sleepy faces of the family. " Jack, give Mr. Greenleaf his candle. And," she added, as they shook hands, " you'll tell me some more about how it will be when everybody works and has leisure, won't you, to-morrow ?"

That night Greenleaf saw in his dreams his father's rectory among the south country pines, the garden, the paddock, the big library and loft full of books ; and among it all there wandered about, rather dim in features, but unhesitatingly recognized, that imaginary sister, the violinist " Emily."—*Contemporary Magazine*.

(To be concluded.)

#### AN ETRUSCAN CEMETERY.

THE person to whom graves and the dead are distasteful subjects had better keep aloof from Corneto. After a day spent in the Etruscan tombs, one begins to have something of a fraternal feeling for the mummies of the Pharaohs. There is nothing for it but to think of one's own latter end ; and to contrast a nineteenth-century sepulchre of civilization with the ornate and spacious tombs of these dead-and-gone ancients. The result of such a comparison is not cheering ; and so the mood of lachrymose pensiveness is induced, and one is impelled to reiterate those antediluvian wails about the vanity and shortness of life, the omnipotence of Death, and the hallowness of all things.

Melancholy apart, however, this old cemetery is well worth a visit. So also is the town of Corneto itself, to which the graves are adjacent. It stands on a little hill about fourteen miles north of Civita Vecchia, and five or six miles from the coast ; and it bristles with tall quadrangular towers, as if it fancied that the arts of mediæval warfare would still, in its hour of need, suffice to protect it. The road ascends through vineyards and olive woods until the town walls seem to impend over us. Then the diligence which has carried us from the station frolics through the town gateway, and comes to a stand-still in the paved market-place immediately upon the

other side of the gate. A longish, narrow, dark street runs from the square ; and the street is somewhat crowded with wayfarers, who one and all seem to turn toward the coach to see what the train has sent them in the way of novelty.

There is a famous old Gothic *palazzo* close at hand, which not so long ago was the inn of Corneto. It is now degraded into worse uses. This is a thousand pities ; for it were difficult in a day's search in this part of Italy to discover anything of the kind more attractive than its arched and rose windows with twisted columns, and its delightful inner courtyard—a maze of pillars with engaging capitals, and with two or three tiers of balconies looking down upon it. However, the *Locanda Grassi*, its successor on the opposite side of the street, is not despicable, for a country inn. The landlady is a peculiarly hearty, plump old soul, and she ushers the stranger into a bedroom with a rainbow ceiling, the notion of which he by-and-by regards as a plagiarism from the Etruscan. There is word about dinner ; the wine of the country is brought forward to be tasted ; and the maid of the inn, a gray-eyed, pretty little creature, unlooses her tongue for a brisk course of gossip while we smoke in the large upper room that looks upon the street. A couple of bullocks' horns, mounted in wood, and set perpen-

dicularly upon the mantel-piece, remind us that we are in a land of charms and wonders. Anon comes the celebrated Frangioni, the custodian of the tombs, to talk over the programme of the morrow. He is a courteous gentleman, with recollections of distinguished visitors; and he tells tales about Mr. Dennis, of Etruscan notoriety, and his liking to lodge while in Corneto in a house full of pretty girls—tales which go far to explain why the author in question has devoted a clear hundred pages of his famous book, *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, to a consideration of the cemeteries of Corneto alone.

Meanwhile, dinner is over: the juice of Montefiascone is approved; and a stray firefly flickers now and again up the dusky street. Frangioni has shaken our hand with a solemn promise that he will be with us the next morning at seven o'clock, so that our work may be well begun ere the heat of the day; and then we wander forth with a cigar to view this placid old town by moonlight. There is no knowing what the municipality would have said had they heard of this rash proceeding. For it is evident that Corneto is a town the citizens of which are all abed ere the hour of curfew. It lacks lamps; and the Corso itself catches but a faint glow of illumination from the half-open door of a café in which sundry revellers are playing billiards on a dilapidated table with cushions of cast-iron. And so we stumble along an uneven alley, steering for a point in the city walls, and at last break from the darkness upon an uneven bank of flowers and grass, having a tower pierced with windows rising stark from the soil eighty feet high on the one hand, and the walls adjacent on the other. The moon shines on some water in the valley far beneath us. It is the river Marta; and the broad back of hillock on the opposite side of the river is the site of Tarquinia, the Etruscan city of which the Monte Rossi on which Corneto stands was but the cemetery. The moon sparkles on some white blocks which seem to be crested Tarquinia's hill. The fancy sees walls, temple bases, and what not. But in truth they are only unchiselled masses of the limestone which crops through the soil and scrub of Tarquinia. According to Betham's Celtic-Etruscan reading, the word Tarquinia means, "the oldest settlement in civilization." It is odd that citizens should

christen their city with such a phrase; but we need not be hypercritical about derivations. There is nothing of the city left except its cemetery.

Hist! While we stand musing about Tarquinia, tracking with the eye the course up the valley of the silvery Marta, listening to the untimely bray of an ass in a field of the farm at the base of Corneto's rock, and wondering what the Etruscans would have thought of us and of our interest in them, a stealthy step is audible behind. A boy emerges from a second alley, black as a pit's mouth, with something struggling in his hands. He rushes to the nearest part of the wall, and with a passionate, "Now you are going to die!" hurls the "something" over the battlements. There is a cry like that of a child, the subdued sound of collision with the jagged nether cliffs, and finally a rustle among the bushes.

"What have you done, boy?" we demand sternly, with a hand upon the startled urchin's shoulder.

"No, no!" he cries; "not a *bambino* at all, only a cat. It scratched mamma, and so we have killed it."

The released assassin disappears in the gloom whence he had come, and a wakeful jackdaw in the tower asks what is the matter. But we leave the bird to solve the riddle for itself, and grope our way back to the Corso. By this time the dissolute café is shut. All Corneto is, or seems to be, asleep. The melodious clock of the white church in the market-place chimes ten as we ascend the stone stairs to our bedroom in the *Locanda*.

The next morning we have dressed and breakfasted by seven o'clock, and await the gentlemanly custodian. At eight o'clock a messenger is sent to arouse him from his bed. It is nine o'clock ere he appears, smoothing his sleek beard, and looking fresh and much at ease. He begs pardon a thousand times; the engagement had slipped from his mind. To atone for his negligence, he peremptorily orders a carriage to be ready for us in ten minutes. It is but ten minutes' walk to the first of the tombs, he says, in inconsequent comment upon the hire of the conveyance. "As for the cost, it will be but five or eight francs additional." A man of immense *savoir faire*, this Frangioni. His father-in-law was custodian of the tombs for thirty years, and he has already held the keys for half as long. He is more like

the head-keeper of a Scotch deer forest than a guardian of sepulchres. And it may be doubted if his heart is in his work. But he is the authority of Corneto on things Etruscan. The massy gold ring of an archaic mode upon one of his fingers, and the various leaden weights and bronze *fibulae* pendent from his watch-chain, are the insignia of his profession.

We drive through the city gates, and soon find ourselves upon a bleak, treeless tongue of upland, of which, in fact, the rock of Corneto itself is the north-western extremity. Below us, to the right, are the vineyards and grain-fields and olive groves of the seaboard; the glittering Mediterranean; and the headland of Monte Argentario. To the left, across the valley, is the hill of Tarquinia. They are carrying hay from its lower slopes. Beyond, toward the interior, we see the dull shapes of the Apennines. There is not much beauty in any part of the prospect. A man must be replete with sensibility, imagination, and archæological lore to be able to refashion the Monte Rossi and Tarquinia thoroughly to his contentment.

At a signal from Frangioni the carriage is now arrested. We are by the first of the tombs. The land is thick with asphodels gone to seed, poppies and thistles in fervent bloom, mint, wild thyme, and gorse. Having alighted, we force a way through this perfumed tangle to the iron-bound door which lets upon the sepulchre. With some effort the door is opened; a staircase cut in the rock is disclosed; this we descend, and at the foot of it is another gate. We light candles, open this second gate, which is green with mould, populous with slugs and snails and other creeping things, and are in the empty sepulchre.

One's first Etruscan tomb comes like a revelation to one's intelligence. It is on a par with the other important stages of development in life: first balls, first loves, and the like. There is something bewildering about it. To think that these ancients—our inferiors, we flatter ourselves, in nearly everything—should be able to design and execute such laborious and elegant chambers for their dead!—apartments by the side of which the mortuary chapels of the fashionable cemeteries of civilization are tawdry and unpleasing! A visit to Corneto is more educative in a classical sense than a whole year devoted to Livy,

Florus, and such other writers as make mention of the Etruscan people.

The tombs of Monte Rossi are so numerous that the more important of them are scheduled, furnished with white triangular entrance portals, and numbered, like the houses in Italy, on little enamel disks. But they are known distinctively rather by the subject of the frescoes which adorn their walls than by their number in the city of the dead. You do not go to see tomb No. 4, but the Grotta del Tifone, so called from the remarkable figure of the Etruscan Lucifer upon one of the columns which support it. The tombs that have been discovered are reckoned by hundreds; but little by little the colors of the frescoes fade, are corrupted by the damp and the loathsome slugs which slime them; and so they lapse into ruin, and are eventually filled up and forgotten. One has to be careful in rambling without a guide about this hill of the dead, for the brambles and scrub grow with a beguiling denseness over the mouths of abandoned tombs, into which the unwary investigator may easily enough be precipitated.

Frangioni is voluble of archæological lore during the hours we spend in these fascinating vaults. But really the drawings on the walls tell their own tale sufficiently well. What spirited studies in red, black, and green they are! dancing-girls, merry-makers, the dead and the dying, hunters and fishermen, birds, beasts, and fishes, galore! These chambers of the dead are a gallery of pictures of the domestic life of the Etruscans. Nothing could be more vivid. The lamps and vases and ornaments of gold and bronze with which the Corneto Museum is crowded might have served as the models for the details of the frescoes. Such sepulchres are worth libraries of descriptive literature. Frangioni is evidently pleased at enthusiasm in his clients. He dilates on the laudable conduct of his German visitors, who spend entire days in the tombs, heedless of rheumatism, the bloated toads under their feet, and the spiders suspended over their heads.

The heat of the day is over when we turn our back upon Tarquinia's cemetery. We meet a funeral procession coming out of the gates of Corneto. The modern necropolis is a walled enclosure, over a part of the old necropolis. Only the other year, indeed, a grave was dug so deep

that, after the burial, the corpse broke through the ceiling of one of the Etruscan tombs. This incident gave a ghastly touch of realism to the experience of the visitors who were the first to enter the sepulchre after the disaster. For my part, however, I should be sorry to carry away any such

sensational reminiscence of Corneto. It takes rank with Baalbec as one of the unique places of the world. It is a pity its unique attractions are not also as durable as those of Baalbec.—*Chambers's Journal*.

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## POSSIBILITIES OF NAVAL WARFARE.

BY H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.

A STRIKING characteristic of the Englishman of to-day is his want of speculation on subjects of vital interest to him, provided that he is supplied with a certain amount of information from an authoritative source in appropriately technical language. Seldom, indeed, does he care to master initial technicalities and think for himself; if the conclusions of one specialist are distasteful to him, he puts himself into the hands of another.

It is unquestioned that the condition of our fleet is a matter of the very first importance to us; it is likely that at some time, distant or imminent, we shall have to take part in a great struggle by sea; and it is certain that the results of that conflict, be they what they may, will be more momentous to us than to any other nation.

Yet, as a nation, we hardly seem to have apprehended the fact that the next naval war will be an experiment, not only unprecedented in the enormous cost of the material employed in it, but absolutely unprecedented in kind.

The history of warfare by sea and land shows us changes in the materials for attack and defence continually made in accordance with the results of practical experience in absolute conflict. The tremendous lance of the Macedonian phalanx was put into use as soon as devised; it was modified, and, finally, almost abandoned, as experience demonstrated that its great capabilities were counterbalanced by greater deficiencies. In accordance with repeated experiment, warfare modified itself as gunpowder superseded the bow. Captain Dalgerty was led to require that "tassets should be made musket-proof" by the practical experience of being shot in the thigh; and the striking change of abandoning armor altogether, after carrying it to a high pitch of constructive perfection,

was this result of continued testing on the battle field.

Since our last naval war we have been making, without the opportunity of proving them, changes in our ships of battle so enormous that those that have come about gradually in preceding centuries are as nothing to them: The difference between the war-ship of our Viking ancestors and the three-decker of Nelson's day was a trifle to the difference between the latter and the ironclad of this year's naval manœuvres.

And, when the great experiment is tried, there will be yet more to settle than matters of weight of gun and thickness of armor plate. Not only will naval tactics have to be developed from the teaching of events, but an appropriate standard of *morale* will have to be discovered for the new conditions.

The fencer is not necessarily of lower courage than the pugilist because he guards himself with twenty times more caution; he is simply using another weapon that has its own code of morality as well as of practice. And the code of modern naval warfare has yet to be found.

The naval engagements of past ages differed from one another in degree only, the armada of the Persians, like the armada of the Spaniard, attacked with superior force an enemy who, by reason of their length of indented sea-board, were more familiar with the resources of seamanship, and parallel results followed in both cases. Trireme tackled trireme in the Roman days, much as three-decker tackled three-decker in the days of Nelson. The next sea-fight will differ from them all in kind and absolutely, so prodigious are the changes that the use of steam power and artillery on the present enormous scale have introduced into marine warfare.



During these changes a complete metamorphosis has taken place in the national feeling about our fleet. We *were* boastfully assertive as to the superiority of the English seaman and the English ship to those of all countries whatsoever. At present, except when made use of for political purposes, our fleet interests us only when it appeals to our sense of humor. If an ironclad, issuing to join the manœuvres, exhibits some internal defect, and has to be towed ignominiously into harbor again, the nation ripples with merriment. If another, for slight apparent causes, goes to the bottom of the sea, we are so delighted to treat the responsible person with playful *badinage* that we have not the heart to chide him seriously. The thought that he is perhaps doing all that human foresight can, in view of a terrible *grand peut-être*, does not occur to check our hilarity. The comic papers are a record of this; they have no more certain "side splitter" than the description of an English admiral with ships that he cannot control, and guns that he is afraid to fire. And to the little sketch is usually prefixed a quotation from some serious source, to prove that the difficulty that it treats in so light-hearted a fashion is a really existent one. It appears that if, without such loss of life as would compel us to take the matter seriously, we could lose an ironclad a week the nation might be furnished with laughter, inextinguishable as long as the fleet held out.

A glance at the history of any weapon that has been modified in accordance with the experiences of conflict, will show that it does not continually advance in any one direction, as weapons have a tendency to do when developed by nations arming in competition with one another. Now no single attribute in a weapon is altogether good, and can be indefinitely increased without risk; it has the defects of its qualities, and by going too far with it we may suffer more from them than we are gaining.

In increasing the thickness of the armor-plating of our ships almost to the limit of possibility we have given them that Falstaffian "kind of alacrity at sinking" that appeals so strongly to the national sense of humor. In enormously increasing the bulk and weight of our guns we have diminished their number and made the good behavior of each individual piece of artillery a far more serious affair than it used

to be. And by insisting on a maximum rate of speed, together with a maximum thickness of plate and tonnage of gun, we have so increased the consumption of fuel that every detail of marine evolution must be dominated by reference to the coaling station.

An element of terror has been added to war by this extreme use of iron; the trireme or the three-decker might yield and swell the enemy's triumph when defeated; even if she sank she sank slowly, and her surviving crew might be rescued by friend or foe. In the new game of hazard, whoever loses, no one wins; the players play against each other into the hands of the bank; the smitten ironclad is clutched down at once into the hoards of Neptune; no penny of her cost, no soul of her crew, shall friend or foe see again forever.

A terrible doubt, too, hangs over the operation of ramming, or striking the broadside of one ship with the beak of another, which, it is predicted, will be a feature of future naval war. This manœuvre, it is obvious, could only be performed at the very highest rate of speed. Equally certain is it that the rammed ship would be sunk in a moment; but what of the rammer? Could any one confidently predict that she would not follow her prey to the green depths, or at best remain afloat so crippled as to be an easy conquest to any foe? If we study the description of one of those diverting incidents in which ironclads have accidentally come into collision, and can forget for a moment its inherent drollery, we shall find that prow as well as broadside can suffer from the collision of such vast bulks, and that we have here a *grand peut-être* only to be determined by the facts of war.

From such experiments as it has been possible to make we gather that, in carrying thickness of armor and weight of gun to the extreme limits of possibility, we have had to pause at a point where defensive arrangements are exceeded by destructive capacities. An average gun of to-day will pierce with a dummy shell (one, that is, without explosive charge), 22 inches of armor-plate at a distance of 2000 yards, or considerably over a mile. And the thickest armor carried to protect its vital parts by the heaviest man-of-war is 24 inches through. At a shorter range, the destruction wrought would be greater in proportion; indeed, it is hardly possi-

ble to exaggerate the damage that a charged shell from one of these big guns would effect. Not only does the projectile penetrate, and then exploding rend asunder, but the concussion of its impact is capable of starting rivets and throwing machinery out of gear at a distance from the point where it strikes.

And the most striking point of difference between the marine weapons of to-day and those of past times consists in the fact that, having gained enormously in destructive power, they have increased in equal degree in elaborateness of detail and delicacy of construction.

Compare the cannon of Nelson's time with the gun of high-tonnage of to-day. The former was a simple machine, as little subject to casualties in fight as a well-made sword; it might be dismounted from its carriage, but then it was a simple piece of ship's carpentry to reinstate it; occasionally it was in some degree split by a cannon-ball. Practically little harm could befall it, and if a single gun out of the armament of a man-of-war of those days were disabled it did not matter much; what can be done with seventy-four guns may, to all intents and purposes, be done with seventy-three. And this simply constructed weapon was simply served: powder, shot, ramrod, priming, linstock; in the veriest fever of battle madness the old sea-dog could not forget the uses of these; and, on an emergency, there was none of them, except the gunpowder, for which a substitute might not be found. And the gun of those times, though a mere pop-gun in comparison with the huge weapons of to-day, seems to have been an efficient arm, capable of making as good shooting as was required at the ranges then in vogue.

If we look at drawings published in the illustrated papers of the equipment of our navy, a glance will show us that the gun of our modern marine is a very complicated affair. Indeed, this monster weapon, capable of hurling its projectile a distance of ten miles, has portions of its structure so delicate and involved that the impact of a rifle bullet might throw them out of gear. I give this as an instance merely; it is not likely that a rifle bullet could get at such portions of the gun, but complicated mechanism, even if kept in duplicate, takes time to refit, and complicated mechanism is always liable to get out of order, a gen-

eral rule from which what we know of the weapons of our navy does not incline us to except them.

One point, absolutely problematical until settled by the events of actual warfare, is the kind of shooting it is possible to make with guns of this tonnage fired from a ship at a ship. That we cannot know, for the reason that this monster of huge power and delicate detail is short-lived. After discharging a limited number of projectiles—a number well within the hundred, and that an expert has placed as low as eighty-four—he requires to be relined with steel and practically made a new gun of. That is, after firing ninety shots he becomes so many tons of dead weight, that may as well be thrown overboard for any use they are likely to be in the then existing campaign. It is obvious from this that very few discharges of such a weapon can be permitted for experimental purposes, and equally so that the kind of good shooting that comes, and can come only, from repeated practice, is not to be hoped for with an arm of this kind. Even if practice had no ill effect on the gun itself, we could hardly find clear space this side of Sahara for exhaustive experiments with projectiles holding an explosive charge.

Now this ephemeral quality of our great guns, this rapid deterioration of such massive bulks, has an element of uncertainty in it, to understand which it is necessary to go a little into detail. One may begin by saying that it is not merely *after* a certain number of discharges that the element of danger to the gun sets in; it begins with the first discharge. The shots are drops of poison to him, ninety meaning death; after the first shot he has taken the first suicidal dose.

The technical explanation is this: these great guns are rifled, and, to fill the rifling without windage, the projectile is fringed with a flanging of lead; as the charge of the gun explodes the lead is forced into the rifling, and, during that instant of compression, the whole terrific energy of the charge is pressing on the steel lining of the breech. Having fitted itself to the riflings, the missile sweeps on its way, leaving the gun strained.

It is a grisly but inevitable thought that the specialists who have assessed the number of shots that may be fired during the gun's brief lifetime, have done so by some other way than that of exhaustive experi-

ment. The great weapon is like an athlete of prodigious muscular strength, but with a weak heart. If a doctor said of such a one, "He may lift that weight with impunity eighty-four times, but ninety times would be fatal to him," I think the outsider would regard even the *first* performance of the feat with anxiety, doubting if it were given to the keenest science to foresee so minutely.

Another point that war alone can decide for us is the range at which ironclads will contend with one another. It is obvious from the above that it will be impossible to "play at long bowls," as it used to be called; that is, to fire at a ship out of the range of exact shooting on the chance that a lucky shot may hit her. A single discharge is too important a thing to be thrown away on anything that does not approximate a certainty. Since scientific shooting is possible only where all conditions are known—and with two ships steaming at a high rate of speed, and influenced by the state of the sea, conditions would constantly change and have to be guessed at—it is more than possible that they would fight at a distance short indeed as compared with the capacities of their guns for destruction. In this case the result of the contest would probably be determined by the first shell that struck fairly at right angles and penetrated. If the vessel struck was not sunk at once she would probably be for the time being so crippled as to be an easy prey to the enemy that had already got the range of her.

Ships, with this excess of destructive over defensive power, are equipped something in the proportions of the Highland clans, who fought a duel of thirty against thirty, on the North Inch of Perth, in Scott's novel. They were defended only by coats of flexible mail, while they wielded that tremendous weapon the two-handed sword, with the result that, at the end of the fight, the victors were in little better plight than the vanquished; of the latter, every one save the recreant chief who fled, lay dead upon the field; of the former, the few survivors were all severely wounded.

The great and inevitable loss of life and shipping that would follow the declaration of war between two great naval Powers is, perhaps, the best security for peace that we possess. It seems likely that even to

the victor the losses would overbalance the gains.

Fully realizing that, apart from the final and terrible test of war, no experiment has been spared that could increase our knowledge of the new condition of marine matters, we may turn with unqualified admiration to the wonderful forethought and ingenuity that have been bestowed on perfecting unprecedented products of human device and energy. For a single instance take the ingenious mechanism that holds in check the recoil of a monster gun. Parallel with the gun are a pair of cylinders filled with oil, and working in each of these are two pistons fastened by a shoulder to the gun itself. These pistons revolve at different rates as they move in the cylinders, with the effect of enlarging and diminishing channels through which the oil can pass from end to end of the cylinders, traversing the pistons. When the gun is run out the oil is all *behind* the pistons, and the channels are at their largest. As the huge weapon leaps back after firing, the pistons press against a cushion of oil which yields as the liquid gushes through the channels to fill the front of the cylinder. As the force of recoil grows less, the orifices become gradually narrower, and the cushion of oil gives a firmer and firmer resistance, and thus, in short space, the leviathan back-leap of the gun is reduced to quiescence; a contrivance worthy of Naamyth of the steam hammer.

A surprising instance of careful forethought is shown in the finishing touch of the torpedo. This projectile is launched into the water through a large tube; a slight charge of powder serves to eject it, and set in motion the compressed air engines that propel it. From the nozzle of the torpedo project several little points; when one of these touches a solid the torpedo explodes. But, in case the missile should meet early in its course some floating spar or the like, and exploding untimely, injure the boat from which it is launched, an ingenious contrivance is added. At the torpedo nozzle are a pair of fans, like those of a screw propeller; these rotate as it moves, and unwind a screw; until this is unwound the charge cannot be fired; and the unwinding cannot be completed until the missile is at a safe distance from its parent boat. It would be unwise to hazard a conjecture, even as a conjecture, concerning the precise position that this un-

precedented weapon will play in future naval warfare : an important one it can hardly be doubted. The torpedo boat has added a new sensation to the experiences of some of our gallant tars. Being narrow, long, and swift, it cuts through the crest of waves and plunges into the trough with a suddenness of descent exceedingly disconcerting to the inner man. Old sea-dogs, who have been "never, never sick at sea," make a first acquaintance with *mal de mer* on board the torpedo boat.

It is a strange question, and rather a terrible one, what the effect on the *morale* of our men-of-war's men will be of these new engines of destruction when set to work in earnest. The general average of courage among professional fighting-men is probably as high now as ever it was ; and, as a nation, we have no cause to distrust our own share of it. But the question is this : naval courage has been previously tested in conjunction with weapons of great simplicity of construction ; how will it combine with weapons that are complicated in the extreme, and served by processes almost as involved as those of the laboratory or the observatory ? The essential difference lies here. The use of a simple weapon can become absolutely instinctive and automatic ; the use of an elaborate one cannot.

The use of the sword to a man who has been thoroughly trained to it becomes a thing indelibly permanent. He never forgets it because he never recollects it ; it has gone deeper than the memory into the instinctive part of the man. He may be frightened, infuriated, fevered, intoxicated, or even partially insane ; but give him an opponent and a sword, and he will handle the weapon in the accustomed method. Unless he was so far deranged mentally that the instinctive part of him was destroyed, and touching hot iron he would not withdraw his hand, he would remember his sword exercise.

Now the gun in Nelson's day was almost as simple a weapon as the sword, readily intelligible on the face of it. The brass cannon fastened to a block of wood of the schoolboy was, to all intents and purposes, a working model of it. There was probably not a boy in the length and breadth of Great Britain who did not understand how it was loaded and discharged ; a tailor or a gardener might be taught how to serve it in half an hour. Then, too, the

gun had not changed in any important particular within the memory of man, and one gun differed not from another except in size.

*Mais nous avons changé tout cela ;* the great gun of to-day is shrouded in a maze of technicalities, and very elaborate training is necessary for its service ; add that there are considerable differences between one weapon and another, and that one and all are in a process of evolution, and change from year to year, and we shall realize how thoroughly we have changed from the weapon served by instinct to the weapon served by calculation. Now experience teaches us that excitement may enhance instinctive powers, but can only confuse those of calculation. The actor in a well-known part, excited by unwonted applause, acts the better for it ; but no excitement of mood will make a man construe a page of Greek more correctly than usual.

We have, too, to consider that the stock incidents of the next naval war will be of so appalling a character that no human creature constructed with nerves could by familiarity come to think calmly of them ; and few indeed will be those who survive a single experience of such an incident as the explosion of a large charged projectile. Like the great destructive phenomena of Nature, such nerve-shattering incidents may shake the constancy of the stout hearted as well as of the timid. We do not think Glaucus less than a brave man because he owns to his friend that he never completely recovered from the terrors of the "last days of Pompeii."

If we study history for the records of deeds of devoted courage, performed by bodies of men acting in concert, we shall find that they do not, as the brave deeds of individuals sometimes do, rise above what is required by general consent into the regions of gratuitous daring. A brave nation wisely applauds those men who in positions of exceptional peril have done what was expected of them. Leonidas and his Spartans, the Six Hundred at Salamis, are enshrined as heroes for all time ; but neither body of them could have done otherwise, and have continued to be held as brave men. If those who died at Thermopylæ had, instead, thought better of it and returned home, leaving the Persian hosts unopposed, Laconia would have counted them infamous. If the Six Hundred, instead of charging at the word of

command, had made reply, reasoned why, or done anything else than what they did, they would have incurred severe military punishment and the contempt of a brave nation

In this way, the bravery of a large body of men differs from that of an individual or a few individuals; requiring that the conditions under which it acts should be very clearly understood

These conditions for future warfare by sea, of course, cannot be understood until experience elucidates them. What the naval tactics of the future will be must remain a matter of conjecture; to indicate two extreme courses as instances may show that the possibilities cover a wide field.

It may be urged that, if you have an enemy afloat in your waters, the best course to pursue would be to follow the politics of Fabius, the delayer: to avoid conflict of war-ship with war-ship, to

weary and agitate the foe by attacking him with torpedo-boats, thus inducing him to waste his shots by firing at what he is not very likely to hit; and, if possible, so to manœuvre as to exhaust his store of fuel at a distance from his coaling station.

On the other hand, with similar plausibility, it may be contended that, as a single well-aimed shot may decide a conflict, the greatest safety may be found in the most immediate and most determined attack.

It is better to ponder these questions at our leisure than to have them later forced upon us by the emergencies of war; and, as a nation, we may well keep a constant heart in spite of the possibilities that lie before us. If we have to go to war wearing the armor of Saul that we have not proved, at least we know ourselves to have slain giants with the pebble and the sling.—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### BOAT LIFE IN SIAM.

BY E. B. M.

WATER-CARRIAGE is still the rule in Siam, and land-carriage the rare exception. Railways as yet do not exist; and the few roads which have been made quite recently in the capital and some of the larger towns do not extend more than a few miles at the most from the walls or suburbs. In country places the only means of travelling on dry land are by elephant-paths or cattle-tracks: and during the wet season, which lasts for nearly half the year, it is barely possible for men or animals, and quite impossible for carts, to make their way over these rough and miry ways. Even in the biggest towns a large proportion of the houses are accessible only by water, or by a narrow path of planks raised on posts above the marshy soil, and affording a passage only for pedestrians in single file. Accordingly the real highways, both for passenger and goods traffic, are the rivers and canals, which intersect the country in all directions and serve the purpose which in other countries is served by roads and railways.

The great central river of Siam, the "Mother of waters," which drains the vast territory of Western Laos, and runs through the most fertile valley of Indo-

China, forms of course the main artery of trade. Down this important watercourse and its many tributary streams is poured annually the abundant produce of the Northern Provinces. The capital of the country, situate about thirty miles up the winding river from its mouth, is a vast emporium where the exports and imports find their temporary resting-place, and the European and Siamese merchants conduct a flourishing trade on the banks of the Menam. Probably no river in the world—but certainly no river of equal size—carries on its surface within a space of about four miles so large a number of boats of all descriptions. From the windows of the Custom House, looking out upon the broad ribbon of smooth water in front, the eye rests on a moving panorama in which almost every imaginable sort of craft may be seen flitting about, with occupants dressed in still more inconceivable varieties of costume. Here, however, one sees only the most public part of the boat life of the inhabitants. This broad full river, almost exactly equal in size to the Thames in London, is the high street of the town, combining the uses and purposes of an Oxford Street, a Piccadilly and

a Cheapside. But beside and behind it is a network of smaller watercourses—the “khlongs” or canals, both large and small, which do duty as side streets, and exhibit to the inquisitive traveller who explores them more homely and intimate scenes of native life.

The most imposing of the floating craft which display themselves to the new-comer as he rounds the last curve below Bangkok, are the big white steamers which ply between that place and the ports of Hong-kong and Singapore. About half-a-dozen steamers of 500 tons and upward make the journey twice a month to the capital of the Straits Settlements, carrying to it full cargoes of rice and cattle with other merchandise, and an average of four or five first-class passengers, with a good load of Coolies, Malays and Indians. About an equal number of still larger vessels run to Hong-kong with rice cargoes, doing the journey in about seven days; and the traveller who visits Siam can thus come direct there by way of Singapore, and proceed straight on to China, where he will again fall in with the big lines of ocean steamers. Smaller steamers of various sizes and shapes, colors and ages, are to be seen nestled up against the wharves or anchored in mid-stream. These are owned by Chinese and Siamese capitalists, and do a coasting trade with the provinces on each side of the Gulf of Siam, collecting fire-wood, fruit, pepper, coffee, and a rather miscellaneous set of products, and taking back laborers of divers nationalities, orchid-collectors, missionaries, and a certain quantity of those tinned provisions, match-boxes, and cheap ware, with which the European and Japanese traders are continually flooding the Siamese markets.

More lively and active-looking objects are the steam-launches puffing merrily along, with their narrow white funnels discharging short wreaths of gaseous vapor into the sunny air, now threading their way quickly through the rice-boats and cargo-boats in the tideway, now shooting diagonally across stream, and now bringing up deftly alongside a parting steamer, or at some of the ladder-stairs which flank the mills and compounds on the bank. Further up the river, opposite the Grand Palace and the public buildings, are to be seen the royal yachts and gun-boats, looking spick and span with their square yards and neat lines, and, on any one of

the many gala days, their gay show of bright bunting fluttering in the gentle breeze. A new feature in the scene are the launches of the River Flotilla Company, started by a Siamese association for the carriage of passengers on the “penny steamer” system, and filled with a heterogeneous set of travellers, including priests, doctors, market people, mourners on their way to a funeral, or revellers returning from a wedding party. Here and there a tug may be seen, laboring hoarsely up against the tide, towing a long line of rice-boats, or a heavy bark which has sailed some thousands of miles into the Menam, and is on the lookout for a cargo of teak for export.

But the quaintest and most picturesque of all the bigger craft in the port are the Chinese junks, moored in long irregular rows along one or other side of the channel, rearing their ridiculous sterns high out of the flood, and hiding under rough masses of matting the thousand-and-one hideous odds and ends which make up the filthy interior of a Chinese ship. Sometimes one of these old-fashioned junks will be seen running up stream before the wind, its big sails glistening like gold in the sun, and the water rippling brightly under its bluff bows, where the painted eye stares stolidly out over the busy river, as it has for weeks past over the light-blue waters of the China Sea. When these flaxen-colored sails come down, and the junk swings round to its dropped anchor, then the fun begins. In their excess of thankfulness for escape from a watery grave, the pig-tailed crew bring out the tin pans of ceremonial usage, and with a banging that would deafen any European in two minutes, keep up for half an hour or more the most monotonous and infernal din that any savage ever devised.

When there is a good wind up stream, which is the case for nearly half the year, smaller sails are to be seen hurrying at a great pace on to the town with the earliest of the tide. They are mounted on large, light masts, stepped in a long, slim canoe of some thirty feet, which is loaded with the last catch of fish in the Siamese Gulf. When the wind does not suit, these fish-boats come up almost all the way on the oar; and it is quite astonishing to see with what speed and strength the oarsmen accomplish the long distance from the sea. Catching the very first of the flood at

Paknam—the mouth of the Menam—they very nearly keep up with it for twenty miles, cutting off eleven miles of the big river by means of a cross-cut canal only a mile in length. Three or four stalwart men standing up to their oars, gondola fashion, force the long blades through the water with incredible energy and endurance, the perspiration rolling off their bare backs and arms, which glance in the sun as if anointed with oil. Inside the open boat are piles of white fish of various kinds caught off the small fishing towns which lie scattered about the upper end of the Gulf. These are a harmless sort of fish-boats, and may be passed without alarm. But there is a very different kind, to which, if you see them coming, you should give as wide a berth as possible. A flatter and more cumbersome wherry, nearly approaching to a barge, and propelled more lazily by a scrubby-looking oarsman or two, now and then goes up on the flood, carrying horror and disgust to every European who may be within a hundred yards of its course. Inside is a huge pile of fish literally rotting in the hot sun. The salt, or chemical, with which this garbage is supposed to be guaranteed against putridity, is very far from saving it from the outward signs thereof; and an odor of the most pungent and acrid description infects the whole air through which one of these dreaded vessels is rowed. The contents are not used, as it might reasonably be supposed, for manure, but for human food, taking their part in the very "full-flavored" curries with which the poorer inhabitants season their bowl of rice.

The slowest and most lumbering occupants of the fast-flowing river are the immense rice-boats which serve as a really capacious house for the native dealers. Rising like a toy Noah's Ark out of a solid hull of teak, the central edifice bulges out for some feet and then forms itself into a long arch, tallest amidships, and lower toward the sides and ends. At each of its flat ends, fore and aft, is a stout wall of wood, with doors and windows; and the outer space between this and the end of the hull forms a sort of promenade or portico, which can be shaded from the sun by a light awning of bamboo or matting. Alongside the hull are the enormous barge-poles and oars which serve for the propulsion of this huge hulk, and sometimes also a mast and sail for driving

before the wind. Whole families can and do pass their lives on board these floating habitations, scooping up the dirty water of the river for use not only in cooking, but often even for drinking purposes, taking their baths from the side of it, and sometimes catching their supply of fish by merely casting a net overboard. Long distances have often been travelled by these unwieldy craft on their way down from the paddy fields where the rice is grown. But for every day spent on the way down, the occupants will have to spend a week at least going back, laboriously poling and rowing against the steady current, and consuming no small fraction of the year in the return home, when they will rest awhile, and again harvest in the crop before starting on the next year's journey to market. Three weeks to come down stream with full cargo; a week to dispose of it and indulge in the gayeties of the capital; four or five months to get back with the emptied boat; and the rest of the year for farm-work at home—such is the programme for many a Siamese family which lives as contentedly and placidly as the profoundest philosopher.

Very different are the house-boats of polite life, in which the well-to-do classes—both Siamese and European—go about their ordinary town travelling. On a twenty-foot hull, built very much like an Oxford gig, is a strong, flat half-deck of teak planks, extending for six feet or so from the bow and the stern. Amidships is placed the square "house," built of light teak planks on strong uprights, and with a wooden roof like that of a four-wheeled cab. At the aft side of this is a large aperture with a venetian blind that can be raised or lowered at will, and on each side are two similar square openings with the same sort of shutters. The front of the superstructure is almost entirely open; and one gets into the interior by bending and stepping down from the fore deck on to the floor of the "house." A cushioned seat, more or less comfortable according to the taste of the owner, runs round three sides of the interior; or in some cases the floor itself serves as a couch or sofa with mattresses and pillows all complete. Ensconced in this retreat, with the wind blowing freely through the venetian blinds all round, one can read or sleep, or look out lazily on the busy river scene, while four dusky boatmen, wearing the

colored uniform of their master, drive the boat along joyously with their long splashing oars. Each oar is attached by a hempen wisp to the upright post which serves as a rowlock; and the men, standing close behind one another, two in front and two astern, throw the weight of their bodies forward in exact unison, feathering the oar when they have reached out as far as they can, and recovering themselves with a jerk backward and a push with the forward knee. Some of the wealthy people ornament these "four chow" boats in elaborate style with carving and paint, and gilding and gorgeous curtains. Others are of plain teak or simply painted white; and some have hanging canvas instead of walls, and merely an awning overhead. A small house-boat, intended for one person only, can get along very fast and well with only two oarsmen, one in front and the other behind. But variety is the rule in this as in most other things in Siam; and some of the chow-boats are shabby in the last degree, and occupied by the dingiest of individuals in the ugliest of costumes. Ugliness of costume or manner is, however, quite the exception in Bangkok, and more often than not the interior of a house-boat will contain brightly dressed people, looking like bouquets of flowers in a tent. Europeans, with their plain white twill or flannel, do not show off these boats half so well as the Siamese, with their gay-colored dresses, pretty scarfs and light rippling laughter.

For ordinary passengers who affect no grandeur and despise comfort and style, there is a cheap mode of conveyance by water, which must have a passing mention. The *sampan* is a shallop with high ends, ending almost, though not quite, in a point; a rounded outside, looking as if the whole thing had been scooped out of a log; low sides, always appearing to be dangerously near the water, and a few cross benches of a rustic order. A single upright post rises from one side rather near the stern; and to the top of this can be hooked on by means of the orthodox twist the hempen noose which always does duty for a rowlock. Into such a boat, according to its size, will be stowed two or three or more passengers, up to as many as sometimes nearly half a score, who squat down with the utmost *sang froid* in a craft which to a European stranger looks as if it could be upset by moving a finger.

These boats ply for hire at some of the numerous "stairs" or landings where there is a large passenger traffic across the stream, and the din of boatmen at these places shouting for each "Nai" or "Master" who looks a likely customer is worthy of Westminster in the palmy days of the Thames watermen. When the crank-looking craft is full, or the passengers become too impatient to wait any longer, the oarsman, or oarswoman—for the fair sex by no means decline this labor—takes up the handle of the oar, which at its extremity is shaped like the crook of an umbrella. With a few long vigorous strokes he pulls the boat out from the shore, and then with many twists of the arm and much adroit manœuvring, swings the bow out into the river, meeting the tide diagonally and preparing for the voyage across. The business of propelling such a craft with only one oar fixed to one side is no less puzzling than one might suppose; and the very few Europeans who have attempted the task find their boat working round and round toward the side on which there is no oar with a perverse persistency that seems entirely hopeless. This natural tendency of the *sampan* to describe circles in the water is overcome in fact by a device of leaning so upon the oar that it forces the stern of the boat inward, while at the same time driving the whole boat forward. But to acquire the power of doing this is not given to the ordinary European, who the more he attempts it seems to run the more risk of catching crabs and making his ship go backward, or even toppling over bodily, and taking an involuntary header for the diversion of a merry host of Siamese spectators.

Not only passengers, paying ridiculously small bronze coins to their watermen, are carried in these unsafe-looking shallops, but merchandise of all sorts, which is often sold from them as things are in London off a costermonger's cart. Piles of cocoanuts, oranges, or bananas, depressing the bulwarks within two or three inches of the water, go gayly along, their conductor feeling quite at his ease until by chance some bigger launch than usual, or a light tug, or perhaps a big steamer of some kind heaves in sight, when his indifference is exchanged for some show of hurry and excitement, and he hastens toward shore to get behind the shelter of



some floating house. Often it is a much more risky cargo which overloads these boats—a whole toy-shop of fragile knick-knacks, a pile of silks and piece goods, a thousand or so of small glass lamps, or a dessert of sweetmeats for some wedding feast. Marvellous is the skill and caution with which the women in charge of such hazardous loads thread their way through the legion of nondescript boats of all sorts and sizes which meet them in their course. Now and then a shriek of alarm from one of them warns the heedless Chinaman or too zealous Malay, to give the fair owner a wide berth; but the warning is almost always in time, and with a bright smile and graceful inclination of the head her thanks are rendered as she gets her boat's nose straight again and looks ahead for a fresh danger. Good-humor and mutual forbearance are the universal rule: and the Asiatic who allowed his temper to be ruffled, or his rough-and-ready courtesy to give way, would be looked upon as a disgusting barbarian beyond the pale of decent society. With such instincts as kindness and consideration for others, which are real instincts among the Siamese, life on the water, even in a *sampan*, becomes pleasant and happy. What an extraordinary difference between these people and the creatures who disport themselves on holidays on the Thames in and round London!

Lastly there are the canoes—more picturesque, perhaps, than anything else which floats. Take a specimen or two, such as may be seen any day in almost any number. Here is a quartette of priests in their saffron colored robes and with bare close-shaven heads. In the middle of them the oldest of the party reclining with much dignity, cigarette in mouth and fan in hand. In front, two younger men with half a forearm emerging from the thick folds of the robe, and paddles, one on each side, plunging quickly but steadily into the dark-brown water. At the stern a middle-aged ecclesiastic squatting in the same attitude, but attending also to the steering of the small vessel, and not unfrequently "easing" for a few strokes, so as not to lower his dignity quite to a par with the younger men. Just behind, perhaps, will come a whole crew of Siamese maidens, their close-cropped hair sticking up like black clothes-brushes on their heads, white linen jackets with long

sleeves covering their bodies, and showing off the light pink and green scarfs deftly thrown over their shoulders, while a more inquisitive glance will discover their well-shaped feet, and legs bare to the knee, curled up Turkish-wise on the floor. Very speedily and neatly they dash the blade of their short paddles into the stream, keeping up an almost incessant chatter as they go along, and chaffing unmercifully any well-looking man whom they may pass on the shore or in a boat; peals of laughter breaking from them as often as a good repartee is given on either side. Then you will have a stolid Chinaman alone in his rather heavy canoe, urging it on with laborious strokes, and occasionally yelling some demoniacal cry, which, being interpreted, means that he wants a customer for the blocks of fat white pork lying in the fore part of his ship.

It is in the morning early—that is early for the Siamese—at seven or eight o'clock in the big river just outside the Palace gates that you may see the finest collection of canoes. Here is held every morning a sort of water market. Some hundreds of canoes, mostly handled by young and old women, are packed in serried ranks, like a large flock of ducks on a pond. Oranges, limes, betel-nuts, bananas of thirty different kinds, cakes, fritters, sweetmeats, sugar-sticks—every sort of light refreshment dear to Siamese *gourmets*—come piled up in the canoe to this busy *rendez-vous*; offering and bidding, haggling and trafficking, joking and mock quarrelling, is the order of the day. A hundred gay colors, besides those of the fruit and flowers, are blended together in a moving kaleidoscope, as you look from a short distance upon the flotilla of market-women. Gradually the bright noisy group dissolves away, and the little bare-headed dealers, retreating before the growing tyranny of the rising sun, flit like water-flies to the shaded nook where they are to eat their simple but savory breakfast.

A far more imposing sort of paddle-worked boat remains to be noted. For some days before any royal ceremony on the river is to be held, you may see occasionally passing up it an enormous canoe looking like a gigantic tree scooped out. As a matter of fact some of these monsters are no more than gigantic teak-trees, bulged out in their middle by the slow action of fire, and turned up slightly at the two

ends. Upon narrow cross-benches in them will be ranged a hundred or more paddlers, with a steersman, a lookout man, and a sort of bandmaster or orchestra leader, who gives the time to the whole crew. In unison these dusky boatmen raise their paddles in the air overhead, and in unison they plunge them into the stream—an equal number on each side—dashing them quickly through a short stroke and then raising them aloft again. These men are being coached up to form the crew for a royal barge; and on the day of the ceremony they will appear in very different get-up. A royal barge in Siam is a portentous structure. Its lower part is an immensely long and rather flat boat, turning up at the ends, so that these are reared many feet above the water. Strangely and weirdly fashioned are these towering ends, presenting to view such wonders as a colossal dolphin covered with gilding, a multi-colored crocodile, or glittering dragon, all red, green and gold. Along the benches fore and aft are packed the paddlers, dressed in gorgeous costumes of the brightest colors, a royal red predominating; and from the middle of the hull rises the pavilion of state, a sort of pagoda with four corners, richly covered or inlaid with colored bits of porcelain and gilding and tinsel, hung with bright curtains, festooned with real and artificial flowers, and surmounted with one or more of the peaked emblems of royalty. Inside is a sort of chamber in which are placed old-fashioned weapons, some Palace guards in gala dress, and perhaps some courtiers or officers of state. One of these monsters will carry a towering structure with a throne at the top, upon which His Majesty will sit if he comes out to honor the procession with his presence. Other less pretentious royal barges will carry only a large awning draped with the royal standard, and looking at a distance rather like a howdah taken off the back of some gigantic elephant and lifted into the canoe. In spite of the great size of these leviathans and the smallness of the paddles, they travel at a very good pace, driven by the short sharp strokes of multitudinous men on each side. A procession of half-a-dozen such giants following one another, and followed in their turn by smaller but still capacious barges, belonging to the chief princes and nobles, makes a grand spectacle on this noble river, and rivals probably the

greatest glories attained on our own river by the water pageants of mediæval London.

Let us look away from the big river and up one of the big "khlongs," or canals which run into it here and there. In these the tide is less strong, but the crowd of small boats is greater; and just as much care is needed to avoid being run down, or run into, or wrecked on any of the numerous projecting obstacles which jut out into the stream in all sorts of unexpected places. Here you see the advantage of the Siamese style of rowing, where the oarsman faces his work and can look ahead without turning round. If the tide is against you, it is very bad policy to go up the middle of the canal, where you meet the full force of the current; and your proper plan is to sniggle along close to the bank, or rather close to the fringe of floating houses and moored boats and landing-stages, which project from the real bank into the water. And as no two of these obstacles project to an equal distance, or form a flat continuous frontage, there is at almost every boat's length a new chance of fouling some corner, or at least striking an oar against some post or platform, or other stumbling-block. An almost greater variety of small boats seems to be collected in the *khlongs* than in the main river—lighters loaded with bricks or earthenware pots, or rice, or paddy ash; house-boats occupied by fat Chinamen; canoes and *sampans* innumerable, going at all sorts of paces up and down, across and along; rice-boats with their immensely long oars sweeping almost the whole width of the canal, and bearing down upon the more frail craft which meet them, with a threatening force and weight that soon clears them out of the way like leaves before a gust of wind.

As the *khlong* narrows and the houses grow more scarce along the bank, a European in his own boat begins to attract more attention. The children run out to the top of their landing-ladders, timid but curious, and calling to their mothers to come and look at the "Farang." Tied to each one of these ladders will be at least one or two light canoes—the habitual and indeed only mode of transport for the family. Still further up, a mile or more from the mouth of the canal, the long succession of wharfs, shops, and houses is at length broken, and you get a short reach

of real country, where the plantains and oranges and mangoes, interspersed with tall betel-nut palms, have it all their own way, and except at full high-water it is difficult or impossible to land on either side, by reason of the broad strip of slippery brown mud which defends the crown of the bank. In these long narrow canals, which extend sometimes for many leagues into the country, the tide falls with varying rapidity and with an insidious quietness. Imagine the position of a European party which, starting for a few hours to explore one of these waterways, is left stranded at 9 A.M. on its muddy bed in the scorching sun. Without food or drink, or even perhaps a pack of cards or a novel, the situation of such unfortunates is awful to contemplate. To wade through mud about three feet deep and climb the bank, would only be one short step on the road to escape. They would have to drag their wet and miry clothes through a tangle of fruit-trees and fences hardly less impenetrable than real jungle, risking sunstroke as well as the off chance of a bite from some deadly snake. On the other hand, no rescue by boat is possible, for every five minutes makes it more and more hopeless that anything should come past except the lightest canoes. A native crew forced into such a position, as thousands are every day, feels no discomfort at all. The rice-boat journeying across country by way of tidal *khlongs* takes full advantage of the flood, be it by night or by day, struggles along gallantly at a rate of some five miles an hour as long as there is water to float the ship, and then puts into the bank under some friendly tree-shade to wait till the next flood. Here the thick shelter of the bamboo-plaited domed roof serves as a protection from sun by day or dew by night, and the tired oarsmen and oarswomen, stretched at length on the mat-covered planks, sleep heavily without caring even for mosquitoes or flies, until the first welcome movement of the floor as the barge floats rouses them to "kin-kow," or meal time, and a fresh bout of labor.

Only one cause stops their onward course for a few minutes. At some commodious landing-ladder, at a suitable time of the tide, the wherry is brought to, and the whole family, father, mother and children, besides perhaps a spare aunt or two, all jump into the uninviting brown water, the

elders having first exchanged the *panung* or knickerbocker of ordinary wear, for a *sarong* or girding of common cloth. Very bashful the women are, hiding up to their chins if a "farang" or European is in sight, and seizing upon a moment when he is looking the other way to trip up the ladder and escape behind cover of the boat side. But the children enjoy more than anything in the day their free swim in the thick water, larking about, chasing and splashing one another, and playing like amphibious creatures, as they are, in water, which in the afternoon of a day in the sunny season is rather to be called hot than warm. In the more crowded *khlongs* at about 5 o'clock, especially if the tide is then high, it is quite a sight to see the multitude of human heads bobbing about on the surface, as men, women and children turn in for their daily bath. As you row up such a canal you must take great care where you dip your oar or sculls; and how you bring them forward between the strokes. Otherwise you will hear a shrill cry from one or more of the little bathers dabbling about on each side, and if a hand is not put up to seize and avert the threatening blade, you may find that you have cut open one of the round black-thatched heads with it.

In the narrower canals where there is much traffic a "block" is almost as common as in Fleet Street or the Strand. Sometimes there is a raft of teak, being floated up to some saw mill, and usurping more than half of the water-way. If it meets a good-sized rice boat which tries to pass it at a shallow spot, both may get stuck; and the accumulation of smaller boats coming up behind on each side wedges itself in so that the chance of getting clear is made still more difficult. It is in such a case that the inexhaustible good-humor of the Siamese waterman comes out. Instead of objurgations and grumbings, advice is given as to the best device for clearing a way. The *lumbak*, or trouble, which has arisen, is attributed to the malign influence of chance or demons; and the stupid people who have caused it by their clumsiness are regarded rather as innocent victims, to be cheered up with sympathy, than as bunglers who should be reviled. No sooner is the obstacle removed, than an outburst of joyful exclamations seems to sweep away at a breath all the annoyance of the past few minutes, and the several

crews go on their way happier and more cheery, to all appearance, than if no difficulty or delay had occurred.

At nightfall, about 7 o'clock, most of the Siamese small craft have got home, and are safely chained up in a position where when the tide turns in the night they will not drift round and get in the way. But here and there you will see a small white light like a glow-worm flitting along over the dark water. Often this is the boat-lamp of a night huckster of comestibles going his round of the floating houses. From time to time you may hear from your window his hoarse cry, drawn out into a long musical cadence of several bars sometimes, as he runs through the list of cakes, sweetmeats, or other dainties which he has on board. But the chief collection of boats at night is round the river side theatres, several of which are always in working order. A broad glare of lamplight, reflected in the water, betrays from afar the situation of these palaces of delight, which are no more than broad floating platforms, extemporized into a stage and a "pit." Inside, the banging

of sticks and clanging of cymbals, and other noises of Siamese and Chinese drama excite the enthusiasm of a very motley audience. But all round the platform are ranged, in triple and quadruple tiers, the canoes of the theatre-goers, who at about midnight will be trooping off home again, scattering in all directions like a small swarm of water fire-flies pouring out from some fiery *rendezvous* on the bank.

Thus the boat-life of Siam includes almost all life. Business and pleasure, health and happiness, all centre in the river or its branches. A boat and a paddle are almost as natural and indispensable possessions to a Siamese as his arms or legs. He has no notion of travelling any distance except by boat; and the idea of living in a place inaccessible by water generally strikes him as absurd. Deprive him of his boat, and he will be like a bird docked of its wings, helpless, shiftless, and purposeless. Roads and railways may in time bring into existence a race of purely terrestrial Siamese. But for the present the population is, with few exceptions, amphibious.—*Murray's Magazine.*

### A NEGLECTED PATH TO GREATNESS.

BY FRANCES RUSSELL.

It is a trite saying that the mothers of great men have always been notable women, and, for the better understanding of many of the problems that perplex us, it is to be regretted that so few particulars of their lives should have come down to us. Yet if the records are scanty they are often startling, if only for the way in which they leave no doubt as to the source whence certain mental proclivities have been derived, and this apparently more often from the female than the male progenitor. In the story of Esau and Jacob, there is to be found in the son of the intriguing Rebecca (who, by the way, might well have lived in the nineteenth century) a character so completely in accordance with her own that it seems a veritable reincarnation. The deceit and subtlety displayed by the mother, through which she succeeds in wresting from her blind husband the blessing which was the birthright of the elder son, are repeated in the craftiness of Jacob's dealings with his uncle

Laban in the matter of the ring-straked cattle, and again, at a later period of his life, when he seeks to deprecate the justly dreaded wrath of Esau. In the story of Zebedee's children, the name of whose mother has not even survived, we see an ambitious woman coming to beg for her two sons a place on the right hand and on the left of the Saviour of the World. Can we doubt that something of the heroic temperament that prompted this woman's act was transmitted to her two great sons, since their names are written in the list of those whom the world will not let die. The teaching of the Mother of the Gracchi, and in earlier times of the Spartan women, who inscribed upon the shields they handed to their soldier sons the legend, "With it, or upon it," brought forth abundant fruit, as is witnessed by the records of those ages. Coming down to our own day, we, who are familiar with the researches of Mr. Francis Galton, know that this truth may almost be regarded as

proven, so far as regards the transmission of talent, though genius can no more be made to order than the diamond can be manufactured.

In Mr. Edward Bellamy's book, *Looking Backward*, occur these words: "Our women have risen to the full height of their responsibilities as the wardens of the world to come, to whose keeping the keys of the future are confided. Their feeling of duty in this respect amounts to a sense of religious consecration. It is a cult in which they educate their daughters from childhood." And again: "Over the unborn our power is that of God, and our responsibilities like His toward us. As we acquit ourselves toward them, so let Him deal with us." In these days, when the institution of marriage bids fair to be shaken to its very foundations, it is, perhaps, well to call attention to the fact that, if its responsibilities were undertaken in a different spirit, the results might also be different. It is because these words of Mr. Bellamy's so entirely coincide with my own views, and because, if I may venture to say so, my own experiences and observations have to a large extent confirmed these views, that I have dared, though not, I hope, without the diffidence which a woman must feel, to write a few lines on this subject. The enormous value to future generations of our practice and precept in these matters may, perhaps, be accepted as a sufficient excuse for venturing upon delicate ground. The question is one of far greater importance than many which now engage the attention of thinking women, and though I entirely sympathize with every movement made toward their emancipation, which I regard as the most onward movement of the century, I desire to interest the mothers, and especially the young mothers, of the race in a question of mental evolution, where they may assist Nature almost as much perhaps as does the gardener in the development of his vegetable creations. It has lately been said that one of the features of the future may be an enormously improved morality, that our present views on morals are only as the stem to the full flower. One way of reaching so desirable a consummation would be by realizing the sense of a new relationship toward the children we bring into the world. They owe us life, but they ought to owe us in a far higher degree than they often do that

higher life which is the emanation of the spiritual among ourselves. For just as surely as we can trace the lineaments of past generations in our infant's face, so also we can not infrequently discern physiological or mental inheritances, the legacies of some forgotten ancestor that rise up to remind us of their past sins or sufferings. This is a truth we are too apt to overlook or put aside as one of the mysteries of creation far beyond our finite intelligence. But women must learn to think differently about the function of maternity. Instead of regarding it, as too many do, as a burden and a trouble to be avoided by every possible means, legitimate or otherwise, it should be considered as one of the most ennobling powers bestowed upon the sex. But just as no author can turn out good work consecutively and continuously, so no mother ought to be expected to bring a large family into the world. Quality should be regarded before quantity. Of course, in these matters, communities must be a law unto themselves, which is very difficult in the slow growth of public opinion—the only possible standard. Consider for one moment how differently women would view motherhood if they knew they would not be expected to go on bearing children all their lives. Then they would not be cross and weary, and irritable at a time when such states of feeling are likely to produce saddening results, because their nerves and physical powers would not be overwrought or unstrung. They would rightly regard their function as one of almost regal importance, of such high value to the race that they would not dare to imperil its future well-being by an impure thought, an angry word, a passionate impulse.

"Happy he with such a mother!

Faith in womankind beats with his blood,  
and trust in all things high

Comes easy to him."

Have any of my readers ever studied those registered vibrations of sound exhibited by the Royal Society\* at some of their conversaciones, and of which Mrs. Ward's voice-figures are further illustrations? If so, they will remember the gracefully curved convolutions of delicate thread-like lines which, while tracing out apparently endless labyrinths of form, final-

\* Of N. S. Wales, where this article was written.

ly result in the presentation of a perfectly beautiful figure. Unknown, because unseen, these graceful shapes (more beautiful as the results of harmony than of discord) have floated through space for untold ages, but have now taken upon themselves form and outline, and been made palpable to the grossness of our understanding. Science acts the part of the magic ring of Gyges, and opens our eyes to revelations of whose existence we were ignorant. Again, by means of the phonograph we obtain a registration of sounds long passed away, but which may be reproduced at any future time. Our careless utterances, equally with our most solemn words, broken by deepest emotion, may rise up to confront us, or be reawakened in the ears of future generations. These marvels of science seem to indicate that things heretofore deemed too impalpable or too trivial for record may nevertheless preserve their identity through a series of ages. Can we doubt that the same sort of record is going on within ourselves, in the telegraphy that exists between our brains and all other parts of us, and which, impressed upon our being, makes us what we are.

What is the brain of the mother but a camera or phonograph, imprinting, as upon a sensitive plate, the vibrations that may help to form the intelligence yet unborn. But whereas the scientific apparatus can only reflect what is presented to it, the human mechanism has the power of transmuting into fresher loveliness or degrading to lower depths the visions of the seer. The organism which is quick to suffer, or slow to feel, registers its impressions, be they few or be they many, the result harmony or discord, according to the nature of the original impressions. The vibrations of the soul that quickens into new emotion at every aspect of the human experience must surely differ enormously from those of the stolid nature which suffers dumbly, or enjoys grossly, and knows not the inarticulate longings of the soul that struggles for expression in some outward form—it knows not why. The thoughts, the pleasures, the delights, that stir the mortal frame of the young mother, what are they but ministers in the sacred work of inspiring the uncreated mind? Who knows how her subtle fancy, brooding over the intellect of some master mind, or revelling in the wealth of imagination

which is the legacy of another, may not thus kindle the spark which shall leap to light in the career of some future Darwin, Faraday, Byron, or Goethe? Or when, with the sense of gladness that comes from the appreciation of all that is beautiful, she drinks in the loveliness of created Nature in some wild woodland scene, or stands before the canvas which the hand of a master has endowed with life, or “in the thoughts that breathe and words that burn” recognizes the hero of a bygone or a present age, with whose spirit she is conscious of intellectual kinship—who can say that in hours of exaltation such as these something of the heroic or the ideal is not again born into the world? Those who believe in the immortality of beauty and of goodness will have no difficulty in adding this seeming miracle to their creed.

The ancients, quicker than ourselves to recognize something of this truth, furnished the rooms of their women with beautiful statues and pictures; but this is only an outward and visible sign of the higher doctrine that I would here inculcate. For beauty of form may result from the harmony of an entire and perfect human love, but the beauty of the soul is in the woman's gift far more than she can imagine. And although none can predicate results, since sudden and unexpected reversions will sometimes develop themselves from finest issues, and across the bluest heaven of love and tenderness spread wide its clouds of doubt and fear, yet since Nature, always beneficent, shows clearly in the progress of the race her tendency to throw off deformities and disease, be it ours to become fellow helpers with her in her great work. If women would, at a time when physical exertion is more or less distasteful to them, make a rule of cultivating their mental powers to their fullest capacity, they would attain results beyond their wildest hopes. Besides this the development of any special gift should be attended to with increased care. Music, reading, writing, drawing, and painting will not do half the damage to health that is caused by dancing, or excitement, or temper. The former, too, can be pursued without fatigue, and can be attended to better when there are fewer social distractions to be enjoyed. Why should not these periods be made seasons of retreat in the seclusion of our own homes, where, instead of cultivating, as our religious sis-

ters do, one form of emotion, we might regard the highest possible development of our powers as a sacred duty, the neglect or fulfilment of which involved the most tremendous issues. For, after all, what greater boon can we desire than to know that we have, in some measure, contributed toward the happiness or success of those who come after us, and who may be able to make the world brighter or better for those with whom they live. To help "to grow a soul" is surely as great a work as to save it; but for the thousands who regard the one as the highest form of duty, who think for a moment of the other? It is recorded that on the tomb of Martha Washington are only inscribed these few words: "Here lies the mother of George Washington." It was her title to fame, and worth more in her eyes than a patent of nobility. Few women are without ambition, and that of the most sacred kind, the ambition which is content to merge itself in another's gain or greatness. "Who rocks the cradle rules the world" is an old saying, but we would read it in a new light, and not only rule the future generations by ties of love and respect, but by the stronger link that binds together those whose ideals are the same and who strive together to the same ends. There have been writers who deem this form of immortality the only one in consonance with known possibilities, a saddening creed, no doubt, yet at least such immortality is within the reach of all. And while cultivating the mental faculties, we must not forget that those of the moral nature must be equally regarded. Be sure that the abnegation of self will meet its due reward, as well as will purity, loyalty, and truth.

"Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, any praise, think on these things." It is a law of Nature, never to be forgotten, that nowhere in her domains can we receive without giving. The most fertile soil will refuse its yield without a corresponding return of water or manure. Equally true is the converse that we cannot give without receiving, often far more than our due. Can we conceive of a richer reward for self-denial or study, than to watch the unfolding of a young life which turns toward morality, and virtue, and culture, as the flowers do toward the sun—a life which is not handicapped, as too many are, by the inheritance of the accumulated vices of past ancestors? In these days of crumbling creeds and partial truths, we may have to give up many of those props which have helped to sustain the faith and hope of past generations, because we dare not retain that which we cannot believe to be true. But that some are born into the world oppressed with the sins of their forefathers is theology as well as common sense, and the sins of the fathers are no less surely visited upon their children now than in those days when, "in the darkness and the clouds" of Mount Sinai, this truth was first revealed. The remedy lies in our own hands, and it rests with the mothers of the race to terminate, or at least to turn aside, some of the issues involved. It is a grander privilege than we know, to be able thus to contribute something toward the progress of mankind, by the evolution of the higher forms of humanity, and a severe repression of all that is lowest in the type.—*Westminster Review*.

#### HYPNOTISM IN RELATION TO CRIME AND THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

BY A. TAYLOR INNES.

THE scientific discussion of Hypnotism or Mesmerism, which has for some years passed in a full wave over the Continent, has at last broken on our shores. Among the many resulting suggestions, I observe one constantly put forward. It is said that hypnotism is full of risks, not only in the region of health, but in that of crime; that its practice should not be allowed to remain in the hands of persons who are ig-

norant and unauthorized; and that it should be at once placed under legal restrictions and confided to the medical profession alone. It is, perhaps, time that this proposal should be looked at critically; and rather from the side of another profession, though, as I hope, equally in the public interest.

That hypnotism opens many possibilities of crime is undoubted. It does so, in the

first place, as a mere state of passivity. If the human race had never known what it was to fall asleep, one could easily imagine (following the suggestion of Blanco White's sonnet on Night) with what well-founded alarm we should regard the first approach even of ordinary slumber—of sleep, with all its death-like helplessness and exposure to assault. Well, hypnotism presents us with a form of sleep, or of lethargy, or, at least, of passivity; and in all these forms it leaves the subject without defence against personal outrage. But the hypnotic sleep is characteristically the sleep, not of lethargy, but of somnambulism. It is active rather than passive; and though the activity is of the imaginative rather than of the reasoning faculties, it often reaches a high degree of exaltation. But the peculiarity of this form of somnambulism is that it is absolutely under the control of suggestion from without. The hypnotizer, or any other who puts himself into relation with the subject, can make him believe, or feel, or do, anything that is suggested to him. Everything presented to the subject's fancy becomes more or less a hallucination; and it is all inspired and guided from the outside. Here is a new danger, to which ordinary sleep, or even somnambulism, is not exposed; for I do not suppose that it would be easy to procure from a somnambulist a check for ten thousand francs, as a hypnotist, who was sentenced the other day to penal servitude in Paris, easily did from his patient. But a man in a completely hypnotic state at once obeys the suggestion to what thus injures himself, or even to what, if the actor was under his own control, we should all call a crime. And these risks are more alarming, because the patient does not usually remember on awakening what happened during the sleep. At all events, he forgets it when he is ordered to do so. The representatives of the best known foreign school of hypnotism, the Salpêtrière of Paris, tell us: "The oblivion of what has occurred is complete when the experimenter has taken care to tell the subject that he will remember absolutely nothing. . . . A suggestion will destroy the subject's recollection of all that has happened to her during hypnosis." And not only does he or she forget what

has happened; they frequently remember, when ordered to do so, what has never happened at all. The hallucination impressed upon them while being hypnotized may thus be made permanent. The danger of this, even to third parties, is obvious, and is pointed out by the same authors. "If an unlawful or criminal act should be committed on the subject, or in her presence, an accusation might be made against an innocent person, and it would be maintained with the deepest conviction." The criminal possibilities of hypnotism, therefore, affect not only the accuser and the accused, the person upon whom or by whom the criminal act is alleged, but they attack the witness-box too. And all this has come more to the front in consequence of the universal acceptance in recent years of what is called *post-hypnotism*. Not only is it possible to make a man feel or do, while in the hypnotic sleep, whatever is suggested to him; it is possible to suggest or order him, while he is in that condition, to feel or do something after he has come out of it, and is in his ordinary state. "It is possible to suggest to a subject in a state of somnambulism, fixed ideas, irresistible impulses, which he will obey on awaking with mathematical precision. The danger of criminal suggestions is increased by the fact that, at the will of the experimenter, the act may be accomplished several hours, and even several days, after the date of suggestion." Dr. Albert Moll, of Berlin, in his very careful book recently translated,\* says that "the longest post-hypnotic suggestion I have seen was executed at the end of four months; no hint had been given to the subject in the meantime." But he mentions another case, given on excellent medical authority, which was after exactly a year. Some of these were no doubt startling cases, like one recently reported in our newspapers. Dr. Charcot is said to have enjoined upon a gendarme to go to a certain corner of the garden and assassinate the President of the Republic. The man glided away to the spot indicated, made his stab in the bosom of an old tree growing there, and coming back, pale and trembling, confessed the crime. And Dr. Charcot's pupils tell also how they suggested to a subject when asleep that she

\* "Animal Magnetism." By Binet and Féré. London. 1887. Pp. 366, 367.

\* "Hypnotism." By Albert Moll. London. 1890.



should poison X. with a glass of pure water, which was said to contain poison. The patient woke, and without delay offered the glass to X., and invited him to drink by saying, "Is it not a hot day?" "We ordered another subject to steal a pocket-handkerchief from one of the persons present. The subject was hardly awake when she feigned dizziness, and staggering toward X., she fell against him, and hastily snatched his handkerchief." Some day M. X.— will be found dead in earnest, and it will be pleaded for the hand which carried the poison or the knife that the act was done under hypnotic influence, and that the unknown inspirer of the deed and not the actor is responsible. When that defence is made, or when one of the many other accusations which hypnotism renders possible is made, a number of difficult questions will arise. But they will arise on a broad basis of well-ascertained facts, common to theorists of half a dozen different schools in Europe, and with which by this time we are or ought to be familiar.

We ought to have been so very long ago. I remember the occasion when this was first made plain to me. I was in a little town in the North of Scotland during the college vacation of 1851. The hall was filled with some two hundred people of both sexes and of every age, but all known to each other from childhood. The only stranger was the mesmerist, H. E. Lewis, a graduate of Edinburgh and a pupil of Professor Gregory there. Before he had been in the hall an hour he brought out all the ordinary phenomena. That is, he showed that a large proportion of those present were quite easily put into a state between sleeping and waking, in which every suggestion made to them was accepted as real by the imagination and senses, so as for the time absolutely to control the will. But on this Saturday night he went farther. Among the sensitive part of the audience was a young lad, named J. M. He was not only in perfect health, but, with his brilliant complexion and golden hair, a model of the Apollo type of youth. All the more astonishing was the contrast when Lewis, after making other suggestions which were instantly obeyed, put a staff into the young fellow's hand and whispered to him that he was an old man. He turned from Apollo into Tithonus before our eyes, the very muscles of his

cheeks falling in, and the hue of age overspreading his face as he tottered amid the wondering crowd. But this, too, was in the familiar order of experiment. What followed was new. Just before J. M. awakened, Lewis repeated to him twice over: "At twelve o'clock on Monday—on Monday at midday—wherever you happen to be, you shall go with my compliments to Mr. Kenneth Murray at the bank." The other murmured an assent, but when awakened the next moment he started away in bashful surprise to find himself the centre of so many gazers. As usual in such cases, he had not the least recollection of what had happened before he woke; and when told of his promise he made it very plain that he did not intend to make a fool of himself again on Monday at twelve. I had determined to see out the play, and at that hour I found myself behind some windows which commanded the shop where J. M. was doing his daily work. Several men were in it, but with no serious expectation of seeing the result, as to which some of them were chaffing him. Twelve struck, and before the strokes ended the young fellow seemed to get confused and abstracted. As the last sound ceased he vaulted over his counter and came out into the street, bareheaded and blushing, and evidently exquisitely uncomfortable. Yet in this state of bashful torture (and not in the least asleep, as he had been on the Saturday night) he walked in the required direction through the assembled gazers of his native town; and when some of them, failing to turn him back by strong words, went in front and formed a chain with their arms linked together, he suddenly burst through them, broke into a run, and never slackened his pace till he had delivered the message entrusted to him at the place prescribed.

Incidents of this kind have recently come to be accepted as among the regular phenomena. But at that time they were new, and only to be received where there were exceptional opportunities for scrutiny. And the opportunities for scrutiny into this kind of thing are perhaps greater in a quiet rural district, where every one is known to every one, than in the crowded meetings and platforms of a great city. Another such opportunity happened about the same time to a friend of mine, who is now Principal Miller, of Madras, a C.I.E., and well known as the centre of great ed-

educational influences in Southern India. He also was then a young student come home from college, not to Ross-shire, but to hyperborean Thurso,

"Where upon the rocky Caithness strand,  
Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began."

Lewis had gone north there also, and, finding a fellow-student of Miller's among his most sensitive subjects, had ordered him to go at a particular hour on the following day with the same sort of message to a house in Thurso. The student, when wakened, was indignant at having been made a subject of exhibition, and, while treating with scorn the idea of his obeying the injunction, he quietly arranged with his friend to put it out of the question by taking a long walk together, before the hour named, into the country. Accordingly, they were then four miles out of town, and deep in a metaphysical or literary discussion. Suddenly the student friend stopped, hesitated, apologized, struggled on again, and finally declared that he felt he *must* return. Dr. Miller tried reasoning, ridicule, entreaty; and at last resorted to friendly violence to tide over the bad minute. But the result was other than he had expected, for his friend (whose name I do not know or am willing to forget) first quietly deposited his mentor in the ditch by the road-side, and then taking to his heels ran the four miles into town, delivered his message, and was laid up for days thereafter in bed from fatigue or collapse.

Now such things as these called for careful inquiry, apart altogether from the theory which was presented along with them. Lewis's theory was that of his master, Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, who had translated Baron Reichenbach's book on *odic* force. This was a supposed vital force, which the will of the mesmerizer could direct and concentrate upon the mesmerized. Master and pupil fully believed in it; and when the hour came at which he had ordered one of his subjects to go and do anything, Lewis was in the habit of sitting down and deliberately *willing* him to carry it out. His volition, he asserted, was equally effective whether he was distant one mile, or ten, or a hundred, from the man to be influenced by it. I have no doubt it was. For with regard to this, and to nearly all the other mesmeric phenomena then attracting attention, some

of us, who then studied the matter as amateurs at a very early age, came to the conclusion that the state of mind or will of the magnetizer had nothing to do with it. It was altogether, in our view, a question of the state of mind—the will, or the want of will—of the magnetized. In short, we gave in our adhesion substantially to the view which had already been put forward by Mr. James Braid, of Manchester, and which has since become famous under the name of hypnotism. The leading idea of Braid was that the mesmerizer was of no consequence—you could dispense with him and mesmerize yourself, if need be; the main characteristic of this extraordinary and hitherto unrecognized state being the absolute subjection of the subject to every suggestion which reached the patient from the outside—a subjection which sometimes prolonged itself, as we had ourselves seen, after the sleep proper was over. All this was even then abundantly and superfluously proved, and it was enough for science. There might perhaps be more. There was a fringe of further phenomena not quite proved or accounted for, but all in the direction of hyperæsthesia, exaltation of faculty, will force, clairvoyance, magnetic influence, etc. To facts that looked in such directions, we, in those days of youth, kept an open mind—greatly assisted by men like Sir William Hamilton and Sir James Simpson, who were then our guides in the Scottish capital and its University. But even then it would have required far more evidence than I at least possessed to make me ascribe the phenomena we saw either to a magnetic force, with Mesmer and Reichenbach; or to a will-force, with our novelists and poets; or to a spirit-force, with Western seers and Eastern theosophists. Nor did we need to go farther than what was already proved in order to excite intense interest in the subject. The territory even then opened to science was vast enough. It was full of magnificent promise, and it at least called for exploration.

It had to wait for it thirty years, and when it came the result was in one sense most honorable for England; in another, not so much so. What is flattering is, that all over Europe Mr. Braid is now regarded as the founder of the modern science. There is now an active school of hypnotic observation, not only in France and Germany, but in Italy, Greece, Swit-

zerland, and Spain ; in Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway ; in the South of America, as well as in the North. But everywhere its cultivators look back to the Manchester surgeon. "At the time when the Paris Academy of Medicine was condemning animal magnetism, Dr. James Braid directed the question into its proper field—that of observation and experiment. Braid must be regarded as the initiator of the scientific study of animal magnetism. For this reason, since it expresses the change of method which he effected, it is usual to substitute for that of animal magnetism the word hypnotism, by which he designated the artificial nervous sleep."\* This testimony is conclusive, because it comes from the school which regards Braid's theory as insufficient, though fundamental, and which for itself prefers the term animal magnetism, as embracing additional phenomena than those which are universally recognized. The truest representatives of Braidism or hypnotism proper, however, seem to be, in France, the school of Nancy. Their conclusion that everything is done by mere suggestion or working upon the imagination, and nothing by a direct physical influence of hypnotizer on hypnotized, is supported with great vigor of reasoning† as well as a large range of experiment upon sane and healthful subjects. Of course such a negative conclusion must yield to positive observations, and those which are put forward by the Salpêtrière, as proving a direct physical influence also, are admirably recorded, and would have great weight if the subjects were not in almost every case girl-graduates who have taken a high degree in hysteria. The attitude of Germany and the rest of Europe seems to be very fairly reflected in the book already mentioned, by Dr. Moll. The Berlin writer thinks that nothing more than hypnotic suggestion has yet been proved, but that the alleged evidence for direct physical influence, though inconclusive in the meantime, deserves investigation. This is not unlike Braid's own attitude to clairvoyance and similar phenomena, for which he did not make himself responsible, while inquiring into them ; and it is satisfactory that a

common-sense method of investigation should have been once more derived by other countries from the country of Bacon.

What is less satisfactory is that in that investigation our country has, during the intermediate time, taken scarcely any share. There have been exceptions in our philosophical literature, notably that of Dr. Carpenter. There have been exceptions in our medical literature, as in the case of Dr. Laycock. When this was last a fashionable subject of inquiry—about the year 1850—at least two leading men in Edinburgh, Sir James Simpson and Dr. Bennett, took an active part in its cultivation. But the British medical faculty as a whole\* has then and ever since ignored it. And this raises a question. We who live near the University of Edinburgh have all an admiration for that Faculty. And now that it has been proposed to hand over this whole matter to it exclusively, I cannot but recall the reasons repeatedly given by very representative members for not taking any interest in the subject in the past. The reasons were not always consistent. Sometimes it was said the thing was not grave enough ; that it might be fit for quacks and platforms, but not for a responsible profession. Sometimes, on the other hand, the experiments were deprecated as involving serious risks to the minds and bodies of those concerned. Plainly these two positions could not well stand together. Both reasons could not be true. But both might be worthless. That every showman could produce on a platform these hitherto unclassified and unverified phenomena, and that scores of schoolboys passed every evening under their hands into a physical or nervous condition not yet recognized by science or admitted into the books—all this was no reason for science closing its eyes against the thing, but very much to the contrary. And the well founded surmise that, behind all this wealth of facile experiment, there might be serious risks, was a still stronger reason against ignoring it. Every power for evil is also a power for good, but not until it is studied and brought into its proper place in science. Every medicine is a poison, and, for all I know, every poison may be a medicine. But that is no reason for ex-

\* Binet and Féré, p. 67.

† "Suggestive Therapeutics." By H. Bernheim, M.D., Professor in the Faculty of Medicine at Nancy. Second edition. New York and London : Putnam. 1889.

\* I quite acknowledge individual exceptions : Brown Séquard, etc.

cluding poisons from the study of the medical faculty. Nor is it a reason for confining poisons exclusively to its care, unless and until it has first made a study of their nature and uses. Now the positions I have mentioned were taken up expressly as reasons against undertaking such study in this particular department. And until that attitude is altered, and indeed reversed, I foresee extreme difficulty in persuading an English Legislature to abdicate in favor of any profession, however learned. Why should it hand over the key of knowledge to those of whom it might for so many years be said: "They enter not in themselves, and those that would enter in they hinder"?

Has that attitude been altered? I am sure that to some extent it has; and symptoms like the appearance during last winter of the able papers of Dr. Felkin in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*\* are reassuring. But I wish to propose a test case. Suppose a grave inquiry arising in our courts into a murder or personal outrage, with hypnotic agency as the main ground of accusation on the one hand, or defence on the other. As things stand at present, it would be a sensational trial; and the mere fact that it was coming on would strengthen the demand for handing over to responsible guardians a region with such hideous possibilities. But suppose the day of trial actually come. You cannot try such a case without skilled witnesses. Are the witnesses skilled in this particular matter to be those habitually and professionally occupied with it, or are they to be medical men? And if medical men, are they to be men who have made a special study of this region; or men of eminence generally, who may be supposed to have all the regions more or less before them? If we get the latter, as in so many respects is desirable, is it quite certain that the results of examination and cross-examination would be satisfactory to a jury, or to the public outside? The facts have, no doubt, been before this country for forty years at least; and they have been so common and notorious that their notoriety and commonness have been pleaded against the profession inquiring into them. But could we depend on the leading men of the profession even now agreeing (apart

from theories to account for them) on the great mass of unquestionable facts? Are they as skilled witnesses prepared, with a decent measure of unanimity, to separate these facts, accepted throughout Europe, from those others on which the most zealous schools are not agreed? That is, of course, one of the first things which a witness professing knowledge would be invited to do. And the attempt to discriminate between facts ascertained, and facts more or less doubtful, would lead to the region of theories, in steering amid which the witness would have the usual opportunities of shipwrecking his credibility. Let us hope that he will not think it necessary to commit himself, as the *Quarterly Review* of July is disposed to do, to Mesmer and his universal magnetic fluid. That sort of eccentricity, at the recurring periods when this discussion becomes fashionable in England, is the pendant of the equally unscientific neglect of the facts for the twenty-five years or so between. We will believe rather that our coming witness, after overawing the jury by his height of professional attainment, proceeds to fascinate them by his common-sense use of it; that he discriminates the hypnotic state from madness, hysteria, and somnambulism on the one side, and from sleep and lethargy on the other; that he informs us what proportion of healthful persons in every room are capable of passing into it, if not by what test we may beforehand distinguish such persons from their neighbors;\* that he goes on to testify to the control which one *en rapport* with the subject, even for the first time in the latter's life, may have first over his imagination, and then over his will, and lastly over his memory—and not only his memory of the past, but, if I may use the expression, his memory of the future—for the phenomena of post-hypnotism, however they are to be explained, must often be the central facts in the evidence; that, after speaking of those who are susceptible generally, he gives the result of his observation of the individual (for each subject has his hypnotic peculiarities and specialties, and the question for the jury is not whether a man might be influenced, but whether this man was so influenced, in point of fact, as on the one side or the other is alleged); and

\* Since published as "Hypnotism; or, Psycho-Therapeutics," by R. W. Felkin, M.D. Edinburgh.

\* The former question is comparatively easy, the proportion being undoubtedly large; but the latter I have never seen answered.

lastly, that, passing from experience and observation to experiment, he enables justice to use tests like that "memory-bridge"\* by which truth, which in this matter dwells so near the bottom of her well, sometimes leaps out of it.

Well, all this may happen. And sooner or later it will happen. But until something of the sort does turn up, I do not believe that the larger jury outside, which elects our Legislature, will be persuaded to pass a law restricting experiment in the vast region around psycho-therapeutics, even to a recognized and privileged and highly cultured profession. The suggestion that it should do so was made by medical men forty years ago, when the subject was last under discussion, and it is always one deserving consideration. But before handing over the key of knowledge, the public desires to know whether it is to be used in order to open or to shut. And there is too much foundation for the criticism that if this transfer had been made forty years ago, the whole region would have been still under lock and key. It is quite certain, indeed, that the blame of the neglect of this subject in Great Britain during the last four decades does not fall on the medical profession exclusively. During all that time experiment has been free. It has been carried on largely for the amusement of the idle and the curious, but it was open to the members of any profession—say, to that of law—to take it up more intelligently and persistently. They have not done so, and must bear their share of the blame. But, on the other hand, the medical is the only profession for which the claim has been made that this region belongs to it—belongs to it properly and perhaps exclusively. There is a sense in which I believe that claim to be well founded. Experience, I think, shows that until this great section of our educated men have taken up such a subject as this for persistent study, there is not likely to be real advance in it. But they must take it up, before they can exclude others. They must annex the region professionally, or at least scientifically, before

they can be allowed to evict from it the whole human race. That they have now, however, begun to explore it, though after long delay, and after letting other countries get too much in advance of us, the original and translated works which have been cited bear witness. The first steps have been taken,\* and we may look forward to the public being satisfied—perhaps not in the dramatic way that I have suggested—that the whole subject is now being explored with the explorer's passion, and can at any moment be explained with

\* The British Medical Association held its meeting this autumn at Birmingham, and its Psychological Section, on August 1, unanimously passed the following twofold resolution:

"That the subject of hypnotism should be considered by a committee of medical men, with the object of endeavoring to ascertain the true nature of its phenomena, and the value of its use in the treatment of disease, and that the Council of the Association be requested to sanction the appointment of a committee for that purpose."

"That this section protests in the strongest manner against the public exhibition, for unscientific and miscellaneous objects, and for purposes of gain or amusement, of the phenomena of hypnotism, as being a practice antagonistic to public morality."

The first part of this characteristic utterance is excellent, except that a committee, if it had been appointed half a century ago, might have perhaps not been one exclusively "of medical men." It was proposed by Professor Gairdner, of Glasgow, who went on also to move the second clause, but at the same time intimated that he "did not trust much to the legal restrictions" it demands. This also is wise. The dangers of hypnotism to "morality," if any, are connected with the secret practice of it within walls through which justice and the public cannot look to arrest what is wrong; not with "public exhibitions," which are under effective restraint from both powers. Some of these exhibitions seem to me repulsive (though not so much so as the morbid cases cultivated by certain distinguished specialists). But others during the last three decades, though open to any observer who paid a couple of shillings, have been conducted with skill and good taste, and with a liberality of mind which the educated observers did not always share. Professor Gairdner, himself a man of distinguished and discursive intelligence, stated in his speech that he had recently attended a demonstration of hypnotism, "for the first time for twenty years," and "a change in the attitude of his mind on the subject had been produced by what he had witnessed." Let us hope that even if the Association refuses the desired committee, the Psychological Section will not think it necessary to wait another twenty years before commencing their investigations.

\* "Erinnerungsbrücke": a man who when awake has forgotten what he did, or experienced, in the hypnotic state, when put back into that state instantly recalls it. There is a double consciousness, and each consciousness has its own memory, but—it must be added—its own lapses of memory.

an enthusiasm at once professional and scientific.

But when that happens, another question may arise. The light of the investigating lantern will then have been turned on this hitherto obscure corner of human affairs. It will reveal among other things crime and the appliances of crime. But it will necessarily reveal at the same time the means of its prevention, of its detection, of its proof, and of its punishment—or, if it does not reveal them all at once, it will point in the direction in which that may be done by further investigation. Are we likely to take the opportunity, just when we have gained so much by the use of our lantern of publicity, to shut up the slide? Or, are we likely to hand over, even to a profession which has proved itself willing and worthy to deal with such matters, the power to slip the slide in or out at its pleasure? No one would have proposed this in the old days, when the relation of the profession to this subject was that of alternate denunciation and ridicule. Few would propose it now, when that is changed so much for the better. But even in the days fast coming, when that relation is to be at its healthiest and best, there will still be difficulties about restrictive legislation.

The first objection will be in the general interest of science. The practical or therapeutic aspect of hypnotism is only a part, perhaps a small part, of the whole. Up to the present moment, its very existence has been doubted or denied. The psychological and scientific interest of all parts of the field, on the other hand, is undoubted, and the whole must not be sacrificed to a part. There is a kind of utilitarianism which has always been the reproach of England, a tendency like that of the child, which, whatever you give it, puts it at once into its mouth. But that a thing is good is no reason why it should disappear into the professional maw. It is true that up to the present time the therapeutic side of this subject has been neglected by the faculty as much as the scientific. That, however, will be no longer the case; the risk already is that, in professional minds inside, as in vulgar minds of all kinds without, the practical or technical interest may swallow up the rest. That it should do so would be a great misfortune, even for the study of hypnotism in its restricted sense. The few but distinguished

medical men—from Scotland rather than England—who committed themselves to this inquiry at Birmingham, must not imagine that the harvest of theory has been already reaped abroad. We look for sheaves to them also—not, I will add, as a committee, but as individual observers. Two facts alone seem to me to show that we are entitled to do so. It has, in the first place, never been quite settled whether hypnotism is an active or transitive phenomenon, or a merely passive one—whether, that is, it is in any sense an animal magnetism (a certain influence of one organism upon another), or a mere susceptibility which any one can excite in those who are susceptible. And secondly, supposing this last to be the case (as must be assumed till the other is proved), there has been no answer as yet to the obvious question, Who are the susceptible? What are the qualities, characteristics, habit of mind, habit of body, “temperament” (or whatever is the present medical equivalent of that useful old word), which determine that one man or woman shall be susceptible, or more than commonly susceptible, to hypnotism? A field with fundamental questions like these unsolved is full of invitation. But I must not rest my case for freedom on this or that bribe. The main ground is that science is wider than art; and in the interest of art itself it is needful that science shall be free. Above all, it must not be restricted in the interest of one particular art founded upon it, however legitimate. The world is wider than the Salpêtrière; and psychology demands other than morbid subjects to experiment upon. But even psychology does not exhaust the range of the speculative relations of hypnotism; nor is medicine the only profession whose instinct it is to say: “You must investigate through us, or you shall not investigate at all.” The authorities of one ancient church some time ago attempted, in vain, to arrest the inquiries which Europe has now again taken up. The authorities of more novel and nebulous churches, Psychical and Spiritualistic, struggle against the same tendency. They, too, are tempted to restrict the conclusions, and even the methods, of this science according to their own more special views. To all such pretensions, from whatever quarter, the answer seems to me to be the same. It may be desirable to have priests of every science, as of every art.

But it is very undesirable to give any of them exclusive or authoritative powers. To do so would be in the first place to surrender what it is not ours to give. And our treason to truth would soon find its appropriate punishment ; for exclusive powers, demanded for investigation, will come almost certainly to be used rather for repression.

And I conclude by putting the same general objection in its legal form. It rests upon that fundamental principle of legislation for adhering to which England, though reproached by a few, has on the whole been the envy of the wise and good. This is not a matter on which we are at all likely to follow precedents from abroad. In France, Charcot approves of the practice of hypnotism being restricted to medical men, and perhaps to its being exercised only on that class of patients which he cul-

tivates. In Prussia, public exhibitions of hypnotism have already been forbidden, and Moll, though hesitatingly, approves. But in those countries, where human life moves under the sanction at every step of police authorization, there is no such presumption against the institution of restrictive or preventive or *préalable* legislation as there is, and I hope will long continue, in our own. Our principle rather is, that every one shall have freedom to investigate all the secrets, and to exercise all the powers, of nature and of mind—reserving to law the right *ex post facto* to punish the abuses of the liberty which it concedes. It may well happen that in the case of hypnotism it shall never be found necessary to depart from this most healthful general rule. It is at all events far too early to do it now.—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### A UNIQUE TOWN.

BY P. HORDERN.

FIFTY miles from Charing Cross there lies an English town which resembles nothing so much as some picturesque old stump in which a swarm of bees has taken up its abode, filling the quiet time-worn hollows with young and vigorous life.

It is a town which, from many points of view, holds a unique position, and which seems to live a life altogether apart from that of any sister English city. With no slavery of manufactures, no blare of furnaces, no many-storied mills, no ceaseless roar of wheel-traffic, this city is nevertheless more full of human souls, and its streets more brimful of life, than any hive of Lancashire industry. There are hours of each day when the tramp of human feet echoes through the streets like the tramp of armed men ; yet it is neither to war nor to labor that they march ; for the tramp is of tender feet, and the city is a city of children. Five thousand little ones throng its streets, where grown men show like corks on a stream, and hundreds of tenderest years dot every pathway through its length and breadth. Children are the arbiters of its progress and the directors of its social life, and to their imperious will man bows of his own free choice in obsequious loyalty. It is the simple truth, and there is no enigma in the statement.

The history of the place is stamped on its outward aspect. The peaceful High Street of quaint irregular houses, with its "Lion" and "George" and "Swan ;" the broad slow-flowing river, with its stately stone bridge, its trim embankment, its seats under shady trees ; the old market-square, the gray school buildings and churches ;—all this is eloquent of the past, of days when the life of a country town was self-contained and full of repose ; when a man took his ease at his inn ; when news travelled slowly, and men lived and moved and thought and wrote with none of our modern feverish haste ; when pious founders laid beneficent plans for generations which, in distant years, should rise up and call them blessed.

And the story of to day is no less plainly told by outward and visible signs. Outside and around the old nucleus of city life, the survival of centuries, there stretches on every side an ever widening fringe of modern roads and *boulevards*, broad and clean, and flanked on either side by comely houses in every design, simple and fantastic, of modern picturesqueness.

In trim gardens or on miniature lawns they stand in orderly succession, not one without at least its border of bright flowers

relieving the monotony of street and architecture. Tall rows of elm and lime and chestnut border every road. The foliage is fresh and untainted by smoke, and about the well-kept avenues and terraces there reigns an atmosphere of repose such as befits a student-city. An atmosphere of health too; for in the faces of young and old, and notably in the well-developed forms of the young, may be read the truth of statistics which tell that here men and women live to a green old age, and children grow up strong and vigorous in mind and body.

We are all familiar with the peculiarly English features which characterize a town in which one or other of our great public schools has taken root—how the school and its surroundings absorb the chief interest of the place, and give to all its associations their special color and tone and direction.

On the other hand, it must have been often noticed that in hardly any instance are the fortunes of the quiet country town itself materially affected by connection with the school. It remains the same humdrum country town it has always been, and its fairs and markets and cattle-shows, and all its petty local concerns, are undisturbed by the close juxtaposition of one of the great nurseries of English intellectual life.

The place of which I speak is of the nature of a public-school town, and seems at first sight to hold a position analogous to the rest. But a closer acquaintance shows that there is something altogether exceptional in the circumstances under which a veritable Sleepy Hollow has been suddenly aroused from the torpor of centuries, and which have brought it to pass that within a few years the whole life of a venerable city, after flowing for ages in one unbroken current, calm and slow as that of its own river, has been merged in the development of a modern scheme of educational endowment—owing to this a material expansion, a growing prosperity, and even a specific character for which there seems to be no exact parallel.

There is much more here than an example of conspicuous success achieved by accomplished teachers and administrators. All the elements of the case are of an unusual character, and it is in their combined influence, and in the resulting example of a new and healthy growth of English social

life, that the interest of the story is to be found.

The causes which have worked so curious a transformation are immediately obvious, and are in themselves not a little remarkable. It is the history of an ancient endowment rescued from centuries of mismanagement, and at last placed under such conditions as to bring forth in unforeseen abundance the rich fruits for which it was destined by its old-world founder.

When in 1556 a successful Lord Mayor of London presented to his native town a gift of buildings erected for use by school and hospital and almshouse, and added, for the better maintenance of his charity, "13 acres of meadow-land in or near the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn," the wildest dreams of the donor never pictured the rich and far-reaching nature of his deed. Unfortunately the very comprehensiveness of the founder's charity served to counteract the benevolence of his intentions. In the largeness of his heart he sought to provide not only for the "nourishing and informing of poor children," but for the "marriage of poor maidens," for the apprenticing of youths taught in his schools, for asylums for the old and infirm, and for "doles of alms" to the poor.

Of the misdirection which for hundreds of years turned this munificent stream of charity to the pauperizing of the town which the donor sought to benefit, may be read in the official report which ultimately led to the revolution which forms the basis of our present theme. "The charity," says the report of the Schools Enquiry Commission of 1868, "colors and determines the whole life of many. It bribes the father to marry for the sake of his wife's small portion; it takes the child from infancy, and educates him in a set form; settles the course of his life by an apprentice fee; pauperizes him by doles; and takes away a chief object of industry by the prospect of an almshouse."

From the revelation thus made dates the beginning of a new era in the history of the town; but it was not till fifteen years ago, when the final shape was given to the reform of the great endowment—one of the richest of the kind in England—that the full force of the impulse to local prosperity was felt. The effect of the



change has been by no means confined to the schools and charities concerned. While it has brought within easy reach of all corners the advantages of the highest development of the public-school system, it has served to revolutionize an important town, to give new growth and new channels to its trade, and to cause an incredibly rapid extension of its area and population—converting it, in fact, into a loadstone of attraction to one of the largest and most influential classes of the community, and moulding into harmonious working elements of society often the most incongruous, gathered from the ends of the earth.

It is when we come to regard the latest scenes of this local drama, as enacted in the by-play of daily life, that we are confronted by the novel phenomena which are the subject of the present record, and of which the explanation is not at first sight obvious.

Here is a large and growing society strangely free from the sharp social distinctions which elsewhere give to English life its characteristic stamp—a population among whom, if poverty is not conspicuous, wealth is almost unknown, and of whom hundreds owe to the saddest bereavement their choice of domicile. In the streets of this town may be seen more of sombre draperies and of the pale faces of widows, more poor gentry whose most obvious blessings are the olive-branches round about their table, than in any city of equal size.

And when we turn to consider the business of their lives, the common attractions by which they are assembled, their social existence, their status in a money-loving nation—the irresistible conclusion is forced upon the casual observer that every element of dulness and cheerlessness must combine to render their life an anxious, pleasureless struggle.

If you would know something of the nature of that life, take your stand at almost any hour of the day at the corner of one of the main thoroughfares, and, if you can keep your footing for the crowd, take note of what passes there. As far as the eye can reach, youthful life is rampant to an extent elsewhere unknown. Flying columns of well-dressed boys are skirmishing from end to end of the thoroughfare; regiment after regiment of fresh young girls marches past with quick

step and in rapid succession. Swarms of young learners of the humbler classes swell the stream, so that it is difficult to make head against it. In despair you leave the pavement for the less crowded carriage-way, but it is at the risk of your life, as bicycle and tricycle bear down upon you, driven at reckless speed and too often steered by inexperienced hands.

And if such is the panorama of the streets, the interior of the houses is but a reflection of the same. In this town it is not too much to say that every house is full of children as a cage is full of birds.

School-hours are short and broken; play-hours seem long and unending. If you call on your friends in an afternoon, it is to find a paper-chase in full career from roof to basement, or a football match on every landing. And when at sunset the lively troops gather round the tables into knots, every inmate of every house has a share in the serious business of "preparation" for the morrow's work.

Second childhood it may be truly called, for you have come where the domination of children is absolute and complete. There are other towns where schools and school-children form a conspicuous element of the population, but here only in the known world do the children swamp and rule the entire community.

Your day must be mapped out by a time table from which no divergence is possible on pain of suffering to them; and throughout the day you must be punctual as to the regimental bugle. The hours of meals must be regulated by their convenience, and if you would not seem a monster of selfishness, you will have to snit even your jaded appetite to the simpler and wholesomer tastes of childhood. You must be ready with answers to a never-ending cross-fire of questions, which, asked in all simplicity, are often in substance such as have tried the wisest heads from all ages. Even to formulate an answer to the simplest of these, so as to satisfy the inquirer, usually needs not only a rare sympathy, but a still rarer command of language.

You must come down from your lofty pedestal of permanent freedom from school and its restraints, and cease to thank heaven you have done with examinations, for you have got to begin them again, and that with a keener anxiety than you ever felt before;—to brush up your

rusty Latin and arithmetic, and to take no credit to yourself when you have done so.

For, among other surprises, you must be prepared to be taught by your stripling sons and daughters, in the intervals of school hours, new ways of learning better than your own, in rule and method, and sequence and pronunciation. Nay, if you would know order and repose in your own life, you must even go back to nursery rules, and learn again to put away your playthings, to have "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

In a word, it is you, the long-emancipated man of the world, the despotic father of a family, who are become the fag and the slave of the youngsters, who in theory obey your orders, but whose yoke is in practice laid on your unaccustomed neck. For you no less than for them is the clock-work round of duty to the sound of the school-bell, the early breakfast, the early dinner, the everlasting presence of children, the eternal babble of schools and classes.

Is not the picture one of awful warning? For the lover of pleasant places, as most men count pleasure, could dreariness farther go? Yet, strange to say, there is in all England no town of cheerier or more thriving aspect. Nowhere do the groups of young and old wear a happier or more prosperous look; nowhere are the signs of material comfort and of well-to-do life more marked or more general.

By what power of paradox, by what mysterious spell of magic has it come to pass that, under such conditions, men live a contented, even a happy life? It is not that the region can boast any special charm of soil, or climate, or scenery, any wealth of art or architecture, any bait of exciting sport. There are men in abundance with no paid duties to perform, but in no city are there so few real idlers. It would go hard with the professional idler or sportsman who should be relegated to a place where the central and paramount interest of every house is no more exciting than the daily school-work of boys and girls, where the rule of the pedagogue and the discipline of class-room and playground are carried into and accepted by every household, and where the loyalty of

parents is assumed even in the school regulations, fixing for all alike the hours of study and sleep and recreation.

And the whole social life of the place is in accord with the same spirit. Here the "rivalry of wasteful luxury" is an unknown cry, neither is there any sign of pinching poverty. It is no pauper-town of which I write, nor is there any shame of narrow means. It is not in crowded *salons* or heated assemblies that men take their pleasure. In this republic of babes, it is in the garden and the playground, in country rambles, at the evening tea-table, and on the reaches of the river, that friends and acquaintances meet and enjoy a health-giving life, without show, without restraint, without weariness.

One might indeed imagine an intelligible charm for some *blasé* spirit, weary of the vain pursuit of the phantoms of pleasure and fame, in a retreat where no man is *blasé*, and where the popular life is before all things "purposeful."

But the truth is that, beyond and beneath all surface attractions, this city keeps a secret which is known only to a chosen few. A potent secret it is, for it has power to rob the poor man's cares of their sting, to fill the idler's life with absorbing interest, and even to cause the widow to take heart in her loneliness. In its fulness it is revealed only to those who, with something of the child-spirit in themselves, have come to be loyal to the child-*régime*, to sit at the feet of children, learning while they seem to teach, whose reward is found in watching and guiding day by day the unfolding of form and faculty and character in the freshest fruit of the foremost race by which the earth is peopled, and to whom for material estate has been assigned that station midway between poverty and riches which, from all time, has been counted the happiest human lot.

It is a new and not unenviable fame which has in these latter days overtaken the quiet city by the willowy Ouse, where the only public monuments are of the most unobtrusive of English worthies—of Bunyan, the humble author of happy hours and wholesome lessons for countless generations; and of Harpur, the generous benefactor of thousands of unborn poor.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## SOME ASPECTS OF NEWMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY WILFRID WARD.

It has probably struck many persons that the general feeling of enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of Cardinal Newman's death has been quite out of proportion to the extent to which he or his writings are known. The thought that a great man has passed away, a high example of unworldliness been taken from us, has possessed many who felt and knew little more than this. It used to be said that the great Duke of Wellington's influence for good while he lived was immense, even on those who knew nothing of him except that a great example of English courage and English sense of duty was still among us. And in the sphere of spiritual life Newman had a similar influence.

The consequence has been, however, in the case of Cardinal Newman, that many who have written and spoken of him with genuine feeling—to whom the knowledge that the author of *Lead, kindly Light*, still lived and prayed at Birmingham was a real source of spiritual strength—have given a very imperfect account of the man himself. There have indeed been not a few beautiful sketches by personal friends and admirers. But he has also been described, both in print and in conversation, by epithets which have struck those who knew anything of his writings or himself with a sense of their incompleteness and unsatisfactoriness. "Mystic," "giant controversialist," "learned theologian," "recluse"—such descriptions have seemed little nearer the mark than the discoveries of the few who have found fault, and have noted that he lacked imagination, and that his style was in some respects inferior to that of Mr. Stevenson.

And yet perhaps the failure to characterize him rightly has arisen, in some cases, from the difficulty of the task—from the complexity of his nature. "Prose-poet" gives a fair description of Carlyle; "A great thinker in verse" is the true account of Browning by an able critic; but a many-sided genius like Newman's refuses to be explained or even suggested in a few words. And when we ask ourselves *why* we are dissatisfied with the epithets in question, it is not easy in a moment to give

the reasons. The descriptions contain some truth. There was in him something of the mystic. He was full of power in controversy. His mind had been absorbed in patristic theology. His life was one of seclusion. Yet these epithets, singly or collectively, quite fail to give any idea of him, or of the nature of his influence. We remember the story of the Buddhist who was asked to describe "Nirvana." "Was it annihilation?" "No," he answered impatiently. "Was it the beatific vision of the great unknown?" "No," with equal impatience, and so on with further queries. "What was it then?" "How can you ask what is so plain? . . . Nirvana is . . . *Nirvana*." And so in the present case. "Not a theologian, not a mystic, not a controversialist. Newman was *Newman*."

However, as many have succeeded in bringing out *some* at least of those distinctive elements which are felt in their combination by the majority of his readers, it may be worth while for each, according to his lights, to put his mite in contribution. Let us look through the phrases I have cited and attempt to limit their "connotation" as applied to Newman.

"Mystic!" Yes; he had a keen hold on the unseen world, on the mysterious teachings of conscience, on the shadow of God's presence in the human heart, and of God's wrath in the world at large. But the typical mystic lives in the clouds. He is not in touch with things around him. He is little interested in the microscopic inspection of the play of life about him. And what is to be said of the Cardinal from this point of view? He loved to talk on current topics of the day. "He was interested," says J. A. Froude, speaking of his Oxford days, "in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature." He could throw himself into spheres of action far removed from his own. "What do you think," a friend asked, "of Gurwood's *Despatches of the Duke of Wellington*?" "Think?" he replied; "they make one burn to have been a soldier!" His senses were keenly alive to the small things of earth. How delicately he weighs in *Loss and Gain* the

respective attractions of sights, scents, and sounds ! Ascetic though he was, he chose the wines for his college cellar at Oriel. Vivid and real as was the world of religious mystery to him, he could give the closest attention to matters of secular detail. He could, in a moment, pass from the greatest matters to the smallest. Gregory the Great left his audience with ambassadors to teach the Roman choristers the notes of the "plain song ;" and so, too, Newman would leave the atmosphere of religious thought and meditation and betake himself to his violin. He is still remembered by the villagers at Littlemore as teaching them hymn tunes in their boyhood.\* It was a recreation to him in later life to coach the Oratory boys for the *Pincerna*† or the *Aulularia*. He delighted in Miss Austen and Anthony Trollope. He enjoyed a good story from *Pickwick*. All this limits very much the popular idea of the word "mystic ;" and yet all this is true of the man whose sense of religious mystery was surpassed by few.

"Giant controversialist !" Certainly the original edition of the *Apologia*, the *Letter* in answer to Pusey's *Eirenicon*, and the *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties* are masterpieces of religious controversy ; and yet we can fancy the Cardinal smiling quietly if he heard himself spoken of as a "giant controversialist." "Tell me what books to read on such a subject," an old pupil asked him. "Why do you ask me ?" was the answer ; "I know nothing about books." How—we can see it in every page of his works—he hated the pedantry and parade of controversy ! He would help inquirers, but he cared not to do the work of sledge-hammer argument. If it was done it was done for the sake of his friends and of anxious seekers after truth, and not for the sake of opponents whom he had no hope of convincing. He believed in the proverb, "He who is convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." He said fifty years ago that if views were clearly stated and candidly recognized, all controversy would be either superfluous or useless—superfluous to those whose first principles agreed, useless to those who differed fundamentally.‡ With him, controversy was chiefly exposition

and the pointing out of mis-statements. There was little of direct argument. "Giant controversialist !" One can fancy the fate—there are stories on record as to the fate—of the pompous man who went to talk to him of controversy, as one great controversialist to another. One specimen of the class comes with notes, and books, and points for discussion on problems of education, but finds the Cardinal so absorbed with news about the "barley crop" in Norfolk that no other subject seems to interest him. Another presses him for a refutation of one of Mr. Gladstone's arguments against the Vatican decrees, but only succeeds in eliciting the reply that Mr. Gladstone is an old Oxford acquaintance, and has been very kind to him. Or, if the subject is insisted on, the conversation suddenly passes—his visitor knows not how—to the oaks of Hawarden and the exercise of cutting down trees. A third visitor finds himself engaged *in limine* in a discussion as to the number of stoppages in the 1.30 train as contrasted with the 3.40, and has unexpectedly to employ his conversational talent in explaining his cross-country route, and the lines by which he came. And then there is the Oxford story of Newman's guest who introduces the "origin of evil" at dinner, and at once produces a dissertation—full of exact knowledge, and apparently delivered with earnest interest—as to the different ways of treating hot-house grapes, and the history of the particular grapes on the table before him. Such are the stories, partly legends perhaps, which are current. Not that really anxious inquirers who approached him with tact could ever have such a tale to tell ; with them he took infinite pains. But where the pomp of controversy was invoked by tactless or self-sufficient persons, he remembered the proverb, "Answer a fool according to his folly."

And what of "learned theologian" ? An unquestionable truth ; yet we cannot help seeing the Cardinal's smile again. Who that has read it can forget the irony of his description of the typical learned man, the historian, or archæologist, or theologian, whose learning has overgrown and stiffened the freedom of his mind ? It expresses the half-restrained irritation—half irritation, half amusement—of Cardinal Newman himself after a two hours' walk and talk with Mr. Casaubon. It may

\* *Guardian*, Sept. 3, p. 1,358.

† The *Pincerna* was Newman's expurgated version of the *Eunuchus*.

‡ Cf. *University Sermons*, pp. 200, 201.

be read in a lecture delivered at Dublin, and is, perhaps, so little known as to be worth writing down here.

Such readers are only possessed by their knowledge, not possessed of it; nay, in matter of fact they are often even carried away by it, without any volition of their own. Recollect, the memory can tyrannize as well as the imagination. Derangement, I believe, has been considered as a loss of control over the sequence of ideas. The mind, once set in motion, is henceforth deprived of the power of initiation, and becomes the victim of a train of associations, one thought suggesting another, in the way of cause and effect, as if by a mechanical process, or some physical necessity. No one who has had experience of men of studious habits but must recognize the existence of a parallel phenomenon in the case of those who have over-stimulated the memory. In such persons reason acts almost as feebly and as impotently as in the madman; once fairly started on any subject whatever, they have no power of self-control; they passively endure the succession of impulses which are evolved out of the original exciting cause; they are passed on from one idea to another, and go steadily forward, plodding along one line of thought in spite of the amplest concessions of the hearer, or wandering from it in endless digression in spite of his remonstrances. Now, if, as is very certain, no one would envy the madman the glow and originality of his conceptions, why must we extol the cultivation of that intellect which is the prey, not indeed of barren fancies, but of barren facts, of random intrusions from without, though not of morbid imaginations from within? And, in thus speaking, I am not denying that a strong and ready memory is in itself a real treasure; I am not disparaging a well-stored mind, though it be nothing besides, so that it be sober, any more than I would despise a bookseller's shop—it is of great value to others even when not so to the owner. Nor am I banishing—far from it—the possessors of deep and multifarious learning from my ideal university; they adorn it in the eyes of men: I do but say that they constitute no type of the results at which it aims; that it is no great gain to the intellect to have enlarged the memory at the expense of faculties which are indisputably higher.

Once more—"recluse!" He lived in the Oratory and saw little or nothing of the world. But where were the gloominess, the sternness, the unsociableness which the word suggests? As has been well said by a recent writer, his need of loneliness was fully balanced by his need of friendship. *Cor ad cor loquitur* was his motto, and it expressed the man. He loved to unbend among familiar friends. His sense of humor was of the keenest. His life-long habit, formed at Oxford, of living in intimacy with those whose ob-

jects were his objects, and who loved and understood him, had become to him a second nature. True, he despised the vanity of society. He felt the heartlessness of the world and withdrew from it. But he withdrew from the world only to give himself more fully to his friends. With his brilliancy and fastidiousness it might have been expected that the ideal of the best society, its exclusiveness and its refinement, would in early days have had some attraction for him (so at least the late Canon Mozley seems to hint); but there was in him a far deeper force which made him shun all that approached to dissipation of mind, and put away all that savored of ambition. But it was not in the spirit of a hermit. The sternness of a recluse, the austerity of his demeanor, the marked protest against the rest of the world which the conception conveys, were uncongenial to him. He was like his own St. Philip Neri. An intimate friend of his has lately written on his "naturalness," on the simplicity with which he laughed at his own failures—"his floors," as he called them. Though his natural refinement was intense, there was no trace of anything artificial or of unreal reserve. "A. B. is a man one can't talk to in one's shirt sleeves," he would complain. Just as the abstraction of the mystic was not his, nor the pedantry of the controversialist, so the pronounced rôle of a recluse was foreign to his nature. He loved to be as other men. His prayer for himself and his friends was, he said, not for those heavy trials some saints have asked for—persecution, calumny, reproach—but simply that they might be overlooked, passed over as members of the crowd.\*

And thus we get from the limits which must be placed on the meaning of "mystic," "controversialist," "learned theologian," "recluse," as applied to Newman, a glimpse of one aspect of his distinctive charm—a kind of social charm rare in all classes, especially rare in one whose life-work is greatly that of the student. Men of letters and men of science are often known to men of the world as "book-worms," or regarded with distaste and some alarm as "very learned." And with a certain amount of ignorance implied in the tone of such unsympathetic judgments there is a bit of truth in them.

\* *Sermons on Various Occasions*, p. 241.

Such men are often eccentric, and are wanting in the sense of humor which should teach them to avoid talking "shop," and to find common ground of converse with the rest of the world. Newman was the antithesis to the "book-worm" or the "learned man" as conceived by the man of the world. Full though he was of knowledge gained by observation and reading, he could and did put it entirely aside on occasion. He valued intercourse with his fellows more than mere study as a means of improvement. "Given the alternative," he once said, "in a University, of social life without study, or study without social life, I should unhesitatingly declare for the former not the latter."\* Life was for action, and action was determined by character. All his intellectual efforts were guided and limited by this thought. His sermons, his lectures, his philosophy at Oxford were all designed to meet the practical difficulties of those to whom he was a spiritual father. There was no rhetoric for rhetoric's sake; he never preached abstract dogma except as helping the spiritual life, nor philosophy as a speculative science, but solely as a practical help to those in doubt.

And this brings me to another point which I can only touch on briefly. The word "philosopher" has been used of him less often than the epithets I have referred to. It has been used by some of the best critics; yet it has been, by implication, denied by men who were in close contact with him. Dean Stanley in his well-known estimate of the Oxford movement never once refers to the Oxford University sermons which were at that time the embodiment of Newman's philosophy. And one who opens these sermons will find nothing in the form of a philosophical treatise; nothing about the origin of ideas, about the categories, about the distinction between the pure and the practical reason. Yet those men of acute and religious mind who went to hear him, in doubt and trouble as to man's right to confident belief in the very being of a God and in the hope of immortality, came away reassured. Does philosophy require a formal and technical treatise, completely elaborated, on the human faculties and on metaphysics? If so,

Newman was no philosopher. Is he a philosopher who takes in at a glance the root-problems as to what practical beliefs are reasonable in matters of deepest moment to each individual; who treats these problems in such a way as to help those in need, the deepest thinkers if so be; who treats them informally, suggestively, incompletely, seldom using technical language; who almost professes that he is not philosophizing but only reminding us of the asseverations of sober common sense; who refrains from entering on questions which cannot help the action of practical life, but who gives to more systematic writers the groundwork, if they care to build on it, of a philosophy of faith, unsurpassed for breadth and depth, which he refrains from fully elaborating himself? If such a man is a philosopher—a religious philosopher—Newman was a great philosopher. His philosophy was like the rest of his work, the expression of his personality. It was the expression of his own deep reflections, as they came to him; of answers almost as he would have given them in conversation. When a conclusion was obvious he had not the pedantry to draw it. Where it would offend some and help others, again he would not draw it. He gave the materials for it which would be of service to the one class; he refrained from making the statement which would scare the other. Where a professional philosopher would press for a logical explanation, he would perhaps suddenly "shut up," and break off an argument which had really done its work, and pass on to something else instead of engaging in fruitless logomachy. When he had shown in the *Grammar of Assent* some of the strongest instances of clear and confident religious conclusions, which certain minds attain to without recognizing more than mere suggestions of their real premises, he foresaw the indignant objections of the incurable logician. But he had really said enough for his purpose, which was to show that such inferences in untrained minds may be practically reliable, and that was sufficient. He did not want to argue with the logician, he wanted to satisfy the simple mind that it was on the right road. So instead of an elaborate answer we find the following words: "Should it be objected that this is an illogical exercise of reason, I answer that since it actually brings them to a right

\* This sentiment is also expressed in the *Idea of a University*, 2nd edition, p. 205.

conclusion, and was intended to bring them to it, if logic finds fault with it so much the worse for logic."\*

In a similar spirit—though this is not an instance from his philosophy—when years ago he had strung together a *catena* of Catholic doctrines from Bull, Andrewes, and other Anglican divines, old Oxford men relate how he foresaw the objection, "But other passages from them tell a different tale." This opens an endless argument on Anglican inconsistency—endless and hopeless. It was enough for him to have got a rough *catena*—enough for the past, as much as could possibly be expected. He had never thought, as more sanguine men had, that Anglican tradition could be proved consistent; all he hoped was to show a tradition feeble enough at times, damaged by Protestant influences, yet never actually broken. Let the future be consistent. Let the dead past bury its dead. But he could not say all this in hearing of the Puseys and Palmers who thought otherwise. He must not break up his party by his own pessimism. So he gave this characteristic reply: "To say this is to accuse them of inconsistency, which I leave it for their enemies to do."

And so on throughout. What Döllinger styled Newman's "subjectivity" in philosophy, though the present writer does not believe that it diminishes the real objective value of his thought, was, in the sense of personal element, most marked. A recent critic has spoken of the *Grammar of Assent* as a treatise showing how things may be taken for granted. There cannot be a greater mistake, though the subjective mode of expression in some passages partly accounts for it. Newman shows that all begin with first principles which cannot be logically proven. He sees in himself religious first principles of which his nature assures him. He sees that those who cry out "You are taking them for granted" are themselves assuming a number of other first principles. A man who denies that human nature is normally Christian assumes it to be something different. He starts with one conception of human nature as the Christian starts with another. A man who denies that conscience reveals sin, in the Christian sense of the word, starts with his own different impression of what conscience conveys, and proceeds to

account for his impression as being due to an offence against society, or against law, or to an inherited feeling resulting from past experiences of general utility. Cardinal Newman's conclusion is not "We all assume unwarrantably," but rather, "You say I assume; I can at once retort *you* assume, but in fact I do *not* assume; I see with certainty."\* Or, as he expressed it in a letter to myself written during his last years, "The religious mind must always master much which is *unseen* to the non-religious. . . . I can't allow that a religious man has no more evidence necessarily than a non-religious."†

The contrast between the arbitrary assumptions of the Agnostic and the first principles which a religious mind adopts rightly and with certainty, and the tests whereby they may be distinguished, were subjects which exercised his mind, as we see from his last publication in 1885, on *The Development of Religious Error*, to the very evening of life. But it would carry me too far to attempt here an analysis of that essay.

The personal element, then, both in style and in matter, is most prominent. In the former it is the result of his object and his method, of helping others by his own personal influence, and by putting *himself* before them. In the latter it is on the principle which he maintains, that "egotism is true modesty." A strong man in fully revealing his own mind—its struggles and its victories—aids weaker minds in time of trial and difficulty.

Briefly it may be said that two points give the key to much of his work and influence, whether in philosophy, or in preaching, or in religious controversy, or in the guidance of individual consciences:—the power over others of his personality, and the exercise of that power with absolute simplicity to make men better than he found them. And as the peculiar power of his personality was that it appealed to such different minds, so, according to the bent and genius of each, his influence as a whole was most various. His was not simply a spiritual influence, as John Wesley's; not merely that of the dry light of philosophy, as Kant's, or Coleridge's in

\* Cf. *Development of Religious Error*, p. 459.

† The Cardinal gave me permission in 1885 to make public use of any part of this letter, which is mostly a discussion on the nature of religious knowledge.

\* *Grammar of Assent*, 5th edition, p. 403.

our own country ; nor of a brilliant converser and critic, as Johnson's ; nor of intellectual and imaginative power, as Carlyle's ; nor of the religious poet, as Keble's ; nor of the Christian counsellor to the men and women of the world, as Fénelon's or St. Francis of Sales'. It was to each man one or more of these kinds of influence ; and thus it was to all a combination of them.

Some of the most remarkable published testimonies to his early power over others come from men as different from each other as Mr. J. A. Froude, Principal Shairp, Dean Church, and Mr. Mark Pattison. While he influenced intellectualists like Pattison and Froude, and men of high mental gifts like Church, intellect was not in the least a necessary qualification for the most intimate friendship with him. This fact, which aroused Mark Pattison's supercilious contempt, was part of Newman's peculiar strength. Little more was no assemblage of intellectual lights ; it was a community of religious and devoted friends—some, as Dalgaïrns, men of special mental gifts, others not so. Men living in the great world also, taking part in politics or public life, leant on him and appealed to him, as well as those whose life was in abstract thought or religious seclusion. To mention only a few and lifelong friends, Lord Blachford, Lord Emly, and Mr. Hope Scott were as thorough in their personal allegiance to him as Dr. Pusey or the present Dean of St. Paul's. He himself has described that assemblage of qualities which constitute the perfection of University refinement, which make up the idea of a "gentleman," if not exactly in the popular English sense, still in the highest sense of the perfection of the intellectual and social nature.\* He tells us that men may have those qualities and yet not be Christians ; or they may have them and use the attractiveness they give simply for good. "They may subserve the education," he writes, "of a St. Francis of Sales or a Cardinal Pole ; they may be the limits of the virtue of a Shaftesbury or a Gibbon. Basil and Julian were fellow students at the schools of Athens ; and one became a Saint and Doctor of the Church, the other her scoffing and relent-

less foe." Newman had the qualities he describes—they were a great part of his magnetism ; they pervaded his writing and his conversation ; and he used the influence they gave as St. Francis or Basil would have used them, but with greater variety of gifts than either, and over a more heterogeneous collection of disciples.

Beginning, then, at Oxford among young men, his equals in age many of them, passing into the comparative obscurity of the Birmingham Oratory, living there unseen by the world at large, holding for many years no position of official importance, his personality, in a manner so subtle that it is hard fully to account for it, made itself felt over the whole country. Leading the simple consistent life of a priest, ever ready to help those who came to him or wrote to him for advice, shunning the crowd, welcoming each individual, helping each according to his character to love God and to realize the true end of life, never seeking influence for his own sake, thinking only of those he was helping, grateful for their trust, but deeply feeling its sacredness before God and his responsibility for the use he made of it, throwing himself into the position of each of those who consulted him as if each were the only one, he gained steadily in immediate influence as life went on ; while the power of good done, and of a devoted life, as a witness to the unseen world, made its way to the crowds who form public opinion. It would be hard to estimate the number of those who have sought his help, during the last forty years, on their road to the Catholic Church ; and many more have been guided by him in other matters. In his measure, and allowing for the difference of gifts and circumstances, he carried out the kind of work done by his own St. Philip, which early in his Catholic life he had spoken of as the only work he had a call to do. The Cardinal's chief instruments were writing and correspondence, the Saint chose direct conversation ; but the spirit of the work was the same in both cases. As St. Philip, by his love for those who leant upon him, and by his personal character, drew all men to him for guidance and advice, winning respect and esteem from Jews and Infidels as well as members of the Church, so did Newman, by the power of his personality, find himself the centre of influ-

\* The well-known description I refer to comes in *Idea of a University*, 2nd edition, pp. 305-9.



ence among vast numbers, priests and laymen, non-Catholics as well as Catholics. The simple priest was by the popular voice called Apostle of Rome; the English Oratorian was, as a representative critic has expressed it, canonized at his death by the voice of the English people.

"Whether or not," he wrote early in his Catholic life, "I can do anything at all in St. Philip's way, at least I can do nothing in any other. Neither by my habits of life, nor by vigor of age, am I fitted for the task of authority, or of rule, or of initiation." And what was St. Philip's way? Let us read his own beautiful account of it. It describes his aspiration in 1852; it describes the spirit of his work done in the Catholic Church forty years later.

He lived in an age as traitorous to the interests of Catholicism as any that preceded it, or can follow it. He lived at a time when pride mounted high, and the senses held rule; a time when kings and nobles never had more of state and homage, and never less of personal responsibility and peril; when mediæval winter was receding, and the summer sun of civilization was bringing into leaf and flower a thousand forms of luxurious enjoyment; when a new world of thought and beauty had opened upon the human mind, in the discovery of the treasures of classic literature and art. He saw the great and the gifted, dazzled by the Enchantress, and drinking in the magic of her song; he saw the high and the wise, the student and the artist, painting, and poetry, and sculpture, and music, and architecture, drawn within her range and circling round the abyss; he saw heathen forms mounting thence, and forming in the thick air:—all this he saw, and he perceived that the mischief was to be met, not with argument, not with science, not with protests and warnings, not by the recluse or the preacher, but by means of the great counter-fascination of purity and truth.

He was raised up to do a work almost peculiar in the Church: not to be a Jerome Savonarola, though Philip had a true devotion toward him and a tender memory of his Florentine house; not to be a St. Carlo, though in his beaming countenance Philip had recognized the aureole of a saint; not to be a St. Ignatius, wrestling with the foe, though Philip was termed the Society's bell of call, so many subjects did he send to it; not to be a St. Francis Xavier, though Philip had longed to shed his blood for Christ in India with him; not to be a St. Caietan, or hunter of souls, for Philip preferred, as he expressed it, tranquilly to cast in his net to gain them; he preferred to yield to the stream, and direct the current—which he could not stop—of science, literature, art, and fashion, and to sweeten and to sanctify what God had made very good and man had spoilt.

And so he contemplated as the idea of his mission, not the propagation of the faith, nor the exposition of doctrine, nor the catechetical schools: whatever was exact and systematic pleased him not; he put from him monastic rule and authoritative speech, as David refused the armor of his king. No; he would be but an ordinary individual priest as others, and his weapons should be but unaffected humility and unpretending love. All he did was to be done by the light, and fervor, and convincing eloquence of his personal character and his easy conversation. He came to the Eternal City and he sat himself down there, and his home and his family gradually grew up around him, by the spontaneous accession of materials from without. He did not so much seek his own as draw them to him. He sat in his small room, and they in their gay worldly dresses, the rich and well-born as well as the simple and illiterate, crowded into it. In the midheats of summer, in the frosts of winter, still was he in that low and narrow cell at San Girolamo, reading the hearts of those who came to him, and curing their souls' maladies by the very touch of his hand. . . .

In the words of his biographer, "he was all things to all men. He suited himself to noble and ignoble, young and old, subjects and prelates, learned and ignorant, and received those who were strangers to him with singular benignity, and embraced them with as much love and charity as if he had been a long while expecting them. When he was called upon to be merry he was so: if there was a demand upon his sympathy he was equally ready. He gave the same welcome to all, caressing the poor equally with the rich, and wearying himself to assist all to the utmost limits of his power. In consequence of his being so accessible and willing to receive all comers many went to him every day, and some continued for the space of thirty, nay, forty years, to visit him very often both morning and evening, so that his room went by the agreeable nickname of the Home of Christian mirth. Nay, people came to him not only from all parts of Italy, but from France, Spain, Germany, and all Christendom; and even the Infidels and Jews who had ever any communication with him revered him as a holy man." The first families of Rome, the Massimi, the Aldobrandini, the Colonna, the Altieri, the Vitelleschi, were his friends and his penitents. Nobles of Poland, grandees of Spain, knights of Malta, could not leave Rome without coming to him. Cardinals, archbishops and bishops were his intimates: Federico Borromeo haunted his room and got the name of "Father Philip's soul." The Cardinal-Archbishops of Verona and Bologna wrote books in his honor. Pope Pius the Fourth died in his arms. Lawyers, painters, musicians, physicians, it was the same too with them. Baronius, Zazzara, and Ricci left the law at his bidding and joined his congregation, to do its work, to write the annals of the Church, and to die in the odor of sanctity. Palestrina had Father Philip's ministrations in his last moments. Animuccia hung about him during life, sent him a message after

death, and was conducted by him through Purgatory to Heaven. And who was he, I say, all the while, but an humble priest, a stranger in Rome, with no distinction of family or letters, no claim of station or of office, great simply in the attraction with which a Divine Power had gifted him? And yet thus humble, thus un-ennobled, thus empty-handed, he has achieved the glorious title of Apostle of Rome.

And, in drawing to a conclusion, the present writer feels how much he has not even touched on which was essential to the Cardinal's influence. That unique gift which made one who was no orator the greatest preacher of his age; his faithfulness to his friends—"faithful and true," as he loved to say of Our Lord; his power of resentment of injury done to those he loved, or to his cause; the attractiveness which came of his sensitiveness, even of

over sensitiveness; the combination of far-seeing and dispassionate wisdom with keen and quickly-roused emotion; his tenderness for and sympathy with the distressed in faith, which made others even fear, at times, lest, in meeting them half-way, he was losing sight of the very principles he was in reality protecting; the very "defects of his qualities," which his closest friends loved almost as they did his virtues—which made him so truly human amid his greatness; these were all part of him, though this is not the time or place to speak of them fully. But the thought of them makes me fall back upon the description with which I began as the only true one, that as Nirvana is Nirvana, so Newman was Newman.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

##### THE MAN OF BLOOD AND IRON.

BISMARCK IN PRIVATE LIFE. (Bismarck Intime.)

By a Fellow-Student. Translated by James Hayward. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

So much has been written about the great ex-Chancellor of Germany, who was so recently displaced from his official pedestal by the young Emperor, that one would fancy there was little left to be said. The biography by Dr. Busch alone was almost exhaustive, especially in the delineation of the man himself. But books continue to be printed, and seemingly with no diminution in public demand. It is more than probable that his enforced resignation has had much to do with reviving keen interest in the man, who has not only filled one of the biggest places in the political history of the century, but is marked withal by so many unique characteristics. The volume before us is little more than gossip, Bismarckiana, but it is very racy gossip, and the anecdotes, though many of them are retold for the twentieth time, are on the whole sufficiently entertaining. The book is nominally written by one who knew Bismarck well, but one can't help suspecting that this is fictitious. There would have been a finer flavor of individual study and characterization, a more ripe and subtle quality in the estimate, a narrative marked by incident and anecdote fresher in tone, less discursiveness, and less use of the compiler's rake. But however this may be, there is enough to interest the general reader, who is not over-critical, and always

takes pleasure in a fresh rehearsal of the things which have packed the life of Bismarck so full of dramatic, as well as of political fascination. The author confines himself to a study of the man mostly, and has but little to say of the statesman.

Prince Otto von Bismarck was the son of an officer of hussars and a young lady living at Potsdam, the daughter of a cabinet councillor. The garden of her home was noted for its beauty, and thither came frequently the two royal princes with their tutor (one of them the future Emperor William). Prince William became very fond of Louise Wilhelmine von M—, and it was in this garden that a very remarkable thing is said to have occurred. "One fine summer evening the young prince, then about five or six years of age, was in the garden with his tall lady friend, and the latter, seated on a bench, was telling him some interesting stories. Suddenly the garden bell rang, announcing a visitor; the servant in attendance on the prince went to see who it was, and returned to tell Fräulein M— that a young gypsy girl wished to speak to her.

"The young prince was curious to know all about this gypsy, and Wilhelmine told him with a smile that no doubt she was coming to tell them their fortunes, and her heart beat quickly at the thought, for young ladies of that age are all generally more or less superstitious.

"The gypsy girl was ushered in to see her, and a very handsome specimen she was. She commenced by addressing a solemn little compliment to Fräulein M—, and then, after having studied the lines on her hands, said:

"You will become the wife of an officer wearing a tiger-skin covered with gilt ornaments, and golden shoulder-knots and tags. But you won't be married just yet, for the trophies at the Brandenburg Gate [at Berlin] will first be carried away during the night, and there will be a war with unlucky consequences for Prussia."

"At the first words of the gypsy, Fräulein Wilhelmine blushed crimson, for there did happen to be a young officer of Hussars who, for some time previously, had been very assiduous in his visits to the house. The gypsy continued:

"Your first son will become a great man, and will be entitled Prince."

"Wilhelmine burst out laughing at these words; the astonished little prince, however, did not budge, and the gypsy girl went on with her fortune-telling.

"He who will bestow all these dignities upon your son will be a mighty Emperor. And this future Emperor—here he is!"

"Fräulein Wilhelmine laughed still more heartily at this; but the servant, who was present at the whole scene, afterward told the story with all its details; what is still more strange, he saw the fulfilment of all these prophecies, and died just after the proclamation of the Empire at Versailles."

The anecdotes of Bismarck the Student are very characteristic. On one occasion, at the university, he threw a bottle through the window at a student dinner, and was cited to appear before the rector by the beadle, where he went in dressing-gown and slippers and accompanied by his big dog (his taste for big dogs began early). Says our raconteur:

"The rector was awaiting the culprit in his study. What was his astonishment at seeing an enormous dog bound into the room, with an air which inspired but little confidence! His first care was to ensconce himself behind a barricade of chairs, after which, trying to assume a demeanor suited to the occasion, he asked Bismarck what he wanted.

"Me! I want nothing," was the reply. "It is you, it appears, who have something to say to me, seeing that you have sent me this 'Dominus de Bismarck citatus est.'"

"The rector, whose bearing had been anything but dignified since the entry of the mastiff, now began to recover his self-possession.

"Sir," he said, "in the first place I condemn you to pay a fine of five thalers for having brought that animal here; and, secondly, will you be good enough to explain how it was that bottle came to be thrown through the window of the 'Golden Crown' Hotel last evening, of which I have the pieces here?"

"Mein Gott, sir! The bottle probably flew out of the window of itself."

"You know very well that a bottle cannot fly of itself, and that some one must have thrown it."

"Perhaps so, sir."

"There is no perhaps about it. Please to be more explicit."

"Well, then; it probably happened somewhat in this way." And, seizing a burly inkstand standing on the desk, Bismarck made as if he would hurl it at the poor rector's head.

The latter, however, fearing to see the projectile fly

from the young man's hand, hastened to dismiss him, and the fine, it would appear, was never paid."

On leaving the university he settled down on his father's estate for a while, and was noted for his innumerable wild pranks which set the whole country talking. During his short career in the cavalry of the Landwehr and his earlier diplomatic experience the same recklessness and love of practical joking abounded in his life, and his name got to be a by-word. When a delegate to the Federal Diet at Frankfurt, his landlord refused to provide a bell communicating with his servant's room. The young delegate's resources were equal to the situation.

A few days later the whole house was turned topsyturvy. A loud report of firearms was heard to proceed from the delegate's room. The landlord, frightened to death, rushed up to his lodger's apartments, and bursting, all out of breath, into Bismarck's study, found him seated at his desk before a great pile of documents and calmly smoking his big pipe. There was a pistol lying on the table, still smoking at the barrel.

"For the love of Heaven, what has happened?" asked the frightened landlord, more dead than alive.

"Nothing, nothing," answered Bismarck quietly. "Don't disturb yourself; I was only calling my servant. It is a very harmless signal, to which you will have to accustom yourself, for no doubt I shall want oftentimes to use it again."

The bell was fixed up next day.

Bismarck always had a premonition of his coming greatness. A Swedish officer, Count Rodolph Tornerhjelm, with whom he was intimate in his younger days, is responsible for this story. Conversing on German politics, he dilated on the weak condition of a fragmentary Germany. Bismarck dwelt upon the weak constitution of the country, and explained what grand results would be achieved if it could only be united. All at once he was carried away by a burst of enthusiasm, and with hair bristling (he had some at that time!) and eyes lit up with a strange fire, he exclaimed:

"But I will be the saviour of my country; from all these fragments I will make a harmonious whole; and one day Germany will be a great and powerful empire."

Now that the thing has been accomplished, one might very well doubt the truth of this story, if it were not that it comes in a direct line from the mouth of Rodolph Tornerhjelm, who is not a German.

Bismarck's bold and aggressive nature was shown in his wooing of Fräulein von Puttkammer. He had known her but a very brief period when he proceeded to take the fortress by storm, as the young lady showed she was not averse to his attentions. "The good people

were naturally much surprised at a direct attack like this ; they were very simple folk, leading a very quiet life, and they were rather frightened at the reputation for high living which the candidate enjoyed.

"As, however, their daughter intimated in discreet terms that she did not look upon the young gentleman with an unfavorable eye, and as there was no doubt that the young man's parents had a reputation as good as their son's, Herr von Puttkammer decided not to hurry matters, either in one direction or the other. Consequently he wrote to young Bismarck, inviting him to come and see them.

"Every one did their best at Reinfeld to give the visitor a suitable reception ; Fräulein von Puttkammer's parents put on an air of grave solemnity, and the young lady stood with eyes modestly bent upon the ground, when Bismarck, on alighting, threw his arms round his sweetheart's neck and embraced her vigorously before anybody had time to tell him that his conduct was hardly proper and correct. The result was, however, an immediate betrothal.

"Prince Bismarck is very fond of telling this tale, and he is careful always to finish the story by this reflection : 'And you have no idea what this lady has made of me.'"

His tremendous power of work began early in life, and though he could play with equal vim, it took a large number of secretaries to keep up with his great brain and iron constitution. "Rarely was he in bed before two o'clock in the morning. Even at Kissingen, when he was undergoing treatment for reducing his corpulence, he was at his desk until two and sometimes three o'clock in the morning, going through his state documents—busying himself, in short, about the affairs of the state—reading and answering his correspondence. At Berlin he always kept his subordinates up till two in the morning, both the high functionaries and the subalterns, and on Sundays they had to be in attendance up to seven o'clock in the evening. This rule was especially applicable to those of his assistants who were employed in writing or deciphering despatches.

"When working through the night like this it was Bismarck's custom to swallow occasional mouthfuls of a broth made of green wheat, and now and then a glass of champagne ; and he would lie in bed till ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, thus securing from eight and a half hours to nine hours of sleep.

"Four detectives were in constant attendance on the great Chancellor ; and when he travelled he was always accompanied by eight men and

an inspector, who never lost sight of him. During his last stay at Kissingen these men, who were always in private clothes, were quartered in two lodges close to the castle."

However reckless and impetuous in other personal matters, Prince Bismarck appears to have been a model husband and father, and his private life has been full of the purest felicity. When away from home, his letters to his wife were full of the deepest tenderness and longing to return, and some of them which have been published are exquisite expressions of conjugal devotion.

There are many anecdotes of the great Chancellor's brusqueness and impatience, his haughty superiority to all those of lower and often equal rank. His reception of Dr. Schweninger, whom he had called in to treat him for growing corpulence which threatened his life, is a good sample, but in this case he caught a Tartar :

"Having heard of the marvellous cures which Dr. Schweninger had effected, he sent for the famous practitioner. This stirred up a great hubbub in Prussia, where this Bavarian doctor was regarded with a jealous eye. But this will be referred to farther on. At all events, Schweninger waited upon Prince Bismarck, and he listened to the account which the patient had to give of his malady. The doctor, however, was not sufficiently enlightened by the sick man's account of himself, and he plied him with question after question. At first Bismarck answered with the best grace possible, but as the doctor's interrogations were multiplied he lost his patience entirely, and broke out with :

"'Come, now! haven't you nearly done cross-examining me? You are beginning to irritate me with all these questions, which appear to me to have no end.'

"'Just as your Highness pleases,' replied the doctor. 'But I must inform you that if you want to be cured without having to answer questions you would do better to go to a horse doctor. Those people are accustomed to treat their patients without putting any questions to them.'

"At these words the Chancellor jumped up from his chair in a rage, and almost annihilated his interrogator with his furious glances. Schweninger remarked afterward that 'if his eyes had been pistols I should have been shot dead upon the spot.' But the doctor knew his man, and did not flinch ; he met the savage glances of his patient with a steady eye, until the prince grew gradually calmer, and presently the latter resealed himself, and said, in the quietest tone imaginable :

"'Very well, question me then if you must, but get it over as soon as you can. I may venture, however, to hope that your talent as a physician will be at least as remarkable as the rudeness which you have just shown me.'

"Schweninger then continued his examination, and the treatment he prescribed for his patient was a complete success."

Appropos of the battle of Sadowa, which settled the relative preponderance of Prussia and Austria in Germanic affairs, Bismarck was terribly agitated during the fight, and he wandered

about in agony, oblivious to bullets. "Certain historians have gone so far as to say that he kept a loaded revolver in his holster for the express purpose of blowing his brains out if the Austrians had won the day. Presently he fell in with Von Moltke, who was quietly looking on at the fight. Being anxious to arrive at an idea of the exact state of affairs, he pulled out his cigar-case, in which only two 'londres' were left—one of them extra good, and the other of very inferior quality. He handed the case to Von Moltke, who, after examining the cigars for a long time, silently helped himself to the best.

"That was enough for the Chancellor, and he remarked to some one at hand :

" 'When I saw Von Moltke use such deliberation in choosing his cigar, and above all when he chose the best, I knew that was a sign that things were going well with us.' "

The imperial enemy who owed to Bismarck more than to any other man his humiliation and downfall seems to have inspired in the German statesman a strangely commingled feeling of pity, disdain, and aversion. When Ambassador at Paris, he was much underrated by Napoleon, who did not see the profound astuteness and daring which lay behind his blunt, careless manner, a manner believed by intimates to have been in part assumed as a mask. But the Empress Eugenie saw more shrewdly and warned her husband of the power which was hidden underneath. The present compiler tells us :

"Bismarck was one of the first to hear of the death of Napoleon III.; he even knew of it before the Emperor William. The following is the conversation he had with his wife on the subject, in the presence of a German merchant who had a house of business at Melbourne, and who was taking breakfast with them at the time.

"The meal was nearly over when a messenger arrived with a dispatch, addressed to the Chancellor by the German Ambassador in London. Bismarck took the message, laid it on the table, put on his eye-glasses, and again took up the telegram and read it attentively. After having got through it, he turned to his wife and said :

" 'I told you Napoleon would not get over the operation. He died this morning.' "

"And then addressing the messenger, he asked him whether the telegram had been communicated to his Majesty.

" 'No, your Highness, it has not.' "

" 'Very well, then. You will take it to him at once.' "

"When the man had gone out the princess said to her husband :

" 'I suppose you will wear mourning for Napoleon, Otto?' "

"Bismarck replied that Napoleon was a worthy man enough, but too weak ; that he was incapable of forgetting a service rendered him ; and that he had only deceived him (Bismarck) once—that was on a certain

day in 1866, after the battle of Koniggratz, when he telegraphed that if the Prussians entered Vienna he would declare war against them.

" 'I have never forgiven him for that,' added Bismarck ; 'but, at any rate, he has been cruelly punished in his turn.' "

Our author has much to say about Bismarck in the Reichstag, where he fought many a battle of intellectual "give and take," which seems to have worried him as much as any of the vicissitudes of Sadowa or Sedan, at least for the moment. Herr Richter, one of the opponents whom Bismarck dreaded the most, seems to have been a thorn in his side. The following description of one of these oratorical duels is amusing :

"While Richter is speaking, Bismarck appears to be the victim of lively emotion. His face changes color—from very pale at first it becomes crimson—his eyes seem to be starting from his head, and they shine with a melancholy lustre. He then clutches his pencil convulsively, and jots down hurried notes upon his paper. Sometimes he tries to join in the general hilarity, but his laugh has something forced and harsh about it. Suddenly he jumps up in the midst of the uproar caused by Richter's speech, and pulls down the skirts of his tunic with the air of a man who is preparing himself for a severe tussle, and his chest heaves and expands with violent throbs, as if he had the greatest difficulty in fetching his breath. But while he is looking at the audience and taking the measure of his opponent, he regains the mastery of himself, and his temper changes suddenly. His gay humor gets the upper hand again, and a smile lights up his countenance : he is cool and self-possessed once more, and he replies to his adversary in a jocular style, doing all he can to make fun of him and turn the laugh against him. He begins by scoffing, in a pleasant way, at Herr Richter's political ideas—every arrow is well aimed, and every stroke tells ; and the gayer Bismarck grows, so much the more does Richter get gloomy and cross. From time to time the latter is heard to mutter in a low voice, 'That's all nonsense !' and he throws himself back in his chair and directs furious glances toward the Ministerial bench. Then when he has worked himself up to a good pitch of excitement, his neighbor (Traeger, the poet of the *Gartenlaube*) says a word to him, and he relapses into a smile."

One of the most amusing anecdotes in this collection of gossip is apropos of Victor Hugo, and it argues an excess of frank egotism, which even the great French poet and novelist, lofty as he was in conceit, would not otherwise have been suspected of. It is exceedingly characteristic of the author of "Les Misérables." Hugo is said to have sent the Iron Chancellor a congratulatory address on the latter having attained his seventieth birthday. The address was, "Victor Hugo to Otto Bismarck," and it was as follows :

"The giant salutes the giant ! the enemy salutes the enemy ! the friend sends his greeting to the friend ! I hate you cruelly, for you have humiliated France. I love you, because I am greater than you. You kept silence when my eighty years sounded from the belfry

of my glory ; but I speak now, because the stolen clock which stands upon your desk refuses to announce to you that your seventieth year has come. I am eighty, you are seventy ; eight for me and seven for you, and humanity in shape of a zero behind us !

"If you and I were united in one person, the history of the world would be ended. You the body, I the mind, you the cloud, I the lightning; you the power, I the glory !

"Which is the greatest of the two—the conqueror or the conquered ? Neither is greatest.

"The poet is greater than either, because he sings of both. Great men are nothing but what the poet makes them ; they only seem to be what they really are.

"But you, you are great, for you know not what fear is. Therefore I, the poet, offer my hand to you, the great man.

"France trembles, Germany trembles, Europe trembles, all the world trembles. And we two only are great. Nod your head, and I will do the same, and the great union of the peoples, the everlasting peace will be an accomplished fact. Hugo."

"Bismarck countersigned this letter as follows :

"OTTO : ADIEU!"

Among the characteristics of one many-sided in his greatness is said to be his great capacity for drinking. The stories of his potations are Gargantuan, worthy of Rabelais. A drinker who would often mix champagne, brandy, claret, Burgundy, and beer in a mighty goblet and toss it off at a breath is to be looked on with awe. An achievement of the bibulous sort is told as follows :

"Bismarck's promotion to the grade of honorary colonel of the 7th Regiment of Cuirassiers gave currency to a story far too interesting to be overlooked.

"Following the custom in vogue in the German army, as soon as he was promoted he went to inspect his regiment, and the officers invited him to the traditional 'dinner of welcome,' a meal which usually wound up with an enormous consumption of liquor.

"The officers of the regiment, every one of them giants, all promised themselves a rare bit of fun at the figure their new colonel would cut on receiving the huge tankard filled with champagne, which had to be drained to the last drop to the health of the regiment. They said among themselves that Bismarck, a diplomatist and no military man, would never be able to accomplish this feat. 'And we,' they added, 'will show him how to do it.'

"But they reckoned without their host.

"When the cloth was removed the servants brought the glasses, several bottles of champagne, and the said tankard, which they filled to the brim and placed with some ceremony in front of the illustrious guest.

"Put on his guard by some roguish glances which he saw directed toward him, Bismarck began to see that he would have to maintain the reputation which he gained as a student. Rising, then, at a given moment, he proposed a warm toast to the welfare of the regiment, and—presto!—he emptied the tankard at a single draught, although it contained almost as much as two bottles of champagne. He then resumed his seat and began conversing in the quietest possible manner, as if nothing out of the ordinary way had happened. But his hosts could not take their eyes off him now, for he had grown considerably in their estimation. What was their astonishment, a few minutes

later, when in the calmest voice he requested that his little jug might be refilled. The excitement increased to delirium."

Some of the stories told are at first sight a little apocryphal, but on the whole they hang very well together, and are consistent with the received characteristics of the great German statesman. Certainly they constitute amusing reading. An appendix, apparently added by the translator, gives evidence of careless editing, as some of the Bismarckiana given are the same anecdotes retold in different language. Such a blunder is worse than careless, it is stupid.

#### NEW NOVELS.

THE RAJAH'S HEIR. A Novel. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co.

BLIND FATE. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," etc. New York : Henry Holt & Co.

In spite of the fact that the Indian Mutiny occurred nearly thirty-five years ago, and that innumerable books have been written based on its remarkable episodes, the incidents of that great drama do not lose their interest. It is estimated that more than two hundred novels have been written based in some degree on the events of the Mutiny, and still they come. "The Rajah's Heir" is one of the latest of the brood, and by no means one of the worst, though certainly not one of the best. The story is told with some skill, and the knowledge of Indian life displayed indicates personal contact with the wonderful phases of both Anglo-Indian and native society in the great viceroyalty of the British Empire. The hero of the fiction is presumed at the outset to be a young Englishman (for he is trained as such), but turns out to be the son and heir of an Indian rajah, to whose rule he succeeds. The wonderful series of incidents by which he is enabled to play an important part in holding an important section of Upper India loyal to the English, do not offend our sense of probability, for India is the land of wonders. Indian life permits a wide range of the fancy. The characters appear to be well conceived and true to the lines marked out for them, whether Hindu or English, and many of the descriptions are vivid and taking. But after all such novels are stories of adventure and not of character, and we do not expect quite the same sense of people as individualities which we look for in stories of English or Continental life. The anonymous writer has made a readable book, beyond which it is not needful to discuss her art or method.

"Blind Fate" is not one of the best things from the pen of a very clever and deservedly popular writer, but it is assuredly worthy of a reputation. Mrs. Alexander is one of the fiction-mongers who knows how to use incidents sensational in themselves with a quiet and easy art which subdues the crude and ragged edge of things. The story turns on a very mysterious murder, and the manner in which it is unravelled is far more natural and less a strain on credulity than that familiar to the novel-reader in Gaboriau and Boisgobey. Mabel Collender, the wife of an English colonel, is found dead in her bed, and suspicion, though it falls on a certain Randal Egerton, who had compromised her by his attentions, and on rude sailors who had visited the port, is never directed till the very last to the real slayer, her own husband. We shall not attempt to indicate to the reader the causes for the murder, or the natural chain of influences which induced a good though somewhat narrow-minded man to kill a good though weak-minded woman. The reader will find in the nexus of causes, however, a good deal of human nature and sufficient inherent probability. The *mise en scène* of the narrative is arranged with marked skill, and the different personages are simple every-day people, with a few exceptions, homely and sympathetic in their traits. The character of the detective, Luke Dillon, is quite a little masterpiece in its way.

#### A TYPICAL MODERN SCHOOL BOOK.

AN EASY METHOD FOR BEGINNERS IN LATIN.  
By Albert Harkness, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor  
in Brown University. New York, Cincinnati,  
Chicago: American Book Company. From  
the press of D. Appleton & Co.

Professor Harkness is one of the best known Latinists of this country, and his name is of wide repute in connection with various classical texts. He has pursued in this manual for beginners the modern method with some modifications. It is designed as a practical guide in reading, writing, and speaking Latin, and approaches the language on the familiar side, somewhat after the Ollendorf plan. The very first lesson introduces the young student with complete sentences, and he is familiarized with grammar and vocabulary in the easiest possible way. The exercises are colloquies, with translations from English into Latin and *vice versa*. The progress from simple to more complex construction is admirably carried out, and while the pupil at no time has unnecessary strain laid

on him, he is put on his mettle to master each stage thoroughly as he goes. The reading lessons in the latter part of the book are taken from Cæsar, while the earlier exercises are colloquial and use words such as come up in every-day use. In plan and execution one can hardly fancy a better book for beginners in Latin. Perhaps, indeed, following the new methods of making the road to learning as easy as possible, it does not sufficiently call on energy and work in the pupil. But this fault is one that the mass of teachers and scholars will not be disposed to exaggerate. The text is elaborately illustrated with cuts, plain and colored, showing celebrated persons, places, social scenes, houses and temples, etc., in ancient Rome and Greece. These are not, in most cases, specially related to the text, but they serve to interest the eye and attention of the student. The book is beautifully done typographically, and a credit to the Appleton press. It is a good specimen of the high art applied to the making and execution of modern school-books.

#### THE PHANTOM RIVAL.

John Walter sat in his library one afternoon in the early summer, lost in thought, which had nothing to do with the winged Assyrian bull that stared at him in bronze from the other side of the book-heaped table. Nor did the arrow-heads of the plaster cast before him on an easel, the replica of a rare Babylonian find sent him by his friend, the great archæologist Heinrichs, meet more than a vacant look. The thousands of volumes that made the costly burden of his bookcases had become dumb to one of the most active-minded scholars of his time—a chaos of parchment and paper, of ink and paper and leather. What was it to him that he was master of a dozen languages, living and dead; that learned societies in all parts of the civilized world were proud to bear his name on their rolls of membership. He was now suffering that from which no glory and honor could save him, the poignant anguish of knowing that the heart of the woman who was his before the world was a sealed book which would never open its sweet pages. The serene student, to whom riches had come by heritage, to whom fame had come by virtue of the intellectual passion that during forty years had made his toil a labor of love, had fallen from his airy heights and been made to kiss the dust, where myriads before him, from prince to peasant, had rent their garments. That which he craved most was utterly beyond his reach.

## FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE forthcoming number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* contains an article by Mr. Hyde Clarke on the diplomatic history of what is now called the Behring Sea question from 1790, including the proceedings of Pitt, Canning, and Wellington. It also refers to the new policy affecting our Indian and Australian empires consequent on the opening up of the Northern Pacific. In the same journal Mr. H. H. Risley has an article on German colonial aspirations, under the title of "The Idea of a Greater Germany," the result of a special study of the subject and interviews with leading German statesmen and others.

IN the forthcoming volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," which extends from Hailes to Harriott, Mr. J. M. Rigg writes on Sir Matthew Hale and on Count Anthony Hamilton; the Rev. Alexander Gordon on the "ever memorable" John Hales and Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher; Mr. Francis Darwin, F.R.S., on Stephen Hales, the naturalist; Canon Perry on Bishop Joseph Hall; Mr. G. T. Bettany on Marshall Hall, the physiologist; Mr. Leslie Stephen on Henry Hallam and Sir William Hamilton, the metaphysician; Mr. R. L. Poole on Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury; Miss A. M. Olerke on Edmund Halley; Mr. Sidney Lee on J. O. Halliwell-Phillips; Professor J. K. Laughton on Emma, Lady Hamilton; Mr. S. Rawson Gardiner on James Hamilton, Duke of Hamilton; Mr. T. G. Law on John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews; Dr. Æneas Mackay on Patrick Hamilton, the Scottish martyr; Dr. W. A. Greenhill on Bishop Hamilton, of Salisbury; Mr. R. E. Anderson on Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the mathematician; the Rev. Richard Hooper on Dr. Henry Hammond; Mr. C. H. Firth on John Hampden; Mr. Fuller Maitland and Mr. Barclay Squire on Handel; Canon Overton on Archdeacon Hannah; the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hamilton on Bishop Hannington; Mr. G. F. Russell Barker on Jonas Hanway, Lord Chancellor Harcourt, and Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford; the Rev. William Hunt on Hardecapote and Harold; Mr. H. Manners Chichester on Viscount Hardinge, of Lahore; Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare on Augustus William and Julius Charles Hare; Mr. Francis Espinasse on Hargreaves, inventor of the spinning jenny; and the Rev. Professor Creighton on Sir John Harington.

SOME American friends and admirers of

Theodore Parker, together with several in England, have raised a fund for placing a more suitable memorial over his grave in the Protestant Cemetery at Florence. The memorial has been designed by Mr. W. W. Story, who contributes to it a portrait of the famous preacher and author, sculptured by himself.

DR. THOMAS MUIR has published in pamphlet form (Glasgow: Robert Anderson) the address which he lately delivered before the Philosophical Society of Glasgow as president of the geographical and ethnological section. The subject is "The Territorial Expansion of the British Empire during the past Ten Years." Unfortunately, at the date when he wrote, he was unable to include the results of the latest treaties with Germany, France, and Portugal, though these are duly recorded on the large-scale map, by Messrs. George Philip & Son, which accompanies the address. But, even so, Mr. Muir calculates that, during the ten years ending with 1889, the British Empire was increased by an aggregate of about 1,250,000 square miles. His method is to take each year separately, and describe the territorial aggrandisements it witnessed, together with the circumstances that led to each. We are not acquainted with any similar survey alike so comprehensive and so exact. It must have taken great pains to compile, and it deserves to be widely known.

"FIVE YEARS WITH THE CONGO CANNIBALS," the publication of which, by special arrangement with Mr. H. M. Stanley, was delayed until October 15th, is the first attempt at describing the domestic and daily life of the savages of the far interior of Western Equatorial Africa. This work is the pen and pencil result of a stay in their midst by Mr. Herbert Ward, one of the survivors of Mr. Stanley's ill-fated rear-guard. Mr. Ward's experiences in Africa commenced in 1884, when he received an appointment in the service of the Congo Government. Subsequently, in 1887, he volunteered and became a member of Mr. Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. The numerous illustrations are reproduced from Mr. Ward's own drawings and photographs.

MESSERS. LONGMANS announce for publication in the spring "Persia and the Persian Question," in two volumes, by the Hon. George Curzon, author of "Russia in Central Asia and the Anglo-Russian Question." This book will be both a description of the travels of the author in all parts of Persia in 1889-90, and



also an attempt to supply the want of an authoritative work upon Persia as a nation, and as a factor in the politics of the East. In the former aspect, it will contain an account of the principal provinces, cities, ancient ruins, and post or caravan routes in the country. In the latter, it will contain chapters upon Persian government, administration, resources, revenue, trade, the Persian army, British relations with Persia in the past and present, British and Russian policy in Persia as affecting the Central Asian problem, the future development of Persia, etc. Tables of distance and dates will be added, as well as a bibliography of all the principal works upon Persia in the chief European languages. The volumes will contain a large number of illustrations, chiefly from photographs and sketches made by the author.

THE success of the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke's proposal to purchase Dove Cottage as a national memorial to Wordsworth may now be regarded as certain. About £660 has already been paid or promised toward the total sum of £1000 which is required to purchase the cottage and garden, and to put the place in good repair. The honorable treasurer is Mr. George S. Craik, 29 Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

THE eighth meeting of the International Congress of Americanists will be held in Paris from October 14th to 18th. Questions relating to history and geography, archæology, anthropology and ethnography, linguistics and palæography, have been drawn up by the organizing committee for the consideration of the congress. Communications regarding the forthcoming meeting should be addressed to M. Désiré Pector, 184 Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris.

A MEMORIAL tablet in honor of the Minnesinger Oswald von Wolfenstein has been affixed to the ruined castle of Hauenstein, in the neighborhood of Bozen, close to the boundary line of the German and Italian tongues. Oswald was formerly the Burgherr of Hauenstein. The inscription is :

1890. Was hier von Trene und Minné  
Sang Oswald Wolfenstein,  
Mit ritterliche Sinne,  
Darf nie verklungen sein. 1307-1445.

The Bozen section of the German and Austrian Alpenverein, which erected the monument, entertained over three hundred invited guests at the unveiling. The festival oration was de-

livered by the well-known "Germanist" of Bozen, Professor Anzoletti, a Franciscan.

SEVERAL new memorial tablets have been placed upon historical houses in Zurich this year. The Berichthaus, now the printing-office of the *Tagblatt*, has a tablet in memory of Felix Hemmerlin ("Malleolus"), who lived there from 1430 to 1450. The Pfarrhaus of St. Peter has a tablet to the memory of the first Reformed Pfarrer, Leo Juda, 1523-42, and of J. C. Lavater, who resided in it from 1783 to 1801. A tablet has also been affixed to the house near the Polytechnikum where Bodmer entertained Klopstock in 1750, and was visited by Goethe, Duke Karl August, and the Stolbergs in 1775, and again by Goethe in 1779. A new tablet on the Fraumünster states that the abbey was founded by "Ludwig the German" in 853.

THE Order of Cîteaux is about to celebrate in the year 1891 the eighth centenary of the birth of St. Bernard of Clairvaux. On this occasion the abbeys of the Austro-Hungarian province of the order propose to issue more publications, the editing of which is to be entrusted to Dr. Leopold Janauschek, Professor of Theology at Baden. Among other things he will publish a "Bibliographia Bernardina," which will enumerate all editions and translations into foreign languages of the products of the great abbey of the Cistercians.

At a recent congress of students at Olmütz, in Moravia, it was unanimously decided to urge the Slavonic deputies of that province to promote the foundation of a Slavonic university in Moravia.

THE long-expected catalogue of the Greek mss. of Patmos, edited by the Keeper of the mss. in the Athenian National Library, Mr. J. Sakellion, has lately appeared at Athens under the title of Πατριαὶ Βιβλιοθήκη.

THE son of Aristotle Valaoritis, one of the greatest poets of modern Greece, is preparing a new edition of his father's works. Many hitherto unpublished poems will appear in it, the most important being an epic, "Gratianos Zorzi," on the subject of the resistance of the Leucadians to the domination of Venice in the Middle Ages.

THE Empress of Austria is reported to have visited, during her recent stay at Paris, Heine's grave at Montmartre, depositing there a wreath. It is gratifying to know that, although the Empress was obliged to retract

under moral compulsion her promise of a magnificent contribution to a monument of the poet, she does not hesitate to pay a reverential tribute to his memory.

Messrs. TILLOTSON & SON announce the forthcoming publication of an English story by the Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylvia"), who is on a visit to England. Messrs. Tillotson have also secured stories by Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. Bret Harte, the Marquis of Lorne, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. James Payn, Mr. Clark Russell, and Mr. Hawley Smart, original publication of which will take place in the newspaper press of both hemispheres.

THE well-known publishing firm of W. & R. Chambers, of Edinburgh and London, has been turned into a limited liability company, the capital being £100,000. The shares are not being offered to the public, but are to be divided among the Chambers family and the employés.

THE eleventh volume of the new edition of De Quincey's collected writings (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black) continues and concludes the essays in literary theory and criticism. They may be said to deal with three periods of literature: (1) English writers of the eighteenth century, from Swift to Junius; (2) the modern Germans—Lessing, Goethe, and Jean Paul Richter; and (3) some of De Quincey's own contemporaries, including Shelley, Keats, and Landor. We observe that the editor, Professor David Masson, refuses to reprint De Quincey's early review of Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister," on the ground that De Quincey had deliberately omitted it from his Collected Writings.

A COLLECTION of all the existing Copyright Laws and Treaties is being prepared by Mr. G. Hedeler, of Leipzig; and the first part, containing Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, Italy, Great Britain, and the United States, will be published in a few days. This collection differs from all previous works of the kind on the one hand in containing the exact text of the enactments, and on the other in the omission of all obsolete matter.

THE well-known "Lutherforscher," Dr. Buchwald, has had the good fortune to make two interesting discoveries in the Municipal Library at Zwickau. He has found two books

with marginalia in Luther's handwriting. The first of these, printed probably in 1493 or 1494, is "Johannis de Trittenhem abbatis Spanhemensis, ordinis sancti Benedicti de observantia Burssfeldensi Liber lugubris de statu et ruina monastici ordinis; omnibus religiosus ac devotis viris non minus utilis quam jucundus." The manuscript remarks in Luther's writing show that he read this book while he was still an Augustinian monk. The book itself is rich in suggestions on the need of reforming the monastic system, and doubtless had a considerable effect on the reformer's mind, and represented his own early standpoint. The other book, "Opuscula Anselmi Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis ordinis Sancti Benedicti," also contains numerous remarks upon the margin from Luther's pen. A book-mark was found within this latter volume, containing the words, in Luther's handwriting, "Ve vobis qui ridetis, quia flebitis olim. At vos nunc qui fletis certe gaudebitis olim." Out of the nine books of the Rector Danm'schen Bibliothek which were formerly in Luther's possession, seven have now been found.

STUDENTS of English mediæval literature will be gratified to learn that an exact reprint of "The Golden Legend" as originally set forth by William Caxton is in preparation, under the joint editorship of Mr. William Morris and Mr. F. S. Ellis. If it is found practicable to obtain the use of a copy of the first edition it is proposed to reproduce that text with scrupulous accuracy, supplementing it with a glossary and index. In place of the black letter, to the use of which there are manifold objections, a fount of types newly designed by Mr. Morris after the fashion of those employed by Nicholas Jenson will be substituted. In view of the extreme value of the original, it will be necessary to make a complete transcript of the whole work, amounting to about a thousand closely printed folio pages, and where absolute accuracy is aimed at this must be done by the editor himself or carried on under his own eye. Some time must necessarily elapse, therefore, before the work can go to press, though it will be proceeded with immediately. The editors have agreed to give their labors gratuitously in consideration of Mr. Quaritch bearing all expenses of production. As the impression will be a limited one, subscribers would do well to send their names to the publisher forthwith.

IN Gustav zu Putlitz, born in 1820 of an aristocratic family, Germany has just lost a writer of considerable merit, who distinguished himself as novelist, poet, and dramatist. He first made for himself a name by his charming idyllic fairy tales, "Was sich der Wald erzählt," which enjoyed great popularity in Germany and other countries forty years ago. Several of his comedies and dramas were very successful on the stage, more particularly his "Testament des Grossen Kurfürsten," which is a dramatic vindication of the Princess Electress Dorothea, who was accused of having induced her husband, the Prince Elector Frederick William, to make a will to the detriment of the unity of Brandenburg. Putlitz, who was active as Hofmarschall in 1867-68 to the late Emperor Frederick when Crown Prince, and subsequently as Intendant of the Karlsruhe Theatre, was a noble-minded character, and enjoyed the esteem of all political parties.

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MISCELLANY.

**RUSSIAN MORALITY.**—A more robust faith in humanity and a more intimate acquaintance with Russians make one hope rather than believe that their truly rich nature may be endowed with some irrepressibly recuperative force, to enable it to assume its original form under more auspicious circumstances, to impel their many latent qualities to work their way onward and upward through the hard crust of ages, till they burst into the light of day and fertilize the field of European civilization. The genuine Russian gentleman and the ideal Russian lady—both exist, and are to be found among sectarian peasants as well as in certain exclusive salons of St. Petersburg—are among the noblest specimens of civilized humanity; the refreshing unconventionality of thought and expression, the graceful simplicity of manner, the wonderful delicacy of feeling, the generous aspirations and noble yearnings—might, if they grew to be the characteristics of the nation, effect great things. But is there any serious hope of this? Let the Archbishop of Kherson and Odessa reply, who, himself sprung from the people, has spent a long life in their midst working for their weal, like a solitary swallow hopelessly coming to make spring before the sap stirs within the trees, the frail blossoms are hung out on the branches, or even the snowdrop has

looked up at the sun. "On the whole," he said last year, on a very solemn occasion, "the state of things in Russia is sad. The people's minds are wofully dark, and *there is no sign of the coming dawn.*" Nor is it likely that day will break for many generations yet to come. Under a Government that systematically refuses to allow the people intellectual or moral instruction, that closes up elementary schools, appoints profligates to teach in higher educational establishments, banishes forever devoted apostles who, like Colonel Pashkoff, of the Horse Guards, were vigorously and successfully cleansing the Augean stables of moral filth—under such a Government there can be but faint hope of better things. English readers cannot realize the profound bitterness of heart with which a Russian who loves his country discusses these things with his fellow-countrymen. It is gall and wormwood to him to have to write of them to foreigners. But there is no other way of influencing rulers who are impervious to shame. The Government is responsible for a state of things which every honest Russian admits to be a scandalous disgrace to the civilized world. The side on which man comes into contact with the fathomless depths of spiritual nature is closed up in the Russian, made inaccessible to the waves and surges of the spiritual ocean. There is no ideal. The *video meliora proboque*, productive in most men of a salutary dissatisfaction with themselves and nerving them to the performance of higher things, is here completely lacking. The ordinary Russian knows no better than he does, and it is forbidden to teach him. His falls are not, like that of Antæus, a source of increased strength. There is no honest effort to make the dead of to-day the rung of a Jacob's ladder, by which to ascend to a higher level to-morrow, and so onward to perfection. No matter how deep he may sink in the well of vice he describes no loadstar in the artificial night above him, no faintest glimmer or twinkle to suggest that high over his head arches an infinite starry heaven, and not a mere amalgam of clouds, mist, and fog. His eyes are not lighted up by even a stray gleam of that transcendental reason which is of all ages and most men. They are murky, sad, blinded, as it were, by the smoke of extinguished spiritual fire. In a word, the life of a Russian is not a progress; it is a station, a filthy hovel, magnified into an abiding mansion by vision as distorted as that of Titania when she mistook Bottom the joiner for Adonis.—*Fortnightly Review*.



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plete in 63 vols. }

WORK WHILE YE HAVE THE LIGHT: A TALE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

BY COUNT LYOF TOLSTOI.

### INTRODUCTION.

A NUMBER of guests were once gathered together under the hospitable roof of a rich man, and it came to pass one day that their conversation took a serious turn, the theme being human life. They discussed persons who were present and persons who were absent; but they were unable to find among all their acquaintances one single man who was satisfied with his life. Not that any one of them had reason to grumble at fortune; but not one of them could pretend to look upon the life he was leading as one worthy of a Christian. They all admitted that they were squandering away their existence in a worldly manner, caring only for themselves and their families, taking no thought of their neighbor and still less of God.

Such was the gist of their remarks, and they were singularly unanimous in finding

themselves guilty of leading godless, un-Christian lives.

"Why, then, go on living in this miserable way?" exclaimed a youth who had taken part in the discussion: "why continue to do what we ourselves condemn? Are we not masters of our own lives, free to modify and change them at our will? About one thing we are all perfectly clear, our luxury, our effeminacy, our riches, but more than all else our overwhelming pride and our consequent isolation from our brethren are hurrying us on to irreparable ruin. In order that we may become distinguished and wealthy we are forced to deprive ourselves of all that constitutes the joy of human life: we live huddled together in cities, we grow lax and enervated, undermine our health and in spite of all our amusements die of ennui and of regret that our life is so far removed from what it should be. Now,

why should we live so, why thus ruthlessly blast our whole life, wantonly trample upon a priceless boon conferred upon us by God? I, for one, will no longer debase myself by living as heretofore. My unfinished course of studies I will cast to the winds, for they can lead me to naught else but that bitterly painful existence of which you are all now complaining. I will renounce my estates and retire to the country, where I shall spend all my time with the poor. I will work in their midst, will inure myself to such manual labor as they perform, and should my intellectual culture be needful to them, I will impart it, not through the medium of establishments and books, but directly, living and working among them as among brothers. Yes," he concluded, casting an interrogative glance at his father, who stood there listening to his words, "I have taken my decision."

"Your desire is noble at bottom," said his father, "but it is the unripe fruit of an undeveloped brain. To you everything appears thus feasible, because you have not yet tasted life. What would become of us and the world at large if we were to pursue everything that seemed good and desirable! The realization of all these desirable things is generally very difficult and complicated. It is no easy matter to make headway even along a smooth and well-beaten track; but how hard must it not be when we have to set to work to make new roads of our own? Such a task is only for those members of the community who have grown perfectly mature and have assimilated the highest and best that is accessible to man. To you the ordering of life upon wholly new lines seems mere child's play, because to you life is still a sealed book. This is the outcome of the thoughtlessness and pride of youth. Hence it is that we sedate people, older in years and wiser in knowledge, are indispensable, in order to moderate your fiery outburst and give you the benefit of our experience, while it is your duty to submit to us and be guided by our ripper wisdom. Yours will be a life of activity in future years: at present you are in a period of growth and development. Wait till your education is completed; finish your studies, develop your faculties to their fullest capacity, stand on your own legs, form your own convictions and then adopt the new life you have been

sketching for us, if you feel that you possess the needful strength. For the present you are only expected to obey those who are guiding you for your own good and you are not called upon to remodel human life on a new basis."

The young man remained silent, and his elders agreed that his father's advice was sound.

"You are perfectly right," cried a married man of middle age, addressing his remarks to the last speaker. "No doubt our young friend there, utterly devoid as he is of experience, may easily go astray in his gropings after new ways in the labyrinth of life, nor can his resolve be seriously regarded as steadfast. At the same time, however, we are all agreed that the lives we are leading run counter to the promptings of our consciences and are productive of no good results to ourselves. Hence we cannot but look with favor on the desire to effect a thorough change in our manner of living. Our young friend there may, likely enough, mistake his own fancy for a logical conclusion worked out by his reason, but I am no longer a young man and I will tell you what I think and feel on the subject. Following attentively the discussion that has taken place here this evening, the selfsame thought that occurred to him suggested itself to me. It is perfectly obvious to me that the life I am leading cannot possibly confer upon me happiness or peace of conscience. Reason and experience alike emphatically urge this truth upon me. What, then, am I waiting for? From morning to night I am toiling and moiling for my family, with the result that myself and my family, far from living in harmony with God's will, are sinking day by day deeper and deeper in the slough of sin. You work hard for your family, but in the long run your family is not one whit the better for your labor, because your efforts are not a real benefit to it. Hence I often ask myself whether it would not be much better if I were to change my life completely and realize the ideas which our young friend there has so clearly set before us, taking no thought of my wife or children, but caring only for my soul. It is not without reason that Paul says: 'He that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife. . . . He that is unmarried careth for the

things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord.' "

Almost before the speaker could recite this short text to the end all the women present, his own wife among the number, indignantly protested.

"You should have thought of this long before," exclaimed an elderly lady who had been attentively listening. "You have made your bed, and must lie in it. That would be a pretty state of things in which every one who found it difficult to maintain his wife and family might shirk his duty by merely signifying a wish to save his soul. This is but fraud and baseness. A man ought to be able to live a good upright life in the bosom of his family; to save yourself alone needs no great art—nay, more, it is even contrary to Christ's teaching. God commands us to love others, and here are you wanting to injure others for God's sake! The truth is that a married man has certain well-defined duties and obligations, and he should not neglect them. It is quite a different thing when the family is already cared for, brought up and all its members put standing on their own legs. Then you may do as you like for yourself. But surely no one has a right to do anything tending to break up his family?"

To this the married man did not assent. "It is not my purpose," he replied, "to abandon my family. I merely contend that it is my duty to bring up my family, my children, in an unworldly manner, not accustoming them to live for their own pleasures, but, as was suggested a few moments ago, inuring them to want, to work, teaching them to give a helping-hand to their fellows and, above all, to treat all men as brothers. And to this end, it is indispensable to renounce distinction and riches."

"It is quite absurd for you to go talking about breaking in others to the new life while you yourself are farther from it than any of us," exclaimed his wife, with much warmth. "You have always lived in the lap of luxury from your childhood upward, and why should you now wish to torture your wife and children? Let them grow up in peace and quiet, and then leave them to undertake for themselves whatever line of life commends itself to them, but don't you go compelling them to embrace this way of living or that."

The married man made no reply, but an aged man sitting near him delivered himself as follows: "It is quite true, no doubt, that a married man who has accustomed his family to ease and comfort should not deprive them of it all of a sudden. There is also great force in the argument that once the education of the children has been begun on certain lines, it is much better to continue and complete it than to break it off and commence something else, especially as the children themselves, when grown up, will not fail to choose the way that is best for them. I am therefore of opinion that it is difficult—nay, and sinful, too—for a married man to change his life. It is quite a different matter with us old men, whom God Himself, so to say, has commanded to do so. I may be allowed to speak for myself: I live practically without any duties or obligations whatever. I live, if the truth must be told, solely for my belly; I eat, drink, rest myself, and am myself disgusted and sick of it all. Now surely, for me it is high time to abandon this wretched life, distribute my earthly goods, and to live now, at least, on the eve of my death, as God ordained that Christians should live."

But even the old man found no support. His niece was present and his god-child, all of whose children he held at the baptismal font, and gratified with presents on holidays ever since, and also his own son. They one and all objected.

"No, no," said his son. "You have worked quite hard enough in your time, and it is meet that you should now rest and not kill yourself outright. You have lived for sixty years with your tastes and habits, and it is not at this time of day that you can think of giving them up. The outcome of any such attempt would be that you would subject yourself to great torture with no result whatever."

"Quite so," chimed in his niece; "and when you are in want you will be out of sorts and will be always grumbling, and consequently you will be sinning more grievously than ever before. Besides, God is merciful and pardons all sinners, not to speak of such a dear good uncle as yourself."

"Yes, and why should we stir in this matter at all?" asked another old man of the same age as the uncle. "You and I have perhaps two days more to live."

Why fritter them away in making plans and projects?"

"How extraordinary!" cried one of the guests. (He had uttered no word during the entire discussion.) "How incomprehensible! We are all agreed that we should live in accordance with God's law, and that we actually are living badly, sinfully, and are suffering in body and in soul in consequence; and yet no sooner is it a question of putting our conclusions in practice than we discover that children should be exempted—they, forsooth, are not to be disciplined in the new life, but educated on the old lines. Then it is wrong for young men to go against the will of their parents, and so, instead of embracing the new ideas, they, too, should content themselves with the old. Married men, again, have no right to discipline their wives and children and inure them to the new way of living; and so they, too, should live the sinful life of the past. As for old men, it is too late for them to begin: they are not accustomed to the hardships of the new life—and besides they have only two or three days left to live. It appears, therefore, that no one should lead a good, upright, spiritual life—the utmost people may do is to discourse about it."

#### CHAPTER I.

It happened in the reign of the Roman Emperor Trajan, one hundred years after the birth of Christ. The disciples of Christ's disciples were still in the flesh, and the Christians of that day held fast to the law of the Master, as the writer of the Acts of the Apostles tells us: "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all. Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the price of the things that were sold, and laid it down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

In those early years of Christianity there lived in the province of Cilicia, in the town of Tarsus, a wealthy Syrian mer-

chant named Juvenal, who dealt in precious stones. By birth he belonged to the poorest and lowest class of the community, but by dint of hard work and by the skill he acquired in his calling, he accumulated considerable riches and won the respect of his fellow-citizens. He had travelled much in various lands, and although he possessed no claims to be regarded as learned or educated, he had seen and assimilated much, and his fellow-burgheers held him in high esteem for his sound intellect and keen sense of justice. He professed the faith of pagan Rome, the religion to which all respectable citizens of the Roman empire belonged, and whose forms and ceremonies began to be strictly enforced in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, and were still rigidly observed by the Emperor Trajan.

The province of Cilicia is at a considerable distance from Rome; but it was ruled by a Roman governor, and the effects of every wave of progress or retrogression that passed over Rome were distinctly felt in Cilicia, whose governors were ever eager to imitate their emperor.

Juvenal had a vivid recollection of the stories he had heard when a lad of Nero's life and death; it was within his own memory how emperor after emperor had come to an untimely end; and like a shrewd observer he perceived that there was nothing sacred either in the imperial power or in the Roman religion—that both were the work of human hands. This same native shrewdness of his served likewise to bring home to his mind the futility of rising up against the imperial authority, and the necessity—for his own peace and happiness—of submitting to the established order of things. Yet for all this he was often bewildered by the wild disorder of the life around him, especially in Rome itself, whither his private affairs frequently took him. And at such times he was seized with disquieting doubts; but he regained his wonted composure by reflecting that his mind was too circumscribed to take in every point of view, too undisciplined to draw the right conclusions from such facts as he observed. He was married and had had four children, three of whom died young: his surviving son was named Julius.

In Julius was centred all his love; he was the object of all his tender care. It

was his special endeavor so to educate and train up this boy as to spare him in after life the excruciating pains which he himself experienced from his frequent doubts and perplexities about the problem of life.

When Julius attained his fifteenth year, his father confided him to the care of a philosopher who had come to live in the town for the purpose of taking in young men and educating them. Into the charge of this teacher he gave his son, and with him his son's young comrade, Pamphilus, the son of a freedman of his who had died some years before. The boys were of the same age, both handsome, manly young fellows, and good friends to boot.

They applied themselves vigorously to their studies, and made rapid progress. They were also both of them well conducted. Julius showed a marked predilection for literature and mathematics, while Pamphilus' taste led him to pursue the study of philosophy.

A year before the completion of the prescribed course of studies, Pamphilus came into school one day and informed the master that his widowed mother intended to leave the city for good and settle with a few friends in the little town of Daphne, that it would be his duty to accompany her and make himself useful to her, and that he must in consequence withdraw from the school and bring his studies thus abruptly to an end.

The master was sorry to lose a pupil who reflected such credit on his teacher; Juvenal likewise regretted the departure of his son's bosom friend; but no one felt the loss so keenly as Julius. But Pamphilus remained deaf to all their entreaties that he should spend another year at school and finish his education. Thanking his friends for the many proofs of their affection they had given him, he bade them good-by and departed.

Two years whirled past. Julius had completed his course of studies without having once seen his friend. One day he was agreeably surprised to meet him on the street; he asked him to his father's house, where he examined and cross-examined him as to where and how he had lived since they parted. Pamphilus said he was still living with his mother in the same place.

"We are not living alone," he added.

"We have many friends with us, with whom we enjoy everything in common."

"How do you mean in common?" asked Julius.

"So that none of us looks upon anything as his own property."

"Why do you do that, may I ask?"

"Because we are Christians," answered Pamphilus.

"Is it possible?" cried Julius.

Now, to be a Christian in those days meant much the same thing as to be a conspirator in these. The moment a person was convicted of belonging to the Christian sect he was arrested, put in prison, tried, and, if he did not abjure his faith, put to death. It was the consciousness of all this that terrified Julius when he learned that his friend had embraced the new faith. He had heard unutterable horrors attributed to the Christians. "I am told that Christians butcher little children and eat them. Can it be that you, too, take part in these atrocities?" "Come and see for yourself," replied Pamphilus. "We do nothing out of the common; we live in a simple way, striving to do nothing bad."

"But how, pray, is it possible to get along without regarding anything as your own property?" "We support ourselves. And if we labor in the service of our brethren, they in turn share with us the fruits of their toil." "Well, but how if your brethren accept all your services and give you nothing in return?" insisted Julius. "We have no such persons among us," replied Pamphilus. "People of that bent have a taste for living luxuriously; and it is not in our community that they seek the realization of their desires. Our living is simple, not luxurious, nor even comfortable."

"Yes, but there exists a goodly number of lazy, idle people who ask nothing better than to be kept and fed for nothing."

"There certainly are such persons, and we receive them and give them a hearty welcome. We lately had a man of that description—a runaway slave. At first he led a lazy, good-for-nothing life; but he soon turned over a new leaf, and he is now an exemplary brother."

"What if he had not reformed?"

"There are some people of that category also. Our elder, Cyril, says that it is especially incumbent upon us to treat such persons as dearly beloved brethren, and to



let slip no opportunity of showing them our love." "But is it possible to love rascals?" "It is wrong not to love your fellow-man." "Tell me now how you can bring yourselves to give every one whatever it pleases him to ask of you?" inquired Julius. "I know," he added, "that if my father were to present every one with what he wants and asks for, in a very short space of time he would be as poor as when he came into the world."

"I cannot say," Pamphilus made answer, "but somehow we always have enough to satisfy our needs. And if it should come to pass that we have nothing to eat or to cover our body with, we ask what we lack of others, and they do not withhold it. That happens but very rarely, however. For my part, I have only once had to lie down at night without having had my supper, and even then it was chiefly because I was fairly tired out that evening and did not feel disposed to go off to one of the brethren and ask him for a meal."

"Well, of course, I don't pretend to know how you manage these things," observed Julius, "but my father maintains that if he did not look carefully after his own, and if he were to give to all who come a-begging, he would very soon be eaten out of house and home, and left to die of hunger."

"We don't die of hunger," answered Pamphilus. "But you had better come and see for yourself. Not only are we alive and not in want, but we have even a superfluity."

"How do you explain it?" asked Julius.

"In this way. We all profess one and the same law; but the degree of strength we possess to observe it varies greatly: one man being endowed with a much greater degree of it than another. Thus one individual may have already attained to relative perfection in the good life, while another may still be grappling with the difficulties that are met with at the outset. High above us all Christ stands clearly out with His life, and it is our constant endeavor to imitate Him. In this we place our happiness. Some members of our community, like Cyril, the elder, for instance, and the woman Pelagia, are farther advanced than any of us; others stand close behind them; others, again, are still further behind; but we are, all

of us, moving forward in the same direction, on the same road.

"The pioneers are already near the law of Christ—abnegation of self—having lost their soul in order to find it. Men of this type want nothing. They feel no pity for themselves; and to fulfil Christ's law they would gladly give the last loaf, the last garment to him who asks for it. There are other weaker souls who cannot as yet give up everything. They grow faint and take pity on themselves. They lose their strength without their usual food or clothing, and so they cannot yet bring themselves to give away everything demanded of them.

"There are others still weaker than these—persons who have only recently entered upon the right road. They still go on living as before, putting by many things for their own use, and they give alms only of their superfluity. Now, these soldiers of the rearguard give material support and assistance to those who fight in the front ranks.

"Moreover it should not be lost sight of that we are all of us entangled in the web of kinship with the Pagans. One brother has a father still living who is an idolater; he owns an estate, out of which he sends a certain allowance to his son. The son distributes it in alms, and the father in due time forwards more. Another has a Pagan mother, who commiserates her son and sends him help. In another case it is the children who are heathens while the mother is a Christian; the children, anxious to insure the mother's comfort, give her what they can afford, entreating her not to distribute it to others. She accepts it out of love for them, but forthwith gives it all away. In other cases the wife is a Pagan and the husband a Christian, or else the reverse.

"Thus it is that we are all inextricably entangled; and those in the front would be happy to give away the last crust of bread, the last rag of clothing, but they cannot, for what seems the last is always succeeded by another. It is in this wise that the weak are always being strengthened in the faith, and the same state of things explains why it is that we are never without a superfluity."

To which Julius made answer as follows:—"If that be so, it is obvious that you swerve considerably from the teaching of Christ, and put seeming in the place

of being. If you do not give away everything there is no difference whatever between you and us. To my thinking, if you once set up to be a Christian, you should go about it in a thorough fashion and fulfil every iota of the law, giving away everything and remaining a beggar." "Truly that would be best of all," assented Pamphilus; "why do you not do so?" "I will when you Christians set me the example." "Oh, we have no wish to do anything for the sake of show. Nor should I advise you to come to us and leave your own surroundings merely for the sake of effect. Whatever we do is done in virtue of our faith." "What do you mean by the expression, 'in virtue of our faith'?" "It means that we hold that salvation from the evils of the world, from death, is to be found only in life as Christ understood it. As to what people will say of us, it does not matter a rap. We live as we do, not in order to please people, but because we see therein the only means of obtaining life and happiness."

"It is impossible not to live for one's self," objected Julius; "the gods have made it part of our nature that we should love ourselves more dearly than all others and should seek our own enjoyment. And this is precisely what you Christians also do. You have admitted yourself that the pity which many of your brethren feel is for themselves. They will go on gradually seeking more and more keenly their own pleasures, and in a corresponding degree throwing the teachings of your faith aside: and in this they will be doing just as we do."

"No, not so," replied Pamphilus. "Our brethren are travelling on a different road, and they never grow fainter and weaker, but continually stronger, just as fire never goes out as long as fuel continues to be heaped upon it. Such is the force of faith." "Still I fail to see in what this faith consists." "Our faith consists in this, that we understand life as Christ interpreted it for us." "And that is?"

"Christ related the following parable: Certain husbandmen cultivated a vineyard planted by a householder, for which they were bound to give him of the fruit. We who live in the world are these husbandmen, and we have to pay tribute to God, to fulfil His will. But the people

who lived and believed with the world imagined that the vineyard was theirs, that they had nothing to pay for it, and might enjoy the fruits of it without more ado. And the lord of the vineyard sent his servant to collect the tribute, but they drove him away. He then dispatched his son, but they killed him, thinking that after this no one would ever again interfere with them. Now this is the world's faith, by which all worldlings regulate their lives, ignoring the fact that life is given to be spent in God. Christ taught us that the faith of the world—viz. that it will be better for a man if he drive away from his vineyard the servant and the son of his lord and refuse to pay tribute—is false, because every man must either pay tribute or be ejected from the vineyard. He taught us that the things which we term pleasures—eating, drinking, amusements, etc.—are not and cannot be pleasures if we make them our aim in life; that they become joys only when we place our happiness in something different, namely the fulfilment of God's will. Then and only then are these pleasures experienced, as something added to and contingent on the performance of God's behests. To wish to enjoy the pleasures without being at the trouble of doing God's will, to pluck out the flowers, as it were, from among the thorns of labor, is as wise as it would be to pull the stalks of flowers and plant them without the roots. This is our faith, and it is in virtue of it that we refuse to go in search of an illusion instead of truth. We know that the happiness of life is not bound up with its pleasures, but lies in the fulfilment of the will of God, without our entertaining a thought or a hope of any pleasures. And we live thus in consequence: and the longer we live the more clearly we perceive that enjoyment and bliss follow close on the performance of God's will, as the wheels of the cart follow the shaft. Our Master said: 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'"

Thus spoke Pamphilus. Julius listened with wrapt attention, and his heart was touched by what he heard; but still he was not quite clear as to the significance of all that Pamphilus had been saying. One moment he suspected his friend of attempting to deceive him, an instant after, as he looked steadily into his mild

truthful eyes, he persuaded himself that Pamphilus was deceiving himself. Pamphilus invited his friend to pay him a visit, during which he might study the life of their community for himself, and, should it please him, take up his abode with them for the remainder of his days, And Julius promised that he would.

He promised, but he did not visit Pamphilus, and, carried away by the whirl of life in a large city, he soon ceased to remember him altogether. He seemed to have an instinctive fear that the life of the Christians might prove too attractive for him to withstand. He therefore pictured it to himself as an existence in which one had to renounce all the bright sides of life. And he could not prevail upon himself to give them up, because he centred in them the aim and object of his life. He blamed and condemned the Christians, and he set great store by this condemnation. He was apprehensive lest he might some time or other cease to condemn them, and for this reason he availed himself of every opportunity that offered to seek for the seamy side of Christianity. Whenever and wherever he came in contact with Christians in the city he invariably discovered some pretext in their conduct for censuring them. When he saw them in the market-place offering fruit and vegetables for sale he would say to himself and sometimes to them: "You profess to own nothing, and yet here you are selling products for money, instead of giving them away for nothing to whoever wants to take them. You are deluding yourselves and deceiving others," and he refused to listen to the arguments by which they sought to convince him that it was necessary and just that they should sell their wares in the market and not give them away. Whenever he saw a Christian wearing a good well-made article of clothing he never failed to reproach him with inconsistency for not having given it away. It was indispensable to his peace of mind that Christians should be wrong, and as they never denied that they were in fault they were always guilty in his eyes. He looked upon them as Pharisees, deceivers, whose force lay in their high-flown phrases, and their weakness in action. And of himself he remarked, by way of contrast: I, at least, profess what I practised, whereas you say one thing and do another. And having persuaded him-

self that this was really so, he felt quite reassured and continued to live as before.

## CHAPTER II.

By nature Julius was gifted with a mild, amiable disposition, but like most young men of his time and country, he was the owner of slaves, whom he often punished in a barbarous manner either when they neglected to carry out his commands, or simply when he himself was out of sorts. He was possessed of a collection of precious useless *curios* and rich costumes, to the number of which he was continually adding. He was also fond of theatres and spectacles, and from his youth upward had provided himself with mistresses, and often abandoned himself in the society of his friends to gross excesses in eating and drinking. In a word, his life glided on smoothly and gayly, as it seemed to him, for he could not himself survey its course; it consisted entirely of amusements, so that he lacked even the time to give the matter a thought. Two years passed rapidly away in this seemingly delightful manner, and Julius took it for granted that all the years of his life must naturally roll by as pleasantly as these two. But in the nature of things this was impossible, for in a life like that which Julius led, it is indispensable to go on continually increasing and intensifying the amusements in order to maintain the same amount of pleasure. If in the beginning he enjoyed quaffing a goblet of mellow wine in the company of a friend the pleasure cloyed after several repetitions, and he soon found it necessary to drink two or three such goblets of still better wine in order to obtain the same amount of enjoyment. If at first it was pleasant to pass away an hour or two in conversation with a friend the pleasure soon wore off, and in order to spend his time with the same degree of satisfaction, it soon became necessary to substitute a female for a male friend, and later on even this failed of its effect and something else was required. In time this new arrangement proved a failure; the same friends, even though female friends, become tiresome in the end and have to be changed. And so with all his amusements and pastimes; in order to make them yield the same amount of pleasure it becomes necessary to increase and intensify them, to make greater demands on the

co-operation of others, and for people who do not happen to be rulers there is and was but one means of making other people comply with one's desires, namely by means of money. It was so with Julius. He abandoned himself to pleasures of the body, and, not being a ruler, could not command others to be subservient to his desires, so that to purchase their co-operation and increase his pleasures he needed money.

Now Julius' father was a rich man, and, as he loved and was very proud of his only son, he opened wide his purse to gratify his every whim, stinting him in nothing. Julius' life, therefore, was that of rich young men all the world over—one of idleness, luxury, and immoral amusements, which have always been and will always remain the same: wine, gambling, and light women.

But Julius' pleasures continued to absorb even increasing sums of money, and his sources of income frequently ran dry. One day he asked his father for a larger sum than usual. His father granted his request, but reprimanded him for his prodigality. He knew in his heart that he was guilty and the reproaches well merited, but he could not bear to admit his guilt, and so he lost his temper and was insolent to his father, as is the way with persons who know themselves to be in fault but are unwilling to confess it. He received the sum he had asked for, and speedily squandered it. And what was still worse, he and a drunken comrade of his quarrelled with some man and killed him. The city prefect, informed of what had taken place, had Julius taken into custody; but his father succeeded, after considerable exertions, in obtaining his pardon. During all this time the demands on Julius' purse, in consequence of the troubles into which his pleasures landed him, became greater and more frequent. He borrowed a large sum of a comrade, promising soon to refund it. Moreover, his mistress selected this time of all others to insist upon his making her certain presents; she had taken a fancy, for instance, to a necklace of pearls, and he could perceive that if he did not humor her caprice she would shake him off and give him a successor in the person of a wealthy man who had made repeated attempts to supplant Julius. In his straits, Julius went to his mother, told her that come what

would he must have the money, and that if she could not raise the sum needed he would put an end to his existence.

The circumstance that he had drifted into this embarrassing situation he ascribed wholly to his father; to himself he took no share of the blame: "My father," he argued, "accustomed me to a life of luxury, and now he turns round and grudges me the funds necessary to maintain it. If, in the beginning, he had given me, without any reproaches, the sums that he gave me later on, I should have arranged my life very comfortably and steered clear of impecuniosity and want. But as he always would dole out his money in mites, I never possessed enough for my needs, and had to have dealings with usurers who suck me as a spider sucks a fly, and now that I lack the wherewithal to keep up the kind of life to which I am accustomed, and which alone beseems young men of my station, I am ashamed to meet my friends and companions. And my father obstinately refuses to put himself in my position and realize my difficulties. He forgets that he too was once young. Why it is actually he whom I have to blame for everything I am now enduring; and if he does not give me the sum I now demand, I will kill myself. That's the long and the short of it."

His mother, who had always spoiled her son, straightway went to her husband. He sent for his son and bitterly reproached both him and his mother. Julius made insolent replies. His father struck him. He caught his father by the hand. His father shouted for the slaves and ordered them to bind his son and lock him up.

In the solitude of his room Julius cursed his father and his life. His own or his father's death suggested itself to his mind as the only issue out of his present desperate condition.

Julius' mother suffered incomparably more than her son. She did not pause to inquire who was really to blame in all this. She was possessed by one sole sentiment—compassion for her unhappy child. She again sought out her husband and implored him to forgive the boy. But instead of listening to what she had to urge, he reviled her and accused her of having demoralized her son; she hurled back the reproaches, and the scene ended by her husband beating her. Undaunted by what had come of her intercession with

her husband, she yielded again to maternal instinct, which prompted her to hurry off to her son and beg him to ask his father's forgiveness. In return for this sacrifice on his part she promised to supply him with the sum of money he needed, unknown to his father. He assented, and then she returned to her husband and implored him to forgive his son. At first he loaded mother and son with reproaches, but at length he agreed to pardon his son on one condition—that he would abandon his dissolute life and marry the daughter of a certain rich merchant, whose consent he undertook to obtain.

"He will receive money from me," he added, "as well as a dowry from his bride; and then let him begin a new and regular life. If he promises to do my will in this matter, I forgive him. At present I will give him nothing, and on his first offence I will hand him over to the city authorities."

Julius accepted the terms proposed by his father and was set at liberty. He promised to marry as directed and to live a reformed life; but he had not the faintest intention of doing either. His life at home had become a hell to him. His father never spoke to him and was perpetually upbraiding his mother on his account. His mother was continually in tears.

The day following his release his mother sent for him and secretly gave him the promised jewels which she had abstracted from her husband. "Here, take them away," she said, "and sell them, not here, but in some other city, and do with the proceeds what you say is necessary. I will try to keep their disappearance undiscovered for a time; but if it should leak out, I will put the blame on one of our slaves."

Julius' heart was greatly troubled by his mother's words. He was horrified at what she had done, and without even touching the precious stones he immediately quitted the house. Why and whither was he going? He knew not; but he went on and on beyond the precincts of the city, longing to be alone, and to meditate on all that had already happened to him, and on the unknown that yet awaited him. Leaving the city behind him he entered a shady grove sacred to the goddess Diana, and making for a secluded spot he gave himself up to

meditation. His first impulse was to pray to the goddess and implore her help. But he had long since ceased to believe in the gods of his country, and he felt that prayers to them would be vain, succor from them an impossibility. But if they could not help him, who could? It appeared strange, nay, preposterous, to him, that he should be compelled to do his own thinking in this matter; disorder and darkness filled his heart. And yet there was no other alternative. There was nothing for it but to appeal to his own conscience, and to scrutinize in the lurid light it shed the main actions of his life. This he did, and he saw that they were wicked, and—what he had never before suspected—foolish. What made him torment himself so? What had impelled him to waste all the young years of his life thus wantonly? The thoughts that these questions suggested had little to comfort him and much to make him miserable. What enhanced his misery beyond expression was the feeling of utter loneliness that oppressed him. Hitherto he had had a loving mother, a father, he was not without friends; but now he was quite alone in the universe. No longer loved by any one, he was a burden to every one. He had crossed every one's path in life, had caused his mother to quarrel with her husband, had scattered to the winds the wealth that his father had spent the labor of a lifetime in accumulating; to his friends he had become a disagreeable, dangerous rival. Was it so strange then if, as he supposed, they all longed for his death?

Prominent among the figures that rose up before his mind's eye during this roll-call of the past years was Pamphilus, cordially welcoming him to the Christian community, and exhorting him to leave everything and cast his lot with them. And the impulse to do so grew strong upon him. "But is my position, then, so utterly hopeless?" he asked himself, and as he again conjured up the events of recent years, his heart sank within him at the thought that no one loved him more. Father, mother, friends did not, could not, cherish the least affection for him; indeed, they could not do otherwise than desire his death. But did he himself love any one? He felt that he was attached to none of his friends. They were all of them his rivals, and felt not a throb

of pity for him now that misfortunes were falling thick upon him. And his father? he asked himself. And, looking into his heart, to seek the reply to this question, he was appalled at what he saw there. Not only did he not love his father, but he positively hated him for the restrictions and insults he had heaped upon him. Yes, hate was the word, he hated him; and what was more, he clearly perceived that to his own happiness his father's death was absolutely necessary.

"Yes, this is so. And suppose I knew that no one would ever see or hear of it, how would I act if it were in my power at one blow to take away his life and free myself from his tyranny?" Julius answered himself, "I would kill him." He made this reply and was horrified that he had no other to give. "And my mother?" he continued this self-examination. "I pity, but do not love her. I do not care one straw what becomes of her; all that concerns me is to obtain her help. . . . Why, I am a wild beast! A wild beast hounded down, at bay. The sole difference I can find between a beast and myself is that I can, if I so will it, quit this deceitful, wicked life. I have it in my power to do what the wild beast cannot—to kill myself. I hate my father, I love no one—not even my mother, nor my friends. Perhaps I love Pamphilus alone."

And his thoughts again reverted to his friend, to their last meeting, their conversation and the words of Christ quoted by Pamphilus: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Can that be true? he queried. He set himself to recall every phase, every word of that last discussion of his with Pamphilus, and his memory dwelt with predilection on the serene, fearless, and joyful countenance of his friend; and he ardently longed to see and hear him again; and above all to believe in the truth of his statements. "Who am I after all? A man in search of happiness. I sought for it in a life of luxury and lust and failed to find it there. And all who live as I have lived, will fail as I have failed. They are all discontented and suffering. On the other hand, there is one man who is always joyful, because he is not in search or in need of anything. He tells me that there are many such as he, that all men may become such; that

I, for one, can, if I be so minded, by practising the precepts given by his Master. Now what if all this be true?

"True or not true, there is a charm about it which I cannot withstand. I shall go."

And repeating this to himself, he passed out of the sacred grove, and, determined never again to return home, wended his way toward the village in which the Christians lived.

### CHAPTER III.

Julius walked on briskly, his spirits rising in proportion as he drew nearer the village, and the colors grew more distinct and life-like in the picture he set before his mind of the life led by the Christians.

Just as the sun was sinking beneath the horizon and he was about to take a short rest, he met a man by the wayside reposing and taking his evening meal.

He was a person of middle age, and, to judge by externals, of considerable intellectual culture. He was seated, and was leisurely eating olives and bread. As soon as he perceived Julius he said with a smile: "Good evening, young man; you have still a long journey before you. Be seated and rest yourself awhile." Julius thanked him and sat down beside him. "Whither bound may I ask?" he queried.

"I am going to the Christians," replied Julius, and in answer to further questions, narrated his whole life and the mental process which had resulted in his sudden determination.

The stranger listened attentively and in silence broken rarely by such questions as seemed necessary to clear up some obscure allusion or throw light upon some event or opinion the knowledge of which had been taken for granted. Comment or opinion he offered none. When at length Julius brought his story to an end, he gathered up the food that remained over after his meal was done, adjusted his garments and said: "Young man, do not carry out your design; you have wandered away from the direct road. I know life; you do not. Listen: I shall analyze the principal events of your past history, and your reflections upon them, and after you have had them presented to you in the form which they have assumed in my mind, you can take any course that commends itself to you as wise. You are

young, wealthy, handsome, robust ; your heart is a seething whirlpool of raging passions. You now yearn for a quiet retreat in which those passions shall not disturb you, and you shall be spared the suffering produced by their effects ; and you are willing to believe that you will find such a haven among the Christians. Now there is no such post of safety there or elsewhere ; because that which agitates and torments you, my dear young friend, is not located in Cilicia or in Rome, but has its abode within yourself. In the peaceful shelter of a sequestered village those same passions will rage within you and convulse you—only a hundredfold more violently than before. The fraud or mistake of the Christians (I have no mind to judge them) consists in their refusal to recognize human nature. The only persons really capable of putting the Christian precepts in practice are old men in whom the snow and frost of age have quenched the last embers of human passion. A man in the flower of his years and strength, especially a young man like yourself who has not yet tasted the fruits of life, and does not even know his own mind, cannot submit to their law, because that law is founded, not on human nature but on the idle imaginings of Christ, their founder. If you become one of them, you will continue to suffer from the same causes as before, only to a much greater extent. Now your passions lure you on and take you out of the right road into devious paths and byways ; but having once gone astray, you have it in your power to retrace your steps and set yourself right and you enjoy besides, the satisfaction of passions set free, *i.e.*, the joy of life. But living as Christians live, and curbing your passions, so to say, by force, you will still be liable to go astray only more frequently and irremediably than before ; and you will endure over and above the undying torment caused by the unappeased appetites of human nature. Set free the pent-up water of Adam, and it will moisten and fructify the field and meadow and refresh the beasts that are grazing there ; but dam it up and it will delve into the soil and flow in a thick muddy stream. It is even so with human passions. The teaching of the Christians (with the exception of certain beliefs with which they console and comfort themselves and upon which I have no wish

to dwell at present) in so far as it affects their daily life, may be summed up as follows : they condemn violence ; they disapprove wars and law courts ; they refuse to recognize property ; they repudiate arts and sciences, in a word they eschew everything that tends to make life bright and pleasant.

“ Even this would be well if all men corresponded to the description which they give of their Teacher. But so far is this from being the case, that it is an absolute impossibility. Men are evil-minded and swayed by passions. It is this constant play of the passions and the clashing and struggling that result which hold people fast in that network of conditions in which they live. Savages know no restrictions and a single individual among them would, for the sake of glutting his lusts, annihilate the entire world if all men submitted to evil as meekly as the Christians. If the gods endowed man with a sentiment of anger, vindictiveness, even of malice against the malicious, we may take it that they did so, because these sentiments were necessary to the preservation of human life. The Christians hold that these sentiments are evil, and that, without them, men would be happy ; there would then be no wars, no murders, no executions. This is true ; but one might as well assert that it would materially contribute to the happiness of men, if they were relieved of the necessity of eating and drinking.

“ There would indeed be no hunger nor thirst, nor any of the other calamities that arise from these. But this supposition does not change human nature.

“ And if some individuals—two or three score—persuaded that this was really so, refused to partake of any food and died of hunger, this would not alter human nature one iota. And so it is with all the other human passions—indignation, malice, vindictiveness, even sexual love, and love of luxury, of pomp and greatness are likewise characteristics of the gods, and, therefore, they are, in a modified form, also traits proper to mankind. Root out the necessity of nourishing man and, at the same stroke, you annihilate man himself ; in like manner, demolish the human passions and you thereby demolish humanity. The same remark holds good of property, which Christians, it is alleged, refuse to recognize. Look around you

and you will find that every vineyard, every kitchen garden, every house, every mule, has been produced solely and alone because property existed and was respected. Abolish the principle of private property and there will not be a single vineyard planted, not a beast of burden trained or broken in. The Christians assert that they possess no property; but they enjoy its fruits. They say that they have everything in common and that they bring in everything and put it together. But what they bring in they have received from men who own property. They are simply throwing dust in people's eyes, or in the most favorable case are deceiving themselves. You tell me that they work with their own hands to support themselves; but that which they produce would not suffice to support them if they did not lay under contribution that which has been produced by people who recognize the rights of property. If they did succeed in supporting life there would be no place in their social system for arts or sciences. They deny the advantages of our arts and sciences; and they cannot do otherwise. The whole gist of their teaching is calculated to lead man back to his primitive state, to savagery, to beastliness. They cannot employ the arts and sciences in the service of humanity; and, as they are wholly ignorant of them, they reject them. Neither can they employ in the service of humanity those capacities and gifts which constitute the exclusive prerogative of man and draw him nearer to the gods. They will have no temples, no statues, no theatres, no museums: they assert that they have no need of them. The readiest way to avoid blushing at one's own baseness is to condemn nobility. Their teacher was an ignorant deceiver, and they are not unsuccessful in their attempts to imitate him. Furthermore, they are impious: they refuse to recognize the gods or their interference in human affairs. They acknowledge only the Father of their teacher, whom they call their Father and their Teacher himself, who, as they say, revealed to them all the secrets of life. Their doctrine is a wretched fraud. Weigh this well: our belief is that the universe is maintained by the gods, and that the gods watch over and protect man. In order to live well, people are bound to honor the gods, to seek truth and think; hence our life is

regulated on the one hand by the will of the gods, and on the other by the collective wisdom of humanity. We live, think and seek, and are therefore advancing toward truth. They, on the contrary, have no gods, nor divine will, nor human wisdom, to look to, but must make the best of blind faith in their crucified teacher, and in whatever he taught them. Now, decide for yourself, which is the more trustworthy guide: the will of the gods and the joint untrammelled activity of the wisdom of all humanity, or obligatory, unreasoning faith in the sayings of one man?"

Julius was struck by these remarks of the stranger, but especially by the last question. Not only was his resolution to become a Christian completely shaken, but it now seemed incredible to him that the stress of misfortune should have driven him to the verge of such folly. There was, however, one other question still unsettled: what was he to do now, and how was he to set about extricating himself from the embarrassing situation that had made him thus desperate? and having pointed out this difficulty he asked the stranger for advice.

"I was coming now to that very problem," said the stranger. "What must you do? The line of action you must pursue is, so far as human wisdom is accessible to me, perfectly clear. All your troubles have their source in your passions. It was passion that whirled you away and took you so far out of your road that you have suffered gravely in consequence. Life's lessons usually take this form. You should learn them well and benefit by them. You have experienced much and you know what is sweet and what bitter: you run no risk of repeating the same mistakes. Profit by your experience. What grieves and upsets you most is your enmity with your father: it had its origin in your position: choose another one and it will vanish, or, at least, it will no longer manifest itself in that acute form.

"All your sufferings are due to the irregularity of the position you took up. You abandon yourself to the pleasures of youth. This was natural and therefore right. And it continued right as long as it beset your age; but the season passed and yet you continued with the strength of a man to indulge in the freaks of a youth, and this was wrong. You are now of an age when your will must supple-



ment nature's, and you must become a man, a citizen, and serve the commonwealth, working for the good of all as well as your own. Your father suggests that you should marry. This is a wise counsel. You have passed through one stage of life—youth—and have now entered on another. All your uneasiness and fears are but so many symptoms of a period of transition. Look the truth manfully in the face, and admit that the season of youth is gone by, and, dauntlessly flinging aside everything that was proper to that season, without being characteristic of manhood, enter the new road. Marry; give up the frivolous gayeties of youth, occupy your mind with commerce, with public affairs, with sciences and arts, and not only will you be reconciled with your father and your friends, but you will find rest and happiness. The root of your troubles was the abnormal, unnatural position you occupied. You have now reached manhood's estate, and it is your duty to take a wife and become a man. Hence my chief counsel to you is, Carry out your father's wish—marry.

"If you feel that that isolation and retirement which, you imagine, exists among the Christians has still a charm for you; if you are attracted to the study of philosophy rather than to the activity of public life, you can give loose reins to your wishes, with benefit to yourself, only on condition that you have first studied life and learned its inner meaning. And this you can do only as an independent citizen and head of a family. If, when you have reached that point, you still feel drawn as strongly as ever toward retirement and contemplation, give yourself up to it without hesitation, for it will then be a genuine predilection and not a mere outburst of discontent, as it clearly is at present. Then go whither it leads you."

The last words, more than anything that had gone before, brought conviction to the mind of Julius. He warmly thanked the stranger and returned home. His mother gave him a most cordial welcome. His father, too, informed of his resolution to submit to his will and marry the young girl he had chosen for him, became reconciled with his son.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Three months later Julius' marriage with the beautiful Eulalia was duly cele-

brated, and the young couple took up their residence in a house of their own. Julius, having radically changed his way of life, took over that branch of commerce which his father ceded to him, and he began fairly to settle down as a respectable member of the community.

One day he drove over to a little town not far distant, on some business connected with his firm, and there, while lounging in a merchant's shop, he caught sight of Pamphilus passing by the door along with a girl whose face was unknown to him. They were both heavily laden with grapes which they offered for sale. Julius, recognizing his friend, went out to him, greeted him, and asked him in to have a little conversation.

The girl observing Pamphilus' desire to enter the shop with his friend, and noticing that he hesitated to leave her alone, assured him at once that she did not need his services, and that she would sit there by herself and wait for a purchaser for the grapes.

Pamphilus thanked her and accompanied Julius into the shop. Julius asked and received permission of his friend, the merchant, to retire with Pamphilus to an inner apartment, where they might indulge in a little quiet conversation.

Once there, the friends began to question each other about the ups and down they had met with since they had last seen each other.

Pamphilus' life had glided smoothly on, bringing no material change since then: he still lived in the Christian community, was a bachelor as before, and felt, he assured his friend, that every year, every day, and every hour brought him increase of happiness.

Julius thereupon related his experience, and described how he had been on the point of becoming a Christian, and he was already on the road to the Christian village when he was stopped by the stranger who opened his eyes to the errors of the Christians, and made him sensible of his duty to marry; and "I acted upon his advice, and am now a married man," he concluded.

"And are you happy now?" asked Pamphilus. "Have you found in marriage all the bliss that the stranger promised you?"

"Happy!" repeated Julius; "what is the meaning of the word happy? If

we are to take it to denote the perfect realization of one's desires, then I am not happy. I am carrying on my business affairs with a fair degree of success ; and I am also beginning to be respected by my neighbors, and both these circumstances afford me a considerable amount of satisfaction. True, I come in contact with many citizens who are much wealthier and more widely respected than I am ; but I flatter myself that a time will come when I shall overtake and possibly outstrip them in both these respects. This aspect of my life, then, is very satisfactory. With respect to my marriage, to be frank with you, I fear I cannot say quite as much, I will go a step further, and confess that that union which was to have conferred joy and happiness upon me has disappointed me ; that the pleasure I experienced from it in the beginning has ever since been on the wane ; and that now, in lieu of married bliss, I am face to face with misery. My wife is handsome, intelligent, good-natured, accomplished. At first she made me happy beyond the power of words to describe. But at present numerous causes of disagreement are continually cropping up between us—you cannot understand this, not being married yourself. Now, because she seeks my caresses when I am cold and indifferent to her ; now, because the rôles are changed, and my indifference has passed over to her. Love, moreover, needs the charm of novelty to feed it. Thus a woman much less attractive than my wife exercises at first a much greater fascination over me than she does, and then becomes far more insipid than even my wife. I have felt this more than once. No, honestly I may say that I have not found what I hoped for in marriage. The philosophers, my friend, are right : life never gives all that the soul desires. I have verified the truth of this in marriage. But the circumstance that life withholds from us the happiness which the human soul yearns for, is by no means a proof that your deceitful system supplies it," he concluded with a laugh.

"Why deceitful?" asked Pamphilus.

"In what do you detect symptoms of fraud?"

"Your deception consists in this : that in order to deliver mankind from the calamities that are inseparable from the affairs of life, you repudiate all the affairs

of life—nay, life itself. In order to spare men the pain of disillusion you cause them to eschew all illusions, you repudiate even marriage."

"We do no such thing," protested Pamphilus.

"If it is not precisely marriage that you repudiate, it is love."

"Love!" exclaimed Pamphilus, "why we abjure everything except love. Love with us is the corner-stone of the edifice."

"I do not understand you then," said Julius. "Judging by what I have heard from others, and I may add by your own example—for although you and I are of the same age, you are still unmarried—I gather that you Christians have no conjugal union. You do not sever the marriage ties which you have already contracted, but you make no new ones. You take no thought for the perpetuation of the human race ; and if the earth were peopled with none but Christians humanity would soon cease to exist," exclaimed Julius, echoing an assertion he had heard many times before from others.

"That is scarcely a fair way of stating the facts, is it?" replied Pamphilus.

"It is true that we do not deliberately make it our aim to perpetuate the human race, nor do we take the matter so very much to heart as I often hear it remarked by some of your wise men. Our minds are set at rest on the subject by the belief that our Father, who vigilantly watches over mankind, is mindful of all their wants ; it is our object to live in accordance with His will. If He wills it that the human race should subsist, He will likewise find the means of perpetuating it ; if not, it will inevitably come to an end. That, however, is no care of ours ; our task is the more modest one—of living according to His will. His will manifests itself both in our nature and in our revelation, which says that a man shall cleave to his wife ; and they twain shall be one flesh. Marriage is not only not forbidden by our laws, but is directly encouraged by our elders who are learned in the law. The main difference between your marriage and ours consists in the revelation vouchsafed to us, that every lustful glance at a woman is sinful, and the practical results which our belief in that revelation has produced, and which may be summed up as follows : our women and we instead

of leaving no means untried to dress finely and beautify ourselves for the purpose of kindling carnal desires in the hearts of those who look upon us, direct our efforts to the stifling of all such feelings, so that the sentiment of love among us, as among brothers and sisters, should be strong enough to outweigh the feeling of lust for one woman, to which you give the name of love."

"All that is well and good," remarked Julius, "but surely you cannot stifle the feeling of pleasure and love that springs up within us when we look upon the beautiful. Not to wander far afield in search of an illustration, I am satisfied that that pretty girl with whom you brought the grapes, in spite of her attire, which works wonders in the way of hiding her charms, kindles in your breast the sentiment of love for woman."

"I do not think that that is so," said Pamphilus, blushing. "I never thought of her beauty. You are the first who has suggested such a thing. To me she is but a sister. But to come back to what I was saying about the difference between marriage with you and with us; it arises, as I was remarking, from the circumstance that with you carnal lust, under the name of beauty, love, service of the goddess Venus, is deliberately provoked and maintained, whereas with us, on the contrary, it is avoided; not because we hold it to be an evil in itself (nothing that God has created is evil), indeed we esteem it a positive good; but because it can, and does become an evil, a temptation, as we term it, when not confined to its proper place. Now we strain every nerve to avoid this. And that is why I am not married yet; although I know of nothing to prevent me from taking a wife to-morrow."

"And what will determine your choice?"

"The will of God."

"How do you discover it?"

"If you look for its manifestations you will find them. If you are constantly on the watch for them, they become visible and clear, as clear as divination by sacrifices or by the flight of birds is to you. And as you have wise men among you who interpret to you the will of your gods by the light of their own knowledge and the signs they discern in the entrails of the victim or the flight of birds, in like

manner we too have our wise men—elders—who make known to us the will of our Father, by means of Christ's revelation, the promptings of their heart, and the thoughts of others, and, more than anything else, by the love they cherish for their fellow-men."

"All that is much too vague," objected Julius. "Who is to tell you, for instance, when and whom you should marry? Now when the time came for me to marry, I had the choice of three girls. These possible wives were selected from among all the others by reason of their uncommon beauty and great wealth; and my father gave his consent in advance to my union with any of the three. It was from these three that I selected my Eulalia, because she was the prettiest and in my eyes the most fascinating. All that was quite natural. But who will guide your choice?"

"Before giving a direct reply to your question," said Pamphilus, "let me first tell you that as in our religion all men are equal in the eyes of our Father, so they are equal in our eyes also, both in respect of their position and in regard to their moral and physical qualities. It follows from this that our choice—if I must employ a word that for us has no meaning—is not and cannot be in any way circumscribed."

"Any human being living on the earth can become the husband or wife of a Christian."

"That makes it all the more difficult to fix one's choice," said Julius.

"Let me tell you what one of our elders remarked to me the other day about the difference between Christian and Pagan marriages. The Pagan chooses that girl of all others who to his thinking is qualified to yield him the greatest variety and highest degree of enjoyments. The effect of this condition is seen in the way in which he darts his eyes with lightning rapidity from one to another; and what makes it the more difficult for him to come to a decision is that the enjoyment in question is an unknown quantity veiled in the shadowy future. A Christian, on the other hand, is not embarrassed by the element of personal choice, or, rather, purely personal considerations occupy a secondary instead of the foremost place. His one absorbing care is to see that he does not by his marriage run counter to the will of God."

"But how is it possible to oppose the will of God by a marriage?"

"If I were to forget the Iliad that you and I were wont to study and read aloud together in bygone times, there would be little to wonder at and nothing to censure; but if you forget it, who live in the midst of philosophers and poets, you cannot plead the same justification. Now what else is the Iliad but the story of the transgression of the will of God by marriage? And Menelaus and Paris and Helen and Achilles and Agamemnon and Chryseis, are all elements of a description of the terrible calamities that overtook and do nowadays still overtake people who oppose their will to that of God in this matter of marriage."

"In what does this opposition consist?"

"In the fact that what a man loves in a woman is not a fellow creature but the personal enjoyment which his union with her will bring him; and for the purpose of obtaining this pleasure he contracts marriage. A Christian marriage is not possible unless a man is inspired by love for his fellow-creatures, and the person whom he takes for his partner must in the first place be the object of this brotherly affection of man for his fellow-man. As it is out of the question to build a house unless there is a foundation laid, or to paint a picture unless you have first prepared the canvas or other material on which you propose to paint it; so carnal love can never be lawful, reasonable, or enduring, unless it is raised upon a structure of love and reverence of man for man. Only on this basis is it possible to establish a wise Christian family life."

"Still, it is not, I confess, quite clear to my mind why the marriage you term Christian should exclude that species of love for womankind which Paris experienced."

"I do not suggest that Christian marriage does not admit exclusive love for one woman; on the contrary, it is judicious and holy only when such love is one of its elements. But what I should like to bring out, with a degree of clearness corresponding to the importance of the point, is, that real exclusive love for a woman is possible only when the more general love for all mankind is respected and maintained intact. That description of exclusive love for a woman which the poets be-sing and proclaim, excellent in itself, when not

founded on the love of man for his fellows does not deserve the name of love. It is mere animal lust, which very often loses itself in hatred. The best proof of my thesis, that what is commonly called love—eros—changes to beastliness when not resting on the broad basis of brotherly affection for all men, is the case in which violence is employed against the very woman whom the ravisher professes to love, even while causing her pain that will retain its sting as long as life endures. Can a man be said to cherish affection for a person whom he thus tortures? Now in Pagan marriages one frequently finds cases of marked violence, when a man marries a girl who either simply does not love him in return or loves another, and ruthlessly inflicts incalculable pain and suffering upon her solely that he may satisfy the appetite which he misnames love."

"I grant all that," interrupted Julius. "But am I to take it that if the girl does love him there is no injustice in the matter? If so, I do not perceive in what respect a Christian union differs from a Pagan marriage."

"I am not acquainted with the details of your own marriage," replied Pamphilius; "but it is perfectly obvious to me that every marriage, wherever and whenever contracted, at the root of which lies mere personal enjoyment, cannot but prove an abundant source of discord; just as the process of feeding cannot take place among animals or among human beings, who are but little removed from the mere animal stage, without giving rise to quarrels and fights; each one is eager to carry off a tit-bit for himself, and as there are not enough such delicious morsels for them all, the result is a scramble and a fight. If the quarrel does not actually break out into active hostilities, it is none the less real for being latent. The weak individual longs for the luscious morsel, conscious though he is that his more powerful neighbor will never cede it to him, and although he discerns the impossibility of snatching it from his rival by force, still he eyes him with secret, envious hatred, and is ready at any moment to profit by a favorable opportunity to deprive him of it. It is just the same with Pagan marriages—only that the results are far worse in degree, owing to the circumstance that the coveted object is a human being—so discord and hatred is

engendered between the spouses themselves."

"And how do you propose to make the two persons who intend to contract marriage love each other and no one else besides? In every case the young man or the girl will be found to love some one else; and so, according to you, marriage is impossible. From this I clearly perceive that the people who maintain that you Christians do not marry at all, are quite right. This is why you are single, and probably will ever remain so. How is it conceivable that a man who marries a girl should never previously have inflamed the heart of any other woman, or that a girl should have reached the age of maturity without having ever awakened the feeling of love in the breast of any man? What should Helen have done?"

"Our elder Cyril, speaking of this matter, remarked that people in the Pagan world, without spending even a passing thought upon their duty of loving their fellow men as brothers, without having ever done anything to educate such a sentiment, are solicitous about one thing only—how to excite in their own breasts passionate love for woman, and they leave nothing undone to foster this passion. For this reason it is that in their world every Helen or Helen-like woman arouses the love of many men. The rivals fight with each other, and strain every nerve to excel each other, like mere brutes eager to win the female. And to a greater or lesser extent their marriage is a struggle, a form of violence. In our community we not only never think of the personal enjoyment of beauty, but we sedulously avoid everything likely to act as a temptation thereto, every art and seduction which the Pagan world has raised almost to the dignity of apotheosis. We fix our thoughts upon the obligation we are under to reverence and love our neighbor, comprising in this term all men, whether they happen to be of unsurpassing beauty or of repulsive ugliness. We do our best to educate that sentiment, and this is why with us love for our fellow-men gets the upper hand over the seductions of beauty and conquers them, thus removing all pretext for quarrels and feuds that have their source in the relations of the sexes. A Christian contracts marriage only when his union with the woman, between whom and himself there is a bond of mutual

affection, causes pain to no one. Cyril goes so far as to say that a Christian will not even feel an attachment for a woman, unless he knows that his marriage with her will not cause a feeling of pain to any one."

"But is such a thing conceivable?" objected Julius. "Is a man, then, master of his likes and dislikes?"

"Not if he have already given them loose rein; but it is in his power to avoid arousing them, to arrest their development. Take as a case in point, the relations of brothers to their sisters. A sister, how beautiful so ever she may be, is never conceived of as an object of passion by her brother, and so the coarse animal feelings are not awakened. They might be aroused, however, if the man discovered that his supposed sister was no relation of his; but even then the sentiment in question would be feeble, easily amenable to reason, and it would cost the man but little effort to curb or wholly repress it. The reason why the coarse carnal sentiment would be weak is because there would lie at its root the formerly dominant feeling of brotherly love. Why do you persist in doubting that it is possible and even easy to evoke and educate in man exactly such a sentiment toward all women as is actually entertained by men toward their sisters and to cause the feeling of conjugal love to flourish on this basis? As a young man will not allow himself to experience anything like desire for the young girl whom he looked upon as his sister, until he is perfectly satisfied that she is not his sister, so a Christian refuses to entertain a similar feeling for any woman whatever until he knows that such love for her on his part would cause no one pain or displeasure."

"But how if two men fall in love with the same girl?"

"One of them will sacrifice his sentiment for the happiness of the other."

"Well, but suppose she herself loves one of them?"

"Then he whom she loves least will sacrifice his love for her happiness."

"But if she loves the two and both insist on sacrificing their love, she will not marry either, I take it?"

"In a case of that kind, the elders would weigh the matter well and advise the parties to take a course that would result in the greatest amount of happiness

for all concerned combined with the greatest amount of love."

"But that is not the course usually taken, and the reason is that it is contrary to human nature."

"Human nature! Which human nature? A man, besides being an animal, is likewise, I presume, a man, and if the relations to woman which our Christian religion advocates are not in harmony with man's animal nature, they are in perfect accord with his rational nature. And when he makes reason the handmaid of

his animal nature, he falls lower in the scale of God's creatures than the very brutes—he descends to violence and to incest, to which no animal sinks. But when he employs his rational nature to curb his animal instincts, when the latter are forced into the service of the former, then and only then does he acquire that happiness which alone is capable of satisfying his yearnings."

(To be continued.)

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PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

BY THOMAS ST. E. HAKE.

WHEN describing the character of Saint-Clair, in the *Vase Etrusque*, no one doubts that Mérimée is penning a portrait of himself. "By nature he was tender-hearted; but at an age when one is most easily impressed his excessive sensibility led him to shrink from the raillery of his comrades. He was proud, ambitious; and he stuck to his opinion with the obstinacy of a child. . . . Through his resolution to trust no one he felt his troubles a hundred times more acutely. He was looked upon by the world as *insouciant*—devoid of emotion. When alone he experienced greater pain than he would have done had he taken some one into his confidence." This reserve which gradually developed into a sort of morbid scepticism was enhanced by the influence of Henri Beyle—best known under the pseudonym of Stendhal—whom Mérimée ardently admired, if he did not actually regard him as his master. Although a member of the French Bar Mérimée never practised; for he was left in easy circumstances, and soon found congenial employment. He became inspector of historic monuments, obtained a place in the senate, and then at court. As an official he was not only competent, but proved himself eminently useful. He acquired a remarkable knowledge of antiquities, studying all the old churches on the spot, and with the aid of the best architects. In the senate he had the tact to be frequently absent, or when "in the house," refrained from speaking. At court he was in his true element. He took a keen interest in men and things:

and in his travels to the East, his frequent journeys through Corsica, Spain, Russia and Greece, nothing seemed to escape his observation. He was in England more than a dozen times, always noting the manners and customs, not only of the aristocracy, but even the lowest classes. "*J'ai mangé plus d'une fois à la gamelle avec des gens qu'un Anglais ne regarderait pas, de peur de perdre le respect qu'il a pour son propre œil. J'ai bu à la même outre qu'un galèrien.*" He even lived on familiar terms with gitanos and toreadors; but the place in which he was most at home, was in a Spanish *venta* with "*des muletiers et des paysannes d'Andalousie.*" He was always searching for *des types*, and by degrees he collected the gallery of living characters which are to be found in his works. He mastered six languages, with the history and literature of each; and he spoke *calo* with an accent which even astonished the gypsies of Spain.

While reading the *Nouvelles*—stories which seldom exceed a dozen pages—this exceptional culture and rare knowledge of men is always apparent. He has prided himself on his *couleur locale*; and certainly his descriptions of scenery in Corsica, Russia and Spain, are exceedingly graphic. The passions and brutal instincts which are always at work in human nature are touched upon with a master hand. Mérimée plays with life and death; and yet there is a soberness and even simplicity in his style which reminds one of Voltaire and Le Sage: though Mérimée is perhaps more polished, more

premeditated, than either the author of *Zadig* or *Gil Blas*. Nothing that is essential is ever omitted in his tales: nothing superfluous is introduced. There is a strange mixture of realism, naturalism and even pessimism in his writings; and yet he is so perfect an artist that he seldom loses control over the materials which he has the power and courage to employ.

*Mateo Falcone*, a Corsican tale, is the best among Mérimée's *Nouvelles*. Mateo is a brigand. On a certain day in autumn he starts off with his wife to visit his flocks, and leaves his son, Fortunato, a promising youth of ten, to look after the house. Fortunato is lying half-asleep in the sun when he is roused by the report of a musket; and presently he sees a man in rags limping toward him. This man proves to be a bandit who has fallen in the way of some Corsican *voltigeurs* and is making an attempt to escape in spite of the wound which one of them has inflicted. He implores the boy to conceal him: he can go no further. Fortunato consents: he makes a hole in a haystack near the house, and there he hides the man; but not until he has wheedled the bandit out of a five-franc piece. Presently six soldiers, commanded by an adjutant, stop at the door of Mateo's house. The scene that now takes place between the adjutant and Fortunato is very dramatic: and it ends by the boy proving a traitor; for he is persuaded by the tempting offer of the adjutant's watch and chain to reveal the man's place of concealment. No sooner is this nefarious bargain concluded than Mateo and his wife make their appearance. The father quickly becomes acquainted with his son's treachery. He once more shoulders his gun, and retraces his steps toward the hills, telling Fortunato to follow him. The wife goes indoors and throws herself down grief-stricken before an image of the Virgin. The father and son reach a small ravine. "*Dis tes prières*," says Mateo. The child obeys. When he has finished the *Ave Maria* the father sinks upon his knee while muttering, "*Que Dieu te pardonne!*" He lifts his rifle, fires, and the son falls dead at his feet. This Corsican brigand regards treason as a crime: he thinks nothing of committing a murder. In another short tale, of some half dozen pages like the preceding one, called the *Enlèvement d'une Redoute*, Prosper Mérimée has de-

scribed a battle scene in his most vivid style. Nothing finer of the kind has been written. "I raised my eyes, and never shall I forget the spectacle that met my sight. The greater portion of the smoke had risen, and hung suspended like a dais about twenty feet above the redoubt. Across the bluish vapor one saw, behind their trenches, which were half destroyed, the Russian grenadiers, presenting arms and motionless as statues. I fancy that I can still see each soldier, the left eye fixed upon us, the right hidden by his raised musket. In the embrasure, at some feet from us, stood a man, fusée in hand, close to the cannon. . . . I trembled: I firmly believed that my last hour had come. 'This is a nice dance,' cried my captain, 'just going to begin! *Bon soir*.' These were the last words I ever heard him utter." But it is in the story of *Tamango*, perhaps, that Mérimée's sustained energy in narration is best displayed. Captain Leroux—so the story runs—is "*un bon marin*," who has been wounded at Trafalgar. He receives his discharge "with excellent certificates," and becomes a slave-trader. One day, by a treasonable action, he manages to get Tamango, an African slave-dealer on board among his cargo of blacks. Tamango leads the negroes to revolt; and the captain and the whole of his crew are massacred. The slaves now discover how helpless they are. No one, not even Tamango, has the slightest knowledge of navigation. They are in a storm, and every moment they expect that the vessel will sink. Some take to the boats and perish, while others remain on board the doomed ship and die of hunger. In this dramatic story, when Leroux makes a prisoner of the poor slave-dealer, and sends him in chains to join the slaves whom he has sold to him an hour ago, he exclaims, "How they will laugh! They will see that there is a Providence watching over them after all." This cynicism, which so frequently occurs in Mérimée's work, mars some of his best efforts. In speaking of *Tamango*, Jules Lemaitre says, "It is neither possible to heap together more horrors, nor to tell them with greater *froidueur* and precision than Mérimée has done. . . . There is more pessimism in it," he adds, "than in the whole of the *Rougon-Macquart*."

Mérimée's novel of the Spanish gypsy,

*Carmen*, treats of love and death in almost as metaphysical a fashion as Schopenhauer. The girl is *sans foi ni loi*: she shrinks from no crime; and one is surprised at one's sympathy for such a woman. But in truth this savage and ungovernable nature seizes hold of the reader when his interest in her is once roused: one follows her with strained eyes from the time she makes her escape from the soldiers, in almost the first scene in the story, until she stands calmly waiting for the blow from her lover's poignard. She dies with so much nobility of character and resignation, that one cannot resist feeling that this cruel and inconstant gitana has a good heart, capable of generous actions, but that she has been led by evil surroundings to regard her own wayward life as the only possible one for her. "*Carmen sera toujours libre*," are almost her last words—" *Calli elle est née, calli elle mourra*." If this character is a true study from nature—and there is no reason to doubt it—Mérimée has clearly demonstrated that George Borrow bestowed too much praise on the virtue of the Spanish gypsy. At the same time, it is only fair to add that the author of *Carmen* fully acknowledges that the gitanas manifest extraordinary devotion to their husbands. There is no danger, no privation, that they will not brave to help them in their need. In fact, their chief virtue, in Mérimée's opinion, is *patriotism*—if one may so term the fidelity shown in their relations with those of the same origin as themselves—their eagerness to help each other, the inviolable secrecy they maintain in transactions that are in any way compromising. "But it may be said," he adds, "that similar honesty is observed in all mysterious associations, and in dealing without the pale of the law." The best scenes in this book read like extracts from *Don Quixote*—a work which no Frenchman knew better than Mérimée. His introduction to *Don Quichotte de Cervantes*, translated by Lucien Biart, is well known.\*

Since its appearance in 1840, the popularity of *Colomba* has never diminished. In this novel Mérimée has admirably maintained his simplicity of style. Every detail has an indescribable ring of truth; no one can doubt that the heroine is a Corsi-

can woman of the surest type. The manners and habits of the country, and even modes of thinking, are depicted to the life; indeed, Mérimée, in his visits to Corsica, mixed with the people—just as he had done in Spain before writing *Carmen*—and conversed with them in their own *patois*. Nor can Mérimée have been less at home in Russian life to have written the "*Faux Demetrius*"; and in this work he makes notable use of popular legends and traditions. The true Demetrius was murdered in 1591, in his tenth or eleventh year, at the instigation of Boris, the Regent, who afterward usurped the imperial throne. This claimant, the "*Faise Demetrius*," started up about 1603. He was a man of twenty-two, who told a plausible story of his escape from the assassins. He produced a golden cross ornamented with precious stones which he pretended to have received from his grandfather, Prince Ivan Mslislovski, on the day of his baptism. "I do not know whether he had read Machiavelli's *Prince*," remarks Mérimée, "but it might be said that he attempted literally to follow the precepts of that great politician." He reigned eleven months, when his career was cut short, precisely as that of the true Demetrius had been, by assassination. Mérimée's drama the *Débuts d'un aventurier* is founded on this episode in Russian history. It is not a play that could have ever been intended for the stage, any more than his comedy the *Deux Héritages*. They are studies of character, like his *Nouvelles*, rather than dramatic compositions.

When the *Chronique du temps de Charles IX.* was published, Walter Scott's novels were the talk of London and Paris; and if Mérimée had no intention of competing with the author of "*Ivanhoe*," there is little doubt that there was unconscious influence at work at the time the novel was written. The *Chronique*, however, can scarcely be called an historical romance, for Charles IX. only appears in one chapter, and most of the characters are pure inventions. The reader's attention is concentrated upon the loves of Mergy and Diane de Turgis; and in order to reproduce the language and even the passions of the sixteenth century, Mérimée read a great many memoirs of that period which assisted materially in making the work so eminently successful. *Diane* is

\* "*La Vie et l'œuvre de Cervantes*." *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1877.



truly a woman of the sixteenth century—passionate, voluptuous—a woman whose whole life is occupied in seeking pleasure : and so ardent is her love—so full of life—that she excites admiration as well as sympathy. The scene in which she hides her lover, during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, is powerfully described. In this story Mérimée has given a striking example of the influence of religion, where *Diane de Turgis*, whose one thought is to merit pardon for the sins she has committed—and those she intends to commit—by obtaining the conversion of Mergy, who is a Protestant.

In the tale of *Arsène Guillot*, the heroine utters the sentiment if not the very words of Becky Sharp. "*Quand on est riche, il est aisé d'être honnête ; moi j'aurais été honnête, si j'en avais eu le moyen.*" This story contains in a nutshell many volumes on popular religion, and on the true feelings of courtesans. The *Double Méprise* and the *Vase Etrusque* are severe sermons against the errors of credulity or of imagination : and if one would learn what a single departure from honor may cost, one has only to read the *Partie de trictrac*. But the true charm in Mérimée's stories consists in the style, the idiomatic language, the touches of humor, fancy and irony that are interspersed. Justice can never be done to them in translation. From his historical works he has never gained much popularity ; for instead of studying artistic effects he avoided them. There is a remarkable absence of flowing narrative : there is no seasoning of romance, no exaggeration of facts or undue coloring of character. "By dint of insisting on certainty," says Taine, "he dried up knowledge—kept only the wood without the flower. There is no other way of accounting for the coldness of his historical essays, 'Don Pedro,' 'The Cossacks,' 'The False Demetrius,' 'The Servile War,' 'The Catiline Conspiracy'—complete solid studies, well supported by authorities, well developed ; but the personages of which are lifeless, probably because he did not choose to make them live. . . . He might easily have done so, but it was contrary to his system to set them visibly before us." He put an interdict on his imagination.

The turning point in Mérimée's life was the marriage of the Countess de Téba. He was an old and attached friend of her

mother, Madame de Montijo, through whom he had been named senator. At the Tuileries, Biarritz, and at Fontainebleau, he became an habitual guest of the Imperial family, and there is every reason to believe that he gave the Emperor valuable assistance in the composition of his "*Vie de César.*" One day, while asking Mérimée to collect certain materials for this work, the Emperor suggested that he should receive some indemnity for his trouble. "*Sire,*" was Mérimée's answer. "*J'ai les livres nécessaires, et je calcule qu'avec trois mains de papier, vingt-cinq plumes d'oie et une bouteille d'encre de la petite vertu, je pourvoirai aux autres frais. Je prie votre Majesté de me permettre de lui faire ce cadeau.*" It was not unnatural that Mérimée, enjoying as he did a recognized place as wit in society, should be sensible of the pleasure of exercising a sort of *royauté intellectuelle* at court, where there were few men of literary calibre. Indeed, more than one of his stories arose out of discussions in the Imperial circle, and was read over to them by way of testing its probable success with the public. While at Biarritz, in 1866, the conversation turned one day upon the difficult situations in which one is sometimes placed. That same night, having drunk some strong tea, Mérimée wrote on a situation of this kind. He read it to the Empress. At that time there happened to be at Biarritz the Grand Duchess Marie, the daughter of Nicholas, to whom Mérimée had been presented some years before, and the acquaintance had been renewed. Shortly after the reading, a messenger came from the Grand Duchess begging him to wait upon her that evening with his romance. His answer was very characteristic. "I have the honor to be the jester of Her Majesty and I cannot work abroad without her leave." The least result expected by Mérimée was, that there would be a war with Russia ; and he was "not a little mortified" not only at receiving the Empress Eugenie's permission, but a renewed entreaty from the Duchess to wait upon her. "She played the good princess," says Mérimée, "and gave me excellent tea and cigarettes, for she smokes, like almost all the Russian ladies." The romance in question was the *Chambre Bleue*, afterward published in one of the journals and included in his "*Dernières Nouvelles.*" It is a story of

a young couple, just arrived in Paris, who occupy the best apartment in an hotel, called "La Chambre Bleue." In the next room, separated only by a wooden partition with folding doors, is an Englishman, their fellow-traveller on the railway, who had been exhibiting a roll of bank-notes, and had quarrelled in their hearing with an ill-looking nephew, after threatening to cut him off with a shilling. The Englishman calls for a bottle of port. The landlord, not having any port in the house, concocts the wine out of a bottle of ratafia and a carafe of brandy. This composition proves so successful that the last articulate sound heard in the hotel before the couple retire to rest is: "Waiter, bring me another bottle of the same port." . . . The night-light burning on the chimney-piece in the blue chamber is more than half consumed, when, in the apartment of the Englishman, hitherto silent, a strange sound is heard, such as a heavy body might produce in falling, and then there is a stifled cry and some muttered words resembling an imprecation. The young couple in the blue chamber start and awake. This noise fills them both with dread . . . a minute passes and a door is cautiously opened in the corridor and cautiously closed. The young man begins to think of the uncle with the bank-notes, and the nephew coveting them, of that stifled cry and of the muffled steps in the corridor. "That nephew had the look of an assassin," says he: while he is still speaking, with his eyes fixed upon the door of communication between the blue room and the Englishman's, something like a dark shining line appears moving in the direction of a little satin slipper thrown carelessly near this door. . . . No more room for doubt! It is a liquid, and this liquid—now distinctly visible—is blood. . . . What was to be done under these circumstances? His obvious duty is to rush to the aid of the Englishman, who might be still living, or at all events to ring the bell and call up the people of the hotel. . . . But what would happen if he gave the alarm? The gendarmes, the procureur imperial and his clerk, would arrive forthwith. Before asking what he had seen or heard, these officials would begin by saying: "What is your name? Your papers? And the lady? . . . You will have to appear at the assizes to say that on such a day of the month,

or such an hour of the night, you were witnesses of such a fact, etc., etc." What appears to the young man the most prudent course, if the most selfish, under the circumstances, is to lie still till daybreak, and then leave Paris by the first train before the discovery of the catastrophe. . . . The couple are hurrying away without their breakfast, when the chambermaid is heard calling to the waiter: "Make haste with the hot water for milord's tea. And bring a sponge, he has broken the bottle and his whole room is flooded with his port."

Prosper Mérimée's method of narration often reveals this want of earnestness—sometimes even a want of true artistic conception—that has led some critics to deny him the gift of *émotion littéraire*. An anecdote, told about his story of the *Chambre Bleue*, is an illustration of this defect—if taken *au sérieux*. "I have made a great mistake," said he, when complimented about the *Chambre Bleue* by Emile Augier. "I had intended at first to introduce a tragic *dénouement* to my tale; and *naturally* I had told the story in a pleasant vein. I changed the idea: I have given it a happy ending. I really ought to tell it all over again in an earnest tone; but that is too much trouble, so I shall let it stand as it is." The aim of most authors, of course, is to make the reader feel all the emotion that they themselves experience: and in proportion to the writer's sincerity so will he succeed. But Mérimée would seem to have taken a contrary view—at least he led one to suppose that he did—in his life as well as in his works; for he affected not to feel. At the moment when the keenest emotion is awakened, a phrase—perhaps merely a word—warns you not to distress yourself too deeply. It is as though the genius or talent of the author, were fighting for the ascendancy—a fight for which the reader has to suffer. The style may be piquant, but such treatment can never be considered high art. "If you would bring tears to the eyes of others," says Horace, "you must first bring tears to your own." Between author and reader, sympathy is a necessary condition, not only in poetry and oratory, but in the novel. There is one scene, however—the death-scene in Arsène Guillot—which has mystified the critics in their attempt to decide whether Prosper Mérimée shall take a place among the

great masters. After reading that scene no fair critic can absolutely deny to him the gift of *émotion littéraire*: it can only be argued that his inordinate cynicism has brought upon him too harsh a judgment.

"Ever since daybreak the priest had remained near Arsène, observing with what rapidity the patient was sinking, and wishing to make the most of the few moments that still remained. He waved Max and Madame de Piennes aside, broken down with grief, and then spoke a few solemn and consoling words to the young girl—words which religion has reserved for such moments as these. When he had ceased, doubtful if not in the presence of the dead, Madame de Piennes rose softly; and they all remained motionless, anxiously regarding the livid face of Arsène. Her eyes were closed. Each held his breath, dreading to disturb the awful repose that had perhaps already begun: and each distinctly heard the feeble ticking of a watch lying upon the little table at her side. 'She is gone, poor thing,' said the nurse after she had held her *tabatière* to Arsène's lips. 'You see, the glass has caught no moisture.' 'She is dead, poor child,' cried Max, waking out of a stupor into which he appeared to have fallen. 'What happiness has she had in this world?' Suddenly Arsène opened her eyes. 'I have loved,' she murmured in a scarcely audible voice: and her fingers stirred and seemed to express a desire to hold his hand. Max and Madame de Piennes came nearer, and each took one of her hands. 'I have loved,' she said once more with a troubled sigh. These were her last words. For a long time Max and Madame de Piennes held her cold hands in theirs without finding courage to raise their eyes."

This novel, as Mérimée himself relates, excited the indignation of all the so-called virtuous people, and particularly the women of fashion "who danced the polka and listened to the sermons of the père Ravignan." They even went so far as to say that the author acted like the monkeys who climbed to the top of the trees and having reached the topmost branch make grimaces at the world. It was at this very time that Mérimée was a candidate for the Academy. He was deeply interested in the result, though he tried to pass it off with an air of unconcern, so characteristic of the man. It is the inexorable rule for the candidate to call on each academician

for the personal solicitation of his vote. Mérimée, however, had no reason to complain of his reception. He found people very polite, quite accustomed to their parts and acting them very seriously. "Does it not strike you as ridiculous to say to a man," remarks Mérimée, "'Monsieur, I believe myself one of the forty cleverest men of France; I am as good as you,' and other drolleries? It is necessary to translate this into polite and varied language, according to the persons."

No one has been at greater pains than Mérimée to hide from the indiscreet and prying world the mysteries of his life. He never published his "sorrows" in verse or prose; he never even betrayed himself in his conversation. "To hear him talk," says Taine, "one would have supposed that any one could have written his books." He wrote the *Débuts d'un Aventurier* in fifteen days, so he declared, because he had "nothing better to occupy his time." In order to write "La Guzla," as Mérimée once remarked, you need a very simple receipt, "*se procurer une statistique de l'Illyrie, le voyage, de l'abbé Fortis, apprendre cinq ou six mot de slave.*" Indeed no author ever took more delight in mystifying his reader. It was alleged that "La Guzla" was a translation of songs and popular poetry of an Illyrian bard, named Hyacinth Maglanowich, whose biography is given by the translator, an Italian refugee. The most learned linguists, French and German, were completely taken in: a controversy arose as to the existence and authenticity of the alleged originals: and the first to penetrate the mystery was Goethe, who said he was put upon the right track by observing that *Guzla* is the anagram of *Gazul*. On throwing off the disguise, Mérimée wrote: "What diminishes the merit of Goethe in divining the author of 'La Guzla,' is that I sent him a copy with signature and flourish, by a Russian who was passing through Weimer." Then again in the *Théâtre de Clara Gazul*, we find a collection of dramatic pieces purporting to be translated from the Spanish of a Spanish actress, by a Frenchman named "Lestrangle," who had been intimately acquainted with her best parts. Both actress and translator were imaginary. To complete the deception, M. Delescluze produced a portrait—which was afterward lithographed—of Clara, "from

the life": and in one sense it certainly was; being, in fact, a portrait of Mérimée, with the features a little softened, in the costume of a Spanish woman. The success was so complete that a Spaniard—probably ashamed to confess his ignorance of so celebrated a countrywoman—on being asked his opinion of the translation, replied that, although very good, it hardly did justice to the original.

With all his reserve in his intercourse with men, Mérimée failed to put into practice his own maxim, "*Ne prenez jamais une femme pour confidente.*" No one interested in his life can fail to recall the *succès de curiosité* of his correspondence during thirty years with an incognita. Nor has it ever been more clearly demonstrated how eager the French are for this class of literature of which Mérimée's *Lettres à une Inconnue* is a striking example. They are unquestionably *piquant*; the friendship expressed in these letters could not have existed between two persons of the same sex. There is no love-making; it is an *amitié* enlivened with a hundred and one lights and shades of sentiment, such as do not appear in cases of ordinary intimacy. The mutual confidence, severe criticism and, not infrequently, reproach, has an inexpressible charm for the reader; for their *badinerie* never comes to anything serious. "Are you suffering from any pain or disappointment of the heart? There are some phrases in your last note, mysterious like the rest, which seem to insinuate as much. . . . You will contract your black and beautiful eyebrows and you will say: 'The insolent fellow doubts whether I have a heart!' for it is the grand pretension nowadays. Since so many passionate or so-called passionate romances and poems have been concocted, all women pretend to have hearts. Wait a little. When you have a heart in right earnest, you will give me news of it. You will regret that good old time when you only lived by the head, and you will find that the evils you are now suffering are but pricks of the pin in comparison with the stabs of the dagger which will rain upon you when the time of the passions has arrived." While reading the letters one feels that at any moment one or the other may be indiscreet enough to step beyond the limits they have marked out; that friendship would

change into love, and all the piquancy of the situation would disappear. How the acquaintance began we are not told, but we gather that these friends very seldom meet. "We have not seen each other more than six or seven times in six years; and besides, during half the three or four hours we passed together not a word has been spoken." In one of his early letters Mérimée proposed remaining in Paris. "in the hope of your return." Then he adds, "I should be charmed to see you. Perhaps you would make the acquaintance of a true friend." Mérimée also corresponded with an English lady. But his letters to her, although interesting in many ways, have not the *caractère d'intimité* of those he addressed to his *Inconnue*. In his last letter, written only a few days before his death, in September, 1870, he says: "All my life I have tried to fight against prejudice, to be a citizen of the world before being a Frenchman; but all my philosophy has been of no avail. To-day I bleed for the wounds of these foolish Frenchmen, I weep for their humiliation; and, absurd and ungrateful as they seem to me, I love them always."

As one found Mérimée in society, so one has found him in his books. *Le style c'est l'homme*. He studied and wrote all his life *en amateur*, passing from one subject to another as occasion or fancy urged him. And yet no one can doubt that the *Chronique de Charles IX.*, *Colomba* and *Carmen*, and such tales as *Mateo Falcone*, the *Enlèvement de la Redoute*, *Tamungo*, and even the *Vase Etrusque* will live. More than fifty years have gone by since most of them first appeared, and they are as popular as ever. Besides, they are short, which gives them a still better chance. The longest, *Colomba*, is scarcely half an ordinary novel volume—some of them only eight or ten pages. And the situations contained in these tales, the passion depicted in the various characters will prove as true to nature in a hundred years as they do to-day. Mérimée's types are masterly and original; a Corsican vendetta, the last voyage of a slave-trader, the execution of a son by his father. Nearly all are the stories of assassins, like the tales of Bandello and the Italian novelists, told with the most perfect *sang froid*, strong delineation of character, and extraordinary power of detail. They do

not always point a moral ; but they are eminently suggestive, and afford ample opportunity for reflection. The rest of

his works will probably be forgotten ; even now his *Théâtre de Clara Gazul* is little more than a name.—*Temple Bar*.

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### MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF SICILY IN 1890.

BY HAMILTON AIDÉ.

THE difference between the Italian and the Sicilian people will strike the least observant traveller who leaves the turbulent quay of Naples, where the effervescence of a seething populace reaches boiling-point, and who lands among the comparatively undemonstrative, grave-faced inhabitants of Palermo. Together with vehement gesticulation, and shrieking apostrophes to every saint in the calendar—together with bright coloring and loud-toned laughter,—extortion seems suddenly to have died a natural death. Boatman and driver take contentedly their just fares, to our amazement ; and when we reach the shopping stage of experience, we find that, with the exception of the “antiquario” (of whom more anon), the vendors of everything under heaven do not demand more than twice as much as they expect to get. This adds an unlooked-for joy to life, if we do not care to go through it haggling. Dishonesty has its own sweet and secret ways here, but it is not obtrusive. The free use of “palm oil” among functionaries of all denominations—from the highest in the land down to the faithful servant who will allow no one to cheat you but himself—is a fact admitted on all sides, but it does not interfere with the traveller’s peace of mind.

What may interfere with it, however, on his first walk through the city, causing a sense of irritation and disappointment, is the absence of women pedestrians in the streets. This remnant of the Saracen rule deprives the thoroughfares of grace and attractiveness even more than of color ; for the few women of the middle class one sees shopping—in couples—mostly wear the black Spanish *manta*, and avoid brilliant hues. One sees even fewer women than one does in the East, until the hour when the streets become thronged with carriages, blossoming out in gayly-dressed ladies, with parasols like butterflies fluttering over them. (No one, who has any respect for him or herself, is with-

out a carriage in Palermo. We may go dinnerless : but it is a necessity of life that we shall sit boxed up in a *coupé*, or be displayed in a “Victoria,” behind a showy “stepper”—or, if possible, two.) The fashionable Palermitans only drive late in the afternoon. Until then the Via Macqueda and the Corso, being narrow, with heavy overhanging balconies, are sad-looking enough : the pavement crowded with swarthy men in cloaks, one end of which is flung over their shoulders, muffling their faces up to their eyes.

The seclusion in which women are still kept in Sicily seems almost incredible. But superstition and prejudice die hard. The Saracen principles on this head (as on many others) were bequeathed to the Spaniards, and still live on here ; while in Spain itself they have been driven out by sheer force of common sense and contact with civilization. Men and women-servants never have their meals together, are not permitted to associate ; and a girl is never allowed to walk out alone, whatever her social status may be. She is virtually a prisoner—as much as is the inhabitant of a harem ; and no respectable mother would let her daughter enter domestic service where this rule was not enforced. If a man be seen walking up and down before a house, gazing up at a certain window—as ardent Romeos of every time and nation have done—the girl’s reputation is lost. If she does not marry him, it is hardly likely that any other decent fellow will be found to do so. And during her engagement, a girl must on no account remain alone with her betrothed, even for five minutes : it would cause a terrible scandal.

These restrictions are a serious drawback to the working classes. A girl, going to her day’s employment, and returning home, must be escorted by some elderly woman, who gains a livelihood (often eked out in unholy ways) by acting as *duenna* in the absence of a mother. The

drain upon slender resources caused by this conventional obligation is great ; but the stunting of that self-reliance which we consider so essential, and which—in American women, especially—is of such vigorous growth, is even a greater loss than that of the daily pence.

The “Festa delle Verginella” exists no longer ; but, as an illustration of the limited amount of love-making to which Sicilian ideas of propriety have accustomed the lower orders for centuries past, I may name an institution which only died out in this century. A procession of foundling or orphan girls, carefully nurtured and educated by the State, went to the Duomo on Easter Monday, clad in gala-costume, and wearing long white veils. The streets were crowded ; the balconies filled with spectators. Flowers were strewn before the flower-like procession, which the Archbishop awaited—with all the pomp of church ceremonial—at the Cathedral door. Foremost in the throng were certain young men who had (it is to be supposed) exchanged glances with one or other of the heroines of the day, but had certainly never been able to address her. The youth threw to the object of his choice the white handkerchief he held in his hand, and she became his bride. One of the most popular tales recounted by the *Contastorie* (or public narrator of stories) tells how one of these brides, at the end of the last century, was abducted by a certain Marchese, whom the police tracked, but could not discover his victim ; for, as they entered the palace, he had the unfortunate girl cast into a deep cellar, where, long afterward, her remains were discovered.

The power of the nobles in Sicily then was so great that it was with difficulty the hand of the law interfered, from time to time, to protect the peasant from some act of unusual cruelty or oppression. Caraccioli, appointed Viceroy in 1781, was a man of iron will and liberal instincts. He had been ambassador from the Court of Naples to both France and England, where he had no doubt imbibed ideas as to the “rights of man,” which were both new and distasteful to the aristocrats, whose authority had hitherto been unquestioned. He was wont to compare Sicily to a Hydra with two heads : one the Inquisition, which he severed from the suffering body of the island, and crushed ; the other the feudal power of the Barons, which he did

not succeed in destroying, though the mighty blows he aimed at it no doubt began the work of decapitation, which was accomplished upward of thirty years later. His stern administration of justice to rich and poor alike did much to dispel the prestige that surrounded the nobility, and opened even their own eyes, we may suppose, to the cruelty of many existing laws ; for when their feudal rights were abolished in 1812, it was a voluntary act on the part of the “Baroni”—the more honorable inasmuch as, by the surrender of all their tithes and dues, many of them lost a large portion of their incomes.

But whatever reforms have been effected in other ways, the domestic condition of women of the peasant class has little changed during the past hundred years. The peasant is an absolute autocrat in his own house : his word is law, which he enforces as soon as he leads his bride home, by administering a sound box on the ear to his beloved. If she inquires the reason of this strange salutation, he replies, “Perche, prima dei baci, impariate a conoscere l'autorità illimitata del marito.” \* After this pleasant overture to connubial bliss, it is needless to say that Mrs. Caudle's curtain lectures are unknown : the sense of subservience is so complete that argument or remonstrance, even where the husband is obviously in the wrong, is never thought of, and *ruse* becomes the woman's only weapon. As a rule the Sicilian peasant cares little for his children until they are of an age to be of use. The natural law, which is common to all animal life, from the birds of the air and the beasts of the field upward, seems in his case to be reversed. He cares more for his offspring in proportion as they are better able to take care of themselves ; and as they approach maturity the ties that bind children and parents become so strong that they are not loosened even when the sons go forth into the world ; the son always calling his father “Vasera,” the Sicilian of “Vostra Signoria” ; the father exhibiting the liveliest concern in his son's welfare—far more so, indeed, than is common among English peasants. This may be explained by self-interest to a certain extent, but not wholly so. The peasant-mother

\* “Because, before I embrace you, you must learn the boundless authority of a husband.”

has little tenderness apparently to bestow on the infant, whom in many instances she regards as an incumbrance (the number who are said to die within a year of their birth is considerable); but both she and the father will not infrequently take some foundling, and rear it as one of their own family, with an impartiality which is curious and praiseworthy. They become attached to this "figlio del Spirito Santo," as he is called, when he shoots up to manhood, and sometimes surpasses the sons of the house in intelligence or physical strength. The peasant teaches him his own calling, and inculcates on him the fear of God and the Saints. For the rest, his formula of doctrine is contained in these words:—

Fate in tutto quel che facciam noi, che si sian formati sul modello de' padri nostri, i quali, in grazia di oculata esperienza, non fallivano. Obbedite i genitori, se non volete incoglier male per tutto. Lavorate attenti. Lavorate sempre, e non morrete sulla via, come un cane.\*

That the Sicilian peasant, while regular in his religious observances, has curiously little respect for the house of God, is a fact which my own experience enabled me to verify. I was present at a baptismal service at Piano de' Greci, where I witnessed a scene of uproar, such as I believed never took place in a church, save, perhaps, during the refractory liquification of San Januarius' blood at Naples. The screaming, swarming up pillars, scrambling over the stalls, the laughter, the imprecations, the general Babel of tongues, completely drowned the voices of the priests, and reduced the service to dumb show. It was that of the Greek Church, to which the whole of this remarkable colony, settled here since 1488, belong, retaining the costume—for gala days—together with the dress and religion of their ancestors. It may be objected, therefore, that this example is not a fair one; these descendants of fierce Albanian progenitors having possibly retained their lawless manners, together with the use of their inheritance. But the picture given by Signor Salomone Marino—himself a Sicilian—in his admir-

\* "Do everything that we do, who followed the example of our fathers, prospering as they did by reason of their caution and experience. Obey your parents if you wish to succeed in life, and work hard, work constantly, if you would not die like a dog by the roadside."

able work on the manners, customs, and traditions of the island—the picture given by him of the ordinary Catholic parish-church on a Sunday morning is even more extraordinary. He says, "Not content with vituperation, the peasants, on entering the crowded church, often have recourse to fists; and a free-fight follows, which is suddenly put a stop to by the priest who is about to officiate rushing into the midst of the congregation, dispensing blows right and left, and shouting, 'Oh! you accursed pigs! do you fancy you are in a sty? Am I going to say the Holy Mass for such as you? No! I will leave you! Sacristan, put out the lights!' The effect of this menace is instantaneous: silence is restored, and the priest is supplicated to begin the service." The same author goes on to give a specimen of the kind of sermon which the village-priest invariably addresses to his flock. It is of an essentially personal and practical character and may be epitomized thus: "You have heard the words of our divine Master, my children, who seems to have left His parables and example for Turks and Protestants, rather than for you, who act contrary in every way to His teaching. What cold ungrateful creatures you are to me, your pastor, and to your church! You neglect both the house of God, and His minister. I am poor, and old, and my clothes are in holes. The walls of the church are tumbling: the roof threatens to fall in. No one gives me anything. No one pays even for a mass to liberate any of his relations from Purgatory! Is this just? Is this right? I speak plainly to you, my children. I have celebrated the Holy Mass this morning; but if you think I am going to do so next Sunday, unless in the mean time you give me something, you are mistaken. No: you shall not have the painful spectacle of seeing me die of hunger: I will leave you: I will go away. And when your last hour is come, and you are dreading that Hell to which your sins have brought you—ah! you will wish me back then—your old pastor whom you have treated so badly!"

On Sunday afternoons, the young fellows play games or dance together, to music which has a strangely Arab character, in its intervals and monotony. In summer these dances—*fasola*, *tarantella*, *virtulidda*, etc., take place in the blue shadow of the village piazza, where no

sooner are the scrapings of the counter-bass, accompanied by the whistling flageolet, heard, than the crowd begin to assemble. In winter these exercises are transferred to some big room; and in both cases, it is hardly necessary to say, women take no part, not even as spectators. They pass their Sundays agreeably, in complete repose: seated outside their doors, dressed in their best clothes, and displaying, with serene satisfaction, the many rings, pendants, and huge earrings of rare beauty, inherited for many past generations, and which possess an individual character that the connoisseur at once recognizes.

The natural outgrowth of the subservience and restraints under which women are held is a jealousy which is manifested in ways that would be tolerated in no other country in Europe. I heard of a gentleman, living near Catania—and this was no solitary instance—who still locks up his wife whenever he goes a-journeying. An Anglo-Sicilian lady of my acquaintance, meeting with an accident to her carriage in a country road, was courteously helped in her trouble by a gentleman who was passing. He took her to his house hard by, and hospitably entertained her, while a messenger was despatched to the neighboring town, for another carriage. Her host was a Marchese, and married; yet the lady of the house never appeared, nor was any apology made for her non-appearance: indeed, no hint was given that any such person existed. But when my friend learned, a few days later, that such was the case, wishing to pay some tribute of respect to the unseen lady, whose husband had been so helpful, she called on her, and was received by a slatternly female, who seemed to have just emerged from the kitchen. This was the Marchesa. She returned my friend's visit, however, in due course of time, resplendent in velvet and lace, driving in a coach with powdered footmen, which would have done credit to Rome or Naples. For the pride and the love of display inherent in Sicilians are as marked characteristics as the seclusion in which ladies, in remote districts, are still kept. Those who never offer so much as a cup of coffee to their acquaintances, in the great towns, are to be seen driving daily in magnificent equipages; and if they cannot obtain, or afford, boxes in the first tier at the Opera, will not go there at all.

The young gentlemen, "who sit at home at ease" in Palermo, moving in a narrow groove of prejudice and sensual pleasures, with no ambition to rise to a higher intellectual platform, no interest in art or literature, no suspicion that there is progress in the free world of thought outside the close hot-bed of Sicilian society, are certainly less intelligent, less ready to learn, than the peasantry. They toil not, neither do they spin, but in other respects the likeness to the lilies of the field does not hold good, though an avidity to be arrayed like Solomon, in all his glory, is not wanting. If they travel, they bring back with them nothing but English clothes: neither new ideas, nor keen desire for human progress, in the spheres wherein they move. Whereas the uneducated peasant, in his three years' military service, does keep his eyes open, and acquires knowledge which he often turns profitably to account. He has noted various systems of husbandry in the maize-fields of Piedmont, the vineyards and olive-groves of Tuscany. He has met skilled artisans in the great industrial centres of Italy; he does not return to his native village the same man that he went forth. One who, from his official position, has been thrown much with the Sicilian peasantry, said to me, "Progress in this land will rise from below, not descend from above."

It would be rash to affirm that brigandage is extinct; but for the time being, at least, this terror to wayfarers of substance, whether natives or strangers, has faded into the background. By a euphemism which I do not think facts justify, the island is said to be purged of such malefactors. Yet a recent trial elicited facts which show that spoliation and murder have been carried on in a genteel, unobtrusive way quite lately, and that the perpetrators of these misdeeds enjoyed immunity from "persecution"; for this is the term systematically employed by Vincenzo Linares, in his account of Antonio, the famous bandit.

The story to which I have referred cannot, for obvious reasons, be told in all its crudity; but this much may be said.

At a princely villa near Palermo, during some repairs last year, several skeletons were found, all of which must have been secretly, and some not very long since, committed to the ground. One of the workmen employed indiscreetly named the



circumstance : he should have known better ; the next day he was stabbed. In the hospital, nothing would make him reveal the name of his assailant, fearing the vengeance of the *Mafia*, which would pursue his family. But in curious illustration of the Sicilian character, though deaf to the voice of justice, the instinct of revenge was as strong in him as he knew it to be in others. On his death-bed he sent for his son, and enjoined him to pursue the murderer, whom he denounced, to the death. The "Mafiosi" could not interfere with *that* ; for was it not a common and legitimate act of retribution ? It was by this means only, that two officers of the law, who were concealed under the bed, learned the name of the guilty man. He was one of a band, who, from time to time, spirited away a peddler, or other obscure person, known to have money about him, concerning whom no persistent inquiries were likely to be made. The chief of this band was the steward of the great family in question, where, for reasons variously assigned, he enjoyed high favor. The protection afforded to such miscreants by noble personages, on the understanding that they and theirs were never to be molested, was a matter of common notoriety when brigandage was rife. The writer I have above referred to states openly that Antonio Testalonga—who is depicted as a sort of modern Robin Hood, chivalrous to women, beneficent to the poor—was protected by the Prince Trabia of that day, (1767) until some petty depredation in his house having been traced to one of Antonio's followers, the Prince's ire was roused, and the bandit's "persecution" began, which ended in his capture and death.

I have alluded to the "Mafia," a name which probably conveys to most English readers no idea of the subterranean confraternity by the ramifications of which a great part of Sicilian society is still undermined. It is described by a writer in the present year in terms which I may paraphrase thus—

"The Mafia has seized, in every department of life, whether public or private, an arbitrary power, which is exercised by every means, legal or illegal, for the benefit of its adherents. It may be said to be a State within the State—a secret conspiracy, having for its object the usurpation of authority, and the invasion of order : extending over every possible field, and rooted so deeply in the hearts

of the people as, apparently, to be ineradicable. The close relationship of the Mafia with brigandage is, for the time being, in abeyance ;\* but the illicit nature of the association is not diminished thereby.

The writer goes on to describe a condition of affairs which resembles boycotting carried to its extremest limits, toward those who are not affiliated as members of the "Mafia." The "Mafiosi," on the other hand, are helped by every possible means, in carrying out their private schemes, whether it be for the purchase of a property, the possession of a wife, or the imposition of their own services on a customer, or employer, in lieu of those who do not belong to the Brotherhood. Under the dominion of successive strangers, it is not difficult to see how the prejudice in favor of such a secret society originated, and has grown to be inveterate in Sicily. A tragedy which occurred while I was at Palermo gives an even more convincing proof of the power of the Mafia than the story I have already related.

Two brothers of a noble house, first cousins to the Duke di V. R. resided with their mother and sister in a house near the Girardino Inglese. The father being dead, the payment of the girl's dowry depended on her marrying, and this the young men resolved, if possible, to prevent. The mother, on the other hand, encouraged the advances of an officer, whose attentions to her daughter seem to have been limited to walking up and down under her window, until he obtained permission—in the sons' absence—to call. This young man bore a blameless character, and was highly esteemed by his brother officers ; there was no reason why he should not be well received as a suitor for the girl's hand ; but her brothers refused to allow it. Underhand intrigues of the usual Sicilian character followed. The mother and daughter put up a signal to denote when

\* I had scarcely written these pages when the news of Signor Arago's seizure by brigands near Termini reached me. Reading, as I had done, M. Guy de Maupassant's indignant denial, in *La Vie Errante*, that any such danger could beset the traveller in Sicily, where he was "safer than in the streets of London or Paris," I could not but feel the unwisdom of any traveller—even the most intelligent—indulging in rash and positive assertion. That the "Mafia" was the organ through which Signor Arago's ransom was paid, and by means of which he was liberated, seems well established.

the coast was clear, and that the young man might with safety visit them. Certain spies informed the brothers of these clandestine meetings; whereupon they one day sent the two ladies into the country on some pretext, and simulated the signal which brought the unsuspecting suitor to the house. Soon after he had entered, cries for help were heard; and then the report of a pistol. The brothers, themselves, shortly afterward called in the police, saying the young officer had committed suicide. He was, indeed, found lying at the foot of the stairs, quite dead. But, as the captain of Carabinieri who investigated the affair observed to me, though the murdered man was shot *through the body*, the bullet could nowhere be found—neither in the corpse, nor in the wall of the staircase, nor in the floor; which was difficult to reconcile with the theory of suicide. There had probably been a struggle up above, and the body had afterward been thrown down the stairs. Either the bullet was lodged in some part of the room where the murder was committed, or it had been abstracted and made away with. However, this may be, the power of the “Mafia,” to which the brothers belong, is so great that it has been impossible to obtain testimony by which they could be convicted, though it is quite certain that some persons were cognizant of their designs. The perjury of these witnesses, and the impossibility of getting any direct evidence, has led to the proceedings being stopped.

In proportion as Sicily is less advanced in civilization than Italy, so is superstition here more obstinate and childish. One of the strangest beliefs of the peasantry is that the soul has its residence in the pit of the stomach, and that to its struggles to escape from imprisonment are due the prolonged agonies of the dying, especially in old age. On issuing from its confinement the spirit enters straightway some other body conveniently situated for the transfer, and there are women (the cases of men, it is asserted, are rarer) in whose stomachs the souls of their father, their mother, and a choice number of relatives are said to have found, simultaneously, an abiding-place. The pains caused by these contending spirits, and the varying moods and influences for good or evil to which the unhappy body, which is the battlefield of so many warring forces, is subject, clearly

prove this. Where rascality and beneficence, hatred and loving kindness dominate alternately one and the same man, is it not clear that divers spirits have entered into him? a psychological thesis supported, indeed, by the testimony of Holy Writ.

The case of a peasant, one *Ciro Spedalieri*, condemned in 1886 to eight years' imprisonment for having bewitched another peasant, and caused him frightful physical agonies, shows that superstition is not confined to the lower classes. The most comical illustration of this was given me, at Palermo, in the story of a certain pious Marchesa, whose husband lay grievously sick. His doctor ordered him certain pills, which he duly swallowed, until one, larger and harder than the rest, stuck in his throat. Having pulled it out, he discovered it was a piece of paper rolled tightly up to represent a pill. His better-half had substituted a printed prayer to the Virgin, in the firm conviction that he would derive more benefit thereby than from any drugs. The grandmother of my friend, General S., remembered and described seeing a woman and a priest, as her accomplice in witchcraft, burned at the stake, in the public place at Palermo. As to the belief which prompts the murderer or robber to offer up fervent invocations at the shrine of his patron saint for help and for pardon before the commission of a crime, this parody of piety is the most offensive, as it is the commonest form of superstition still rife in Sicily. Madonna and the saints can be *squared* to connive at anything if they are only humbly entreated.

I have alluded, in the beginning of this article, to the contrast between Italians—especially Neapolitans—and Sicilians in making exorbitant charges. The dealers in bric-à-brac form an exception, almost humorous in its way, to the honorable rule which I found prevalent in the ordinary transactions of life at Palermo. In no case was I asked more than the just fare for a public carriage or for a boat; but when an ancient casket was brought to me for sale, and 300 francs was demanded for it, the owner—without so much as a word of protest on my part—suddenly exclaimed “I want badly to sell it . . . will you take it for 150—absolutely the cost price?” Then I shook my head, like a wiser man than I am, and walked away. But the owner's efforts to make me be-

come the purchaser of the casket were renewed a few days later. It was in vain I said I didn't want it. Would I make an offer? In desperation I cried out that I should certainly not give more than 75 francs—under the impression that this would silence him. Not at all, it was mine, and with it I carried away the uncomfortable suspicion that I *might* have got it for 50! The most noble Cavaliere X. keeps an antiquary shop in Palermo, and in his case the modes of procedure are somewhat different. You ask the price of a cabinet. He names 1,000 francs. You say nothing; you do not even so much as raise your eyebrows. Good manners prevent your attempting to beat down the gentleman you know you are to meet at dinner to-night. But there is a go-between standing near. To him you confide that, although you are convinced the cabinet is dirt cheap at the price named, unfortunately you could not afford to give that sum. He whispers, "What are you prepared to give?" You whisper back, as you leave the room, "250." An hour afterward the go-between calls on you and says the Cavaliere will yield it up, as a special favor, for 500. And so on through all the transactions of this trade.

The mention of these antiquity-dealers reminds me of a sad and, as far as I am aware, a unique distinction possessed by one of them—that of having had six children born deaf-and-dumb. The affliction was on neither side hereditary, both his wife's family and his own being a fine and perfectly sound race. His first child was without blemish; but before the birth of the second, which took place during the Revolution, a bomb-shell burst in the wife's room. The child was born deaf and dumb, and so were the five born subsequently—a fact of considerable interest to scientific inquirers, as opposed to certain generally accepted theories. Four of these children are alive in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum here.

To return from this digression to subjects which are more properly within the scope of this article: the duels which frequently take place, and are yet more frequently imminent, in the highest Sicilian society, are the natural result of violent passions and a readiness to take offence uncontrolled by other principles or obligations than those which we may suppose to have been respected in the sixteenth cen-

tury. The small regard for human life, the mad loves and madder jealousies, the tortuous intrigues and counter-intrigues, are much the same now as then. The discipline of public opinion is unfelt, the open condemnation of the world unknown. As an illustration of this I may recount a story of recent occurrence.

A lady, whom I will call the Princess A., has two daughters. The elder has been partly engaged for more than a year to a youth, who shall be represented here as Prince B.'s eldest son. Rings have been exchanged, but there is no formal engagement. Nevertheless, negotiations between the respective mothers of the young couple seem to be bringing matters to a crisis, when an unexpected difficulty arises. The younger daughter of the Princess A. becomes engaged to a certain wealthy Count C., whose half-brother, it appears, killed Prince B.'s brother in a duel some years ago. A disgraceful story, affecting the characters of a mother and a daughter, which it is unnecessary for me to repeat here, even if it were not too complicated and involved to be easily understood, was revealed as the cause of this duel. Suffice it, Prince B. stipulates that Count C.'s brother shall never be admitted into the family circle of which young Prince B. is to become a member—a demand which, under the circumstances, does not appear unreasonable. But the Princess A. is too keenly desirous to secure a rich *parti* for her younger daughter to submit to these conditions. Feeling no reprehension of the circumstances which might be supposed to cast a shadow on the House of C. she has no personal disinclination to receive any member of it; and as the head of that family is a richer man than young B., the elder daughter is sacrificed, and her engagement is consequently broken off.

Three duels were nearly taking place in as many weeks while I was at Palermo; and the scene and circumstances of one of these quarrels, which nearly terminated in murder, are sufficiently remarkable to be recorded as a *tableau de mœurs*. Curious to say, the Count C. of the foregoing story was one of the antagonists; and the altercation arose from his insolent demeanor toward a Sicilian gentleman at a public charity ball, given at the theatre. All the great ladies of Palermo were patronesses, and present upon the occasion, and among

the number the Princess A., who looked down from her box upon the immense costume-quadrille, in which her daughter and Count C. took part. The pit was boarded over, and the spectacle, as I beheld it, was picturesque and animated, all the boxes being filled with jewelled ladies, the *parterre* a moving flower-bed of figures, mostly of the fifteenth century. It was after this dance, when Count C. had conducted his *fiancée* back to her mother's box, that he thought fit to accost an acquaintance in the pit, who had been taking part in the quadrille, with an impertinent remark, which the other resented. The war of words continued for some little time, until the blood of the unoffending man becoming heated, he hit Count C. a blow in the chest. This was quickly answered, and soon the two men, in their fifteenth-century costumes, were rolling on the floor. Count C. being uppermost and—let us hope—blind with passion, seized the poignard from his antagonist's belt, and, while ladies shrieked from the boxes above and men bellowed below, was about to plunge the weapon into his opponent, when his arm was seized and he was dragged off. A duel seemed inevitable, but, owing to the good offices of the General to whom I have already referred, and who is the one authority to whose opinion all submit in difficulties of any kind, this was avoided. It formed the subject of gossip in the city for a day, and then was forgotten, as a thing of no importance and void of all consequences.

Few Sicilians—perhaps it may be urged few Southerners of any nationality—are lovers of Nature for Nature's self. Still, I would maintain the supremacy of indifference to belong to this island. Certain well-established points of view, such as Taormina, may command a conventional phrase of admiration; certain conveniently situated spots in the neighborhood of Palermo may be regarded with indulgence as objects for a picnic. But for any quiet-seeking and silent enjoyment of the beautiful, solitary spaces of purple mountain, flowery plain, and blue-green sea, we must look to visitors from the North, whose passage is as that of the swallows. No

doubt the want of cultivation of what we call "the education of the eye" is partly chargeable with this. It has often been remarked how little appreciation of any beauty but the obvious in Nature classic writers show. With what horror they regard her in her stern, impressive moods; how only from the utilitarian point of view does she seem seriously to engage their attention. The mind of the Sicilian proprietor has probably the same standard by which to gauge the flower-decked fields and groves of golden oranges; but the ordinary, unendowed inhabitant does not enjoy even this practical pleasure in a land which gives him nothing, and from which he cannot take away even a memory to warm and brighten the gray monotony of city ways.

A charming lady, of high degree, dwelling within a mile of the lovely bay of Mondello—to whom I remarked what a delight it must be to her to wander often through the embowering woods, down to the basin of the white-fringed sea, guarded by its bluffs of rock, and to sit there upon the yellow sand, hunting for the pink and purple shells, wherewith the shore is thickly strewn—stared at me and replied, "Ah! yes, I remember; six years ago we had a picnic there, by moonlight, one night. I have not been there since."

And thus it is that we, from whose eyes the cataracts of obtuseness have been removed—thanks first to the great landscape-painters, secondly to the modern writers whose teaching has made us observe more and more the infinite variety in this dear world of ours—look with a pitying wonder upon those who are blind from their birth to the beauty that surrounds them. Yet these people, with all their ignorance, their superstitions, their indefensible ways, in many respects are interesting as children are, before the hand (or it may be the ferule) of the schoolmaster has laid upon them the weight of knowledge—interesting, by reason of their absolute freshness—interesting because while with them we seem to be living in another century, away from the stereotyped lines of modern thought, in ethics, in literature, or in art.  
—*Nineteenth Century*.

## WORKING HOURS AND WORKINGMEN.\*

BY DR. B. W. RICHARDSON.

It is my duty to-night to address workingmen and to bring to a close the proceedings of the present Congress of the Sanitary Institute. It is assumed that, under existing necessities, working-men and working-women have not the time for attending the daily meetings of the Congress, a fact to be regretted, because so much more service to the great cause of sanitation, or health of the world, is imparted when those who are concerned in that cause—and who is not?—can take personal part in advancing it. It is all very well for me or for some learned colleague of mine to give a lecture; but that is a poor substitute for direct personal debate on the matter. In my own case I feel sure I should never have acquired the absorbing interest and the knowledge I have attained on health subjects if I had merely been lectured at and told, this is what I must understand and that is what I must do.

When, therefore, the Sanitary Institute, or other organization, holds another Health Congress, I respectfully suggest that on every evening there should be a meeting for papers and discussions in which working-men and women should take a leading part. It would be good if some of these would write papers for every one to discuss, so that they might lend their knowledge to the professed sanitarians in response to that which has been given to them. It would be well also to see one of them occupying the chair and conducting the business of the meeting, because, if they once commenced to take leading parts in this magnificent work, they would continue their efforts. For, indeed, the work is so magnificent and so attractive, and, when understood, so mighty, they who have once become connected with it never cease to carry it forward, notwithstanding the anger of the cynics, a mischievous and bad lot, who, when they cannot confute, abuse.

Perhaps you will say this subject of health is too difficult and scientific for

men and women who have to work for their daily bread. Not a bit of it; it is simplicity itself. Not a carpenter who planes a piece of wood by the square; not a bricklayer who lays a wall by the plumb rule; not a plumber who wipes a joint; not a blacksmith who forges a horse-shoe; not a watchmaker who cleans a watch; not an engine driver who drives an engine, but does something quite as difficult and quite as scientific as anything done by the cleverest sanitarian. It is all a matter of looking at the question and of facing it. Face it and it is yours, as much as it is ours or anybody's. Every man could, if he would, soon learn to understand and discuss the sanitary business just as we have done in the past week. Neither need the women be afraid to learn and reason and act in the same manner; for women ought to be the best of the sanitary brood. In classical history a woman was the leader of health. We call her the Goddess of Health to this very day, and we owe that title to the wise old ancients. They had a god who was the founder of the science and art of curing diseases, and this god they called *Æsculapius*; but *Æsculapius* had a daughter, as might be expected of so great a personage, and she became the goddess, not of physic, but of health. *Æsculapius* would say to men and women, "Get ill and I will cure you." But his daughter, who was named *Hygeia*, Goddess of Health, would say, "My children, my father is a clever old fellow enough, and I am proud of him; but he, belonging to the male side and always wanting to be master, lets you go wrong in order that he may be called in to show his power and his skill in putting you right. I, however, belonging to the female side, wish to tell you something better. I would advise you never to require his assistance at any time. Live well and keep well. Then those diseases he is so proud of naming and curing will never get into your homes at all. The women can keep the homes in such a healthy state that a home which contains a sick person, with a doctor flitting in and out, will be like a churchyard at midnight with the usual ghost, a spot to be marked out and

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shut up." Then also the women, coming to a meeting like the present, instead of listening to what is to be taught here, might tell us so much as goddesses of health, that the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain itself would soon have to go into a position where it could enjoy its dignity at its leisure. And be sure of it, discussions on health by working people will come; although at this moment the fates are against us. We must, therefore, have an address; and now, what shall be the topic?

Health is fertile and offers a thousand topics. But many are worn out, or require rest; others are deep and require preparatory study; others are pleasant, but theoretical. I propose one that is practical; one that we all know something about if we are worth our salt, which isn't much, though we talk so much about it. I propose that we consider *work* and *working hours*, or hours of work in relation to workingmen. You needn't start, or begin to get up steam as if a political engine were about to be brought out to run on a line which may have rails, but which certainly is not smooth. Have no fear! To-night let us throw politics, as if they were physic, to the dogs. We are sanitarians looking down on politics and politicians with all the pity that should be felt by the followers of the Goddess of Health. We will study work only as a measure of health. How does work run with health, and how far does health sustain work to the benefit and the happiness of the worker? Let that be our text.

#### WORK EVERY MAN'S PORTION.

We may start on this inquiry by the assurance that work, manual work—and that, too, of rather a resolute kind—is absolutely necessary for every man. The old saying that man shall live by the sweat of his brow is as true to-day as on the day when it first went forth. The work of man has been compared to that of a gardener, and the similitude is good: for the world at large is a garden, nothing more, nothing less. The true destiny of man is to make the garden a paradise, and until this is done there will be no peace, no garden of peace, no paradise. Every one of us here, probably, has been working all the day for and toward the completion of this greatest work, though we have not

been thinking of this object of our labors. Every man, everywhere, who deserves to be called a man, has worked for this unrecognized object. I press this point because it leads us on to understand what is the best idea of work. The idea cannot be too hopeful. We often meet with a good workman who, having completed some really excellent task—shaping a stone, carving a panel of wood, building a wall, painting a wall, decorating a ceiling, or what-not—having finished his job, turns from it, glad to get rid of it, and caring not what shall become of it. This is because he does not realize the importance of his labor; does not grasp the fact that nothing done is lost, and that everything well done, if the true worth of it be properly realized, is an addition to the garden of the world, the future Paradise. But when he does realize it, let the following story, true in every word, and resting on my own observation, illustrate how good it is for him.

On the eastern coast of Scotland there is a beautiful old city called St. Andrews. The city claims, as its own, the oldest of the great universities of Scotland. In the beautiful lecture-hall of the university there is now and then held a kind of gala day, when the learned professors invite an outsider to give a lecture to the students, and to those inhabitants of the city, besides the students, who choose to come and listen. On a bright day in the early part of a year not long gone by I was invited to give one of these extra lectures in the morning, and to listen to a lecture in the evening by another outside teacher. I did not know my colleague, who delivered the evening lecture, personally, but I heard that he filled an important judicial office in Scotland, and was considered to be one of the most powerful, able, learned, and withal wittiest men in Scotland. He chose for the subject of his lecture "Self-culture," and for an hour he held us in a perfect dream of pleasure. I could not for my part realize that the hour had fled, and had difficulty in preventing myself committing the very improper act, for such an occasion, of calling out "encore" with all my might. You may depend upon it that we cheered the lecturer vigorously; and we one and all said, "What a wonderful lecture! What a treat, to be sure!" The lecture ended at seven o'clock, and at eight I found myself seated

at dinner by the side of the lecturer, at the house of Professor Bell Pettigrew, whose great researches on flight some of you may have heard of, and who is the most genial of men. In the course of the dinner I made some reference to the hall in which the lecture had taken place—how good it was for sound, and what a fine structure to look upon.

"And did you like the way in which the stones were laid inside?" was a question from my new friend to whose lecture I had listened.

"Immensely," I replied. "The man who laid those stones was an artist who must have thought that his work would live through the ages."

"Well, that is pleasant to hear," he said, "for the walls are my ain doing." He had the Scotch accent when he was in earnest.

"Fortunate man," I replied, "to have the means to build so fine a place;" for I thought, naturally enough, that, being a rich man, he had built the hall at his own expense and had presented it to the university.

"Fortunate truly," he answered, "but not in that sense. What I mean is, that I laid every one of those stones with my ain hand. When that place was being built I was a working mason, under the father of our friend the Professor opposite us, a builder in St. Andrews who had the contract, and he gave me the job of laying the inside stone-work; and I never had any job in my life that gave me so much pride and so much pleasure."

My audience, that workman still lives, and is one of the heads of the university. While he was working with his hands he was working also with his brain. He took his degree, he went to the Bar, he signalized himself there; and now he is what he is, one of the honored of honored names of his country. But I refer to him here only as the mason at his work, adorning the garden of the world, and proud of his labor. That man had the idea of the paradise; it sweetened his work; it made it great; and whatever else he has done or may do, that was one of his best works, one of which he may well be most proud in his own soul. We applauded his brilliant lecture; but those silent, beautiful stones before him, which echoed our applause, must, I think, have been to him one cheer more, and a big one too.

The illustration is valuable because it meets an objection which some too refined and overwise people make as to the sentiment which must, as they imagine, always prevail among those who work for their living with their limbs. "What is the use," they ask, "what is the use for you to hold out to workingmen that they ought to consider the value of their work? Why, they will laugh in your face. They live to toil; and the toil is such that they can't be expected to look upon it, or have it referred to with pleasure. It is something they know they must get through each day, and there it ends." But my new friend gave a direct contradiction to this vulgar prejudice; and I am hopeful that among the ten million workers of these islands there is a large percentage possessed of the same spirit, who take a pride in their work, and who like it best when it is best done. These are the happiest of all their class, and they are the healthiest, which is the point most affecting us at this moment. Under this sentiment the working hours are both shortened and lightened, in so far as strength and health are concerned, since nothing saves the body and keeps it in good order like the tranquil mind which feels the value as well as the dignity and necessity of labor. I am quite sure, for my own part, that I should have given up the supplementary hours of work each day of my own life many years ago but for the feeling that the labor might be of some value in the "garden of the world"—might be helping to make the Paradise which is to be; helping in some very small degree, of course, and yet in a degree up to my level best.

#### WILL FOR WORK.

Working hours are sweetened, shortened, and lightened by the idea of the value of the work; they are directed, in the same manner, by what may be called *will for work*. When will goes with work, half the work is done; when will does not go with work, the work is doubled, trebled, quadrupled. I like tricycling; but if I were a man working for a master, who said to me in London: "Now, then, it's six o'clock in the morning; get on that tricycle and deliver this letter at Bath before six to-night," I should, I fear, be rather inclined to tell him to go to Bath himself, and might even, in my disgust, give him a bit of insane advice as to what

he ought to do in connection with the journey. Or, if I undertook the task by necessity, how I should fume and wear and tear as I went along! Yet, very likely, I should find a man, mounted like me, doing, for his own pleasure, the same task as jollily as Mr. Mark Tapley himself, feeling no fatigue, and determined to add a second hundred miles to his day's work after he has left me at my destination with my master's note. Herein is the difference produced by will :—

Against the will no work will run,  
But willing work is working fun.

I am convinced that many employers, many employed fail to understand the importance of this fact. "Employers are practical men, sir," I heard one say. "They care nothing about likes or dislikes, will or no will. The work has to be got through, and if a man don't like it he can chuck it up." "I make it a point," I heard another employer say. "to study, as far as I can, the tastes of my people, because I find that they do twice the work that comes to them with a will, to what they do when it goes across the grain, and I often regret that my establishment is limited in its resources for variety of work, since I am sure with sufficient variety I could make our work half a holiday, and could get double the amount of work as well, or better, carried out."

The cynics, not remembering the low vulgarity of the word, would call this last employer a "faddist;" I call him the real practical man, who in the results he obtained was by far the more successful of the two.

#### LIMITATION OF WORKING HOURS.

And now I light upon the vexed question: Is it right that hours of work should be limited; and, if so, how many hours should be allotted to work?

The old saying on this point runs :—

Eight hours' work, eight hours' play,  
With eight hours' sleep makes one good day.

So it does, and there is an immense amount of sound common-sense in these two lines. Supposing that meal-times are included in the eight hours' play, the sanitary teacher has little to add, little to take away from the rule in its general application. In the garden of the world no one

need be obliged to do more work than can be done in eight hours if the work were carried out on a scientific and proper system. Unfortunately it is not, and is not likely to be for an age or two, so that we have to meet a big difficulty in the face and to do the best we can to help to lessen it.

As a matter of health the rule is good. Whose fault is it that it is not generally applied? One says tyranny is the faulty cause; another says necessity. We may admit, in some instances, necessity; but I should say that the fault, pretty universal in its nature, is based on ignorance or thoughtlessness rather than on any systematic oppression or absolute necessity.

I spot one illustration here. Why should shopkeepers be forced by all classes, rich, middle, and poor alike to keep their places of business open for more than eight hours a day? Who is benefited by the notion which every tradesman seems to have that it is his duty to beat every other tradesman of his sort in the plan of keeping his shop open to the public to the last possible moment, and beginning again at the first possible moment? The man does not like it. Those employed by him do not like it. It is the outside public who demand it and will have it. The draper, as one of the outside public, will have it of the grocer; the grocer of the baker, the baker of the butcher, and every sort of the liquor seller. Was there ever such an absurdity? There are a few who never can shut up. But how few! Name the policeman, the fireman, the sick nurse, and that most taxed of all living men, the family doctor; and how many more need be employed beyond eight hours out of the twenty-four in constant daily work?

What a grand thing it would be to lessen pressure of business to this extent! In some instances it would cause the rate of mortality to go down as certainly as the barometer goes down when the pressure of air is taken off the mercury. And what a grand example it would be, affecting for the best all sorts and conditions of men! What healthy habits it would produce, what economy! Think of buying all provisions under the light of the sun instead of the flare of gas, paraffin, or naphtha! Look at a purchase made in the light of the morning by the side of one made in the light of the night! Why, I



tell you, working-men and women, that there are persons who keep what they could not sell in the daytime in order that it may be sold at night, for the simple reason that customers cannot see so well then what they are buying ; and I am sure you must all have observed that well-to-do people never go out at night to buy if they can help it ; that their great stores close early, and that the transaction is followed by better health in buyer and seller alike. The old curfew bell that made everybody shut up at one fixed hour was a good bell for many reasons, no reason more than that it carried with it the sound of health. We want a new and still earlier health bell in these times ; not one rung by legal order, but by good feeling, good sense, and common humanity ; a bell that should not sound to the ear, but should ring in every heart.

It is of no use blaming employers or employed until the public lends its mind to the resolution that it will do no business in unreasonable hours. There is an inconsistency about this subject which is appalling. A philanthropic lady may come to me to ask, will I not do something, will I not say something, will I not write a few lines to the *Times* to help to cure this great and crying evil ? Yet a few days afterward this philanthropist may take away her custom from her neighboring draper for no other reason than that his shop is closed when at the last moment she requires a piece of ribbon for an evening party to which she is about to go.

#### EIGHT HOURS A FAIR TIME.

Taking it all in all, we may keep our minds on eight hours as a fair time for work. We may consider justly that a person who works hard and conscientiously for eight hours has little to be ashamed of, and that, for health's sake, he has done what is near to the right thing ; if he take an hour to get to and from work, two hours for meals, three hours for reading or recreation, and one hour for rising and going to bed, including in this the daily bath which is so essential to health, he is in good form for good health. It matters little then what his occupation may be, since this laying out of time is time well laid out for mind and body.

I am quite aware that in the present state of things this rule cannot be made absolute, and that eight hours is rather to

be taken as a standard than as a rule. It may be accepted as not positively necessary in some classes of work, and as positively necessary in other classes.

We will, if you please, follow this out a little on the health and life side of the question, and on that alone.

#### THE BODILY POWERS AND HOURS OF WORK.

The human organization is so far after the manner of a mechanism or engine that it is destined always to perform a certain fixed measure of work. Be it ever so idle, it must do a certain measure of work. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out ; but all along the line, from coming in to carrying out, we are all at work. The richest man, who thinks he never has occasion to work at all, has within him a working pump called his heart, and a working bellows called his lungs, and a working vat called his stomach, and a working condenser called his brain, and a working evaporator called his skin, with other parts, all of which must be at work, whether he will or not. He may not know it, but the heart of the laziest lout you can imagine is expending over his body, day by day, one hundred and twenty-two foot-tons weight of work. This is work he can't escape, and he carries it on a longer or shorter time, according as he is constituted to do it. He is born to lift so many millions of tons in so many years, and as each piece of work is done it is finished for good, not a stroke of it ever recalled. If he meet with no accident, the time will come when the last stroke in his capacity will be played out, and then he will die.

A rule of a similar kind applies to all other parts and organs, and that person lives longest who so lives and works that all parts wear out together. There are very few such persons ; the larger number break down from one point, the rest of the body being good for long to come. You know the rule in machinery, that the strength of a chain lies in each link : let one link give way, and where is the chain ? It is the same with the chain of life.

#### SOME USEFUL LESSONS.

The lessons that arise from correct knowledge on these points are numerous, and have a particular bearing on the ques-

tion of hours of work. The first lesson is one in which all interests are equally concerned. The master is concerned in it, the workman is concerned in it. The lesson is that when a man is working at one particular thing, which keeps one particular organ or set of organs constantly at work, nothing can be gained by keeping up the time of work too long without cessation. I have tried to ascertain if there is any sort of work in which this rule fails to hold good, and I find none. If the work be entirely muscular, the rule is wonderfully sound. The best mechanical work is always that which stops on this side of actual weariness. To put the matter in a nutshell, an overstrained workman is for the time a bad workman and a dear workman, whatever his will and his skill may be. He is disabled in that part of his body that has been particularly taxed, and in that part he must be rested and recruited before he can with perfect health and strength resume his employment.

But what is the full time for the running down, if I may so call it, of the powers of the body each day, under steady, hard, muscular work, not calling for much mental exertion? I should fix it, from our side of the question, at one-third of the twenty-four hours of the day, or half the waking hours; that is to say, the same period as should be devoted to that entire rest, chiefly in sleep, which is needed in order to restore the body to its full power, and to regulate the balance of power.

This is the first lesson, in which nothing except bodily work has been noticed. Let us refer to another state of things, in which mental work, a much sharper master, comes on the scene. I have never yet met with a pure mental worker who could keep up good mental work day after day for six hours. When, therefore, any work exercises the mind as well as the body; when to mental labor responsibility and anxiety are added; when the work put upon the heart increases largely; when the mainspring and prime regulator of the whole animal machine is oppressed, and all is cross-grain and uncertain; when the mind becomes irritable as the muscles become wearied; and when that which was readily seen and easily done at the commencement of the work demands more than ordinary care—must, practically, be

twice done, and, after all, without proper satisfaction—then the necessity for the eight hours' rule becomes absolute.

Let us look round and pick out one or two kinds of work as examples coming, in this way, under the rule of regular eight hours. I should put engine driving at the head of these representative kinds of work in which mind and body are severely taxed together. The engine driver is taxed all round; he has much to do that calls the muscles of his body into active work; he is unable to rest; he is exposed to great changes of heat and cold, wind and rain; he has to bear the rapid friction of the air over the surface of his body; and, from minute to minute, for hour after hour, he is obliged to have his most active and laboring senses, his sight, his hearing, his touch—yes, and his sense of smell too—persistently on guard. To all is added the hidden weight of responsibility, a weight which springs from the whole of the work put together, and with something else behind, which men call conscientiousness or conscience, which intensifies the mental and physical strains. I am quite convinced that, in respect to bodily and mental health, such kind of work ought never to exceed eight hours out of the twenty-four hours of the day. It is bad all round that it should exceed this strain; bad, because dangerous, to the public, which depends for its health and life on the judgment and skill of the driver; bad for the endurance of the man himself, and bad for those who pay him for his services; bad because the men who accept such responsible labor—although they may keep at it for some years in spite of the overstrain—become prematurely old; at sixty or so are aged so that people begin to say of them, and they begin to say of themselves, that they are getting past work, when, in truth, this is just the time they ought to be in the full swing of a ripe and useful experience, and in a condition most serviceable as laborers for the general good—laborers for that garden of the world they are sent to cultivate and help to bring to perfection.

By argument quite independent of politics, commerce, or economy; by argument based simply on the study of man himself as a working unit; the physician's argument, if you like to consider it so, I venture to declare that eight hours is the extreme limit of labor, compatible with

healthy life, for all callings of the character above described.

There are some other callings which, on account of their monotony and steady wear and tear from constant work, require the same regular limitation of time. The postman is an excellent illustration of the class of worker included under this head. The work of the postman is one continuous busy go-round; he is on his feet during the whole of his working hours, except in the few, far too few, instances, in country districts, where he is able to use a velocipede. The result is that the postman wears out too fast. The late medical officer to the General Post Office, Dr. Waller Lewis, was fully alive to this fact. He referred to it in his reports, and he several times spoke to me about it. There were some men, he told me, who sustained the tedious labor fairly; but none bore it well, and the weaker ones badly. The effect, generally, was to produce a premature old age; in other words, shortening of the life of the worker.

Lastly, hardest muscular kinds of work demand, for the best reason, limitation of hours. Among those of us who have studied this subject most carefully, there is, I believe, little difference of opinion. We should, I think, be unanimous that the strongest man ought not to perform, day by day, work that should call forth more than 250 foot-tons of energy, or rather more than twice the natural work of the heart. But in some work this amount is increased over a third. In the work of the dock laborer it runs up to 315 foot-tons; in the pile driver and pavior to 350; and in a few others to 370. Here the eight hours' rule, at least, is absolute for health. We could not put such a strain on an engine that was not made to bear it, without breaking the engine down; and we cannot put it on a man without the same result.

#### SOME OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

I wait here to anticipate some objections which may arise. One man will say to me, "You are calculating up the human body as if it were a steam engine; all very well as a doctor's calculation, but of no sense for a practical man." I answer:—if you work a steam engine, you reckon up its working power to the uttermost

farthing; and if you strain it, wear it out, or blow it up, you take the consequences. "Of course," will be the reply; "but then a man is not an engine; a man has a will and a mind of his own which alters everything." How so? I think that only makes matters worse; the man's will is expressed by his vital powers, just the same as his strength to work is; and if his will chafes under his work, the work is so much the harder. Do you imagine that, if the steam engine were endowed with a will, and you had to govern the will as well as the work of the engine, the work would be less wearing to it? Why, it would be all the more wearing; and if, after great oppression, the engine, at full strain, blew itself, and you with it, into atoms, you need not be surprised.

No, this is a question that is essentially a doctor's question, for the simple reason that it is the study of the doctor to find what the human body and human mind can and cannot bear. If he does not understand this, who does? Some day it will be a doctor's question out and out, and in that department of medical science and art which relates to the treatment of the most useful of the lower animals, the horse, it comes already into immediate service. A well informed veterinary surgeon will calculate the life value of a horse with the greatest ease by the age and character of the animal, in combination with the work which the animal will have to perform. Mr. Field, of Oxford Street, London, one of the soundest veterinary surgeons I ever knew, was once advising me about the purchase of a horse I had sent to his "whispering gallery," as he called his testing yard, in order to find if the animal were sound in "wind, limb, and eyesight." I asked him what length of work there was in the animal. "For your work," he said, "good ten or eleven years; for my work, seven or eight; for a London omnibus, three to four. It is chiefly a matter of work and strain on the heart." "Has temper nothing to do with it?" "Yes; if he is a fretful, unwilling, or wilful animal, you may take off a good fourth from the working value of your purchase."

The objection named above is not difficult to meet. But there is another which claims to be very strong. Its supporters reason in this way: they say that if people didn't die from work they would die

from pleasure, and that it is better to wear out from work than from luxury. A rigid teetotaler will turn on me and ask, "What is the injury which work, and hard overwork, puts upon the heart and life of a man compared with the work and overwork, the wear and tear, which strong drink inflicts on those who indulge in it? Are not," he inquires, "beer and stout, and wine and brandy, and gin and whiskey, and rum and shrub, as hard task-masters as the hardest master who can be found looking over a gang of laborers, or superintending a workshop?" I do not dispute that strong drink is the hardest of masters; I know quite well that it weakens, lowers, and kills just as overwork does; I am not ignorant of the fact that, doing no service whatever to anybody, all the fluids mentioned add to the work of life, and hasten death. I know that the Divine Creator of our animal bodies chose that they should work by the use of water, just as we inferior creatures ordain that our most powerful and useful engines, engines that transport us over land and sea, shall work altogether by the use of water turned into steam and condensed back into water. I am quite aware that, if I were to tamper with the work of a perfect steam engine by drenching it with beer, stout, wine, brandy, whiskey, gin, rum, or any other of these mischievous nuisances, I should soon knock that beautiful structure into what is vulgarly called "a cocked hat," which means, I suppose, a hat that is easily shut up. I know, of course, that if men were to drench omnibus horses with the same vile compounds as human beings drench themselves with, the omnibus companies would soon come to an end with the animals they had poisoned. I know that, if the cattle on a thousand hills were to be drenched in like manner, there would very soon be few that were tamable, few that were workable, few that were eatable. What is more, I know that when men, working-men, or idling men, drench themselves with these fluids, their hearts and lungs, and livers and kidneys, and stomachs and brains and nerves, wear out at an alarming pace, faster than from hardest work. I am quite aware of these facts. I remember—and it is a useful fact for all of us to remember—that if a man in perfect health and strength puts into his stomach, in the course of a working day, four fluid ounces of spirit in the

form of any of the common alcoholic beverages, he gives his heart an additional twelve foot-tons of work—not a pleasant addition to a day's hard work even for a coalheaver, and an addition which is fearfully injurious to all parts of the body that the heart feeds with blood. Knowing so much, then, I admit the teetotaler's argument as far as it goes. And how far does it go? Just to the extent that two blacks do not make a white, and not a step farther. If an engine driver, or a postman, or any one else, likes to add to the proper work of his life so much more work, and, under the delusion that he is strengthening himself by indulging in the use of the greatest of all paralyzers, doubles his work by drink, so much the more speedy will be the downfall of his life. Such addition to work, however, has nothing to do with the question of his daily work, for a man might be making the same expedition toward death from drink if he were riding in a chariot, or were seated in a chair of state, calling out for his three vintners, like Old King Cole.

There is yet another argument brought against limitation of useful work, namely, that those who have nothing to do constantly perform the hardest work for their own gratification. Some do this in boating, some in hunting or field sports generally, others in wandering about the earth, and not a few in that everlasting mill at Westminster to which the people periodically sentence a certain number of themselves to grind away session after session until all is blue above and chaff below. Admitted that many who need not work at all are worked so terribly, what does it mean? It means, simply, that man was made for work; that he is forced, will he, nill he, to help cultivate the garden of the world; or to change by a word or two the speech of the gravedigger in "Hamlet," "Here lies the work; good; here stands the man; good! If the man will not go to the work, the work will come to the man. But this does not alter the question one bit, because, when these self-acting slaves do apply themselves to slavish labor, they shorten their lives by the slavery—a sort of suicide for which they alone are responsible.

Not one of these arguments, nor any other with which I am acquainted, touches the proper limitation of labor in such oc-

occupations as those to which special reference has been made, and their likes : the occupation of the engine driver, calling for mental as well as physical strain, of the postman, calling for unceasing wear, and of the hard muscular worker. I choose these as typical or representative labors, but there are many more like them. Some years ago I made a study of the value of life according to occupation, and found a certain number of occupations which presented alarming figures, showing the shortening of life connected with them. I found, out of forty-two of the chief industrial occupations, no fewer than thirty showing a mortality above the average, and in some cases far above the average. For example, taking 100 as the average figure, I found that 138 potters died instead of 100 ; 129 bargemen instead of 100 ; 121 dock laborers instead of 100 ; and so on, with rather more favorable returns to other workers, who, though dying above the average, were more favored, because, although overworked, they enjoyed somewhat better conditions of air, of food, and of clothing. I discovered also one particular fact showing how in the selfsame business hard overwork each day will reduce the value of life. I took the blacksmiths of the country and the blacksmith of Marylebone, in London, from Dr. Dundas Thompson's tables, and found that while the deaths of the country blacksmiths were 19 per 1,000, those of Marylebone were 31. In the country the blacksmith is a healthy man ; he rises early and works moderate hours, say ten daily ; in London he rises early and works twelve hours. In the course of his life he can strike between the age of twenty and sixty, 36,000,000 blows on his anvil, 3,000 each day of ten hours ; but when two extra hours with 600 blows more are laid on him per day, there is added in the year sixty more working days, and in five years one whole year more of work—a full and sufficient reason, in combination with his unhealthier surroundings, for his shorter life. I pointed out, when these calculations were made, some rearrangements by which these excessive hours of labor could be reduced, and urged that every occupation showing deaths above the average from overwork should be forced to reduce hours of work ; for, I reasoned, what economy can it be to a nation or employer to inflict on working people labor to the extent of

destroying the health and shortening the life ? Many years have passed since this was said, and nothing has been done in a systematic manner, and so I repeat the recommendation. I repeat that, the facts being in the full possession of the nation, there ought to be inquiry on all sides how best the serious differences of labor in their effects on health and life can be so adjusted that health and life shall be better preserved. This is a duty that ought not to be left to the workers alone to rectify. They will, no doubt, rectify it, but they are too closely confined in winning bread for themselves and their families to be able to look into the matter calmly and sufficiently ; and this is a pressing matter every one ought to look into, for the sake of the great reformation that is required for the interests of those who do not work at injurious callings as well as of those who do ; since bad health from overwork brings feverishness, restlessness, and sometimes conditions of mind bearing on desperation which lead to uncontrollable action and general misery.

In the reformation which has to come, and which is on the horizon, the process of measuring out time for work holds a first place. I teach now, as I have taught for many years, that for health's sake eight hours is a fair average. I do not put it as absolute. There are occupations in which eight hours are really too long, because all the time the labor of the body, or of the attention, or of both, is too severe. There are occupations in which the body is bent all the time of work, until at last actual deformity of the body takes place from long hours. In all such occupations the time should be limited to or within eight hours. There are, on the other hand, occupations where, although the hours may be long, the work is only by fits and starts, so to speak, with considerable intervals of rest between. In such cases ten or even eleven hours may be comparatively harmless, if the surroundings are healthy, and the habits of the worker wholesome and sound.

#### RESPECTING HOLIDAYS.

Before I conclude you will expect me to say a word or two about recreation and holidays. To secure recreation is to recreate the body and the mind. In proper recreation we call into play muscles which have too long lain idle, and which require

exercise. We bring also into play portions of the brain, the organ of the mind, which have too long lain fallow, and in this way take in new pictures of the mind and lay them by, as we lay by beautiful drawings in our books and cabinets to keep and enjoy. Thus the brain becomes a treasure house, and a fine treasure house it may be made, I can assure you. I believe that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand persons do not furnish ninety-nine parts out of a hundred of their brain treasure house—a sad omission. Every good sanitarian goes in for good recreation and good holiday-making, and for none so much as for those who work hardest. We are, I hope, all agreed on this principle; but, it may be, we are not all agreed, that all sanitarians are not strictly agreed, as to details. I will state my views, trusting they may be yours; and, if they are not, we will not quarrel, but, agreeing for the moment to differ, will reconsider the point more carefully.

#### THE DAY OF REST.

First, then, we have, fortunately for us all, fifty-two days in the year which are set apart as days of rest; and I pray you let no one mislead you in the attempt to sacrifice the day in which you shall do no manner of work. Our wise and discerning friends, the Jews, have given us this advice and have acted up to it. They have kept their own day of rest rigidly, perhaps too rigidly—as, for instance, in the case of a Jewish neighbor of mine who, having folded up a newspaper the evening before her Sabbath, brought it to our garden wall on her day of rest, that I might address it and post it. But there is not a shadow of doubt that to the Jews as a people the seventh day has been a day of life, and through the ages a mainstay in their checkered and often unhappy career. Let us keep it also as a day of happy, healthy rest.

Our old Puritan fathers made it a penance, and you may perhaps remember the picture of one of them, told by a satirist who knew them:—

"From Salisbury came I, oh profane one!  
Where I saw a Puritane one,  
A hanging of his cat on Monday,  
For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

Well, I like the Puritans, and some say I am a little infected with their views;

but I do not agree with them on this subject. Our Sunday, the first day of the week, takes its name from the sun, and, to my mind, ought to be, like its namesake, pure, unclouded, bright, warm, and cheerful. Let our good friends, the teachers and preachers of religion, tempt us into their temples as much as ever they can; but let nothing interfere with the rational recreation and rational pleasure of the day. Let nothing interfere with our communion with the Lord of Nature in all His works and ways. One of my medical predecessors, Akenside, wrote for us:—

The men, whom Nature's works can please—  
With God Himself hold converse. Grow  
familiar  
Day by day with His conceptions, act upon  
His plans,  
And form to His the relish of their souls.

The words are true. They are near to God, who, drawing near to His works, know Him in His own mighty temple of earth and sky, as well as in the temples of wood and stone which men erect to His worship and His honor. And near also to Him are they who seek the works of that poet, sculptor, painter, writer, teacher, who best interprets Nature in her simplicity, her power, her virtue, her beauty, and her glory.

#### WEEK-DAY RECREATION.

Keep Sunday well as a first determination; but in every day of the week some recreation is also required, and, in coming days of eight hours for work, healthy and pure recreation will have to be provided for each day. This will create, in my opinion, a good result, not only in the pleasures of those who by work earn the refreshment of play, but in relieving the labor market itself by providing new and varied occupations for those who minister to the public entertainment. One of the sterling characters whom Charles Dickens invented for us says, "People muth be amuthed." They must, and there must be good workers to supply the amusement. Already this class with the school teachers are increasing in the most remarkable manner. In the increase of the population the ministers of religion keep on a level with the people; the lawyers go a little ahead; the doctors fall far behind; but the schoolmaster and mistress, the musician, the player, and public reader are miles ahead, some more than double

the rate of the general increase. This is a relief to all the classes from which these popular workers spring ; and, just as good recreation is demanded, so will more and more artists be called to play their parts. I hope, for the sake of health, that good music will play a first part, for music is the soul of innocence, and good music means good health. He who can sing well is well. I asked once of an anxious mother, whose child I had left at night with a fear lest it would ever be seen by me again alive—I asked almost with fear, "How is Bonnie to-day?" "Listen, doctor!" was the delighted reply, "listen! she is singing: she must be safe now." It was a simple woman's simple inference, and correct to the letter.

This subject of amusements for workingmen is a serious as well as a happy one for all, but especially for those who have to work hard each day. To these recreation has never yet come in good form. Obligated to take just what they have found ready to hand, in the public-house, the low music-hall or saloon, the commonest games, the cheapest theatres, they have been blamed by the wealthier classes for their low tastes. I do not participate in this feeling. The finest rendering of the "Messiah" I ever listened to was one in which some hundreds of working Yorkshiremen at Leeds made the choruses; and, yearly, in the great national gathering in Wales, the best music and song is to be heard. These facts give contradiction direct to the assumption that men who work all day must seek low pleasures. The simple truth is, they never have had time or opportunity to seek and taste pure pleasures. Give them time and opportunity and they will both seek and find that, as to the pure all things are pure, so to their healthier work healthier pleasure must be added, in newer, better and more varied classes of entertainments and entertainers.

#### BANK HOLIDAY.

I touch, lastly, on general holidays; and here it is, I fear, that I may differ from some of you. When, a few years ago, a most estimable, earnest and useful public man, Sir John Lubbock, was fighting for Bank Holiday, I did all I could, with pen and voice, to back up his good work. I am glad of having done so, for I think his was exceedingly good work.

It was a capital start for popular holidays, and it was, perhaps, the only start that was possible at the time. But, watching the result, I am forced to say that reform is wanted. The Bank Holiday is too short, too tumultuous, too head over heels, to be recreative in a healthy sense. If the weather be good the holiday may be tolerable, but if the weather be bad it is absolutely injurious, a mere scratch holiday, giving rise to discomfort, vexation, sickness, and it may be days of after-suffering, for which no holiday compensates. I was present at one of our favorite watering places, in August 1888, during "the holiday" in a deluge of rain. The misery of the unhappy tourists was indescribable. Even the post-office was filled with the drenched visitors, seeking for shelter and wishing for home.

The change that seems to me necessary is to give to the working people the same opportunities for rational holidays as belong to others who consider themselves more favored. Let them have their holiday; not at a fixed time for the whole in a body, but for each one and each family, at convenient times; not for a day or two, to the injury of trade and general inconvenience, but for a week or fortnight, or longer still, for purposes of health and recreation. This would be holiday in earnest, and I speak from direct practical knowledge in saying that no plan is more easily carried out.

#### THE CONCLUSION.

The sum and substance of my message as a physician and sanitarian is, that for health's sake and life's sake, for the health and life of the nation as well as of the individual parts of it, the shoulders of labor require a great deal of lightening. An example, bearing to millions of minds a meaning beautiful as it is forcible, requires to be set. The yoke must be made easy, the burden light, before the healthy heart can beat out to its full days the healthy body and the healthy mind. I rejoice to know that great employers of labor are coming rapidly to this conclusion, and to have heard one of them say recently that so convinced was he of the folly of sustaining the hard yoke and the heavy burden, he had practically come to the eight-hour system, and had found it answer so advantageously, in the improved health of body and mind of the

operatives, and in improved product of their labor, that he would vote for the universal application of the system, just as earnestly as any one of the energetic men among themselves who are demanding it. But it is not the employer, it is not the employed, who can alone settle this question of good health and good life for good work. The public sentiment must lead to the change. A selfish want of common-sense is the thing to be rectified, not by an attack on selfish persons, but on selfish deeds. What shall be done when a thoughtless woman, with a really good heart, thinks it not unreasonable to quarrel with her draper because at nine o'clock at night she cannot get a yard or two of ribbon to fig herself out with for an evening party? Tell her she has a selfish want of common-sense; be ruder, if you like, and say she is deficient in wisdom; be ruder still, and say she is a fool

—which at the bottom she may not be—and all these epithets will not improve her. Follow another plan, however: put the matter forward plainly, without any mincing of the folly of the act as apart from the actor, and then if the folly of the act can be loudly proclaimed—proclaimed from the housetops, as the ancients would say—there is hope in store.

It is the business of an association like the Sanitary Institute to make known these reforming ideas far and wide, through those whom it deputed to speak at its congresses; and if to-night I have ventured to speak very openly to my countrymen of all classes on the vital sanitary question that has been before us, believe me I have had in view but one thought—the common health of the commonwealth;—the best cultivation of the garden of the world.—*Longman's Magazine*.

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#### IN RUTHENIA.

BY MENIE MURIEL DOWIE.

IN trying to tell you something about Ruthenia and her people, I shall confine myself entirely to what happened to me and to what I did, for that is all that I know; before my little book appears in the spring, I shall have burrowed to the very root of the question in the British Museum, and read everything I can lay my hands on which will help me to understand the past history of a country whose present one has so much interested me. And I shall have behind me, like any rabbit, quite a little heap of facts that have come out of the hole I have made. When I went there this summer I knew nothing about Ruthenia, and I don't feel my ignorance calls for any apology, for, if I may venture to say so, I have never met any one who did. However, I am able to assert that, with the Carpathians running almost due east and west with a southerly tendency toward the tail, Ruthenia, or Reussen, as it was called in the days when it was a happy little Polish province, lies north of Bukowina and Moldavia, south of the present kingdom of Poland, east of Bohemia and west of Podolia, and it has always been wanted by Russia as a frontier land. Called severally East Galicia

and Red Russia, it is a country that has never belonged to itself; it has always been one of the choicest possessions of other countries: Russia has had it, Poland has had it, and now Austria has got it—Austria who has the least right of any.

The Ruthenian has always been a bondsman; also he has rarely known the joys of peace: he has had the misfortune to be in the middle of every quarrel because his country lies midway between the countries that have most persistently quarrelled with one another.

The language resembles the most beautiful of all the Slav tongues very nearly—namely, Polish: many of the words are identical save for the lengthening or shortening of a vowel-sound. Take, for instance, bread; in Polish, *chleb*, and in Ruthenian, *chleba*: well, he would understand if he heard them spoken, but not if he saw them written, for he writes in that mysterious Russo-Greek text, and his alphabet is the Russian one, with forty-two letters.

My idea was to travel through the Carpathians on horseback alone, save for a peasant attendant, and stop in any village that took my fancy. I may just say at



once that I did this. For ten weeks I lived with the peasants, conformed almost entirely to their way, and ate their food ; for weeks together I saw no meat, vegetables, beer, or wine, and night after night, when up in the high mountains, I have slept under the moon, wrapped only in my Tartan cloak, on a layer of fresh-cut pine-boughs.

There are lux-cats, bears, and wolves in the Carpathians, and I know that everybody will think there are other obstacles for a girl travelling alone ; but that isn't the case. I cannot waste the space of this Review by explaining why there are no obstacles, why from London to the Russian frontier and back I met with no inconvenience. I can only assert that this was so. But of course I know why, and in another quarter I shall be very happy to give my reasons.

The one gown I wore had a short skirt that unhooked in a second, and left me in all the freedom of knickerbockers. My saddle-bag held a couple of clean shirts, and not being afflicted with the hesitations of Hyde Park, I rode cross-saddle or bareback upon the little Hutzul horses.

The name Hutzul characterizes the mountain people and the mountain horses, but they and the people on the plain are gathered together under the common title of Ruthenian. Unless riding or travelling, I hardly ever wore my socks and sandals—for I had at once adopted the charming foot-gear of the people. I went barefoot everywhere, and I have found myself, when about to climb a hill, taking off my sandals and slinging them by their cord about my neck, because the way was rough, and I didn't want them to get cut to pieces. This sounds somewhat inverse reasoning, but it never occurred to me that my feet might be cut to pieces, and that one wears shoes as a protection, because I wore my sandals as an ornament.

In Mikuliczyn, the first village, I stayed a month, learning a little of the language, and observing the people and their customs. Afterward I went on to villages with such pretty names as Polonica, Kosmasz, Warocla, Iablonica, Zabie, laworów, finishing up with three days in the little mountain town of Kossów, where I stayed, entirely uninvited, but remarkably welcome, in the house of the local doctor.

In Kossów there is a little factory for wool and linen weaving, which I inspected very carefully. They were making aprons out of mohair wool, which comes to them from Bradford. These were very ugly. It is curious that, so artistic themselves if alone with their four colors, red, yellow, green, and orange, they go completely wrong when let loose upon magentas and royal blues, etc. At the request of the proprietor I selected certain combinations of colors which harmonized, and these will be used in the future.

Their linen-making, from the flax and hemp which grow so freely there, is not to be improved by our great Irish firm, Robinson and Cleaver, so solid was it. They have never heard of putting weight into cloth—We speak of this in England—of size, or dressing, or shoddy.

In Kossów I was asked to two parties by ladies of position, who had only seen me in the rickety little market-place, and didn't mind admitting it. They sent their carriages for me. They were actuated by the same spirit which induces people in this country to hire the Punch and Judy show from the town, and put it up in a corner of the shrubbery, when they give a garden fête. Of course I didn't go. But from first to last I met only with kindly feeling and a great deal of hospitality.

Mikuliczyn is scattered in the wide, stony bed of the river Pruth. Some houses are set in clearings a little way up the wooded hills, and the rest have rolled down like stones to the water's edge. The Pruth, which has got the job of bringing down the snow-water from Charnagoura every morning, and seems to like it, comes into Mikuliczyn from two sides, and gives the village an immense amount of breakwaters, bridges, and embankments to build. Just below the village it unites and goes banging on its way to the big wild waterfall at Dura. It was a capital river to bathe in.

The peasants dress in coarse linen in summer and thick blanket-cloth—red—in winter, made by themselves. For the men, trousers and a long blouse ; for the women, a garment which resembles a night-dress—indeed it is a night-dress, only it is a day-dress as well. The women also wear two tomato-colored aprons, one put on in front and one behind, and, when they are married, a red and orange cloth

upon their heads. Everywhere the favorite colors are the old national ones of white and red, and all the embroideries deal with these; but the Hutzuls have added green, orange, and yellow, and make themselves very smart and fine. They wear their sheepskins, beautifully embroidered, both winter and summer. They are a tall, hardy race, wiry and capable of considerable endurance; men and women live precisely the same open-air lives; with the exception of wood-hewing and dressing, they share all the work, even to digging and carting. Their families are small, and they make no particular fuss over them. It is the little boys and girls, not necessarily brothers and sisters, who mind the babies. The diseases the people suffer from are a form of *gottre*, due, of course, to the wretched water they drink—for the Carpathians are indubitably poor in this respect—and various forms of skin complaints, often the result of dirt and poor living combined, but more usually brought back from Austrian barracks by the men who have served their three years.

Of course their houses are built of pine only and are, for the most part, comfortable enough. They seem to rock like ships when you go in. No ceremony of knocking is required or expected. You just walk in and say "Slawa Jesu Christu," Christ is risen; and the inmate replies "Nawiki Slawa," May He be glorified forever. Then you sit down on the pine bench that runs round two sides of the room, take out your tobacco and roll a cigarette. Everybody smokes. You are friends at once with the woman if you offer her one first; though she will smile and give it to her husband and wait for the second one you make. The children smoke the ends one throws away, which are, of course, peculiarly unwholesome, being impregnated with nicotine. Even a baby in arms is allowed a few puffs—really!

The wall opposite the two windows is occupied by a bed, just a broader bench of pine planks, and the fireplace made of wood and earth and plastered over and white-washed, so that it looks like a heap of dressed stone blocks lying stepwise on one another. On the upper ledge, where a graduated warmth no doubt appeals agreeably to the extended body, a man may be lying, looking and spitting out into the room. In this respect their man-

ners are peculiarly revolting to the Western mind. Another man may be sitting on the bench, and a woman is thudding about the room barefoot with her remarkably decisive step. A very refined instinct of politeness induces her to dislodge the young pig and the chickens, and then, with a good deal of transverse thudding, she picks over and washes a heap of baleful-looking *agarici*, which no English or Scotch peasant would do more than kick over as they grew, let alone touch. She rams these into an earthen pot, which is set, with a pot of potatoes and a pot of dandelion leaves, in a row before the fire-hole, and you see the family supper warming, steaming, and boiling over as the talk goes on. The man will take out his pipe, made of the hollowed youth of a nut-tree, about two feet long, and having blown down it and run his fingers over the six holes in a prefatory squeal, he flutes the oddest tunes, which begin with a skirl and then sink to a low soft note that hums on while the shriller whistle jigs the melody. The woman by this time has washed her hands and is spinning the coarse wool to bind the sandals with, using not a wheel, but a rock and spindle.

It is a characteristic scene, simple, with nothing *factice* in it; no chair is wiped and set for the visitor, no choice family statistics are detailed, no surreptitious changing of the child's pinafore in a corner, no swift slipping down of sleeves or throwing of a dirty apron behind a chair. They are here a people *sans gêne*; they don't know the difference between a nice and a nasty thing, so they serve you no politenesses and are unaware if they do anything disgusting. There is a total absence of that class of perception among them. They are a handsome people, not blackhaired and swarthy, but fair or brown; the men's straight hair is cut in the Byzantine manner round their heads and over their foreheads. They wear only mustache. Their cheekbones are high, their noses short, the lip, mouth, and chin making up the length of a long face. The lips and mouth are generally flat and close, as Thomas Hardy would say, like two halves of a muffin. The young women are nearly always bright and clever-faced, whether pretty or not—and they are usually pretty; their hair is bound with wool and coins and soldiers' buttons, they are exceedingly coquettish in their

manners, and have very developed notions in the matter of personal adornment. No matter how many strings of amber, coral and sham pearl she has round her neck, a Ruthenian woman is always delighted with another. The servant girl at Mikuliczyn wore a perfect Niagara of pearls and green glass. She was paid 0s. a month as farm hand and indoor help, and she had plenty of work to do. The day begins at four in Ruthenia, and at ten by no means everybody is in bed.

They are not, however, systematically hard-working: if one saint's day falls on a Saturday, and another on a Wednesday—having Sunday also as a break—they do not trouble to go to work on Monday and Tuesday. In this sort of thing they suggest comparison with the Highlander, and on putting a question about it to a man who was quite an authority on the subject, I received the same answer as on a similar occasion in the West Highlands—"It's something in the mountains that does it." Translated, that means it is the fault of the geography. For looking on the people even as upon the pine-trees as the direct product of the soil, and their characters as the outcome of the formation, here is an opportunity for the subtlest geographical inquiry.

They are frugal: although meat, in the parts of Galicia I have visited, is only 4½d. a pound, they never touch it, and it would be no pleasure to them to eat too much on Sunday, as it is to the working-classes here.

They drink excellent sour milk and cream, and care nothing for it till it is sour; and I must say I found it much nicer, while that it is twice as digestible goes without saying.

In Kosmasz I stayed in the house of the village priest, he being absent, and consequently unable to object to my presence; and while there I made the acquaintance of a Polish artist, who was finding very interesting subjects among the peasants. I will describe the journey I made with him to Zabie, because it was the most difficult of all my journeys and gives a very fair idea of mountain travelling. I abbreviate from my diary.

I had, of course, two horses and my peasant servant: one horse to ride and one to carry my green hunting sack, my saddle-bag, my tartan cloak, and my keplar—that is, sheepskin jacket. We set off

while the dew was yet steel-gray on the green sideways. I had never seen the valley look so pretty or the hills so full of various blues, and greens, and moving mists, and mysteries. The path led through a great scented wood with a moist groundwork of ferns and wild strawberries; now and then a tree lay across the path, and the little horses had enough to do to step over; once or twice mine fell with me, and the wooden point of the saddle communicated acutely with my breast-bone. It was as stiff a climb as I have ever seen a horse go up, and was really laid out for an active goat or chamois. It lasted for three hours, and we never stopped till the path gave suddenly, gayly and hopefully on one of those grassy clearings where they feed the cattle in summer, and which are called Poloninas. The men threw themselves down without a word, and dragged up long breaths with difficulty, but the peasant's daughter, who had joined us, gathered me whortleberries and whole canes of wild raspberry, tendering them with a pretty "Prosz" that sounds so winning if delicately spoken. Later, we set out up the grass hill, and through a wood whose path was composed, quite simply, of rocks. The horses got a good deal cut, but it only lasted an hour, and then another polonina cheered us up, for there was a hut in sight, and that meant milk and cheese. I had a couple of dozen cold baked potatoes in my Tam o' Shanter in the hunting-sack, and we looked forward keenly to the milk that was forthcoming and the huge sheep's cheese, in the form of a loaf that has been ten minutes in the oven, called *buneen*. We sat on the ground with the potatoes between us, and cut slices of the strange india-rubber like cheese, while a peasant stood by and dumbly offered milk, turn about, from a big wooden jug. It was delicious.

While we were recruiting ourselves later he made wild melody on a wooden trumpet—a trumpet ten feet long which had once been a young silver-birch sapling, hopeful and full of promise. The hills picked up snatches of the curious irresponsible music and tossed it to one another and hooted it back again, and it occurred to me that they were chaffing that innocent peasant horribly.

On the top of the next hill a thick white rain blotted out all the landscape: it

came hissing down, silver against the blackness of the pines, and we were much the worse for wear when, about five, it cleared up and came out bright and sunny. We called a halt and the peasant gathered me wild strawberries from a bed where a bear's footprints were still visible: the bears also refresh themselves with this scarlet nectar. Then we started again, and a long marshy path through a wood took us to the point of the range where we had to go down into the valley. I had long given up riding, and that descent was the worst I have ever encountered.

Every now and then the horses, clever little Hutzuls though they were, refused to be pushed or dragged a step further, and there was nothing for it but to lift up the trembling leg, with its cracked hoof and bleeding frog, heave it over some rock, only to plant it on yet another perilous place. It was slow and exhausting work, and cruel in the extreme to the animals, but it had to be done.

Toward eight in the evening we were winding our way through the valley with the help of a river which had continually to be forded. I revived myself with a bathe. The horses drooped after us, quite worn out; it was obvious that another two hours was all they could hold out for, and by that time night would have fallen. At nine we took our last rest; the horses could hardly crawl. The little white mare positively rocked upon her feet. "Don't stop them," cried Iwan to me, "or they'll never go on again." They were not only dead tired but faint with hunger, for we had had no time to give them a feed. Another steady silent hour followed, then the painter said, "There's still an hour and a half, and the horses can't possibly do it. "You must put up!" "But where?" said I. "Anywhere," said the painter. We had been travelling for over fifteen hours.

Well, Providence stepped in at this juncture in the shape of a prosperous and good-natured peasant. He offered me the freedom of his house and board for the night. I needn't say we accepted, and in ten minutes we were sitting dully, peacefully, and wordlessly grateful in the wooden gallery that crossed the front of his hut. Iwan saw to his famished horses, and the wooden ashes in the firehole were

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charmed to a blaze by the peasant's wife. Girls with white bleached hair and mahogany brown feet and legs came and went the hissing of the evening milk was heard in the outer yard; the idiot boy, who belonged to no one in particular, leaned in the gallery and appreciated cigarettes; the night fell softly over a sweet summery landscape. We looked straight in front of us with the sightless glance of tired beasts, while kolesha, the maize-meal porridge which is the staple food in the mountains, breathing an inspiring essence over the scene, worked on our leaden apathy and awoke in us a savage passion of hunger. Oh, that little lighted room, with the mob of silly, unknown saints upon its walls, the thick rafters of pine-wood hung with the inevitable kots, or blankets, the row of carved spoons in the rack, the dried flowers taken from the church on a fête-day, hanging above the crucifixes; the table, half decked with its gay red cover, bearing the bowl with hot milk; the dish of kolesha, steaming, turned in a solid square lump from the pan; the plate of hard-boiled eggs—the whispered "Prosz" of the woman: I shall never forget it!

A bed was made for me of hay, in the open courtyard. I slept, of course, in my clothes, scorning even to wind my watch up. Between three and four a refreshing drizzle and the opening ceremonies of the day awoke me. Certainly every one walked round me, but I had an uneasy feeling that the moment might arrive when they would walk over me, and I preferred to get up. My dressing was done at the stream-side, where I washed and did my hair as Narcissus probably did his hair. Breakfast smiled to me about six, and after brief thanks I was soon on my way to Zabie.

Zabie has a beautiful situation in a wide valley through which the Black Czeramosz comes winding, bathing the edges of as many hay-fields as possible. It is a wild river with a thick plaited skein of green silk for a current, and it resents very fiercely having its waters dammed up away there in the mountains, and only let out twice a week. It revenges itself, however, and comes banging the pine rafts mercilessly till, a few miles below Zabie, it throws itself upon its sister, the White Czeramosz, and they fight on their way

together, always serving the thousand pines as a broad and difficult highway to Czernawicz, on the Russian frontier.

The Czeramosz, the Pruth, and the Sereth are all Carpathian streams rising within a few miles of one another; but the Sereth has the duty of taking their waters into the Black Sea, though the Pruth very nearly succeeds in getting there. They are all grand waterways, and without them the pines would never leave the mountains. That is the most exciting mode of travelling I know. American rafting, when the lumbermen or Indians understand shooting a rapid, must be tame compared to it. A Ruthenian, though he has been at it all his life, understands nothing about it, and trusts to blind luck. The Czeramosz is full of corners, has, I should say, no conscience, and a very wicked temper. When I went I started on a picked raft of twelve immense pines firmly bound together, and we arrived clinging grimly to five. I cannot describe how this happened; I was conscious of shocks and usually fell on my face, and when the raftsmen gathered me up again and pieced me together there was always a pinetree or two less.

I stayed in Zabie just long enough to make preparations for my journey to Czarna hora, the Black Mountains. They are the highest points in the Ruthenian Carpathians, not as high as some peaks on the Hungarian frontier, and not as high as the Tatra Mountains at the other end of the range, the north western end, which are peopled by a Polish peasantry, and made into health resorts, the chief of which is Zakopane. I got a capital pair of horses and a peasant called Jura, a young fellow who came for the fun of coming. He assured me he was very clever and could cook and so on, and he knew the mountains as well as his alphabet. I have since seen that this description was quite true—too true—but at the time it filled me with confidence.

He was clever enough to avoid doing anything the whole time; he was often tired, and when we got lost he used to explain that they must have taken down the crosses which had served to guide him when he was there before. These crosses, by the way, are very interesting. In the valley they mean only one thing: they are a reminder to the peasant of his Christ; but in the mountains they serve three pur-

poses: they indicate which peaks have been geographically measured, or the presence of a spring of pure water, or the grave of some person who has been murdered and buried near the spot.

After hearing these several explanations I acquired the habit of passing a cross in reflective silence.

All resemblance to Scotland or the Alps had faded out of the landscape when we began to get up a little, and I was glad. Carpathian scenery, in all its rugged disregard of the canons of beauty elected by the tourist, swelled round me in a sea of mountain waves. It took me some time to get over the disappointment I experienced in seeing no lakes, no tarns, no lochens, none of the lovely little cups of water that catch all the expressions of the sky in our mountains; and, as I have said, I was sensible of a great want in the way of water all the time I was there. As we went up a sort of avenue some quarter of a mile wide, laid with the vivid bushes of the whortleberry, upon the top of a range which Czarna hora had chained like a buttress to her side, I could detect the black patches of the creeping fir and the lighter ones of the dainty rose-flowered rhododendron—the two shrubs that have accepted an exclusive contract for the clothing of the furthest hills.

I fell in with a cattle watcher, who offered me the hut he was not using; the near presence of bears obliged him to sleep among his beasts, right up the polonina. This hut was loosely built, with a profound recognition of the value of "fresh air in the dwelling," as the health pamphlets have it. Between each log there was a handsome inch of space where everything that was outside in the way of weather could come in. In the roof, one large hole served for the window and another for the chimney; an ash heap and some charred logs in the middle of the floor suggested the fireplace.

While Jura unloaded his weary, sodden-looking horses and turned them into a sparse paddock, the herd entertained me with bear stories. "But if you keep up a good fire all night and go out now and then with a brand and howl, I don't expect he'll trouble you," he remarked, as after we had had supper together he said, "Good night!" By-the-by this man got only £3 for fourteen weeks' cattle watching in Czarna-hora every year. That is

exactly the mountain season ; when it is over the great snows and winds drive the people down to the villages and towns at a more genial elevation, and their summer quarters await them again next year. During these fourteen weeks, however, the climate is exquisite. I have never breathed a more invigorating, vivifying air—it is so purely inland, so sun-filled, so pine scented, so finespun. To me it seems quite natural that the centre of a continent is its healthiest point, for one is furthest away from the detestable moisture of our vaunted sea breezes. Of course we praise sea and sea breezes here because we can never get away from them. England has no inland ; it is far too small ; but if you want your lungs to feel light and springy, your voice to ring with a clearness unknown in England, and your skin to be able to breathe as well—if, in fact, you care to get rid of rheumatism, neuralgia, and consumption—you must go inland to the mountains, and you could not do better than try a Carpathian.

But to return to my hut and the bears. I promised that Jura should follow out the herd's directions, and turned in. My bed was on the floor, a spread of fresh pine boughs. Jura slept on a bench against the wall with an exquisite continuity quite pleasant to see, and the agreeable duty of keeping up the fire and going out and howling fell upon me till about four A.M., when I woke him by throwing hot wood ash at his face, and a faint curiosity as to whether his horses had been eaten induced him to go out and see.

In the morning I was off before five, because I was going up Hovella, the highest peak, something over seven thousand feet, I think. It was not a specially difficult climb, over a stony ground mostly, with a very little grass and sometimes a black fir, sprawling along ; on the top only rocks grew and there was plenty of frozen snow, but save for a brisk wind it wasn't cold.

My next excursion was to Burkut, where there is a remarkably fine mineral spring. The water is sparkling and sulphurous, like no water I have tasted at a German spa, and not resembling anything at Harrogate : a champagne-like water, which the people are clever enough to know the worth of, and bottle and sell in the villages. For a quarter of a mile before we

came to it I could smell the water, if anything too pungent.

I remained about ten days in the high mountains, and went up some six or seven points ; Pop I wan, Stryi, Spyci, Grópi, Dróga, and some others. Grópi is on the Hungarian side. But I felt I was wasting time in a commonplace manner ; I have not the right kind of brain for mountaineering. If I may be believed, it is no special pleasure to me to be on the top of anything ; I am just as happy at the foot or a short way up the side, and the higher you go the further you are from human life and everything that is interesting—unless you are an astronomer and care to approach your stars.

I had, in all the time I was away, a fair share of accidents : bathing in unknown rivers I was twice almost drowned ; a fall very nearly put out my shoulder, and it isn't right yet, and I did something inexplicable to a rib by falling into a river and striking on a sunken pine-tree. I got a good deal cut one way and another, had sunstroke pretty badly, and so on—but you can do all that anywhere. I never met a bear face to face, and this disheartened me a good deal for a time, for I would like to have tried my knife or revolver. That little knife, over a hundred and twenty-five years old, has killed a bear already, and you can still see the blood-stains. I bought it in the market-place at Kossów, from the old man who remembered seeing his great-grandfather wear it in his belt ; and I knew that, in spite of my three shillings, I was committing a crime which no explanation can palliate.

The way to get to Ruthenia is over Vienna, Cracow, Lemberg, Kolomyja, and I am going back in two years ; but I hope nothing I have said will induce anybody else to come. I should be, indeed, to blame if any word of mine should have aroused the baneful curiosity of the tourist. But I don't think anybody will go there. I was really very uncomfortable according to Western notions. I was stopped by floods coming home, and there will always be floods in West Galicia, because it is as flat as a billiard-table. Then it is a terribly dirty country, and the chosen New Palestine of the lowest class of Jews. There is no understanding of sanitation, and I don't think anybody would call it pretty.

This remark does not refer to men of

science. I want somebody to tell me what the hills are made of, and I want some one else to explain why the water is so horrid. All that I do not want is that some one should build a hotel and Kur-saal near Burkut, and that some one else should run up a hotel and a band-stand. An entomologist would find a perfect kingdom there, a botanist no less.

There is no doubt Galicia is a country naturally rich ; when you are not standing upon petroleum you are standing upon salt, and very possibly upon silver, while there is almost bound to be coal where woods have stood and fallen for æons of time. Mr. Czesepanowski, in his interesting book, *The Misery of Galicia*, lays great stress upon the deplorable lack of means to exploit these treasures.

But those are not the greatest sources of wealth ; every mountain pours pine-trees even as the plain laughs with maize and corn, and I have never eaten fruit such as grows down there. England would be enchanted with the preserves and conserves to be got, and a Polish Crosse and Blackwell would relieve us forever from the necessity of eating stones, seeds, and carrots. Perhaps some day we may profit by the sun of a country where as yet he is not afraid to shine.

Then the people : I am bold to say no more intelligent peasantry exist than in Ruthenia, to say nothing of Poland. Un-lighted by board schools and enjoying the supervision of a government which is, as regards the enforcement of education, felicitously impotent, they have a chance to develop natural faculties which the poor people of this country will never have again. Their artistic taste is surprising ; drawing from their own designs

and painting in brilliant self-made colors, they produce rich and beautiful handi-work, while they weave in astonishing original patterns with wools, home-spun and home-dyed. With wood, clay, brass, and wool they are at home, and a Ruthenian will carry a walking-stick, carved by himself and inlaid with brass, which would give anybody a reputation in Piccadilly. And they are remarkably quick at learning a trade. Certainly there is a future for Galicia.

Perhaps, when the crown of our Empress-Queen requires a new jewel, we shall erect and protect a new Poland ! We shall probably have to fight Russia some day. Austria's present absurd construction will soon go to pieces. And when Germany has been appealed to in a mixture of practicality and high sentiment, Poland may be set on her feet again. People begin to think of her as a dead nation, wiped out of history. She is not dead, but sleeping ! How they have conserved their literature, their lovely language, and their character !—how they continue to do so every day !

When the war comes I want to be correspondent of the *Daily News* ; if not, I shall be a *vivandière* and write for the *Pall Mall*. But, seriously, one cannot travel as I have done this summer and not believe that the Polish eagle will wear his crown again—a republican crown !—that the finest of the Slav peoples, the most perfect of the Slav tongues, will have a right to exist, grand and powerful and good, as they were meant to be in those fair lands that have been parcelled out again and again by foreign powers, but which are, all together, only—Poland.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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### THREE ROSES.

BY J. H. SYMES.

TOGETHER on a slender spray they hung,  
Dowered with equal beauty, passing fair,  
And blent, as though an unseen censer swung,  
Their mingled perfume with the morning air.

Not theirs the fate to linger till decay  
Strewed their sweet-scented petals on the ground,  
For ere the close of that bright summer day,  
Each sister-rose another fate had found.

Twined in the meshes of a beauty's hair  
 One blossom faded slowly, hour by hour,  
 Until at parting, some one in despair  
 As a memento craved the withered flower.

One went an offering to a vain coquette,  
 Who plucked its leaves, and as they fluttering fell,  
 Whispered a test that has believers yet,  
 He loves me—loves me not—he loves me well.

A maiden's form lies in a darkened room,  
 In folded hands, upon a pulseless breast,  
 One touch of color in the deepening gloom,  
 The last of the three roses is at rest.

ENVOY.

O Love and cruel Death, so far apart.  
 Rose-sisters fair, could I but change with thee  
 And choose the fate of either of the three,  
 O happiest rose of all, my choice would be  
 Thy place above the maiden's pulseless heart.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

ON THE RECENT CORROBORATIONS OF SCRIPTURE FROM THE REGIONS OF  
 HISTORY AND NATURAL SCIENCE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

PRELIMINARY.

It is to be observed that many of the favorite subjects of scientific or systematic thought in the present day are of a nature powerfully tending to strengthen or assist the arguments available for the proof of religion and for the authority of Scripture. If it had been actually proved, as it is largely argued and seriously held, that the vast and diversified scheme of organic life throughout the world has been evolved from a few simple types or possibly from one, such a demonstration would both enlarge and confirm the great argument of design. For this argument, instead of being drawn from particular and separate constructions, would then be drawn from the entire scheme, and from the relation of all its parts to one another, inasmuch as every earlier portion of it would be an indication, and therefore a prediction, of all those which were to succeed, the seed of a series of coming harvests. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."\*

\* Ps. xix. 2.

Again, the formal treatment in recent years of the subject of heredity not only tends to link the generations of mankind in one, but, in proving that our nature undergoes incessant modification through the influence of progenitors, enlarges our conception of the width of its range and the varieties of the forms which it is capable of assuming. It shows us, for example, how the nature as well as the environment of descendants is deteriorated by the fault of ancestors, and how there may have been an education of the race from childhood to maturity, or converse processes of decay. Thus the doctrine of birth-sin, as it is sometimes called, is simply the recognition of the hereditary disorder and degeneracy of our natures; and of all men the evolutionist would be the last to establish a title to object to it in principle.

On these grounds, and on others more specific which it will be the aim of this paper to set forth in given instances, we should dispel wholly from our minds those spectral notions of antagonism between religion and science which have been raised up by the action of prejudice on the one



side and perhaps of boasting on the other. Of religion and of science, as of man and wife, let us boldly say, "What God hath joined, let not man put asunder." But I proceed to particular illustrations.

#### I.—AS TO THE CREATION STORY.

A double confirmation has, I conceive, now been supplied to the Creation Story of Genesis; the first by natural, and the second by historic science.

Perhaps we have been too readily satisfied with assuming, in regard to this narrative, a defensive position; whereas it may be found to contain within its own brief compass, when rightly considered, the guarantee of a Divine communication to man strictly corresponding with what in familiar speech is termed Revelation.

We have here in outline a history of the planet which we inhabit, and of the celestial system to which it belongs. Of the planet, and of the first appearance and early developments of life upon it, anterior to the creation of man, in many of the principal stages which have been ascertained by geology. Of the celestial organization to which our earth belongs, whether in all its vastness or only within the limits of the solar system we can hardly say, but at the least a sketch of the formation of that system from a prior and unadjusted or chaotic state. Upon such a document a sharp issue is at once raised, at least as to the latter or strictly terrestrial part of it, the earth-history, for all those who hold it to be in its substance a true account. We accept as demonstrated a series of geological conclusions. We have found the geology of Genesis to stand in such a relation to these conclusions as could not have been exhibited in a record framed by faculties merely human, at any date to which the origin of the Creation Story can now reasonably be referred. Starting from our premises, we have no means of avoiding or holding back from the conclusion that the materials of the story could not have been had without preterhuman aid, and that preterhuman aid is what we term Divine Revelation. And if the time shall ever come when astronomy shall be in a condition to apply to the earlier portion of the chapter the demonstrative methods which geology has found for the latter part, it may happen that we shall owe a debt of the same kind to astronomy, as we now owe to

geologic science. My present purpose is to call particular attention to the exact nature and extraordinary amount of that debt.

There was nothing necessarily unreasonable in accepting as worthy of belief this portion of the Book of Genesis, along with the rest of the Book, and with other books of Holy Scripture, on general proofs of their inspiration, if sufficient, apart from any independent buttress either of science or of history to the Creation Story. In a court of justice, the evidence of a witness is to be accepted on matters within his cognizance, when his character and intelligence are not questioned; or again, when the main part of a continuous narrative is sufficiently verified, it may be right to accept the rest without separate verification. If a new witness comes into court, and pretends to give us fresh and scientific proof of the Creation Story, this may be true or may be false. If false, the story is not disproved, but stands where it stood before. Bad arguments are often made for a good cause. But if true, the event is one of vast importance.

Now the present position is as follows. Apart altogether from faith, and from the general evidences of Revelation, a new witness has come into the court, in the shape of Natural Science. She builds up her system on the observation of facts, and upon inferences from them, which at length attain to a completeness and security such as, if not presenting us with a demonstration in the strictest sense, yet constrain us, as intelligent beings, to belief.

The Creation Story divides itself into the cosmological portion, occupying the first nineteen verses of the chapter, and the geological portion, which is given in the last twelve. The former part has less, and the latter part has more, to do with the direct evidence of fact, and the stringency of the authority which the two may severally claim varies accordingly; but in both the narrative seems to demand, upon the evidence as it stands, rational assent. In regard to both, it is held on the affirmative side that the statements of Genesis have a certain relation to the ascertained facts and the best accepted reasonings; and thus this relation is of such a nature as to require us, in the character of rational investigators, to acknowledge in the written record the presence of elements

which must be referred to a superhuman origin. If this be so, then be it observed that natural science is now rendering a new and enormous service to the great cause of belief in the unseen; and is underpinning, so to speak, the structure of that divine revelation which was contained in the Book of Genesis, by a new and solid pillar, built up on a foundation of its own from beneath.

It is, then, to be borne in mind that, as against those who by arbitrary or irrational interpretation, place Genesis and science at essential variance, our position is not one merely defensive. We are not mere reconcilers, as some call us, searching out expedients to escape a difficulty, to repel an assault. We seek to show, and we may claim to have shown, that the account recorded in the Creation Story for the instruction of all ages has been framed on the principles which, for such an account, reason recommends; and that, interpreted in this view, it is at this juncture like the arrival of a new auxiliary army in the field while the battle is in progress; like the arrival, to choose an historical instance, of the Prussians at Waterloo.

Such is the confirmatory argument founded upon the contents. But now, yet another ally has come to join our ranks, under the title of Archæologic and Historic Science. It has deciphered the cuneiform inscriptions, and has read among them a creation story inscribed on the tablets found at Nineveh. Here we have a new witness to the very early existence, among civilized or partly civilized men, of records of creation corresponding in very essential particulars with the Hebrew narrative. Such a witness plainly to some extent offers to it confirmation; but also stands in competition with it. The competition is in those particulars where the accounts are not in harmony. As to these, standing on the character of its contents, the Hebrew tradition lays claim to superior antiquity and authority. But in proving the vast antiquity of certain fundamental ideas, the two are concurrent, and not competitive.

The Babylonian Creation Story is given by Mr. Smith in his "Assyrian Discoveries,"\* so far as its mutilated state permits. It runs as follows, and we cannot, I think, but cherish the hope that it may

hereafter receive extension or elucidation. "When the gods in their assembly made the universe, there was confusion, and the gods sent out the spirit of life. They then create the beast of the field, the animal of the field, and the reptile or the creeping thing of the field, and fix in them the spirit of life. Next comes the creation of domestic animals, and the creeping things of the city." Here we have, 1, creation by the gods; 2, chaos; 3, life, and only by inference, order; 4, wide extension of this life in beasts and reptiles; 5, after this the domesticated animals. Thus there is before us a real, though rude and imperfect, structural resemblance to the Hebrew narrative, together with the interpolation of polytheism.

From the works of Schrader\* on the cuneiform inscriptions, some further particulars may be gathered. He observes that in Berosus, as in Genesis, we begin with water and darkness. On which I would only observe that Berosus, who wrote in Greek, may not improbably have known the Mosaic writings,† and that water, in the text of Genesis, may be equivalent to fluid. The marked points of correspondence appear to be these: that the heavenly bodies are created after the heavens, which, I presume, may be meant to include the light. That the land population follows that of the water, and appears when vegetation has already begun. That the monuments name a Babylonian week, with the seventh day as a day of consecration, called also an evil day,‡ perhaps because evil for any work done on it. The inscription says:—

"To redeem them, created mankind  
The merciful one, in whom is the power  
that summons to life,"

which is faintly comparable with the words of Gen. ii. 7, and the Jehovistic account, "and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." What seems to disappear from the Babylonian account is that evident intention of series and orderly development, or evolution, which is so wonderful a feature in the Mosaic narrative.

Dawson, in a recent work, observes that the polytheistic element is the dis-

\* Schrader, "The Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament." Translated by Whitehouse. Vol. i., pp. 4 *seqq*

† Smith, *Biogr. Dict.* ‡ Schrader, p. 19.

tinctive feature of the Chaldean record, and that the originals of the tablets from Nineveh may have been very ancient, but that they are so mixed up with the history of a Chaldean hero, named Izdubar, as to suggest that there may have existed before it still older creation legends. He compares this record with the corresponding account in Genesis, which is as broadly marked with the idea of the Divine unity as the Chaldean legend is pervaded by the conception of polytheism. And he adds, "Is it not likely that the simpler belief is older than the more complex; that which required no priests, ritual, or temple, older than that with which all these things were necessarily associated?" He naturally assigns a marked superiority to the "Hebrew Genesis." \* In truth, that superiority seems to be not great only, but immeasurable. In one point only do the tablets go beyond the narrative of Genesis; they record the great struggle with rebellion, the war in heaven between Merodach and Tiamat. But, upon the whole, our Bible narrative is a regular structure; it is orderly, progressive, and rational; that of the tablets is dark and confused. This may, however, be referable in part to the imperfection of the tablets, the third of which, Mr. Sayce thinks, may probably have recounted the formation of the earth. † The one is charged in a marvellous way with instruction and moral purpose; from the other they have almost disappeared. The first has, as we believe, been receiving marked confirmation in the most vital particulars from cosmic and geologic science; on the second they can hardly be said to cast more than the faintest light. And yet this inferior document is itself of very great confirmatory value; for the Izdubar legends, says Mr. Smith, ‡ appear to have been composed more than 2,000 years B.C. There is no late date to which the Mosaic narrative can with a shadow of probability be referred. It could not have been formed without a miracle from the tablets as they stand. The two are evidently accounts proceeding from a common source, but derived through independent channels. The one comes through a powerful and civilized empire, the other through an obscure nomad family. In the relative superiority of the Mosaic nar-

rative all the rules of merely human likelihoods are reversed, and the presumption of a Divine illumination is proportionably augmented. But the unsuspected antiquity of the inferior legend attests by an independent witness, if not the truth, yet at least the presumable origin, of its transcendent rival.

So far as scientific opinion is concerned, another remarkable confirmation seems to have been given to the cosmical portion of the Creation Story in Genesis by the course which it has taken of late years. Writing in 1839, Dr. Whewell devoted a chapter of his "Bridgewater Treatises on Astronomy and Physics" \* to the Nebular, or, as it is often called, Rotatory hypothesis. He described it in outline, as it had been conceived by La Place. The idea of it was that the mass which eventually centred in the sun, revolved in a state of excessive heat; that, as it gradually cooled, the rapidity of its motion was increased; that, as the centrifugal force thus grew, the mass detached from itself exterior zones or rings of gas or vapor, which most commonly broke up into several minor masses, and so gradually formed the planetary system. Dr. Whewell's object in this early notice of a subject, which has since attracted, I believe, very general attention in the world of astronomical science, was to sustain and illustrate his general argument, by showing how this theory did nothing whatever to explain the origin of the system, or to weaken the statement of Newton, that its admirable arrangement must be "the work of an intelligent and most powerful being." The origin of this rotation, said Dr. Whewell, remains unexplained, and still as powerfully as ever cries aloud for, and proclaims, an Author. My purpose in here naming the subject is to point out that Dr. Whewell then found himself dealing with a theory which had not yet obtained any wide currency or authority, and he then "left to other persons and to future ages to decide upon the merits of the nebular hypothesis." † But, during the half century which has elapsed since he produced his Treatise, this hypothesis is understood to have gained very general acceptance from astronomers. I refer to this result of the most modern studies as a new and remarkable establishment of

\* "Modern Science in Bible Lands," p. 32.

† "Hibbert Lectures," p. 394.

‡ "Assyrian Discoveries," p. 166.

\* Ch. vii. p. 181.

† P. 190.

accord between natural science on the one hand (so far as its reasonings have proceeded) and the Book of Genesis on the other. Often has it been endeavored to place the Mosaic geology in conflict with ascertained results, but comparatively little of the same kind has been attempted, so far as I know, by persons of scientific authority, with regard to the cosmogony which occupies the earlier portion of the chapter. On the other hand, it has been shown, with what seems to me conclusive clearness, that, without the use of scientific language, that very process has been described in slight outline, but in singular correspondence with the hypothesis now so largely accepted. That hypothesis may not indeed have reached the point of demonstration, and this the subject matter itself may be found not to permit; yet it has attained to so much of authority from consent that Dr. Whewell, were he writing now, would not have had simply to hand it over to the future for consideration, but would more probably have declared that it holds the field, and seems little likely to be displaced from it.

With the creation of the world or the solar system, the question of its termination is naturally associated. On this subject, however, I will not dwell at length, because the support here afforded by scientific opinion is given to the Scriptures of the New Testament rather than the Old. To refer again to Dr. Whewell. In a passage of extraordinary grandeur, he delivered (I think in a sermon) his opinion that the world would end with a catastrophe, instead of dying what is termed a natural death. Such, as we know, is the emphatic declaration of the inspired Word. "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night: in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; and the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." \* And again, "Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." These were the words of Dr. Whewell nearly half a century ago. They were delivered rather as by one uttering his own firm opinion, than as expressing the conviction of astronomers

at large. Nevertheless, as I have been informed on high authority, it is now the established conclusion of astronomers, reasoning from ascertained facts, that the Galilean fishermen knew what all the genius and learning of the world for thousands of years failed to discover, and that—

"The great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve."\*

## II.—AS TO THE FLOOD STORY.

I pass now to the Flood-Legend, one form of which has come down through Berosus and Josephus, but which acquires much more certain antiquity, and greater grandeur, from the Inscriptions. Their account, says Schrader, whose bias cannot, I think, be considered as friendly toward the Hebrew record, "brings the Biblical narrative into much closer relation with the Chaldean flood-legend than could be assumed on the basis of the tradition in Berosus." † It forms part of the Izdubar legends discovered by Mr. George Smith, who published his account of them in 1872, and who assigns to them a date anterior to 2,000 years B.C. under the early Babylonian empire. ‡ The hero of the legends is believed by Mr. Smith to be the same as the Nimrod of Genesis. Like the Creation Story of Genesis, that of the Flood derives corroboration from the Babylonian record, inasmuch as it is thus carried back by an independent testimony to a very great antiquity. That record, composed, as Mr. Smith thinks, not long after the time of Izdubar or Nimrod, gives us the tradition of a flood which was a divine punishment for the wickedness of the world, and of a holy man who built an ark and escaped the destruction. § The particulars are set out in this volume. They differ in many respects from those of Genesis, but the essential features are in the highest degree marked, and, together with certain of the details, are singularly accordant. || As in the case of the Creation Story, so here there is stamped upon them the note of a common source, and of channels of descent separated at some later date. In this case, however, the Babylonian narrative holds a higher position relatively to

\* Shakespeare, *Tempest*, iv. 1. † P. 47.

‡ "Assyrian Discoveries," p. 166.

§ *Ibid.*, and 204.

|| Pp. 205-6, *seqq.*

\* 2 St. Peter, iii. 10, 12.

the scriptural record than in the case of the Creation.

The hero of the deluge is Hasisadra, a name which has been Hellenized into Xisuthrus; who, on the eleventh tablet, relates to Izdubar (the supposed Nimrod), the story of the deluge. I shall only attempt an outline presenting the main points.\*

In the ancient city of Surippah, where Anu and other great gods were worshipped, Hasisadra was divinely warned by Hea, the great water-god, to construct a ship, of which the size is named, and commit to it "the seed of life, all of it," as "the sinner and life" were about to be destroyed by a flood. Food, furniture, wealth, servants, and animals were all to be embarked. The building and loading of the ship are then described, and the part taken by the several gods in bringing about the catastrophe. But "the gods" themselves feared the tempest, and "ascended to the heaven of Anu."† This deluge lasted for six days: on the seventh all was quiet. There is sight of land from within the vessel. It is arrested by the mountain of Nizir. A dove is sent forth, and returns. A swallow is sent and does the like. A raven goes, feeds on the corpses that are afloat, and returns not. Then comes landing, sacrifice, the sending forth of animals. Ninip and Hea then remonstrate with Bel, and suggest other more usual means of chastising men, in which there seems to be some affinity to the promise of Gen. viii. 21—2, and ix. 11—17, that there should never again be a flood upon the earth. And "then dwelt Hasisadra in a remote place at the mouth of the rivers."

The resemblances between this narrative of the Flood and that in Genesis are such as clearly to betoken a relationship at or near the source. The most peculiar, and at the same time purely incidental, among all the details of the narrative, appears to be the threefold experiment with birds upon the decline of the waters; but this appears alike in the three narratives of Chaldaea, the Bible, and Berosus. No other nations have accounts so full and precise as these.‡

Mr. Smith has some judicious and impartial observations on the two accounts.§ The Chaldean account indicates the nature

of the country in which the flood took place. Surippah is near the mouth of the Euphrates, and there Hea was worshipped as the god of the deluge. The Hebrew account has no local confirmations of the story. When Surippah was conquered, in the sixteenth century B.C. or earlier, it is called in the record, "the city of the ark." Hasisadra is, like Noah, a devout man; and the Chaldean deluge is, like the Hebrew, a punishment for gross and widespread sin. Schrader argued to attenuate this statement, but, as it appears to me, in the spirit of a partisan rather than a judge.\* The dimensions of the ark vary in the three accounts; and on the variations of numerals I observe elsewhere. It may, however, be observed that the Babylonian account, which presumably was written down from a very early date, and in a durable form, has in this respect a great advantage over oral transmission, which is most of all dangerous for numerical statements. The inscription describes a regular vessel with boatmen, another incident of local color. The accounts curiously coincide in the minute point that, both inside and out, the ark is coated with bitumen. The tablet tells us that not eight only, but a comparatively large number of persons went on board. The Bible gives forty days as the duration of the flood, meaning apparently at the height. After 150 days the waters all abated. The whole duration before disappearance is a year and ten days.† The tablet allows only seven days for the fulness of the flood. On the seventh day all storm has ceased. Hasisadra then sends out the bird. The ship is stranded for seven days more on the mountains of Nizir, so that the total term mentioned is one of only fourteen days. Nizir lies away to the east, far from the site of Ararat mentioned in Genesis; on the other hand,‡ the present tradition of the country lands the ark at a site farther to the north, and nearer Ararat. Again as to the birds. In Genesis Noah sends out a raven, which does not return; then a dove three times, at intervals of seven days; on the third occasion the dove does not return. The inscription sends, first, a dove, which returns, then a swallow, which returns, and then a raven, which does not return.

\* "Assyrian Discoveries," pp. 184, *seqq.*

† Smith, pp. 184-94.

§ *Ibid.*

\* Vol. i., p. 49.

† Gen. vii., 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 24.

‡ Smith, p. 217.

Lastly, in the Bible, Noah lives after the flood for 350 years; the tablet and Berosus both assign to him, together, rather strangely, with his daughter and the helmsman,\* that translation to heaven for his piety which Genesis gives to Enoch. Before translation, he was visited by Izdubar, and the region was deemed a sacred region.

On a general comparison of these two profoundly interesting records, the result appears to be that in what is circumstantial only there is much difference along with some curious resemblance; but in the outline of the fundamental facts, and in the moral considerations applicable, they are completely at one. The wickedness of the antediluvian world, the Divine anger, the command to build, the use of this vehicle of escape, and the erection of an altar of thanksgiving, are recorded alike in both. We have no right to assume that either of the accounts, as it stands, is contemporary with the period of the flood. The point in which the Bible account is inferior, is the absence of local coloring. Yet this, so far from impairing its claim to our acceptance, appears on the contrary to accredit it, because it is a feature which, given the circumstances of the case, there was reason to expect. If, indeed, we ride the hobby of the negative criticism, the Bible account bristles everywhere with difficulty. It is inconceivable that the framers should have in that case departed so widely from the inscription in points so palpable to all the world, or should have let slip the local color with which a fabricator or late relator would have been forward to dress up his narrative. But if we take Abraham, with his ancestors and his posterity, as a nomad people, religious and of simple life such as the Bible represents them; at an earlier period hanging on the outskirts of the Babylonian power, at a later one migratory toward the West, it was natural for them to drop the local coloring of a region with which all their relations had come to an end; and this has been done, not in the case of the flood only, but throughout the Abrahamic narrative down to the entry into the promised land.

The most significant difference of all between the two records is that the inscription is based upon polytheism, while in the Bible, here as elsewhere, all is based upon

the doctrine of one God. That is to say, the simpler form is the basis of the Bible narrative, and the simpler form, according to the generally recognized principle, is that nearest the source, most closely akin to the occurrence or the original record. The religion of Noah agrees with that of the common father, Adam; the religion of Hasisadra has departed from the primitive belief, and exhibits to us those multiplied and deteriorated images of the deity which human infirmity and sin had introduced.

While Schrader glances at the period when the Babylonian flood-legend reached the Hebrews as that of "the prophetic narrator of early Biblical history," he candidly adds, "I am led to the obvious conclusion that the Hebrews were acquainted with this legend at a much earlier period, and that it is far from impossible that they acquired a knowledge of these and the other primitive myths now under investigation as far back as in the time of their earlier settlements in Babylonia, and that they carried these stories with them from Ur of the Chaldees." For him they are all myths; the original invention is in Babylonia, and the Hebrews are early copyists. For others, however, they are histories; and the twin versions bear testimony by their concurrence, and even in some respects by their discrepancies, to their historical character. If there was remoulding, it may be the more detailed and circumstantial narration which is presumptively entitled to the credit of it; and the Bible story, more sparing in its details, but far broader and more direct in the terrible lesson it conveys, may reasonably be judged to have come down from the source with the smallest amount of variation from the original.

It may be noticed that the translation to heaven of Hasisadra, the Noah of the tablets, is in curious accordance with that far larger development both of the underworld and of the future state which marks alike the Babylonian and the Egyptian systems in comparison with that of the Old Testament, and forms an interesting but separate subject of discussion.

The Hebrew story of the Deluge has long been supported by a diversity of traditions among nations and races of the world, but never before with such particularity, or such corroboration in the sense and to the extent before described. But

\* Schrader, i. 60.

though we have now a new and important witness in court on our behalf, yet undoubtedly, if the narrative be provably untrue, the testimony of both, or of any number of traditional witnesses, must fall to the ground.

The voice of natural science has not been, and probably is not at present, uniform on this subject. The negative has just been presented to the world, of course with great ability, and also in a sufficiently magisterial form, by Professor Huxley. He conceives that Christian theology must stand or fall with the historical trustworthiness of the Jewish Scriptures;\* and, as these are not trustworthy, the consequence is that it must not stand but fall. With this proposition I have here nothing to do.

Mr. Huxley selects the flood-story for the capital article of his indictment. But he treats it as little worthy of serious notice. "It is difficult to persuade serious scientific inquirers to occupy themselves in any way with the Noachian deluge."† He finds, indeed, a sort of historic nucleus for a partial deluge in the occasional desolating floods of the Euphrates and Tigris.‡ But be it partial or be it general, he applies the same contemptuous negative doctrine to the deluge: perhaps most of all to a particularly absurd attempt at reconciliation, which places it "at the end of the glacial epoch!"§ I am far from intending to enter in a controversy which I have no capacity to handle. Yet I may be bold enough to mention, that, while Mr. Huxley is speaking in the name of science at large, some votaries of science hold an entirely different language. Moreover, that the idea of a flood was not thus summarily dismissed by the luminaries of the scientific world anterior to the present day; and that the grounds of this dismissal are not of recent discovery, but were fully open to the geologists of the last generation. Quite recently the doctrine of a deluge has been maintained by Sir J. Dawson,|| by Mr. Howorth, and by the Duke of Argyll (if I interpret him aright),¶ all of whom are surely to be considered as "serious scientific inquirers."

Mr. Howorth, in his learned and laborious work on "The Mammoth and the

Flood," is not bound by any superstitious reverence for the mere text of the Book of Genesis; for, in his preface,\* he casts aside as null its traditions respecting all that preceded the creation of man. He collects largely not only the diluvial traditions of so many races and countries, but an immense mass of palæontological evidence, and, having laid this wide ground for his induction he declares that, in his judgment the whole points unmistakably "to a widespread calamity, involving a flood on a great scale. I do not see how the historian, the archæologist, and the palæontologist can avoid making this conclusion in future a prime factor in their discussions, and I venture to think that before long it will be accepted as unanswerable."†

Moreover, I am free to consider history no less a science, though a less determinate science, than geology or biology; and I quote in conclusion the following passage from Lanormant, which follows a copious collection of testimonies to the erudition of a deluge in almost all lands:

"La longue revue, à laquelle nous venons de nous livrer, nous permet d'affirmer que le récit du deluge est une tradition universelle dans tous les rameaux de l'humanité, à l'exception toutefois de la race noire. Mais un souvenir partout, aussi précis et aussi concordant, ne saurait être celui d'un mythe inventé à plaisir; aucun mythe religieux ou cosmogonique ne présente ce caractère d'universalité. C'est nécessairement le souvenir d'un événement réel et terrible, qui frappa assez puissamment l'imagination des ancêtres de notre espèce pour n'être jamais oublié de leurs descendants. Ce cataclysme se produit près du berceau primitif de l'humanité."‡

\* Pp. ix., x.

† P. 463.

‡ "Les Origines de l'Histoire," pp. 489, 490. Second edition, 1880. "The long review, to which we have just applied ourselves, warrants our affirming that the tale of the Deluge is a universal tradition among all the branches of the human family, excepting, however, the blacks. But a remembrance prevailing everywhere, so precise and so concordant, cannot be that of a myth arbitrarily invented. No religious or cosmogonic myth presents such a character of universality. It must of necessity be a recollection of a great and terrible occurrence, which impressed the imagination of the ancestors of our race so powerfully as never to have been forgotten by their descend-

\* *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1890, p. 8.

† P. 12.

‡ P. 14.

§ P. 13.

|| "Modern Science in Bible Lands," p. 252.

¶ In *The Scottish Geographical Magazine*, April, 1890.

## III.—AS TO THE GREAT DISPERSION.

The contents of the Tenth chapter of Genesis constitute a document of a character altogether extraordinary: for example, in the two following particulars: First, it is without parallel in the world. Nowhere else is there known to us a distinct and detailed endeavor to draw downward from a single source the multiplication of men in the earth by families, and the distribution of them over the face of the earth. Secondly, this account containing seventy-two names of men (to which more are added in connection with the descent of Abram when we reach chap. xii.) is so particular, that any notion of its transmission by ordinary means may appear to present much difficulty. Abram, when he migrated westward, came from a country which we now know to have possessed in his time means of durable record; but, as the head of a nomad family, he could hardly have carried with him written traditions: and a specific narrative of this kind, like the Greek Catalogue in the "Iliad," presented great difficulties in the way of oral transmission through several, perhaps many, generations, until the time when we may reasonably suppose the children of Israel to have acquired the art of writing during their sojourn in Egypt. The assisting Providence of God may suggest itself to the believing mind as having supplied the needful measure of that aid which Homer\* besought, in a kindred case, from the Muses. But the document, if thus considered, lays a certain weight upon our faculty of belief, and even offers a tempting invitation to assault from those who are adversely minded. This weight, however, is converted at once into a prop, into a buttress which well and stoutly supports the wall, when we find that this singular and, so to speak, exposed tradition has received in the most fundamental and vital points, from the researches of philological and of historical science, striking and, we may suppose, conclusive confirmation.

The foundation of the arrangement is the threefold division of the human race from a certain period of its history. If such a division actually took place, we might expect to find the traces of it in a threefold division of language, which has

an unquestionable relation to race; and, conversely, such a divarication in language proves an early distribution of races or families, from which it took its origin. Without entering into details, it may be observed that the Book of Genesis associates the distinctions of language with the local dispersion of man; and it is now known that, in days antecedent to the permanent bond of literature, such an association is agreeable not only to probability but to the ascertained laws of experience. And now we find that comparative philology, dealing at large with the languages of the world, has resolved them into that very threefold division which the distribution of man according to Genesis x. into three great branches anticipates and requires. Here is again an important service rendered by modern science to belief.

It is true that the Bible (Gen. xi. 1) speaks of language as originally one, and that this proposition has not yet been generally affirmed by philology. Yet the way to it has been opened, and it need excite no surprise should the goal be soon attained. Professor Max Müller, I believe, says there is no proof that the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian families of language had independent beginnings; that radicals existing in all the three can be traced to the common source, and that even the grammars may have been originally one. But this subject still awaits its scientific decision.

The Table of Peoples presents on its surface some apparent anomalies; of which, however, a rational account can be given, and one which for the most part converts them into evidences in its favor. For instance, the Hamitic portion presents to us out of a total of thirty names no less than eighteen which are plural words, and which are therefore national or tribal, while only two of the same class are found in the rest of the account. But this seems upon consideration to illustrate what we know from history; namely, that the Hamitic races exhibited the most precocious development, and set up the earliest known civilizations of the world, those of Babylonia and of Egypt.

Again: the Cushite stock, after its regular order is arrested in ver. 7 of the chapter, jumps as it were down to Nimrod in 8-10. But he is the only person in the Table who is described as founding a kingdom, and his position has a great resemblance to that of Izdubar in the Assyrian

ants. That cataclysm took place at a spot near the primeval cradle of humanity."

\* Il. ii. 484.



Tablets, with whom he is identified by Mr. George Smith.

Again, as Shem, Ham, and Japheth are four times mentioned together, and invariably in this order, it seems to follow naturally that this is the order of their ages. In ch. x., however, their descendants are set out in the inverse order, and Japheth takes precedence. But this also, upon reflection, may seem to be quite natural. Migration was largely connected with considerations of space and food. It may be that the younger had to give place to the elder, and that the children of Japheth had on this account to be the first in moving from the common centre.

Further: in the Japhetic line the genealogy wholly stops with the next generation but one, whereas it is continued farther, not only in the Semitic line, which had to be connected with Abram, but also in the Hamitic, by the mention of Nimrod and of the Philistines. This, however, seems perfectly natural if the line of Japheth, as is probable, moved the first, and, as is manifest, went the farthest so as to be out of sight of the narrator, while the descendants of Shem and Ham remained locally in contact with each other. Knobel\* has observed that in each of the three branches the enumeration begins with those who travelled to the greatest distance from the common centre (which is taken by him to be near Mount Ararat), and accordingly the Japhetites are reckoned from the northwest, the Semites from the southeast, and Hamites from the southwest. Just as in the case of the Homeric Catalogue,† this methodical arrangement probably gave great assistance to the memory of the first recorder.

Knobel has discussed with great minuteness and care the particular names of the recital, and he traces them to their historic seats; as has Bishop Browne, in the "Speaker's Commentary." Some examples may be given. The Japhetites are those (Japhah) of fair complexion. They take to the isles or coast-lands,‡ the seaward countries of the north and west. Here we meet them in the Cimmericians and Cimbri. Ashkenaz, the son of Gomer, is found in Scandinavia,§ the Scangia of

Jornandus, the chief seat of the German stock. Another route is marked in the same direction by Aecania,\* in Asia Minor, a name found at various points of that region. Knobel thinks there is a trace of the Teutonic race in Tenthras, a name found on both sides in the war of the Iliad†. He proceeds with the list of Japhetites as follows. Riphath, he thinks, is traced in the Carpathian country, Togarmia in Armenia, Magog in the Slavs, Madai in the Medes, Javan in the Ionians or Ionians, Elisa in Æolians, Tarshish in the Tursenoi, Kittim in the Cyprians of Cyprus, Dodanim in the Dardanians, Tubal in the Iberians, Meshech in the Meschi or Moschi, Tiras in the Thracians (Thrax or Thras).‡ Some among these particular interpretations—for instance, that given to Elisa—may be untenable. Bishop Browne§ sets out the various opinions that have been held, mostly without declaring a preference. It is not, however, the accuracy of each particular identification, nor even of every particular item of the text, but the principles of the general arrangement, and the large number of cases reasonably clear, which give the subject its importance.

The Semitic and Hamitic branches offer less difficulty to the investigator. No part is more satisfactory than that which relates to the nations of Palestine, and to the names of Canaan, Sidon, and Heth, where every particular, known to us from independent history or tradition, supports, so far as I can judge, in a most remarkable manner the trustworthiness of the record. Speaking generally, perhaps no one can go farther than Knobel in the work of identification. His treatise is of considerable authority, and is of the greater value because he does not belong to the school of conservative criticism.

#### IV.—AS TO THE SINAITIC JOURNEY.

In his "Modern Science in Bible Lands," Sir J. Dawson has examined, with elaborate care, first the dwelling-place of the Israelites in Egypt, and their probable route from it until they cross the Ram Sneh; and then, still more particularly, the account of their journeyings beyond the Red Sea. Thus he thinks that they

\* "Völkertafel der Genesis." Giessen, 1850, p. 14.

† "Juventus Mundi," p. 467.

‡ See Revised Version, x. 5.

§ Knobel, *ibid.*, pp. 35, 7.

\* Knobel, Revised Version, p. 39.

† V. 705, and vi. 13.

‡ Pp. 53, 60, 71, 77, 81, 95, 117, 123.

§ "Speaker's Comm. Genesis" in *loc.*

had crossed at a point,\* now forming part of the Bitter Lakes of the isthmus, but then a part of the Red Sea itself, which was fed in ancient times by a branch of the Nile flowing eastward.† Yam Suph, or sea of weeds, is the name given to it in the Bible.‡

Beyond the Red Sea, and onward to the Sinaitic region, the country has been surveyed by officers of the British Ordnance. All the instruments of modern science have been employed; the results have been published on a large scale; and the effect, as reported by Sir J. Dawson, has been "entire agreement of the members of the party on essential points;"§ and the ascertainment of such complete coincidence of the actual features of the country with the requirements of the Mosaic narrative, as to prove it to be a contemporary record of the events to which it relates.||

The route pursued down the coast of the Red Sea, and then to the eastward,

was peculiar, as it seems to have been dictated by a combination of strategical considerations with those which concerned the subsistence of the people, and especially the supply of water. The local indications are on this account all the more remarkable. It is not possible, without exceeding the limits proper for the present observations, to convey the full force of the evidence which shows how the stamp of Egypt was impressed both upon the Israelites themselves, and upon the narrative in Exodus of their escape; inasmuch as it depends on the details of measurement, atmosphere, water-supply, and other physical circumstances, and their relation to the Mosaic narrative. The conclusions reached have no direct bearing upon the proofs of a Divine revelation through the Scriptures, but they are of great historical importance in establishing the credit of the Book, and its contemporaneous character as to the substance of its contents.—*Good Words*.

#### TUBERCULOUS MEAT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY HENRY BEHREND, M.R.C.P.

In a paper which appeared in this Review in September 1889, I drew the attention of its readers to the subject of the communicability to man of the diseases of animals consumed as food, and I gave a *résumé* of the evidence which had accumulated in proof of the position maintained by the leading scientific authorities in every country, as to the risk of the virus of specific maladies being conveyed by the ingestion of affected meat. The importance of the inquiry centres in the question of the transmissibility of tuberculosis, because not only is this the most frequent morbid condition in cattle, and the most destructive to human life—being accountable for nearly half the deaths between the marriageable ages of fifteen to thirty-five years in Great Britain, and for one-fifth of the entire mortality—but also because Koch's brilliant discovery of the bacillus has set at rest all doubt as to the cause of the malady, and as to the question of its identity in man and the lower animals. No

subject has more uninterruptedly engaged the attention of pathologists during the past twelve months, or is more likely to lead to results of the greatest practical importance: it has been discussed in the legislative assemblies of Europe and America, with a view to the settlement of the manifold difficulties, legal and scientific, by which it is surrounded; and public attention having been thoroughly roused to the gravity of the issues at stake, their solution is imperatively demanded in the interests alike of the large and important classes engaged in the supply of food to our markets, and the immeasurably larger and more important classes engaged in its consumption.

The links in the chain of scientific evidence, based upon experiments conducted through a series of years, may be thus formulated: (1) Tuberculosis is caused by a minute vegetable organism, the bacillus; (2) this organism is identical in man and the lower animals, any slight apparent difference being purely morphological; (3) the disease is communicable from cattle to the human subject; (4) one of the

\* P. 389. † P. 392. ‡ P. 404.  
§ Pp. 371, 406. || P. 407.

most frequent methods of this communicability is the ingestion of the flesh of animals specifically affected ; and (5) the ordinary modes of cooking do not destroy the bacillus, and have absolutely no effect upon the spores which are the chief means of its propagation.

As regards the first premiss, Koch says :

In the experiments made with pure cultures, tubercle bacilli only, freed from all contamination with the original morbid products, can have been the cause of tuberculosis. That proves the truth of the proposition that it is an infective malady, depending on the presence of the bacilli. It has been asserted that they are one cause of it, but that other things may also have the power of inducing it. This statement is erroneous because, in all cases of true tuberculosis, the bacilli are present, and the manner in which they appear further proves that they stand to the disease in the position of cause.

And in an " Address on Bacteriological Research," delivered a few weeks ago at the Berlin International Medical Congress, he states :

In another important fundamental question also the conditions are much clearer and simpler than before, that is to say, with regard to the proof of the causal relation between pathogenic bacteria and the infectious diseases connected therewith. The idea that micro-organisms must be the cause of infectious diseases was early expressed by several leading spirits, but the general opinion could not bring itself to accept the notion, and showed itself very sceptical with regard to the first discoveries in this domain. All the more was it desirable in the first cases to prove on irrefutable grounds that the micro-organisms found in an infectious disease are actually the cause of that disease. At one time the objection was always brought forward that there was nothing more than an accidental coincidence between the disease and the micro-organisms ; that the latter did not play the part of dangerous parasites but of harmless guests, which found, in the diseased organs, conditions of life which were wanting in healthy bodies. Many, while acknowledging the pathogenic properties of the bacteria, believed it possible that, under the influence of the morbid process, micro-organisms, accidentally or constantly present, which were otherwise harmless, became converted into pathogenic bacteria. If, however, it can be proved, first, that the parasite is met with in each individual case of the particular disease and under conditions which correspond to the pathological changes and the clinical course of the disease ; secondly, that in no other disease is it found as an accidental non-pathological guest ; and, thirdly, that if completely isolated from the body, and cultivated in pure culture with sufficient frequency, it can reproduce the disease, then it can no longer be considered an accidental accompaniment,

but in that case no other relation between the parasite and the disease can be admitted than that the parasite is the cause of the disease.

This proof has now been furnished in the fullest measure with regard to a number of infectious diseases, such as anthrax, tuberculosis, erysipelas, tetanus, and many diseases of animals, generally all those diseases which are communicable to animals. At the same time it has further been shown that in all the cases in which the constant and exclusive occurrence of bacteria in an infectious disease has been established, they never behave as accidental guests, but like the bacteria already certainly known to be pathogenic. We are, therefore, fully warranted in affirming that, even if only the first two requirements of the proof are fulfilled, that is to say, if the constant and exclusive occurrence of the parasite is established, the causal connection between parasite and disease is validly proved.

Dr. Fleming, late principal veterinary surgeon to the British Army, quoting this dictum of the greatest of bacteriologists, adds :

From his researches Koch concludes that the presence of bacilli in the tubercular masses constitutes not only a concomitant fact in the process, but that it is the cause—a cause which had hitherto been only suspected, and which presents itself in the form of a vegetable parasite.

In his evidence in the Glasgow case, which has been aptly designated " epoch-making" in this country, Dr. Coats, the pathologist to the Infirmary in that city, stated :\*

I go on the footing that the bacillus is the agent of the disease, not only in bovine tuberculosis, but also in man ; and that in an animal that is tuberculous the distribution of the bacillus is very difficult to determine, and quite beyond the possibility of thorough detection.

In the same inquiry, Professor McCadyean, lecturer in pathology in the Royal Veterinary College of Edinburgh, said that it was conclusively proved that the bacillus is the cause of the disease, and that it is not possible to have the disease without it. Professor McCall, inspector for the Privy Council for the city of Glasgow under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, deposed that it is the specific organism which produces the malady, and that there can be no tuberculosis without the previous presence of the bacillus ; and Sheriff Berry, in delivering judgment, said :

\* " Proceedings at Trial at the instance of the Glasgow Local Authority against Hugh Couper and Charles Moore."

I take it to be established by the evidence as now the accepted view of most scientific men who have investigated the subject, that the disease known as tuberculosis is not only accompanied, but caused, by a minute specific organism, the bacillus; and that this bacillus in the tuberculosis of oxen and some other lower animals is the same as that which is found in the human subject.

The Department Committee of the Privy Council, appointed by the Lord President in 1888 to inquire into the subject, reported (§ 21) that—

the bacillus has been proved to enter the body and kill the animal by causing the growth of tubercles in the following ways: (1) by inhalation, into the air-passages; (2) by swallowing, into the alimentary or digestive system; (3) by direct introduction into the subcutaneous or submucous tissues by means of a scratch or cut. It is also supposed to be directly transmitted by (4) heredity.

And at the Congress on Tuberculosis held at Paris in the same year,\* and attended by three hundred of the leading European experts, the meeting was practically unanimous as to the bacillus being the sole causal agent. This point being held as established, the President, M. Chauveau, traced the various steps by which the identity of human and bovine tuberculosis had been shown: of this identity, he said, there could no longer be any doubt, and it was necessary to reckon with the fact, and with all the consequences that it entailed. There was but one single malady, one single virus attaching itself to the human and the bovine species, and capable of passing from one to the other. They were therefore compelled to admit that the milk and flesh of the latter might be a source of danger to man. When that opinion was first pronounced in the Academy of Medicine on the 17th of November, 1868, there was a great outcry against the imprudent individual who, on the strength of laboratory experiments, dared to bring forward such alarming views.

But things [continued M. Chauveau] have changed since then: the opinion has made progress, and now, throughout the civilized world, the authorities are seeking to devise measures to prevent the propagation of tuberculosis by means of the flesh and milk of affected animals.

A few months later an official report

\* *Comptes rendus et Mémoires du Congrès pour l'étude de la Tuberculose chez l'homme et les Animaux.* Paris, 1888.

was made to the New York Board of Health by the pathologists to the Department,\* adopting the resolutions passed at the Paris Congress as being the logical deductions from facts ascertained by direct experiment. And an inquiry instituted by the North of Ireland branch of the British Medical Association, and carried out by Drs. Burden, Lindsay, Strahan, and Colwell, resulted in a report which was unanimously accepted by the branch in December last, endorsing the view that the identity of the malady and of its cause in man and the lower animals had been established beyond all reasonable doubt, any difference in the size or growth of the bacillus being due solely to change of medium.

We have then a consensus of opinion as to the causation of the class of diseases known as tuberculosis, and as to its absolute identity in man and animals. The importance of these considerations will be more fully appreciated when we consider that they form the basis upon which our hopes must be founded for the arrest of its ravages; and these hopes are now beginning to be realized. In the address already quoted Koch communicates a fact of the utmost value to suffering humanity. That, moved by these arguments, he has devoted his attention, since his discovery of the tubercle bacillus, to seeking substances which could be used therapeutically, by hindering the growth of the bacillus in the animal body.

More than this [he says] a remedy cannot do. It is not necessary, as has often been erroneously asserted, that the bacteria should be killed in the body: in order to render them harmless there it is sufficient to prevent their growth and multiplication.

He has discovered many substances which will check their growth in a test-tube, but until recently none which will effect this in the body of an animal. But he is now able to announce:

I have at last hit upon a substance which has the power of preventing the growth of tubercle bacilli not only in a test tube, but also in the animal body. All experiments in tuberculosis are of very long duration; my researches on this substance, therefore, although they have already occupied me for nearly a year, are not yet completed, and I can only say this much about them, that guinea-pigs which, as is well-known, are extraordinary susceptible to tuberculosis, if ex-

\* *New York Medical Record*, xxxv. 643.

posed to the influence of this substance, cease to react to the inoculation of tuberculous virus, and that in guinea-pigs suffering from general tuberculosis, even to a high degree the morbid process can be brought completely to a standstill, without the body being in any way injuriously affected. From these researches I, in the mean time, do not draw any further conclusions than that the possibility of rendering pathogenic bacteria in the living body harmless without injury to the latter, which has hitherto been justly doubted, has thereby been established. Should, however, the hopes based on these researches be fulfilled in the future, and should we succeed in the case of one bacterial infectious disease in making ourselves masters of the microscopic but hitherto victorious enemy in the human body, then it will soon also be possible, I have no doubt, to obtain the same result in the case of other diseases. This opens up an oft-promised field of work, with problems which are worthy to be the subject of an international competition of the noblest kind. To give even now some encouragement to further researches in this direction was the sole and only reason why I, departing from my usual custom, have made a communication on a research which is not yet completed.

The next, and from a practical point of view the most important, issue is as to its communicability by alimentation. In my earliest papers on the subject, written ten years ago, I adduced abundant scientific evidence in support of such transmissibility; further experimental proof has since been freely forthcoming at the hands of Tousseint, Galtier, Peuch, Nocard, Arlong, and other pathologists, and it has now received the sanction of a legal decision. In the Glasgow case already referred to, in which the carcasses of a bullock and cow, apparently only locally affected, were condemned as unfit for food, Sheriff Berry stated that

the view that tuberculosis is communicable from one of the lower animals to man must, as the evidence shows, be considered an established scientific fact. . . . Whether ingestion be or be not the commonest way in which the disease is communicated, it must certainly be regarded as one mode of its communication.

This ruling, which rejected meat as unfit that had hitherto been freely sold in open market, was based not only on the evidence adduced at the trial, but on the report of the Departmental Committee of the Privy Council, with regard to which the Sheriff said :

My immediate object in referring to it is for the purpose of emphasizing the conclusion that tuberculous disease is communicable by ingestion. If it were not so communicable the view of the Committee would have no

foundation to support it. I take it, however, that there really is little dispute on the point. It was admitted on the part of counsel for the defence that the disease may be communicated by the drinking of milk, and, if that be so, it is impossible to maintain that it cannot be communicated by the eating of flesh. Indeed, we need not look further than the practice of condemning the meat of tuberculous animals as hitherto practised in Glasgow and elsewhere in order to see that the transmissibility of the disease by ingestion has long been recognized. Except on the footing that the meat was the medium of the transmission of the disease, it would be unnecessary and wasteful to exclude from the food supply the carcasses of animals which had suffered from tuberculosis. . . . These diseases are widespread and varied in form, and entail very grave consequences. They still contribute too largely to the mortality, besides involving much suffering and distress even in cases where fatal consequences do not ensue, and unless the evidence of men of high scientific authority is to be disregarded, one of the means by which they are propagated is the consumption of meat of tuberculous animals.\*

This judgment, which will doubtless have very important and widespread results, based upon the conclusions arrived at by the Privy Council inquiry, and by the report of the Paris Congress, has been amply justified by the results of experimental investigation at the hands of physiologists of such eminence as Klebs, Woodhead, Chauveau, Villemin, Cornil, and Klein, so that, in the words of the *Lancet*, "the teachings of experimental pathology are positive on the point."†

The majority of these experiments indeed go to show conclusively that the disease is communicable by ingestion with great facility, and the probability is that this is a much more frequent method of infection than that of inhalation. The manner in which the bacillus operates as the medium of transmissibility has now been clearly demonstrated, for it has been proved that the minute organism resists the process of ordinary cooking, and its vitality is unaffected by the fluids of the alimentary canal. Tousseint many years ago produced the malady in cattle by feeding them with the juice expressed from a steak of a tuberculous ox cooked so as to be slightly underdone; and the experiments of Gerlach and John on animals fed with cooked tuberculous flesh resulted in the conveyance of the infection in twenty-two per cent. The Privy Council Com-

\* Glasgow case, pp. 410, 413.

† May 3, 1890.

mittee formulated the conclusion "that the ordinary methods of cooking are often insufficient to destroy the bacilli buried in the interior of the limbs."

It seems that the life of the bacillus [to quote Sheriff Berry's judgment once more] may be destroyed by exposure to a temperature considerably under the boiling point of water, provided the exposure is for a lengthened period; but a large portion of cooked meat is used for food without having been subjected to the action of a high temperature for any great length of time, and, in the case of roasted meat in particular, it is often eaten underdone, with the juices little affected by the action of heat. Besides this, one mode in which bacilli are propagated is by spores, and in the opinion of scientific men the spores, like the seeds of vegetables, are less easily affected by heat than their parent bacilli. Consequently the spores may survive an amount of cooking which would be fatal to the bacilli themselves. The evidence leads me to the conclusion that it would not be proper to trust to cooking as a sufficient protection. . . . I have been deeply sensible of the responsibility of condemning as unfit for food meat which under the practice hitherto followed in Glasgow, and still observed in various large towns of England, would apparently have been allowed to pass out for consumption. That practice, however, I am led to think, is attended with danger to the public health.

Professor M'Fadyean stated before the Privy Council Commission that cooking can never be relied on as a sufficient preventive; ordinary cooking is insufficient to destroy the bacilli, and utterly incompetent to affect their spores which require a much higher temperature to become devitalized; and all evidence shows that the usual cooking of joints of beef and other parts is not sufficient to raise them even to 160 degrees, the temperature at which blood coagulates, and therefore insufficient to destroy the bacillus; and Sir Charles Cameron, Mr. Lingard, and Professor M'Call, experts of the highest authority, examined on the same occasion, confirmed this opinion. The medical officers of the Local Government Board in their last report concur in the tenacity with which the spores resist all destructive agencies, to the extent indeed that no known process is competent to deprive them of vitality; and the Committee of the North of Ireland branch of the British Medical Association state that the heat to which the inside of a large roast is raised is insufficient to destroy infectivity. The growth of a bacillus may be arrested at a temperature below 82 de-

grees, but it does not die: it can be slowly killed by being subjected for several weeks to a temperature of 107.5 degrees, and dies if exposed to boiling point for half an hour; but a shorter exposure to this heat fails as a bacillicide, for in sixty-two experiments with tuberculous flesh soaked in boiling water for ten to fifteen minutes, positive results as to infection by feeding were produced in thirty-five per cent. So great indeed is the vitality of the bacillus that Koch still obtained the active microbe after conveying it through thirty-four generations of culture, for a time extending over twenty-two months: and the spores, the Committee add, are far more tenacious of life.

That the bacillus resists the action of the gastric juice and other fluids of the alimentary canal was first demonstrated by MM. Strauss and Wurtz, and later investigations have confirmed the results at which they arrived. Dr. Coats, the pathologist to the Royal Western Infirmary of Glasgow, says: "That the juices of the alimentary canal are proved not to be fatal to the bacillus is shown by the frequency of tuberculosis of the intestines following tuberculosis of the lungs." Indeed, it is self-evident that if the specific infection be caused by feeding animals with tuberculous flesh, as has been repeatedly proved, the bacilli must have been unaffected by these fluids. The Blue-book issued by the Departmental Committee of the Privy Council in 1888 states (§§ 24 and 25):

Numerous experiments have similarly been performed upon the possibility of the tubercular virus entering the body through the alimentary canal. In these experiments tubercular secretions, i.e., mucus, saliva, milk, etc., portions of tubercles from diseased tissues and cultures of the bacilli, have been swallowed by various animals, with the effect that the disease has fatally followed the ingestion of such infective material. It is obvious, therefore, that the digestive fluids do not necessarily exert an injurious influence upon the poisonous bacilli.

It might, then, be thought that if the bacillus had resisted the effects of cooking and of the fluids of the alimentary canal, no further impediments existed, and it would be at liberty to pursue its career unchecked, secrete its specific virus, and propagate its kind in the tissues. But happily this is by no means the case, and it is chiefly after its entrance, together with the products of digestion, into the

lymph and blood streams that its struggle for life commences. We are but at the threshold of our knowledge of this subject, one of the most deeply interesting of the problems of pathology, and one which holds out the brightest hopes of our ultimate success in dealing with the large and deadly class of specific diseases. As Sir Henry Roscoe has said,\*

Metschnikoff's experiments, supplemented by those of Dr. Ruffer and others have shown that certain cells of the animal body, termed phagocytes, identical with the well-known white blood-corpuscles, being endowed with the power of independent motion, wander not only inside but also outside the tissues, and *mirabile dictu* pursue, devour, and digest any stray bacilli with which they come in contact. This is the true battle for life, which, hitherto unknown and unobserved, is going on uninterruptedly in the animal body. These phagocytes are the watchful guardians of the body, upon whose action its health depends. You may observe their proceedings for yourselves under the microscope; you will see them fighting against the invading host and literally swallowing them up. Poisonous bacilli are constantly present in the body . . . those causing diphtheria and pneumonia have been met with in the mouths of healthy men, and yet no entrance of such microbes into the blood takes place. Why is this? Because these phagocytes pursue and annihilate them before they gain an entrance. The question as to the way in which the pathogenic microbes act on the animal organism is one which touches chemical ground. As I have said, every micro-organism during its growth secretes a poison which appears to be a specific one for each microbe. So far as we are aware these poisons are definite chemical compounds possessing definite properties . . . and allied to the poisonous compounds termed ptomaines. In the case of certain well-known organisms, we have been long acquainted with the specific poisons which they secrete. The yeast-plant yields alcohol, carbonic acid, and other products: the vinegar plant turns alcohol into acetic acid, and in many other examples each organism during its life forms a special product. In less well-known instances we may therefore conclude that the same thing holds good; indeed, the existence of soluble poison capable of inducing the disease has been proved in the case of the bacillus of diphtheria. . . . But we are unable as yet to state the conditions under which the phagocytes of the lungs and tonsils are able on the one hand to seize upon and destroy the invading hosts of pathogenic bacilli, or, on the other, fail to prevent their entrance, and cease to keep the guard on which the health of the body depends.

Wherever the bacillus comes in contact

\* Address on the Advancement of Science by Research, July 1, 1890.

with these wandering cells, whether prior to or after its entrance into the stream of the circulation, or when it has succeeded in effecting a lodgment in any of the tissues, a struggle takes place between the contending hosts, on whose result depends the issue of life or death to the part—eventually it may be to the entire body. In some cases, happily the great majority, where the constitution is unimpaired, the result is favorable to the cells and the bacillus perishes; in others, where the tissues are weakened and the phagocytes share in the debilitated condition—whether produced by heredity or any depressing cause—the bacillus triumphs, finds a nidus suitable to the needs of its existence, propagates its kind and leads to the development of a tubercular lesion. How constantly this struggle is being waged may be conceived from the fact that it has been calculated by Bollinger,\* that one phthisical person may eject from his body in the course of twenty-four hours twenty millions of the bacilli.

It may then be taken as proved that the bacillus in all cases is derived by one animal from another, and grows only at a temperature approaching that of the human body; its chief if not its only place of multiplication is in the living tissue, and when it has found a suitable resting-place it commences its mission, propagating by spores and by fission, and secreting alkaloids dangerous to animal life, and leading to an alteration in the normal structure by the formation of tubercles, such lesions being an absolutely characteristic sign of the disease.

No human being can contract tuberculosis except as the result of the tubercle germ entering into his body—the bacillus or its spore.†

It is the propagation of the tubercle bacillus that leads to the production of the tubercle,‡ and when the mischief has culminated in the formation of the tubercle, the bacillus and its products may be distributed in other parts of the frame which appear quite unaffected: "there is no organ in the body in which this specific organism does not seem to thrive; it has been found in the eye, in the inside of the bones, the glands, the lungs, the brain, and the flesh."§

We have now arrived at the consideration of the practical question as to the de-

\* *Deutscher Med. Wochenschrift*, Oct., 1889.

† Professor M'Fadyean, Glasgow case, Q. 2,856.

‡ *Ibid.*, Q. 2,875.

§ Professor M'Call, Glasgow Case, Q. 2,990.

gree in which the flesh of an animal affected with tuberculosis is rendered unfit and dangerous for human food. It is on this point that the divergence of opinion centres, and upon its solution all legislation has been and must be based. It is admitted unanimously that if the disease be *generalized*, that is, pervades the tissues throughout, resulting in emaciation and loss of healthy color of the flesh, it must unhesitatingly be condemned, though even here innumerable cases of evasion occur; such cattle known as "mincers" or "wasters" are largely bought up by peripatetic dealers, and converted into sausages or sent to markets where the inspection is known to be lax. But if the malady be *localized*, that is, confined to one or more of the internal organs, and the flesh is firm and of good color, the ordinary practice in this country is to remove the affected portions and "strip" away their lining membranes, passing the remainder as first-class meat. It is this practice which is engaging the attention of pathologists, most of whom protest against it as full of danger to the consumer, and they have succeeded in other countries against its sale as first-class meat. The advocates for the admissibility of such flesh as food base their opinion on the theory that localized tuberculosis may never spread, that the chance of infection from apparently sound flesh is too remote to justify its condemnation, and that parts of the body distant from the affected portions are free from tubercle, and cannot infect if taken as food. In the words of the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, June, 1889 :

The bacillus, having found its way into a tissue, joint, lymphatic gland, etc., may remain there for years incapable of doing mischief, if the constitution is good; and its power for evil varies according to the amount of impairment of this nutrition.

The arguments *per contra* are to the following effect: it is proved that localization of the tubercle is no safeguard against the escape of the bacillus into the lymph or blood streams; Mr. Cornil has shown that it has the power of penetrating healthy mucous membrane, and that the minuteness of the spores enables them to be carried into every tissue: they are, indeed, so small that, though visible by the microscope when in the parent microbe, they cannot be detected when dissociated from it. Both bacilli and spores, having thus escaped from the local lesion, exist in the

tissues for a considerable period before the fact of their presence there becomes recognizable, and when it is recognized, the mischief is done and it is too late to adopt remedial measures.

To quote some leading authorities on this point of vital importance to the argument: Professor Klein states:

Though we may not by naked-eye inspection or even by microscopic examination be able to detect the tubercle bacilli in the muscles or connective tissue, how can we be justified in excluding their presence from the circulating blood, including the blood in the muscles and the connective tissue?

Mr. M. Geoch, the inspector at Paisley under the Infectious Diseases (Animals) Act, is of opinion that

though the visible signs of tuberculosis in cattle may be local, the disease itself may have permeated the whole frame.

Dr. Coats, the pathologist to the Glasgow Infirmary, testified that

there is nearly always a leakage of the bacillus into the lymphatics and the blood.

Professor M'Fadyean says:

Although tuberculosis may be strictly local to commence with, there is the tendency, or there is the danger, at any rate, of it becoming general if the bacillus burst into the blood stream; and we can never declare with certainty that in any particular carcass this has not occurred, because if the bacillus have escaped into the blood stream and settled in different organs, it takes some time—a week or ten days probably—to determine the formation of tubercles.

Professor M'Call, the principal of the Veterinary College of Glasgow and inspector for the Privy Council, states that a longer period than this would probably elapse after the specific organisms had entered the body before we became aware of their presence, sometimes weeks or months.

Mr. Robinson, examiner in cattle pathology for the Royal Veterinary College, believes that when a visible tuberculous centre exists, there is every probability that the generalization of the disease has begun throughout the whole system of the animal, and that it is a hazardous thing for the life and health of the community to allow any part of a tuberculous animal to pass into food.

Mr. Maylard adopts the views of Koch, in whose *clinique* at Berlin he studied, that the bacilli may make their way into the lymphatic glands without any indication of



that the virus may be circulating through the healthy organs and tissues in a carcass, although it is not found obviously manifesting itself : and he adds from his experience as surgeon to a children's hospital that forty per cent. of the patients on the surgical side are tuberculous, and a possibly greater proportion would be met with on the medical side.

Dr. Wallace, the Medical Officer of Health for Greenock, has acted there for the last five years on the principle that, however slightly an animal may be affected with tuberculosis, the entire carcass is unfit for food, and must be condemned, and this view is endorsed by Mr. Cope, the Chief Inspector of the Agricultural Department of the Privy Council, and by Sir Charles Cameron, Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, who deposed\* before the Departmental Inquiry :

I must say that, be the condition satisfactory or otherwise, I unhesitatingly condemn any animal that has tubercle in any part of it.

Koch writes that the bacillus may escape from the original tubercular focus, reach the interior of the larger blood vessels, and be disseminated by means of the circulation in larger or smaller numbers throughout the body, and thus localized tuberculosis develops into generalized ; and Veysiere has shown that purely local tuberculosis is very rare : an examination of eighty-one cases yielding only two that could be so characterized. The practice of stripping away the lining membranes of the cavities whence the diseased organs have been removed is deemed not only imperative to protect the unaffected organs, but likely to facilitate the spread of the infection, the mode in which it is conducted being unscientific, and the knife which is employed to remove the affected membrane penetrating the apparently healthy tissues and probably conveying the bacilli to them. So that, as Sheriff Berry sums up :†

The practice has been, in cases where the disease, as far as appeared to the naked eye, was confined to the internal organs, to "dress" or "strip" the carcass—that is, to strip away the lining membrane of the chest cavity and the internal organs, and to allow the rest to pass into the market for food. My conclusion from the evidence is that this

\* Blue-book, p. 252, Q. 2,930.

† Glasgow case, p. 411.

is not a sufficient protection against the risk of communication of the disease by ingestion. There may be no appearance visible to the naked eye of the action of the tubercular bacillus in a particular part of the animal, and yet it may not improbably be there. The presence of the agent of the disease must precede the visible results of its action. Indeed, the present case affords an illustration of the danger of inferring from the absence of symptoms visible to the unaided eye that the disease is localized : as far as could be judged by such symptoms there was but little indication of disease beyond the internal organs ; yet, on examination under the microscope, bacilli were seen in the prepectoral gland, a part of the animal which, although the carcass had been stripped, would have been passed out into the market as fit for the food of man.

This decision was avowedly based on the conclusions arrived at by the various congresses, committees, and Government inquiries which have been held during the past three years to consider the subject in all its bearings. Various local authorities in this country having taken common action induced the Privy Council to appoint a Departmental Inquiry in 1888, which reported on the 10th of July of that year\* that

the distribution of the disease and the bacillus closely affects the question of the use of tubercular meat as food. It appears that the marrow of the bones is affected at an early period, and that the bacilli may be present therein in considerable quantities before they discover themselves by changes obvious to the eye. Evidence has also been laid before us to show that, although rarely, the disease may affect the flesh, and that the ordinary methods of cooking are often insufficient to destroy the bacilli buried in the interior. Further, although the bacilli may be found but rarely in the flesh, still, the chance of their being present either there or in the blood is too probable to ever allow of the flesh of a tubercular animal being used for food under any circumstances, either for man or the lower animals.

A few weeks later, on the 31st of July, the Paris International Congress on Tuberculosis voted, by a majority of three hundred to three, that

every possible means should be adopted, including compensation to parties interested, for the general application of the principle of seizure and destruction in totality of all flesh belonging to tuberculous animals, no matter how slight the specific lesions found in such animals.

The official report of the pathologists to the Health Department of the city of New York in 1889 states that †

\* Report of the Privy Council Committee, § 43, etc.

† New York Medical Record, xxv. 643.

tuberculosis is a strictly preventible disease, and may be induced, and is indeed transmitted, by the milk and flesh of tuberculous cattle. One of the obvious means of prevention, therefore, is the avoidance of such articles of food, and those measures of prevention alone answer the requirements which embrace the governmental inspection of dairy cows and animals slaughtered for food, and the rigid exclusion and destruction of all those found to be tuberculous.

The North of Ireland branch of the British Medical Association adopted the conclusions presented by its committee last year, that there is a certain amount of danger in allowing the flesh of an animal, even only locally affected, to be sold for food; to what extent this risk extends they were not prepared to say, as it probably varies in different cases. And the branch passed a resolution

That, in view of the recent discoveries with regard to human and bovine tuberculosis, and to the opinions held by many scientific authorities concerning the communicability of tuberculosis from man to animals, and from animals to man, and in view of the enormous prevalence of the disease in one form or another among mankind, this branch disapproves of the practice of allowing any part of an animal which has been shown to have been affected with tuberculosis to be sold as sound and wholesome meat.

And, finally, a commission appointed by the Victorian Parliament in 1889 recommended the seizure and destruction of all infected animals, alive or dead, dealing with them as though scheduled with pleuropneumonia under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act.

The unanimity of these decisions—all arrived at within the last two years—shows the progressive growth of scientific opinion, for the earlier Congresses, as that of Lyons in 1883, of Brussels in the same year, and of the Hague in 1884, sanctioned the use of the flesh of animals only locally affected with tuberculosis, leaving a discretionary power of rejection to the inspector if he found the color of the flesh impaired.

It will, however, be readily understood that in view of the enormous interests at stake, *legislation* has not yet adopted these requirements in their entirety, though in most countries it is steadily advancing toward their enactment. In France the Government, actuated by the resolutions of the Paris Congress of 1888, added tuberculosis to the list of contagious maladies scheduled under their Act of 1881, and

formulated the code, now known as French Tuberculosis Regulations, following effect:

(1) When tuberculosis is recognized in vine animals during life, the Prefect make an order placing them under the surveillance of a veterinary inspector. (2) An animal recognized tubercular shall be isolated and sequestered, and shall not be re-used except for slaughter: the slaughter shall be carried out under the surveillance of a veterinary inspector, who shall make an autopsy of the animal and send to the Prefect a report of the same within the period of five days. (3) The flesh of tuberculous animals shall be excluded from consumption, (a) if the lesions are generalized, that is to say, not confined exclusively to the visceral organs and lymphatic glands; (b) if the lesions, although localized, have invaded the greater part of an organ, or are manifested by an eruption on the walls of the chest or of the abdominal cavity. Such flesh is excluded from consumption, and also the tubercular animal shall not be used as food for animal. (4) The utilization of the skin shall not be permitted until after the infection.

Germany, with its usual scientific precision, has adopted a system of compulsory public slaughter and inspection, which has revealed the extraordinary prevalence of the disease in cattle, and has at the same time rendered it impossible for flesh-eaters to eat tuberculous meat unwittingly. In Berlin alone, in 1888,\* "tuberculosis was detected in 4300 cattle and 6393 pigs: the entire carcasses of 98 of the former and 1442 of the latter were destroyed, while 8322 parts or organs were withheld from consumption as unsound class meat." Flesh exposed for sale in Prussia is classified into such as is undoubtedly free from tuberculosis, and may be freely sold at butchers' stalls; and such as has been taken from animals locally affected, which can only be sold at a public stall (*Freibank*) by a city employee, a ticket or seal being affixed to each portion, giving intimation to the purchaser of the cause of its having been remitted there: it is priced cheaply, as of mediocre quality, and it is sold under such strict control as to render it impossible that it can be bought as above suspicion. The law passed in 1885 says:

The condition of the flesh of a tuberculous animal is to be regarded as dangerous to health when the meat contains nodules or

\* *Journal of Comparative Pathology*, March 1889, quoting Adam's *Wochenschrift*.

animal has begun to show emaciation, even although the tubercles are not visible in the meat, while, on the other hand, the meat is to be regarded as fit for food when the tubercles occur only in an organ, and the beast is in general well nourished.

The care with which these regulations are enforced in Berlin may be estimated from the fact that there are no less than 138 persons engaged in the inspection of meat there, including physicians, veterinary surgeons, and microscopists, Koch himself being the *Gesundheits-Rath*, or chief of the Sanitary Council; while in one of our largest cities, Birmingham, this duty, involving the supervision of 300 slaughter-houses, is delegated to two individuals.\* Similar regulations to those of Prussia exist more or less throughout the whole of Germany; and in Austria the flesh, however good it may appear to be, is condemned if the lymphatic glands of the chest and intestines are affected.

The most thoroughgoing legislation is that enforced by the Jewish Church, of which I have given abundant details in my previous papers, and have supplied statistical proofs of the relative infrequency of tubercular disease, which I believe to be in great measure dependent upon the extreme care exercised over the meat supply.

Qualified inspectors [says the *British Medical Journal*, April 12, 1890] examine all flesh intended for human food; the blood is scrupulously removed, and a board sits *en permanence* for the guidance and supervision of the inspectors. Fully one fourth of the carcasses examined are rejected, mostly from tuberculous affections, and when the meat is passed as fit for food a seal is attached to each portion exposed for sale. Most of the Continental regulations for the inspection of meat are based on the system of the Jewish laws, though they do not come up to them in stringency. . . . It remains for our legislators to adopt, directly or in a modified form, such of these laws as have been proved to be of value, and to fill up with the aid of the knowledge and experience resulting from modern investigations those gaps which are now known to exist, so that we may have a more complete code of meat inspection and control.

And the *Temps*, in a *critique* of my article in this Review, concludes:

Tous ces faits sont évidemment de nature à appeler l'attention des hygiénistes sur les prescriptions talmudiques en matière d'alimentation, et l'on ne voit pas pourquoi les règles de la boucherie juive, consacrées par l'expérience

\* Evidence of Dr. A. Hill, Medical Officer of Health in Birmingham, Glasgow case, p. 282.

de tant de siècles avant de l'être par le verdict de la science contemporaine, ne deviendraient pas des règlements d'utilité publique. Nous avons assurément déjà fait à la civilisation israélite plus d'un emprunt moins profitable et moins justifié.

In this country legislation is conspicuous by its want of uniformity—one might even say by its absence; there is no efficient system of inspection or control; the local authorities and medical officers of health issue contradictory orders, and meat condemned as unfit for food in one market is freely allowed to pass into consumption in another. In the Glasgow case, the cattle in dispute, rejected by the health officers of that city, of Greenock, Paisley, and Edinburgh, were declared perfectly suitable for food by those of Sheffield, Hull, Birmingham, and the Holborn district of London, who deposed that they would unhesitatingly have let them go into the market. Again, the *Belfast Northern Whig* tells us that one day a magistrate ordered the destruction of some tuberculous meat, and a few days later two other magistrates refused to give an order for the destruction of two carcasses clearly shown to be similarly affected, alleging as their reason a disinclination to give such a decision as would have a ruinous effect upon the cattle trade of the country, adding that if tuberculosis were a serious disease like pleuro-pneumonia, the Government should make provision for the compensation of the fleshers. On appeal the justices of the peace ordered this meat to be destroyed as unsound and unwholesome.

The present system or want of system is radically bad. Farmers, cattle-dealers, and butchers have no solid ground on which to stand. One day they may be fined and the next acquitted; by one medical officer their fault may be condemned, by another, condoned; and by one judge they are told the law says this, and by another that it says something very different. No wonder is it then that the butchers wish to form themselves into a jury in disputed cases. They would, at any rate, be thoroughly consistent in their arbitration.\*

It is true that during the last twelve months medical officers of health and sanitary inspectors have paid increased attention to the subject, and large numbers of cattle have been condemned which would previously have been freely passed into

\* *British Medical Journal*, Nov. 2, 1889, p. 990.

our food supplies. It is, unfortunately, equally true that a large percentage of the animals still admitted into our markets—a proportion varying from 0·2 to 50 per cent.\*—is tuberculous, and the flesh is daily consumed for food. There is, besides, a growing amount of evidence to show that the proportion of bovine tuberculosis bears a distinct relation to that in man, a relation standing directly in the light of cause and effect. In 1881 the authorities of Baden issued a chart applying to fifty-two towns in that duchy, which demonstrated that where the disease is most prevalent among cattle it is also most frequent in the human subject, and that it is especially prevalent in such towns as possess the largest number of low-class butchers. This statement was borne out by witnesses examined before the Departmental Committee of the Privy Council (questions 5115, 5367 and 8791), and Sir Lyon Playfair has pointed out that when tuberculosis increases among cattle, consumption in some form or other, but chiefly mesenteric or intestinal, increases among children. Even admitting the possibility of the localized disease being free from mischief, a possibility disproved by the evidence which I have adduced, it is clearly impossible to decide at what period the localized condition becomes generalized, and it is beyond the power of any one to determine that in what appears to be a purely local affection, the germs of the malady have not already been carried into the system. The responsibility for the assumption that no harm can accrue from the ingestion of such meat is certainly not to be taken lightly, and is in direct opposition to the teachings of experimental pathology. The rôle of science in the question has been thoroughly played out, and its case proved to the hilt; its functions have now lapsed, and it devolves upon the Legislature to profit by its dem-

onstrations, and to adopt such measures as may best protect the public from this ever-present scourge.

In the debate in the House of Commons during the past session, the necessity of scheduling tuberculosis under the provisions of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act was strongly advocated by Mr. Knowles, Sir. L. Playfair, Dr. Farquharson, and others; but was objected to on the ground *inter alia* that it would create an "unpleasant feeling" in the public mind. But the subject has by this time taken so firm a hold upon the public mind that a far more "unpleasant feeling" will be created if no steps are taken to institute precautionary measures against the danger of infection: it has passed the stage of examination by scientists and experts, to whom the Government has once more referred it, and unexceptionable as is the composition of the Royal Commission, which has just been instituted for its investigation, its appointment is to be deprecated as necessarily deferring legislative enactments. The results of experimental pathology, continuously carried on since the announcement of Koch's discovery, have established the fact beyond the possibility of doubt that there are very appreciable dangers connected with the consumption of meat derived from cattle affected with tuberculosis, and though there is not absolute unanimity as to the degree of these dangers, yet it is amply sufficient to prove the existence of peril great enough to warrant the immediate adoption of preventive measures. Such measures indeed are called for in the interests alike of producers and consumers. A deputation representing the meat trade of the United Kingdom had an interview with the Minister of Agriculture and the President of the Local Government Board on the 21st of April of this year, to state the grievances to which they were subjected by the present unsatisfactory condition of the law, and to seek protection against the condemnation at the hands of local sanitary authorities of cattle apparently healthy and sent into the market for food-supply, such condemnation entailing not only pecuniary loss but also the risks of a criminal prosecution. And they asked that, until an authoritative decision should be arrived at as to the fitness or unfitness of such meat, an appeal might lie against the decision of the medical officer.

\* "Report of Departmental Committee of the Privy Council," Q. 4,263. In the "Milroy Lectures," delivered before the Royal College of Physicians for 1890 by Dr. Ransome, the statement I made some years ago, that an inspector of the Metropolitan Meat Market testified on oath that 80 per cent. of the flesh sent there had tubercular disease is declared to be exaggerated. I can only repeat that the statement was made by Dr. Carpenter, and is to be found in the *British Medical Journal* of October 7, 1879; probably it does not apply now, as the inspection of cattle has become more stringent.

of health or sanitary inspector to some official to be appointed by the Board of Agriculture, compensation being granted in case of condemnation, as is the practice where cattle are slaughtered for "scheduled" diseases, their claims being specially enforced because the home producer is unfairly handicapped by the introduction of foreign meat to an unlimited extent free from any similar inspection.

Practically, indeed, the question has now resolved itself into the apportionment of the loss entailed by the restrictive measures which must be adopted. The breeder sells his beasts, to all appearance healthy, to the butcher, who, buying them at a fair price, sends them to market, where they are condemned as tuberculous, and he has to bear the entire penalty of their confiscation, a penalty which he naturally thinks unfair. The adjustment of the loss is undoubtedly a difficult matter, but it is one that will of necessity diminish as the malady becomes minimized by rigorous inspection. The more restricted the foci of infection, the more quickly will the disease be stamped out, and as soon as it is discovered that tuberculous cattle cease to pay, the supply will be cut down to the demand. If the meat that is now rejected in such markets as enforce a proper inspection finds no sale in others, it will soon cease to appear in the hands of either butchers or consumers. Whether compensation is to be awarded out of the local rates, out of slaughter-house dues, or, as is the case in Denmark, out of a fund raised by mutual insurance in the trade, is a matter that must be left to the decision of Parliament; but that economic measures must yield to the paramount consideration of public health and safety is undoubted. As the law stands at present, the Local Government Board is powerless to interfere with the manner in which each local authority may choose to deal with suspected meat, and it follows, therefore, that flesh is freely passed as fit for human food in one borough which would be totally condemned in another. Assuredly this solution, if the word applies, of the problem is as unsatisfactory and dangerous to the consumer as it is hazardous, perhaps ruinous, to the purveyor; and unquestionably until Parliament chooses to arrive at a final decision, temporary legislation should be enacted by which the British public may obtain the minimum of protection afforded in con-

tinental countries, as for example by the abolition of private abattoirs, a careful examination of the food supply by qualified inspectors, and a provision that meat derived from tuberculous cattle, however slightly they may have been affected, should be marked as such, and sold only in a special market and at a lower price. The purchaser would buy it with his eyes open, content to take what risk there may be, while those who prefer paying more for meat from animals entirely free from localized tuberculosis would be relieved from any doubts as to the absolute reliability of what they buy, a feeling which no one, except the inhabitants of three or four towns in Scotland, is at present privileged to entertain.

The Minister of Agriculture, in a letter to the *Times* on the 26th of April, 1890, asks, if the statement I made in this Review be correct as to our markets being flooded with tuberculous meat, how it is, if it be so specifically dangerous, that phthisis does not increase? The question is readily answered by a quotation from my paper: \* "it is, of course, not asserted that any one specific cause is sufficient *per se* to bring about constant and invariable biological results; all that I claim for that under consideration is that it is an important factor." And as the *Sanitary Record*† pertinently inquires, "Is Mr. Chaplin sure that phthisis is not increasing?" Has he any reason for believing that the proportion of such meat used as human food is increasing? The increased attention paid to sanitation, the better housing of the working classes, the improvement in the material condition of the masses of our population, and innumerable other causes, tend to diminish the death-rate from tuberculosis as from other diseases.

The *Times* concludes that the evidence I have adduced is of a sufficiently grave character to attract public attention, and that the question raised is one of vital importance, and one that cannot be lost sight of until it is finally solved. Meantime, let us ponder over the weighty words of Mr. Herbert Spencer: ‡

"The first requisite in life is to be a good animal, and to be a nation of good animals is the first condition of national prosperity."—*Nineteenth Century*.

\* *The Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1889, p. 418.

† May 15, 1890. ‡ *On Education*, p. 146.

## THE STONE-THROWERS.

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

WHAT can we say to those who deem it right  
 To hurl Love's very teaching as a blow  
 At lives too used to all Love's patient woe?  
 Who wrest God's word to serve their private spite,  
 And secretly, like brigands in the night,  
 Steal up behind, and let their missiles fly!  
 Who, prating "charity" to Lust and Lie,  
 Still judge as evil aught above their sight,  
 Nor pause for question. May God pity such!  
 For when the glory of His kingdom shines,  
 How they will weep to see the wrongs they wrought  
 Unto the altar of His temple brought!  
 —Yet may this thought their hearts with comfort touch,  
 The stones which slew the martyrs built their shrines!

— *Good Words.*

## THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON HISTORY.

THE imperial destiny of the offspring of the little league of barbarian tribes, whose seats lay scattered among the meadows and marshes of the Eider and the lower Elbe, has effected not only history, but also the mode of writing it. A bare record of occurrences is no longer sufficient. History must do more than "merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past. It must modify his view of the present and his forecast of the future."\* The annals of that English race which has "conquered and peopled half the world" are to the historians of the present more than the annals of Rome were to those of a former age. The interest of Roman history was principally scientific, when not merely antiquarian; that of English is in the highest degree practical and real to contemporary nations. The expansion of England into the British empire cannot but have a great, even an awful interest for those who may watch its progress, and who can hardly fail to note, at all events, its more immediate results. In truth, there are abundant signs that the imagination of all, of foreigners more than of ourselves, has been profoundly stirred by it, and that men are not satisfied with only a narrative of its development. It is the causes and the processes by which it has been produced that they wish to know.

\* J. R. Seeley.

When these processes are once assumed to have been divined, immediately there arises a desire to imitate them. The record of current events shows this plainly. Never has maritime and colonizing activity been more eager than it is now. The backward are hastening to seize a share of the "distant unsettled commercial regions" still left unappropriated. There is a widespread conviction that national greatness must depend upon maritime eminence and colonial extension; that to remain within the ancient borders is to decline. It is on this account that historical investigations of the methods by which we have acquired our present world-empire are so much more interesting than the mere record of the stages through which we have passed on the way to it.

As yet the investigation has been very insufficiently pursued. The American author—whose work\* it is proposed to notice—has set himself the task of doing so more thoroughly than has yet been attempted. There is not, he says, any work which gives "an estimate of the effect of sea power upon the course of history and the prosperity of nations." In the performance of his task Captain Mahan has produced a very remarkable book. A

\* *The Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660-1783.* By Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington.

great part of it, no doubt, is addressed chiefly to the student of naval strategy ; but there are whole chapters, and many passages in others, which merit the closest attention of statesmen. The style is singularly clear, and even dignified ; and sentences frequently occur which show that the author is no ordinary inquirer. Notwithstanding the more general scope indicated by its title, the book may almost be said to be a scientific inquiry into the causes which have made England great. The results of the inquiry are used didactically, and for the benefit of the author's fellow-citizens.

Though Captain Mahan is dominated by the philosophic spirit, and deals with his subject in a thoroughly scientific manner, a warmer motive than a love of science has led him to undertake the investigation. If nowhere specifically stated, the motive is still evident. It is to turn the minds of his countrymen to sea affairs. The arguments with which he supports his opinion, that their future welfare depends upon the adoption of what may be called a maritime policy, deserve serious attention, especially as they happen to have lately been illustrated by the action of his Government in assembling the Pan-American Conference, in greatly strengthening the navy, and in professing to claim Behring's Sea as a *mare clausum*. If we add to these the unauthenticated, but at the same time persistent, reports of intended American acquisitions on the coast of Hayti, some of Captain Mahan's arguments will appear highly significant. His book has therefore a twofold interest. It explains how England achieved her present imperial position, and sketches a policy which the Americans are likely to follow, and which, if they do follow it, will have momentous consequences for the world at large.

The author's arguments may be stated, pretty nearly in his own words, in the terms which follow. With some remarkable exceptions the waste places of the world have been rapidly filled, and a nominal political possession now generally exists in the most forsaken regions. As the openings to immigration and enterprise offered by America and Australia diminish, a demand must arise for a more settled government in the disordered States of central and tropical South America. Reasonable stability of institutions is neces-

sary to commercial intercourse with them, and to the peaceful development of their resources by "the citizens of more stable Governments." There is no hope that this demand for political stability "can be fulfilled from existing native materials." When it arises, "no theoretical positions, like the Monroe doctrine, will prevent interested nations from attempting to remedy the evil" by political and presumably forcible interference ; and "that nation will have the strongest arguments which has the strongest organized force."

Thus a collision, which "can scarcely fail to result in war," may be anticipated ; and the date of its advent will be precipitated by the completion of a canal through the Central American isthmus. The execution of this work may be expected to modify commercial routes ; and the well-known strategic conditions of the Mediterranean will be reproduced in the Caribbean Sea. The importance of the new channel to the United States will not be measured only by the improvement in communications between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. The geographical position of the great Republic ought to give it no small advantage when the time comes for determining what people shall exert a paramount influence over the Central and South American States. If between the intrusive nations there is anything like an equilibrium of power, we shall have "the familiar and notorious example of the Turkish empire, kept erect by the forces pressing upon it from opposing sides," reproduced in the western hemisphere. In that hemisphere the position of the United States will, or should be brought to, resemble that of England in the other.

The decline of American maritime commercial enterprise, indeed the almost total disappearance of the American flag from waters remote from home, have usually been ascribed to the depredations of Confederate cruisers during the civil war, and to vicious legislation since. Captain Mahan incidentally shows that there is a much more sufficient explanation. It is simply that maritime undertakings were found to be less remunerative than developing the internal resources of the country. Capital has for years past found its best investments, and labor its largest opportunities, in the interior of the Republic. The filling-up process, already mentioned, will soon bring round a day when shipping will

again pay; and the Americans will revert to the ideas and the practice of a past generation, and place their foremost interest in the development of their marine. It is this which makes a study of the strategic aspects of the Mediterranean of such value to those who may be hereafter concerned with the Caribbean Sea. The author forcibly contends that the naval history of the past is still full of valuable lessons, particularly in the field of strategy; but also, and though in a less, still in no inconsiderable degree, in that of tactics. His method of supporting his contention justifies the historical form in which he has cast his essay.

He urges that—if the Americans are to assume the status which they desire to hold on the other side of the Atlantic—they must set about re-establishing their maritime institutions on a proper scale. They must, as the author puts it, “build again their sea power.” Of this the foundations can only be securely laid in a large commerce under the national flag. If legislative hindrances are removed, a hint which Captain Mahan’s protectionist fellow-citizens will probably not fail to observe, and more remunerative fields of enterprise exhausted, the sea power will not long delay its appearance. It is interesting at this moment to inquire whether the captain represents any considerable share of the public opinion of his country in his views on points outside “protection.” The swing of the political pendulum at the last presidential election brought the Republican party back into power. The “platform” of the Chicago Republican Convention of June 1888—at which Mr. Harrison was selected as the candidate of the party for the presidency—contained passages which may aid us in the inquiry. The Democratic administration, which it was hoped to oust from place, was accused of inefficiency and cowardice in its conduct of foreign affairs:—

“Having withdrawn from the Senate all pending treaties effected by Republican administrations for the removal of foreign burdens and restrictions on our commerce [*foreign burdens and restrictions on American commerce* is good], and for its extension into better markets, it has neither effected nor proposed any others instead. Professing adherence to the Monroe doctrine, it has seen with idle complacency the extension of foreign influence in Central America, and of foreign trade everywhere among our neighbors. It has refused to charter, sanction, or encourage

any American organization for the Nicaragua Canal, a work of value to the maintenance of the Marine and of our national influence and South America, and necessary development of trade with our Pacific with South America, and with the further coasts of the Pacific Ocean.”

These expressions become significant when it is known that the ship is attributed to the present of State, Mr. Blaine—the Mr. the Pan-American Congress, of ring’s *mare clausum* doctrine, of largely increasing the navy. the “planks” of the Chicago platform policy of the Washington Cabinet the views put forward by Captain appear to have a very close incidence, which is the more worthy because political action corresponds party sentiment and is supported tific argument. It is, perhaps, no means without deliberate reason that Captain Mahan prefers to call the Mexico the Caribbean Sea. The a foreign State is at least unrecognized the latter appellation. The ant between this sheet of water and the Mediterranean—on which the author is expatiating, it must be owned restructively and with great argument skill—has an interest more important than that merely connected with an cal investigation. He maintains provide resting-places for its ships one of the first duties of the Government and that it “will have to obtain Caribbean Sea stations fit for commercial or secondary operations.” That have already been made to obtain of the kind has been repeatedly reported in the newspapers. It will have been from the foregoing that Captain outlines a policy of vast importance had been hinted at by the managers party now in office, and of the practical acceptance of which by the United Cabinet there are some convincing

It is the great merit of the book the advocacy of this far-reaching policy based upon apposite and clearly drawn torical parallels. When internal development had been virtually completed was it that led to external expansion? The author answers—The possession of sea power. It is, of course, by illustrations from the history of “that Nation which more than any other



owed its greatness to the sea—that this reply is chiefly confirmed. But he draws also from other sources. In the introductory chapter there is an instructive investigation of the causes which gave the victory to Rome in her struggle with Carthage. At that period “sea power had a strategic bearing and weight which has received scant recognition.” For some reason or other the “essentially non-maritime State had established over its seafaring (Carthaginian) rival a naval supremacy” which was hardly disputed in the Second Punic War. It did not exclude maritime raids large and small; for control of the sea, as we found in the days of our predominance when at war with Napoleon, “does not imply that an enemy’s single ships or small squadrons cannot steal out of port, cannot cross more or less frequented tracts of ocean, make harassing descents upon unprotected points of a long coast-line, enter blockaded harbors.” Though the Roman control of the western basin of the Mediterranean could prevent none of these, yet it did forbid the sustained and secure communications which were vital to Hannibal; and by this prohibition caused his defeat and the ultimate ruin of the country which he served.

Nature and all its previous history unmistakably declared that Carthage was to flourish only as a maritime, commercial, and colonizing State. By following up the law of its being, it for a moment seized the empire of the Mediterranean world. Why it lost it, and why swiftly on the loss destruction followed, may be briefly explained. It neglected its sea power, and allowed a *parvenu* rival to surpass it in the element to which it owed all its own greatness. The clearness with which Captain Mahan puts this before his readers, is a striking proof of his command of his subject. But he suggests another instance of the deleterious effect of inattention to a country’s maritime interests. This instance, if illumined by a less lurid light than that which blazed in the fall of Carthage, is more familiar to us, and historically much less remote. “France, admirably situated for the possession of sea power, received a definite policy for the guidance of her Government from two great rulers, Henry IV. and Richelieu.” The lead thus given was followed by Colbert; and at one period of the seventeenth century the sceptre of the sea seemed like-

ly to fall into the hands of France. Fortunately for England, Louis XIV. determined to have a policy of his own. He nourished a persistent hostility to the Dutch, who might have served him as maritime allies, and have been to England dangerous foes. He helped us to break the naval power of the Netherlands, and drove what remained of it over to our side. More than this: he neglected the maritime institutions of his own country, and turned “from the sea to projects of continental extension.” From that moment it was decreed that maritime supremacy should never belong to France. The “false policy of continental extension” had become inveterate in French rulers. Though Canada, Louisiana, and Hayti showed what the nation was capable of in the field of colonization, in naval policy the Regent Orleans trod in the steps of the *Grand Monarque*. The results were experienced in the subsequent Seven Years’ War, which virtually reduced the kingdom to its European limits. It would be hoping against hope to expect the theorists and inditers of unpractical academic essays among ourselves—whose historical studies are limited to the period that began with Sadowa-Königgratz, and ended with the peace of Frankfurt—it would be hoping against hope to expect such persons to learn the lesson offered by the naval history of their own country. Of that history they are completely ignorant. Persistent exaltation of the military institutions of an inexperienced and unmaritime empire has left them no time to study it. The perusal of one or two of Captain Mahan’s chapters might save them from the absurdity of attempting to force upon their fellow-countrymen an imitation of German arrangements as to which there is nothing to show that they would be either suitable or possible to a long-established maritime and colonizing State.

At a not very remote period in the history of that State, there occurred a series of events, the results of which conclusively established the impolicy of neglecting national conditions and natural characteristics. In the interval between the Seven Years’ War and the American War of Independence, the naval power of England had been permitted to relatively decline. “Notwithstanding,” says Captain Mahan, “the notorious probability of France and Spain joining in the war, the English

navy was inferior in number to that of the allies" in the American war. In the preceding contest, single-handed, she had conquered France aided by powerful allies. "Yes," exclaims our author, "but by the superiority of her Government using the tremendous weapon of her sea power." In 1778-79 she had to stand on the defensive, and not only was her most formidable weapon allowed to fall into a state of inefficiency, her dispositions also were faulty. "The American War of Independence involved a departure from England's traditional and true policy, by committing her to a distant land war, while powerful enemies were waiting for an opportunity to attack her at sea." It is exactly this that the imperfectly instructed Germanizing theorists of the day wish to repeat—to commit this country to a distant land war, in a contest during which we should be open to attack by powerful naval enemies. It is not the least convincing evidence of the intellectual eminence of Washington that he clearly perceived the true strategic nature of the War of Independence. "Whatever efforts are made by the land armies," he asserted, "the navy must have the casting-vote in the present contest." He formally placed upon record his conviction that upon naval superiority every hope of success must ultimately depend. The English Ministers, as completely regardless of the true source of their country's power as any contemporary Anglo-Indian official in his ignorance of the conditions on which our island realm won India, and has retained it, had committed England to the prosecution of a distant land war. The results of this policy have lost none of their instruction, and should be borne in mind by certain modern professors of imperial defence. One army after another surrendered; and though our fleet never suffered any great defeat, but won more than one brilliant, if usually barren victory, "the combined efforts of the French and Spanish fleets undoubtedly bore down England's strength, and robbed her of her colonies."

The present commercial and economic position of England is often assumed to be especially unfavorable to her in case she were engaged in a war even with an antagonist greatly her inferior in naval strength. "More than any other her wealth has been intrusted to the sea in war

as in peace." Captain Mahan says that, as the United Kingdom now largely upon external sources of supply, France—owing to the geographical situation of her ports, and especially the comparatively recently created Cherbourg—would perhaps be able to trade more mischief than in former times. But at the same time, he pointed out that there are compensating circumstances. The enormous extension of rail communication will render the north coast available as points of importation; many of the routes running to the north will not be very seriously threatened by the Germans using Brest or Cherbourg as bases. Cruisers needing incessant renewals of supply, as those of modern times do, cannot operate very far from their bases. The whole question of maritime trade in war is of special importance and interest to Englishmen; it has never been so thoroughly and scientifically investigated as by Captain Mahan in the book under notice.

Attacks directed against peace usually defenceless merchant vessels constitute a "form of warfare which has only received the name of commerce-destruction, which the French call *guerre de course*." That a country will be left weak and distressed by serious interference with its commerce will be conceded by all. Captain Mahan, however, will not place it among the principal operations of naval warfare. "It is," he says, "doubtless a most important secondary operation; and is not likely to be abandoned till war itself shall cease." Historical evidence shows that a pure commerce-deströying or "cruising" is inconclusive and worrying, but more so. "Regarded as a primary fundamental measure, sufficient to crush an enemy, it is probably a delusion." In 1667, Charles II., says Captain Mahan, "took a fatal resolution of laying great ships, and keeping only a few frigates on the cruise." Before the year 1667 half over the Dutch fleet was in the way, having caused more alarm and damage than all Charles's frigates. "The cruise" had caused to the enemy. This was not the policy of 1667, but the well's powerful fleets of ships of the line in 1652, that shut the Dutch merchantmen in their ports, and made the great cities grow in the streets of Amsterdam.

Louis XIV. was driven to adopt the policy of Charles II. in the war of the Spanish succession. Though the commerce of England undoubtedly suffered to some extent, yet on the whole, so far from being destroyed, it increased. In the preceding war, when France sent great fleets to sea, "our traffic suffered excessively; our merchants many of them were ruined." In the Seven Years' War, as long as the French fleets could keep the sea, the damage done by privateers to English commerce was enormous. But the victories of Hawke and Boscawen drove the French line-of-battle fleets from the ocean. The commerce of France was nearly destroyed; but the trade of England increased yearly, "and such a scene of national prosperity, while waging a long, bloody, and costly war, was never before shown by any people in the world." The story was exactly repeated in our great conflict with Revolutionary France, during the latter part of which it is well known that our maritime trade increased enormously. The truth revealed to those who inquire of naval history, and who do not form arbitrary or highly imaginative conclusions, is, that commerce-destroying as an important operation of war must be supported by fleets. It was because our fleet was occupied in confronting those of France and Spain, which thus virtually supported the cruisers of the insurgent American colonies, that our commerce suffered at all their hands during the War of Independence. But even then the losses of the Americans were heavier than our own, and proportionately much harder to bear. So, too, in the war of 1812, the British fleet had still to blockade the ports of the French empire, the ships in which thus afforded an effective, if unintentional, support to the American cruisers. Here again the mischief done to our extensive commerce was absolutely less, and relatively enormously less, than that which our cruisers did to the commerce of the United States. The result of the cruises of the *Alabama* and *Sumter* in the Civil War was due to causes similar in effect if not in appearance. The Confederates, it is true, had no fleets to occupy the attention of the Federal navy. But, as a fact, nearly the whole Federal force was occupied as much as it could have been by any fleet in blockading the coasts of the Southern States; so that the seas were traversed almost at

will by Semmes and his companions. Nevertheless, all the mischief that they wrought no more saved the Confederacy from falling than the capture of English merchantmen by the thousand saved Canada to France, or prevented England from seizing Havannah in one hemisphere and Manila in the other. The truth is that, though attacks on our commerce may do us immense injury, they can be frustrated by suitable measures, which can only be carried out with a sufficient number of ships of war.

Probably enough has been said to show that appeals to naval history are likely to disclose information of great practical importance to ourselves. In no country with considerable maritime interests has this class of history been more neglected than in England. Captain Mahan cites English, not foreign writers, when giving examples of a tendency to slight the bearing of maritime power upon events. This tendency was less marked among us formerly than it is now. To judge from literature alone, there were probably more English books published on naval subjects in the sixty years of George III.'s reign, than in the seventy that have elapsed since its close. This might be explained by the non occurrence of naval wars in the latter period, were it not that it has been just the other way in foreign countries. In the great Continental States an amount of attention is paid to maritime affairs, which makes the relative apathy of seafaring England all the more astonishing. The great daily journals of Paris—the "Debats" and the "Temps," to count no others—devote more space to naval matters than the whole daily press of London. In France and in Italy eminent representatives take an active part in the discussion of naval subjects, with which none but the incumbent of, or pretender to, a seat at the Admiralty and a few retired officers concern themselves in the British Parliament.

If this merely affected the *amour propre* of the naval service, and tended to leave a few grievances, real or imaginary, undressed, it would not be worth alluding to. But it has much more serious results. While our already vast maritime and transmarine interests are being daily and largely developed, concomitant measures to provide for their security have been altogether insufficiently considered by the pub-

lic generally. While we make an annual parade of the increasing statistics of our ocean trade, and listen to vague admissions that our naval strength ought to equal that of any two Powers, it is startling to find that it was a French Deputy who, in the current session of the Chamber, formally announced that during the last twenty years France and Russia had devoted to their navies about fifty millions sterling more than England had to hers. Financial arrangements are, after all, but the outward and visible sign of inward sentiment. That which it really cares to possess a free and wealthy people will resolutely set itself to obtain. The almost passionate energy with which a nation of islanders, endowed by their sea power alone with a great empire in the East, occupied themselves in strengthening one only of the frontiers—and that an inland frontier—of India, has no counterpart in its maritime policy.

The fact is, that we have permitted ourselves to be led by theorists dazzled by the glamor of a few German victories—great indeed, but over forces remarkable for the vices of their organization and discipline, and their backward state of preparation. Hence indiscriminate approbation and proposed indiscriminate adoption of German institutions. That the countrymen of Drake, of Blake, of Hawke, of Nelson; that the sons of the men who added Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and a host of other territories to

the British dominions—could have tolerated advice to mimic the ways of the un-nautical drill-sergeants at Berlin, is a grave symptom of changed ideas as to the real foundation of British greatness. It is the fashion of the mimic to copy, not what is best, but what is least worthy of imitation. We might have imitated German thoroughness, German industry, German frugality, German endurance of small emolument. To imitate these things none advised. The pattern of an ugly head-dress was held to be better worth copying than the laborious devotion of its wearers to unexciting but necessary duty. The height of administrative skill has been declared to lie in the adoption of some foreign official designation. Because a corps of patient, if rather pedantic, officers work—in perfect accord with the somewhat drill-ridden institutions of their country—in a certain building on the banks of the Spree, maritime England must foist some more or less incomplete copy of their chief upon her army and navy! Study of the book which Captain Mahan has produced may save us from persistence in such folly. Naval officers, students of their profession, will find instruction on nearly every page; while those who cannot and need hardly be called upon to understand the diagram of a sea-fight, or any distinctly technical details, may learn from it how their country achieved her present position among the nations, and how that position may be maintained.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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### SIMPLICITY AND COMPLEXITY OF CHARACTER.

MR. WILFRID WARD, in an extremely happy and discriminating paper on the apparent paradoxes of Cardinal Newman's character in the October *Nineteenth Century*, ventures the opinion that Newman's was a very "complex" nature. When we come to weigh the word, however, which as applied to any material thing, means much folded, abundant in different strata, as distinguished from "simplex," which asserts that there is but a single fold, that the essential part of it is all in one plane, we at once begin to have our doubts whether it properly conveys what

Mr. Wilfrid Ward really intends to convey. He dwells very subtly and justly on the apparent paradoxes in Newman, his mystical convictions and his wonderfully fine and discriminating sensuous impressions, his belief that the physical universe was more or less a mask for unseen agencies, and his singularly penetrating insight into the most expressive features of that mask, his rapture in musing on angelic ministrations, and his skill in choosing the wines for his Oxford College or in mastering the connections of a cross-country railway route, his love of solitude and his tenderness to friends, his powers as a controversialist and his contempt for formal controversy, his meditative passion and his

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\* See "Some Aspects of Newman's Character," in November *ELECTRIC*.

enjoyed by Newman, and his life was not and vivid chit-chat. Nothing could be better brought out than Mr. Wilfrid Ward's sense of the apparent paradoxes in Newman's nature ; but, after all, when we come back to the question whether the word " complex " describes Newman's nature accurately, we are more and more in doubt, and are disposed to say that, in some respects at least, it would be truer to speak of the unusual simplicity of his nature than of its unusual complexity. What do we usually mean by a morally complex nature ? We suppose, a nature which seems to love one thing, but which only disguises under that seeming the deeper love of something very different—for example, an ambitious nature, which becomes apparently lowly, pleading, earnest, flattering, in order to achieve some master-purpose ; or an intriguing nature, which becomes apparently open, cordial, playful, frank, in order the better to disguise its diplomatic object. In this sense, certainly Newman's nature was not unusual in its complexity, but rather unusual in its simplicity. He had no double ends in view ; he felt what he professed, and professed what he felt. He did love to bathe himself in solitude. He did heartily enjoy all the give and take, all the humor and the tenderness of true friendship. He was a religious man in his very essence ; and he was as truly a man of the world as any one can be a man of the world by the aid of imagination and keen perceptions alone. He did delight to put his finger on the real turning-point between different lines of religious belief ; and he did despise mere controversy undertaken for the sake of logical triumphs. His heart was in theology so far as it represented to him the teaching of God about God and man. He cared nothing for theology as a mere display of formal and abstruse learning. His mind was a simple mind in the singleness and sincerity of its interests, and complex only in that sense in which a repeater is more complex than an ordinary watch, or a human eye than an insect's eye—i.e., in the sense of containing finer and more elaborate provisions for effective work. Indeed, it was the remarkable combination of a singleness of purpose almost unique, with an elaboration of intellectual and moral insight quite unique which made Newman what he was. If one means by a complex nature a nature

of the kind described by a casual observer, no doubt Newman's nature was complex ; but that is hardly the sense in which a complex nature, as ordinarily understood, is opposed to a simple nature, for it is generally implied that there is something in it artificial, non-natural, deliberately evasive and baffling. The only trait in Newman's character which we can recall that looks a little like moral complexity was his habit of ignoring the *direct* question put to him, and replying to what he believed to be the state of mind of the questioner. Thus, when he was asked questions that he thought idle questions, he would not reply directly at all, but evaded them, and intended to evade them ; and as it sometimes happened that they were not idle questions when he thought them so, the upshot of the answer was not satisfactory. Again, in replying to genuine questions, which he knew to be genuine, he would ignore the question as it was actually put, and reply to the one which he thought *ought* to have been put ; and as his own mind was far subtler and less commonplace than that of most of those who carried their difficulties to him, the result was often perplexing to the questioner, and looked like a game at what is called " cross-questions and contrary answers." There is a story of his having been asked whether he had read a certain very popular essay, and what he thought of it, on which he replied that he had read it and thought it extraordinarily clever ; whereupon he was pressed as to what was its real drift. Newman replied : " Oh ! if you ask me as to its drift, it was *Fol-de-rol-de-rol, or words to that effect.*" Of course the whole wit there consisted in first cordially praising the *ad captandum* cleverness which had made the essay popular, and then intimating so happily how absolutely empty of real instruction he deemed it. But it would be difficult to say that the process of mind through which he went, in first giving his estimate of what the world found in it, and then his estimate of what he himself found in it, could be called a simple process of mind. It was most effective, as his indirect method of bringing out his own characteristic thought on a subject usually was ; but it was certainly not simple.

Nor can Newman's intellect be called a simple one in any sense, if the right test of simplicity be the readiness with which

average people take in and understand it. It was not nearly so simple as Mr. Carlyle's, with which Mr. Wilfrid Ward compares it. It was simpler perhaps than Mr. Browning's, with which he also compares it, but only simpler because Newman took more pains than Browning to bring out his meaning clearly—not simpler in its methods. But simplicity of intellectual process is one thing, and simplicity of character quite another. We should call his character, on the whole, a simpler one than Carlyle's, if we mean by simplicity of character, frankness and singleness of aim, no disguises from one's self as to the nature of one's aims, and perfect fidelity to them. Carlyle hardly knew, we think, whether he really valued picturesque strength or downright sincerity the most. He would, of course, have said that he held the latter to be the higher of the two; but, in point of fact, the heroes on whom he has lavished most of his imaginative power—Mirabeau, Danton, Voltaire, Frederick the Great—were by no means the most veracious of heroes. Newman's love of God as revealed in the Bible and by Christ, was a steadier, deeper, simpler, more profound love than any love of Carlyle's. What makes men doubt Newman's simplicity of character is that he detached himself so much from ordinary human interests, and so bewildered the average man—especially the average Englishman—who merges and often loses himself in ordinary human interests. But which of the two deserves to be called the simpler character, that which is buried in twenty or thirty different interests in the same day or week or month or year, or that which is always and dominantly devoted to the service of the same God, and which takes up these multifarious interests only as subordinate and secondary to the service of God? Most men are a bundle of interests where Newman was absorbed in one. This it was that gave him his

power over the world, and this which, in our opinion, gave him his simplicity of character. Men are to call a character simple which it is to understand, and whose turns of thought and feeling it is easy to follow. I greatly doubt whether that is the test of simplicity of character. It is worth's turns of thought and feeling by no means easy for average men and women to follow; yet it would be hard to find a more genuinely simple character. Simple, we mean, in its steady devotion to the same high aim. F. D. Masson's character was one the turns of thought and feeling it was often extremely difficult to follow; yet a more truly simple as well as noble character has not existed in our day than his. Often, indeed, the characters whose turns of thought and feeling it is easiest to follow are essentially complex, if we mean by "complex" full of mixed motives, desires, the tangle of which it is not means easy to unravel. It seems easier to follow the turns and windings of Bashkirtseff's mind; yet where could we find anything more highly complex than his? It seems easier to follow the turns and windings of the nature of Anatole France, the thinker whose "Journal Intime" Humphry Ward translated for us with so much delicacy; yet it would be hard to find a character much more complex than his, in which social and religious motives are more inextricably blended. It seems easier to follow the turns and windings of Shelley's nature in Professor Dowson's deeply interesting biography; yet is there a more striking study of the overwhelming force of self-deceptions than his? not by any means the simplest character which it is easiest to understand, for average human nature is complex, not simple, and is itself full of illusions and self-deceptions.—*Spectator*.

#### SILENCE IN VALHALLA.

BY M. W.

"Which things are an allegory."—GAL. iv. 24.

THE feasting hath ceased in Valhalla,  
The joy is all fled;  
The gods have grown feeble and pallid,  
And hope lieth dead.

He can never return to bless us,  
Great Baldur the bright ;  
The whole world groaneth in darkness,  
Day becometh as night.

We knew that the doom it was certain,  
The Norns never lie ;  
That the thread of his life should be broken,  
And Baldur must die.

For Loki was subtle as always,  
And stronger than might  
Is his craft ; it slumbereth never,  
In darkness or light.

The sun hath grown cold in the heavens,  
The arrow it sped ;  
A gray pall it hath fallen upon us  
Now Baldur is dead.

It availeth us little that Loki  
Lies bound and in pain,  
For naught can bring back the departed—  
Our grief is in vain.

But the Norns they have told us all things ;  
The time draweth nigh  
When the doom that was spoken it falleth ;  
There ariseth a cry

From the earth—the gods do not hearken,  
All silent their breath,  
As calmly they gaze from Valhalla,  
Awaiting their death.

—Academy.

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#### THE DECAY OF RURAL NEW ENGLAND.

THE American press is deeply concerned for the fate of rural New England. It is being rapidly depopulated. Scarcely any part of the civilized world, not even the clays of East Essex and North Lincolnshire, has been so heavily hit by what with doubtful accuracy is termed the "depression of agriculture" as the wintry valleys and stony uplands that have been the cradle of so much that is vigorous in American life. What in England may be fairly called depression, since the whole country comes within the region depressed, should, in America, be spoken of simply as a shifting of the centres of production. Under this process the farmers of New England and Old England have been about equal sufferers, with this difference, however—the Englishman, either in the shape

of owner or occupier, is almost compelled to face the difficulty. Emigration, as an alternative, could only be possible or desirable for a fraction of the strugglers. The New Englander, however, has had infinitely greater facilities and greater temptations for such a migration, and he has yielded to them so generally that the statistics of decline may well cause agitation in the minds of those who are left behind. If the State of Indiana were to develop some grave and unforeseen defect, and half of its people were to deport themselves into Colorado, no one would very much care except the remnant who were compelled to cling to the sinking ship. But the desertion of the old homesteads of New England appeals most strongly to the sentiment of all Eastern Americans, and an

American upon a topic of this kind is the most sentimental of living men.

In Massachusetts and Connecticut, in New Hampshire and Vermont, hundreds of farms that twenty years ago were considered as snug and sound financial properties proportionately to their value as farms in Kent or Essex at that time were, have been actually abandoned. Old abiding places where generations of hardy, God-fearing, intolerant, close-fisted yeomen tilled the soil with profit and content, have returned to the clutch of the forests and thickets from which they were rescued with such toil and pain two centuries ago. The proprietors have gone West, or into the manufacturing towns, and have been unable to find at any price buyers and cultivators for their abandoned acres. It is no question of inaccessibility to railroads and conveniences, for New England is as well supplied with such things as Yorkshire. Indeed, it would seem to be the railroads that have killed the country. The factories that, under Protection, have sprung up throughout the whole North-East, have by their high wages drawn away the farmers' families from the agricultural districts, while a perfected railway system supplies these manufacturing centres with Western produce at prices which defy local competition. It is not only that great breadths of old farming lands have been actually abandoned; but capital farms, close to towns and thriving villages, well tilled and presenting every apparent comfort and opportunity to the intelligent working farmer, are unsalable. Details come from all parts of New England, and from all classes of people, that to any one who remembers what a solid and convertible article a good farm in the Eastern States was twenty years ago seem inconceivable. Americans even of that part of the country for whose especial benefit Protection has been maintained are beginning to realize the cost of such maintenance, and to understand that others besides the unfortunate Southern farmers have got to pay the piper. Village schools—and no surer barometer of New England prosperity could be appealed to—have shrunk here from a hundred scholars to twenty-five, there from sixty to eighteen, and in some cases collapsed altogether from want of support. Not long ago a Vermonter was met in a London shipping-office taking his ticket for Brisbane. He had first left his

father's farm eight as a seaman, and filia, where he had unraveled. On this over with his Aust old folks in Vermont found still cultivated hundred acres, but circumstances. When in 1871 the farm thirty-five dollars an open market, and yielding to the family. The old man was working yore, and making less and had tried in vain. His neighbors West. Their farms song to a great New enclosed in a ring to game and to game.

Nor is it only from the cry of depopulation single county in North hundred farms are rejected. This is worse than I can show. The cattle seem numerous and cheap to the cheap and fertile, of course, a leading and the Yankee farm highest degree the successful emigrant. Most generally shared by neighbors and kinsfolk has come easier to him. The high wages in towns and villages a serious drain on the brought, as they have where within sight of. The very enterprise at which the New England credited causes him to to such fascinations. curious phases of the rural New England is, decay are actually in neighborhood of flour the remoter districts. posed that, with such consumers close at hand would be found for a perishable products farmer, with a working the rule in New England most profitable. The system, however, even



most perishable articles, such as milk, seems to have been developed in the North-Eastern States to an extent unknown in this country, and the local farmer is left absolutely in the cold, with the further consolation of having to pay double prices for every manufactured article he buys.

Though the winters in New England are long and the land not generally rich, still such drawbacks in a natural state of things would be far more than compensated for by the completeness of its civilization, density of population, and central position. The majority of its farms are not one whit poorer than much of the land that in Great Britain is cheerfully cultivated. They have upon them houses and buildings, and fences of the most substantial kind, have been generally well farmed, produce good crops of oats, potatoes, and hay, and are furnished with pastures both sweet and fresh and watered by never-failing streams. It seems incomprehensible that such estates should by the hundred be lying derelict. But the fact, unfortunately, is one beyond dispute.

In anything connected with American agriculture, however, one element should

never be lost sight of, and it counts for much. This is the universal distaste of the young American for farming. He sees in it the one career which contains no future possibilities of fame or fortune, unless, perhaps, by going West. He despises it as drudgery, and shrinks from even the very modified isolation life upon an Eastern farm implies. He turns up his nose at the homespun of his fathers, honestly believes that farming is a vulgar pursuit, and knows no peace till he has secured the broadcloth and the pittance of the city clerk. The very girls will not marry farmers if they can help it, but aim at something more "genteel." What in this New England question seems most of all to disturb many excellent patriots is that the Irish Celt, who has shrunk from all pioneering work, is beginning to creep out of the cities with his politics and his priest, and to usurp the sacred soil of the deacon and the preacher. It is to be feared that, even with desolation as the only alternative, there are many excellent and patriotic Yankees who would prefer it to this; and some have even the audacity to say so.—*Saturday Review*.

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#### THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

[On the 21st of this month a monument on Plymouth Hoe, erected to commemorate the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, will be unveiled by the Duke of Edinburgh. This opportunity reminds us of the spirit of England's sons, which in the days of Queen Elizabeth raised their country's name to a height far beyond even that pre-eminence which it had previously achieved. Protestant England then showed of what stuff she was made. To subdue her people, and crush their religious convictions, Spain, with the sanction of Pope Sixtus V., sent out from her shores a gigantic fleet, such as the modern world had never known, of one hundred and thirty vessels, manned with the flower of her sailors and soldiers. Great was the consternation throughout this country at the tidings of the preparations for this formidable invasion, and men's minds were for a time, and very naturally so, apprehensive as to the result. But "we must be free or die" was ever our national creed; and with such men as Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord Seymour, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher to lead them, they made ready with the thirty ships of the line—all they could muster—to try conclusions with the insolent invader. From the first, disaster befell the Armada, which had to put back to Lisbon after losing several vessels in a storm. Misled by a false rumor, that the English, on hearing of this disaster, had paid off their ships, in the belief that the invasion had been abandoned, the Spanish admiral sailed for Plymouth, in hopes to destroy the British fleet in the harbor there. But he found a warm reception awaiting him. Lord Howard, with Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, put out to meet him, and in a dexterous skirmishing fight captured two of the Spanish galleons, and routed the rest of the fleet. Not content with this, as the Spaniards retreated, the English harassed their rear, and, gathering numbers as they advanced up the Channel, they were strong enough to attack the Spaniards, who had sought shelter in the port of Calais, sending ships loaded with combustibles into their midst. Struck with panic, the Spanish fleet drew off in confusion, leaving twelve of their ships in the hands of the English. What was left of the diminished Armada was pursued by them as far north as Flamborough Head, where it was further shattered by a great storm. Seventeen of the Spanish ships, with 5000 men on board, were subsequently cast away upon the Western Hebrides and the coast of Ireland; and of the whole fleet only fifty-three vessels returned in a pitiable condition to Spain. A coin was struck by Queen Elizabeth, on which the Spanish fleet was rep-

resented as going to wreck in a storm, and upon it was the inscription, "*Afflas dissipati sunt*,"—words which Schiller has turned to account in the concluding line of the poem.]

FROM FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

SHE comes, Spain's proud fleet comes ! The ocean broad  
Moans underneath her, as along she steers ;  
With dismal clank of chains, with a new God,  
And thunders infinite thy coast she nears—  
A floating armament of bastions vast, —  
(Such sight the ocean ne'er hath seen before)  
INVINCIBLE men call her, all aghast,  
So on she moves, the startled billows o'er :  
Well won that vauntful title by the dread,  
That all around is by her coming spread ;  
Ocean, awe-struck, bears on the whelming load  
With pace majestic, into stillness crushed ;  
The ruin of a world within her stowed,  
Now she draws nigh, and every wind is hushed !

Thou happy isle, thou ruler of the waves,  
Thou of the giant heart and princely race,  
Britain ! 'tis thee this host of galleons braves,  
As there it floats and fronts thee face to face !  
Woe to thy freeborn people ! There in gloom  
It floats,—a cloud with tempest charged and doom !

Who hath from thee the peerless jewel wrung,  
That made thee queen of empires ! Hast not thou,  
Into revolt by tyrant monarchs stung,  
Devised the laws, whose wisdom rules thee now,  
In that GREAT CHARTER, which of monarchs makes  
Subjects, and makes of simple subjects kings ?

In many a stout sea-fight, whose fame awakes  
An echo that along the nations rings,  
Hast thou not conquered the proud right to be  
Supreme, where'er thy navies sweep the sea ?  
To what dost owe this right ! Blush, you that dwell  
In yon fair land ! To what but this alone—  
Thy spirit, that no craven hour has known ;  
Thy sword, that served this dauntless spirit well ?

Unhappy land ! On these Colossi look,  
That belch from myriad throats death-dealing flame  
Look, and divine the downfall of thy fame !  
The world mourns for thee of thy strength forsook,  
And every free man's heart for thee is sore,  
And all good souls that love the right deplore,  
With pity wrung, thy downfall and thy shame !

God, the Almighty, from on high looked down,  
Saw thy foe's haughty lion banners wave,  
Saw gape for thee a sure and ruthless grave ;  
" Shall, then," He said, " my Albion be o'erthrown  
My brood of heroes be discomfited ?

The one last bulwark 'gainst oppression be  
Razed to the dust, and trembling Europe see  
The strong arm paralyzed, which tyrants dread !  
Never shall Freedom's Paradise," He cried,  
"The shield of human worth, be left forlorn !"  
God, the Almighty, blew, and far and wide  
The Armada drifted, by wild tempests torn !

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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#### PROGRESS AND STAGNATION.

LORD DERBY, in his speech at the Liverpool School of Science, was not, in our opinion, as happy as usual in his diagnosis of the conditions under which mankind are moving forward in their conquest of the world of matter. "The general experience of the world hitherto," said Lord Derby, "has been that brilliant but brief epochs of advance have been followed by long intervals of stagnation, and sometimes even of retrogression." Retrogression, he went on to say, is not likely, but "stagnation is quite possible." To this view we must oppose a direct negative. We do not believe there is any likelihood of stagnation either in the abstract, or as regards the practical application of knowledge to the arts and industries of life. Lord Derby's conclusion is based upon a false analogy. We admit that in the past there have been recurring periods of stagnation and activity, but we deny that this must be expected to be the rule of the future. And for this very good reason,—the conditions are entirely different.

If we look at the history of the world, we shall see that till the beginning of the eighteenth century, the secret of progress, by which knowledge is not merely kept alive, but made to germinate, never belonged to more than a strictly limited number of people. The Egyptians and the Phœnicians possessed it once, but it soon died out in them,—the soil being, as it were, exhausted by the enormous crop at first produced. The seeds of progress planted in the Far East proved also incapable of development. When, however, they were transplanted to Greece, they became at once vitalized, and spread thence throughout Southern Europe and Western Asia, gathering vigor in the process. Though the Hebrews gave the civilized world its religion, it was from Greece alone that material progress came. Rome learned the lesson of civilization from Hel-

las, and when the barbarians and internal corruption had destroyed the Roman power, the Greek spirit—made living again by that strangest of human movements which we call the Renaissance—once more awakened men's minds to the sense that it was their business to make themselves truly masters of the earth on which they are placed. But throughout these stages of advance the communities in which the seed of progress were grown were small in size. The Greeks, who thought and studied, were a microscopic people, and the true Romans—that is, those capable of culture—were hardly more numerous. Again, even after Italy had spread the new learning to France, Spain, Germany, and England, only a comparatively few people were in the possession of the fruits of knowledge. Not until the end of the seventeenth century, when we may estimate that there were something like ten million educated persons in existence, had the area of cultivation become large enough to prevent recurrent periods of stagnation. Up till then, there had only been, as it were, a single acre fit for tillage, and, naturally enough, it could not be made to produce a good yield every generation. Now, however, it is possible to have something like a rotation of crops, and this provides an effective preservative against periods of stagnation. Instead of ten millions of educated persons, we have, including America, nearly a hundred millions possessed of the machinery of thought, and these one hundred millions are scattered over the whole face of the globe—in America, Africa, and Australia, as well as in Europe—and under a thousand different conditions, social, political, and climatic. But the result of having ten or twelve separate types of civilization, all belonging to the races which feel the impulse toward progress, is greatly to stimulate the aggregate intellect of mankind. For instance,

while the inventiveness or the scientific imagination of the people of England may be getting exhausted for a time, the processes of thought are being quickened across the Atlantic. But when a discovery is made in America, it is immediately transplanted to England; and since transplantation, in the region of ideas as of fruits, stimulates and strengthens, the result is a fresh advance in the country which seemed temporarily asleep. Take the following example. England produced Darwin, and Germany, though at that moment not specially conspicuous for scientific discoveries, at once showed herself receptive to his ideas. There they fructified in profusion, and as a result we are now importing German scientific teachings, and are thereby producing a fresh crop in England. The conditions of modern civilization, in fact, render stagnation most improbable. It may happen, no doubt, that occasionally the world will be for many years without a Joule or a Darwin; but this is not stagnation. All along the line there will continue to be material progress, and progress at an increasing ratio. That the more a human being knows, the more he adds to his knowledge, is only natural. As "creation widens in man's view," he discovers new subjects for thought and investigation. The discovery of the law of gravity, and of the mechanical equivalent of heat, and of the electric current, have opened long vistas of potential knowledge to the inquirer of the future. While man was ignorant of the world in which he lives, he thought it a circumscribed prison, the four walls of which were almost within his touch. Now he knows that if a prison, it is practically a limitless one, and that there are an infinite series of secret chambers only waiting his exploration, and out of which his domain may be indefinitely increased.

It must not be supposed, however, that because we do not think it possible that a period of stagnation can be produced by internal causes, we therefore consider our European civilization beyond all risks of destruction. On the contrary, we hold it to be quite within the bounds of possibility that it may perish, just as the Roman world did, in a flood of militant barbarism. We have not the slightest desire to declare that our civilization will be destroyed from outside, but we differ entirely from the notion that it *cannot* be. We hold with

Lord Wolseley, who has seen the Chinese and seen them at war, that the Mongolian race is quite capable, under certain easily conceivable circumstances, of overrunning Continental Europe, of stamping out our progressive civilization, and of establishing their own cast-iron, immovable polity in its stead. That they will actually do this is, we grant, unlikely enough; but it is absurd to speak as if it would be impossible for them to do so. It is not difficult to demonstrate the existence of this possibility. The population of China is at least 300 millions. This was the computation of the Marquis Tseng, though the French authorities say 381 millions, and Professor Legge, the Professor of Chinese in the University of Oxford, declares that 400 millions is nearer the true number. But the former one provides an utterly inexhaustible reservoir of fighting men who can learn to use weapons of precision as well as Europeans, who are as industrious and as ingenious as beavers, who are perfectly obedient to orders, who are quite fearless as regards death, not merely when in a condition of mental exaltation, but habitually, and who would not mutiny, no matter what their hardships, unless prevented from gambling. If, as Lord Wolseley says, this population ever awakes, produces Generals, and determines not to let itself be excluded from all the best places of the earth, it will be impossible to withstand it. The Chinese would not, of course, overrun Europe like Napoleon, but their silent, steady pressure would be quite irresistible. Inch by inch they would appropriate the Western civilized world. Even now, when the Chinese are for all practical purposes dormant, it is difficult for the Russians to prevent them filling up the provinces of the Amoor. What, then, would be the result, if they once adopted a forward policy? Their advance would be like that of the Lemmings in Norway, except that they would know how to take ship, and so would find the sea no obstacle. If Russia, necessarily the first victim, were conquered, and the Chinese, wearing some horrible veneer of civilization, were to establish themselves in Poland, the rest of Continental Europe would soon succumb, and we should then see Lord Wolseley's Battle of Armageddon between the Anglo-Saxon and the Mongolian realized. If the English were beaten, civilization as we know it must die out, for

progress is the one thing of which the Chinaman is incapable. No doubt this moral eclipse would not last forever, for Providence does not intend mankind either to perish, as Count Tolstoi desires to see them perish, or to sink back into permanent barbarism. At last the climatic conditions of the West would modify the Chinese race, and then some few germs of civilization, "spared by some chance when all beside was spoiled," would begin to be cultivated and to bear fruit again, and little by little, and after a series of painful

efforts, the social structure would be raised once more from the ground. Into this dim future it is not, however, worth while to peer, especially as we may hope that even if the Battle of Armageddon has to be fought between us and the Chinese, it may be the English-speaking peoples who will win. If they do, the destruction of the rest of Europe will not be an irreparable loss, for Providence seems already to have decreed that civilization in the twenty-first century shall practically be Anglo-Saxon. —*Spectator*.

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## A WORLDLY WOMAN.

BY VERNON LEE.

(Continued from our last.)

### VI.

"TELL me more about the Miss Carpenters," said Miss Flodden, shyly, keeping her eyes fixed on the rapidly flowing twist of water between the big shingle, where, every now and then, came the spirit of a salmon's leap.

They were seated, after tea, and another hard day's cataloguing, under some beech-trees that overhung the Tweed. From the fields opposite—no longer England, already Scotland—came the pant and whirr of a threshing-machine; while from the woods rose the caw of innumerable rooks, blackening the sky. A heron rose from among the reeds of the bank, and mounted, printing the pale sky with his Japanese outline. There was incredible peacefulness, not unmixed with austerity, in the gurgle of the water, the green of the banks, the scent of damp earth.

Greenleaf, who was very reserved about his friends, so much that one friend might almost have imagined him to possess no others, had somehow slid into speaking of his little Bloomsbury world to this girl, who was so utterly foreign to it. It had come to him how utterly Miss Flodden had lived out of contact with all the various concerns of life, and out of sight of the people who have such. Except pottery and violin music, come into her existence by the merest accident, and remaining there utterly isolated, she had no experience, save of the vanities of the world. But

what struck him most, and seemed to him even more piteous, was her habit of regarding these vanities as matters, not of amusement, but of important business. To her, personally, it would seem, indeed, that frocks, horses, diamonds, invitations to this house or that, and all the complications of social standing afforded little or no satisfaction. But then she accepted the fact of being an eccentric, a being not quite all it should be; and she expected every one else to be different, to be seriously engaged in the pursuit of the things she, personally, and owing to her eccentricity, did not want.

It was extraordinary how, while she expressed her own distaste for various weaknesses and shortcomings, she defended those who gave way to them as perfectly normal creatures. Greenleaf was horrified to hear her explain, with marvellous perception of how and wherefore, and without any blame, the manner in which women may gradually have allowed men not their husbands to pay their dressmaker's bills, and gradually to become masters of their purse and of themselves; the necessity of a new frock at some race or ball, the desire to outshine another woman, to get into royalty's notice, and the fear of incensing a husband already hard up—all this seemed to Miss Flodden perfectly natural and incontrovertible; and she pleaded for those who gave way under such pressure.

"Of course I wouldn't do it," she

said, twisting a long straw in her hands ; "it strikes me as bad form, don't you know ; but then I'm peculiar, and there are so many things in the world which other folk don't mind, and which I can't bear. I don't like some of their talk, and I don't like their not running quite straight. But then I seem to have been born with a skin less than one ought to have."

Greenleaf listened in silent horror. In the course of discussing how much the world might be improved by some of his socialistic plans, this young lady of four or five and twenty had very simply and quietly unveiled a state of corruption of which, in his tirades against wealth and luxury, he had had but the vaguest idea.— "You see," Miss Flodden had remarked, "it's because one has to have so many things that one's neighbors have, whether they give one much pleasure or not, that a woman gets into such false positions, which make people, if things get too obvious, treat her in a beastly unjust way. But women have always been told that they must have this and that, and go to such and such a house, otherwise they'd not keep up in it all ; and then they're fallen upon afterward. It's awfully unfair. Why, of course, if one hadn't always been told that one must have frocks, and carriages, and must go to Marlborough House, one wouldn't get married. Of course it's different with me, because I'm queer, and I like making pots, and am willing to know no one. But then that's all wrong, at least my sister-in-law is always saying so. And, of course, I'm not going to marry, however much they bore me about it."

"You speak as if women got married merely for the sake of living like their neighbors," remarked Greenleaf ; "that's absurd."

Miss Flodden, seated on a stone, looked up at him under his beech-tree. Her face bore a curious expression of incredulity dashed with contempt. Could he be a pharisee ?

"There may be exceptions," she answered, "and perhaps you may know some. But if a woman were secure of her living, and did not want things, why should she get married ?" It was as if she had said, Why should a Hindoo widow burn herself ? "There must be some inducement," she added, looking into the water and plucking at the grass, "to give

one's self into the keeping of another son." Her face had that same tation as once when she had mentioned matter before.

"Good God," thought Greenleaf, "into what ugly bits of life had been forced to look !" And with great pity and indignation about in general.

Miss Flodden sent a stone skimming across the river, as if to dismiss the subject, and then it was that she said hesitatingly :

"Tell me more about the Miss Floddens."

She had an odd timid curiosity about Greenleaf's friends, about every one who did anything, as if she feared to offend on them even in thought.

Greenleaf had spoken about them before, and not unintentionally. The sisters, living in their flat off Tottenham Court Road, doing all their housework themselves, and yet finding time among the poor, to be cultivating themselves charming, were a stalking horse of example he liked to bring before the members of fast society.

He had taken his refusal by one of the sisters with a philosophy which had astonished himself, for he certainly had not thought that Delia was very dear to him. She was dear in a way now. But he felt pleased at her marriage with young Harcourt of the Museum, and he rather enjoyed talking about her. He told Miss Flodden of Maggie Carpenter's work among sweaters, and of the readings of literature she and Clara gave to the girls ; and he was a little shocked when he told her of the young woman Shoolbred's who had borrowed a dictionary of Webster, that Val Flodden had heard of that eminent dramatic critic, and thought he was the dictionary. He described the little suppers they gave in the big kitchen, where the one or two helped to lay the table and to wash up afterward, previous to going to the best seats in the Albert Hall, or to attend a socialist lecture ; then the return journey through the silent, black Bloomsbury streets. He made it sound even more idyllic than it really was. Then he told her of Delia, and the piano lessons she gave, and the poems she wrote. He repeated two of the poems out loud, and said that they were very beautiful.

"They can never bore themselves," remarked Miss Flodden, pensively.

"Bore themselves?" responded Greenleaf.

"Yes; bore themselves and feel they just *must* have something differnt to think about, like birds beating against cage bars." Then, after a pause, she said vaguely and hesitatingly: "I wish there were a chance for one to know the Miss Carpenters."

Greenleaf brightened up. This was what he wished. "Of course you shall know them, if you care, Miss Flodden, only—"

"Only—you mean that they would think me a bore and an intruder."

"No," answered Greenleaf, he scarcely knew why; "that's not what I meant. But you must remember that you and they belong to different classes of society."

Miss Flodden's face contracted. "Ah," she exclaimed angrily, "Why must you throw that in my face? You have said that sort of thing several times before. Why do you?"

Why, indeed? For Greenleaf could not desist, every now and then, from bringing up that fact. It made the girl quiver, but he could not help himself. It was an attempt to find out whether she was really in earnest, which he occasionally doubted; and also it was a natural reaction against certain cynical assumptions, certain takings for granted on Miss Flodden's part that the vanity and corruption of her miserable little clique permeated the whole of the world—of the world which did not even know, in many instances, that there was such a thing as a smart lot!

But now he was sorry.

"Indeed," he said sorrowfully, "such a gulf between classes unfortunately still exists. In our civilization, where luxury and the money that buys it go for so much, those who work must necessarily be separate from those who play."

"Heaven knows you have no right to abuse us for having money," exclaimed Miss Flodden, much hurt. "Why, if I don't get married, and I shan't, I shall never have a penny to bless myself with."

"It's a question of the lot one belongs to," answered Greenleaf, unkindly; but added rather remorsefully: "Would you like me to give you a letter for the Miss Carpenters when next you go to town? I

have," he hesitated a little, "talked a good deal about you with them."

"Really!" exclaimed Miss Flodden, quickly. "That's awfully good of you. I mean, to give me a letter, only I fear it will bore them. I shall be going to town for a week or two in October. May I call on them then, do you think?"

"Of course." And Greenleaf, who was a business-like man, drew out his pocket-book, full of little patterns for pots and notes for lectures, and wrote on a clean page:

"Mem.: Letter for the Miss Carpenters for Miss Flodden."

"I will write it to-night or to-morrow; you shall have it before I leave. By the way, that train the day after to-morrow is at 6.20, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Miss Flodden. "I wish you could stay longer."

And they walked home.

As they wandered through the high-lying fields of green oats and barley, among whose long beards the low sun made golden dust, with the dark, greenish Chevriots on one side, purple clouds hanging on their moor sides, and the three cones of the Eildons rising, hills of fairy-land, faint upon the golden sunset mist—as they wandered talking of various things, pottery, philosophy, and socialism, Greenleaf felt stealing across his soul a peacefulness as unlike his usual mood as this northern afternoon, with soughing grain and twittering of larks, was different from the grime and bustle of London. He knew, now, that Miss Delia Carpenter's refusal had been best for him; his nature was too thin to allow him to give himself both to a wife and family, and to the duties and studies that claimed him; he would have starved the affection of the first while neglecting the second. His life must always be a solitary one with his work. But into this rather cheerless solitude there seemed to be coming something, he could scarcely tell what. Greenleaf believed in the possible friendship between a man and a woman; if it had not existed often hitherto, that was the fault of our corrupt bringing up. But it was possible and necessary; a thing different from, more perfect and more useful than, any friendship between persons of the same sex; but more different still, breezier, more robust and serene, than love even at its best. And had he not always wished for that sister,

that Emily who had never existed? Of course he did not contemplate seeing very much of Miss Flodden, still less did he admit to himself that this strange, reserved, yet outspoken girl might be the friend he craved for. But he felt a curious satisfaction, despite his better reason, which protested against everything abnormal, and which explained a great deal by premature experience of the world's ugliness—he felt a satisfaction at Miss Flodden's aversion to marriage. He could not have explained why, but he knew in a positive manner that this girl never had been, and never would be, in love, that this young woman of a frivolous and fast lot was a sort of female Hippolytus, but without a male Diana; and he held tight to the knowledge as to a treasure.

## VII.

The next day, Greenleaf was put a little out of conceit with himself and the world at large: a vague depression and irritation got hold of him. Before breakfast, while ruminating over a list of books for Miss Flodden's reading, he had mechanically taken up a volume that lay on the drawing-room table. There were not many books at Yetholme, except those which were never moved from the library shelves, and the family's taste ran to Rider Haggard and sporting novels; while the collection put in his room, and bearing the name of *Valentine Flodden*, consisted either of things he already knew by heart—a selection from Browning, a volume of Tolstoi, and an "Imitation of Christ,"—or of others—as sundry works on Esoteric Buddhism, a handbook of Perspective, and a novel by Marie Corelli, which he felt much desire to read. The book that he took up was from the circulating library, Henry James's "*Princess Casamassima*." He had read it, of course, and dived into it—the last volume it was—at random. Do authors ever reflect how much influence they must occasionally have, coming by accident, to arouse some latent feeling, or to reinforce some dominant habit of mind? Certainly Henry James had been possessed of no ill-will toward Miss Val Flodden, whom indeed he might have made the heroine of some amiable story. Yet Henry James, at that moment, did Val Flodden a very bad turn. Greenleaf got up from the book, after twenty minutes' random reading, in a curiously suspicious

and aggressive mood. Of course he never dreamed that he, a gentleman of some independent means, a scholar, a man who had known the upper classes long before he had ever come in contact with the lower, could have anything in common with poor Hyacinth, the socialist bookbinder, pining for luxury and the love of a great lady; neither was there much resemblance between Christina Light, married to Prince Casamassima, and this young Val Flodden married to nobody; yet the book depressed him horribly, by its suggestion of the odd freaks of curiosity which relieve the weariness of idle lives. And the depression was such, that he could not hold his tongue on the subject.

"Have you read that book—the '*Princess Casamassima*'—Miss Flodden?" he asked at breakfast.

"Yes," answered the girl; "isn't it good? and so natural, don't you think?"

"You don't mean that you think the Princess natural—you don't think there ever could be such a horrible woman?"

He was quite sure there might be; indeed, the fear of such a one quite overpowered him at this very moment; and he asked in hope of Miss Flodden saying that there were no Princess Casamassimas.

Something in his tone appeared to irritate Miss Flodden. She thought him pharisaical, as she sometimes did, and considered it her duty to give him a setting down with the weight of her superior worldly wisdom.

"Of course I think her natural, only she might be more natural still."

"You mean more wicked?" asked Greenleaf, sharply.

"No, not more wicked. The woman in the book may be intended to be wicked; but she needn't have been so in real life. Not at all wicked. She's merely a clever woman who is bored by society, and who wants to know about a lot of things and people. Heaps of women want to know about things because they're bored, but it's not always about nice things and nice people as in the case of the Princess. She may have done mischief—she shouldn't have played with that wretched little morbid bookbinding boy; women oughtn't to play with men even when they're fools; indeed, especially not then. But that wasn't inevitable. Hyacinth *would* run under her wheels. Of course I shouldn't have cared for that chemist



creature either, nor for that Captain Sholto; he behaved rather like a cad all round, don't you think? But, after all, they all talked very well; about interesting things—real, important things—didn't they?"

"And you think that to hear people talk about real, interesting things is a great delight, Miss Flodden?" asked Greenleaf, with a bitterness she did not fully appreciate.

"You would understand it if you had lived for years among people who talk nothing but gossip and rot," she answered sadly, rising from her place.

No more was said that morning about the Princess Casamassima. Miss Flodden was rather silent during their cataloguing work, and Greenleaf felt vaguely sore, he knew not what about.

Throughout the day, there kept returning to his mind those words, "You see they talked very well, about interesting things—important, *real* things—didn't they?" and the simple taking-things-for-granted tone in which they had been said. Women of her lot, Miss Flodden had once informed him, would go great lengths for the sake of a new frock or a pair of stepping horses. Was it not possible that some of them, to whom frocks and horses had been offered in too great abundance, might transfer their desire for novelty to interesting talk, and *real* things?

That was their last afternoon together. The catalogue had been finished with. Miss Flodden took Greenleaf for a drive in her cart. They sped along under the rolling clouds of the blustering northern afternoon, the rooks, in black swarms, cawing loudly, the pee-wits screeching among the stunted hedges and black stones of the green, close-nibbled pastures; it was one of those August days which foretell winter.

Greenleaf could never recollect very well what they had talked about, except that it had been about a great variety of things, which the blustering wind had seemed to sweep away like the brown beech leaves in the hollows. The fact was that Greenleaf was not attending. He kept revolving in his mind the same idea, with the impossibility of solving it. He was rather like a man in love, who cannot decide whether or not he is sufficiently so to make a declaration and feels the propitious moment escaping. Greenleaf was not in love; had he been, had there been

any chance of his being so, Miss Flodden would not have been there in the cart by his side; she had once told him, in one of her fits of abstract communicativeness, that people in love were despicable, but for that reason to be pitied, and that to let them fall in love was to be unkind to them, and to prepare a detestable exhibition for oneself. So Greenleaf was not in love. But he was as excited as if he had been. He felt that a great suspicion had arisen within him, and that this suspicion was about to deprive him of a friendship to which he clung as to a newly found interest in life.

About Miss Flodden he did not think—that is to say, whether he might be running the risk of depriving *her* of something. He had not made love to her, so what could he deprive her of? Besides, he thought of Miss Flodden exclusively as of the person who was probably going to deprive him of something he wanted: to deprive him, if his suspicions should be true. For if his suspicions were true, there was no alternative to giving up all relations with her. He was not a selfish man, trying to save himself heartburns and disenchantments. He was thinking of his opinions, solely. It was quite impossible that they should become the toys of an idle, frivolous woman. Such a thing could not be. The sense of sacrilege was so great that he did not even say to himself that such a thing could *not be allowed*: to him it took the form of the impossibility of its being at all.

Greenleaf was in an agony of doubt; he kept on repeating to himself—"Is she a Princess Casamassima?" so often, that at last he found it quite natural to put the question, so often formulated internally, out loud to her. Of course, if she were a Princess Casamassima, her denial would be worth nothing; but when we cannot endure a suspicion against some one, we cannot, in our wild desire to have it denied at any price, stop short to reflect that the denial will be worthless. A denial; he wanted a denial, not for the sake of justice toward her, but of his own peace of mind. He was on the very point of putting that strange question to her when, in the process of a conversation in which he had taken part as in a dream, there suddenly came the unasked-for answer.

They must have been talking of the Princess Casamassima again, and of the

uninterestingness of most people's lives. Greenleaf could not remember. It was all muddled in his memory, only there suddenly flashed a sentence, distinct, burning, out of that forgotten confusion.

"It's odd," said Miss Flodden's high, occasionally childish voice; "but I've always found that the people who bored one least were either very clever or very fast."

They were clattering into a little border town, with low black houses on either side, and a square tower, with a red tile extinguisher, and a veering weathercock, closing the distance and connecting the grey wet flags below with the grey billowy sky above.

Greenleaf, although forgetful of all save theories, remembered for a long time that street and that tower. He did not answer, for his heart was overflowing with bitterness.

So it was true; and it just had to be. He had let his belief become the plaything of a capricious child. He had lost his dear friend. It was inevitable.

Greenleaf did not say a word, and showed nothing until his departure. But his letter to Miss Flodden, thanking for the hospitality of Yetholme, was brief, and it contained no allusion to any future meeting, and no promised introduction to the Miss Carpenters. Only at the end was this sentence: "I have lately been re-reading Henry James's 'Princess Casamassima,' and I agree with you completely now as to the naturalness of her character."

#### VIII.

Some ten years later found Leonard Greenleaf once more—but this time with only a brougham and a footman to meet him—on his way to stay in a country house. He had been left penniless by his attempts to start co-operative workshops; and overwork and worry had made him far too weak to be a tolerable artisan; so, after having given up his pottery, those long years ago, because it ministered exclusively to rich men's luxury, he had been obliged to swallow the bitterness of perfecting rich men's dwellings in the capacity of Messrs. Boyce & Co.'s chief decorator; and now he was bent upon one of these hated errands.

Time, and the experience of many failures, had indeed perplexed poor Greenleaf's socialistic schemes a little, and left

him doubtful how to hasten them. He was, except by the slow method of preaching morality and thrift; had rather exasperated his hatred of idleness and selfishness of the professions, to whose luxury he now considered himself a minister. And, as he looked out of his window while dressing (those evening clothes, necessary on such occasions, had become a badge of servitude in his eyes), he felt that indignation arise with unaccustomed strength, and choke him with silence. It was a long, low house with a lawn spread, with scarcely any fall to the river brink; a wide band of water, then a wide band of shimmering water, edged blue and grey, reflecting the clouds and purple banks of loosestrife; then beyond and higher up in the flat meadows, whose surface was now beginning to be veiled in mist, and boundary elms were growing flat and substantial like painted things. There were birds twittering, and leaves rustling, and a great sense of peacefulness, for the daily guests were doubtless within the house, busy dressing. Suddenly, there was a splash of oars, and a peal of laughter; after a minute, two men and a woman came hurrying up the green lawn, whose darkening slopes their white dresses made spots of unearthly whiteness in the twilight. They were noisy, and Greenleaf hated their laughter; but as the lady stopped short a moment, and turned to her companions in a tone of bewilderment and irritation: "Oh, shut up, can't you let one look about and listen to things in a way?"

There was more laughter, and the woman disappeared indoors. Greenleaf looked upon his window, wondering whether he had heard that voice before—that voice, or rather one different, but yet very like it.

Downstairs, after a few civil suggestions about the pleasure of having the assistance of so great an artistic authority, and a few dry contradictory suggestions about the arrangement of furniture and architecture, Greenleaf's host and hostess requested him to play a little game devised for the removal of precedence in the arrangement of the table. The game, which had been suggested that very moment by one of the various tall, blond, and moustached gentlemen hanging about the drawing room, consisted in hiding all the men behind a table

turned into a curtain, and from behind which projected, as sole clue to their identity, their more or less tell-tale feet, by which the ladies were to choose their partners. The feet, so Greenleaf said to himself, were singularly without identity; he saw in his mind's-eye the row of projecting pointed-toed, shining pumps, cut low upon the fantastic assortment of striped, speckled, and otherwise enlivened silk stockings. Among them all there could only be a single pair betraying the nature of their owner, and it was his. They said, or would say, in the mute but expressive language of their blackness and squared-toedness (Greenleaf felt as if they might have elastic sides even, although his democratic views had always stopped short before that), that their owner was the curate, the tutor, the house-decorator,—in fine, the interloper. He wondered whether, as good nature to himself and consideration for the other guests must prompt, those feet would be immediately selected by the mistress of the house, or whether they would be left there unclaimed when all the others had marched cheerfully off.

But his suspense was quickly converted into another feeling when, among the laughter and exclamations provoked by the performance, a voice came from beyond the curtain, saying slowly: "I think I'll have this pair." The voice was the same he had heard from the lawn, the same he had heard years ago in the British Museum, and on the banks of the Tweed—the same that once or twice since, but at ever increasing intervals, he had tried in vain to recall to his mind's hearing: the voice, but grown deeper, more deliberate and uniformly weary, of Val Flodden.

Greenleaf heard vaguely the introductory interchange of names performed by his hostess; and felt in his back the well-bred smile of amusement of the couples still behind as the lady took his unprepared arm and walked him off in the helter-skelter move to the dining room; and it was as in a dream that he heard his name pronounced, with the added information, on the part of his companion, that it was a long time since they had last met.

"Yes," answered Greenleaf, as the servant gently pushed him and his chair nearer the table; "it must be quite a lot of years ago. I have come here," he added, he scarce knew why—but with a vague sense

of protest and self-defence—about doing up the house."

"Yes, to be sure—it is all going to be overhauled and made beautiful and inappropriate," replied the lady, with a faint intonation of insolence, Greenleaf thought, in her bored voice.

"It is not always easy, is it," rejoined Greenleaf, "to make things appropriate?"

"And beautiful? I suppose not. We aren't any of us very appropriate to a river-bank, with cows lowing and scythes being whetted and all that sort of thing, when one comes to think of it."

"Oh, Val, *don't* you think we are appropriate?" put in the charming voice of a charming, charmingly dressed, innocent-looking woman opposite, who was evidently the accredited fool of the party. "I should have thought, now, that *nothing* could be more—more—pastoral. Now, the day before yesterday, when we had tea in the backwater, you know, don't you think we were quite pastoral—like a thing by—by—some old master, in fact?"

Another lady, equally charming, but considerably less innocent and not at all foolish, made some comment.

An astonishing girl, beautiful with the beauty of a well-bred horse, sat next to Greenleaf, and tried to perplex him with sundry questions which she knew he could not follow; but she speedily found there was no rise to be got out of him, and bestowed elsewhere her remarks, racy in more senses than usual. So Greenleaf sat silent, looking vaguely at the pools of light beneath the candle shades, in which the rose petals strewn about, the roses lying loosely, took warm old ivory tints, and the silver—the fantastic confusion of chased salt-cellars and menu-holders and spoons and indescribable objects—flashed blue and lilac on its smooth or chiselled surfaces. From the table the concentrated, shaded light led upward to the opal necklace of the lady opposite, the blue of the opals changing with the movements of her head to green, burning and flickering into fiery sparks. Then Greenleaf noticed, sometimes modelled into roundness, sometimes blurred into flatness in the shadow, the black sleeves of the men, the arms of the women, ivory like the rose petals where they advanced beneath the candle shades; and behind, to the back of the shimmer of the light stuffs and the glare of white shirt-fronts, the big footmen, vague,

shadowy, moving about. A man opposite, with babyish eyes and complexion, was telling some story about walking from a punt into the water, which raised the wrath of the girl near Greenleaf; others added further details, which she laughingly tried to deny; there was something about having fastened her garter with a diamond star, and the river having to be dragged for it. Another man, gaunt and languid, said something about not hiding old damask under rose-leaves, but, being unnoticed by his hostess, went on about "Parsifal" to his neighbor, the lady interested in pastorals. There were no further allusions to old masters, but a great many to various kinds of sports and to gambling and losing money; indeed, it was marvellous how much money was lost and bankruptcy sustained (technically called *getting broke*).

The men were mostly more good looking than not; the women, it seemed to Greenleaf, beautiful enough, each of them, to reward a good month's search. There was a smell, cool and white and acute, of gardenias from the buttonholes, and a warmer, vaguer one of rose petals; the mixture of black coats and indescribable colored silk, and of bare arms and necks, the alternations of concentrated light and vague shadow, the occasional glint and glimmer of stones, particularly that warm ivory of roses among the silver, struck Greenleaf, long unaccustomed to even much slighter luxury, as extraordinarily beautiful, like some Tadmira picture of Roman orgies. And the more beautiful it seemed to him, with its intentional, elaborate beauty, the more did it make him gnash his teeth with the sense of its wickedness, and force him, for his own conscience' sake, to conjure up other pictures of grimy, strange London streets, and battered crowds round barrows of cheap, half-spoilt food.

The lady who had once been called Val Flodden, and whose name—and he fancied he had heard it before—was now Mrs. Hermann Struwé, addressed him with the necessary politeness, and asked him one or two questions about his work and so forth, in a conventional, bored tone. But, although the knowledge that this was his old acquaintance, and the recognition, every now and then, of the fact, put his feelings into a superficial flutter, Greenleaf's mind kept revolving the fact that

this woman was really quite a stranger to him, and the apparently somewhat contradictory fact that this was what, after all, he had known she would end in. He noted that among these beautiful and self-satisfied women, with their occasional cleverness and frequent unseemliness of word and allusion, the former Val Flodden was in a way conspicuous, not because she was better looking, but because she was more weary, more reckless, because one somehow expected her to do more, for good or bad, than the others.

"I don't see exactly which of the party could have reported the case," said the woman with the opals, "at least, the crucifix could scarcely have done so . . . well, well."

There was a great deal of laughter, as the hostess gave the signal for rising; but over it and the rustle and crackle of the ladies' frocks, the voice of Mrs. Hermann Struwé was heard to say in a languid, contemptuous tone: "I think your story is a little bit beastly, my dear Algy."

Fortunately for Greenleaf, the men did not stay long at table, as smoking was equally allowed all over the house and in the ladies' presence. For Greenleaf, whose conversation with other men had for years turned only on politics, philosophy, or business, was imbued, much as a woman might have been, with a foregone conviction that as soon as idle men were left to themselves they began to discuss womankind. And there was at the table one man in particular, a long, black, nervous man, with a smiling jerky mouth, an odd sample of Jewry acclimatized in England, a horrid, half-handsome man, with extraordinarily bland manners and an extraordinarily hard expression, obstinate and mocking, about whom Greenleaf felt that he positively could not sit out any of his conversation on women, and, of course, his conversation *would* turn on women; partly, perhaps, because the fellow had been introduced as Mr. Hermann Struwé.

Her husband—that was her husband! Greenleaf kept repeating to himself, as he answered as best he could his host's remarks about Elizabethan as against Queen Anne. It was only now that he had thought of her in connection with this man that Greenleaf realized that he was really a little upset by this meeting of his old acquaintance. And the thought went on

and on, round and round, in his head, when he had followed the first stragglers who went to smoke their cigarettes with the ladies, and answered the interrogations of the æsthetic man who had talked about old damask and Wagner. The man in question, delighted to lay hold of so great an authority as Greenleaf, had also noticed that Greenleaf had known Mrs. Hermann Struwé at some former period; he had been snubbed a little by the lady, and partly from a desire to hear her artistic capacities pooh-poohed by a professional (since every amateur imagines himself the only tolerable one), and partly from a natural taste for knowing what did not concern him, he had set very artfully to pump poor Greenleaf, who, at best, was no match for a wily man of the world.

"Miss Flodden had a good deal of talent—quite a remarkable talent as a draughtsman, had she only studied seriously"—he answered emphatically, seeing only that the fellow wished for some quotable piece of running down. "It is, in fact, a pity"—but he stopped. He was really not thinking of that. The long drawing-room opened with all its windows on to the lawn, and you could see, at the bottom of that, the outlines of trees and boats in the moonlight, and Chinese lanterns hanging about the floilla of moored punts and canoes and skiffs, to which some of the party had gone down, revealing themselves with occasional splashing, thummings on the banjo, and little cries and peals of laughter. Nearer the house a couple were walking up and down on the grass, the light of the drawing-room lamps catching their faces with an odd, yellow glow every now and then, and making the woman's white frock shimmer like silver against the branches of the big cedars. "It appears Lady Lilly told her mother she was going to try on a frock, but somehow on the way there she met Morton's coach, so she thought she'd get on to it and have some change of air, and she changed the air so often that by the evening she had contrived to win sixty pounds at Sandown," said one of the promenading couples, pausing in the stream of light from the window. "Oh, bless your soul, she doesn't mind it's being told; she thinks it an awful joke, and so it was."

That man—that Val Flodden should have married that man! Greenleaf kept repeating to himself, and the recollection

of her words about not getting married, about a world where there would be no diamonds and no stepping horses, and also, as she expressed it, no marrying and giving in marriage, filled Greenleaf's mind as with some bitter, heady dram. And he had thought of her as a sort of unapproachable proud amazon, or Diana of Hippolytus, incapable of any feeling save indignation against injustice and pity for weak and gentle things. Oh Lord, oh Lord! It was horrible, horrible, and at the same time laughable. And just that man, too—that narrow, obstinate-looking creature with the brain and the heart (Greenleaf knew it for a certainty) of a barn-door cock! And yet, was he any worse than the others, the others who, perhaps, had a little more brains and a little more heart, and who all the same lived only to waste the work of the poor, to make debts, to gamble, to ruin women, and to fill the world with filthy talk and disbelief in better things? Was he worse than all the other manly, well-mannered, accomplished, futile, or mischievous creatures? Was he worse than *she*?

"Ah, well, of course; you have known her so much more than I have," said the æsthetic man, puffing at his cigarette, opposite to Greenleaf. "But now, I should have thought there would have always been something lacking in anything that woman would do. A certain—I don't know what to call it—but, in short, proper mental balance and steadiness. I consider that, for real artistic quality, it is necessary that one should possess some sort of seriousness, of consistency of character—of course you know her so much better, Mr. Greenleaf—but now I can't understand a really superior woman selling herself for twopence, for, after all, it comes to this: when a woman with brains takes a fellow like that, and then is perfectly satisfied with him afterward—"

A man had sat down to the piano and was singing, on the whole rather well. Some of the people were standing by him, others were in little groups, men and women nearly all smoking equally, scattered about the big white room with the delicate blue china, and the big stacks of pale pink begonias. Mrs. Hermann Struwé was standing near the piano, leaning against the long, open window, the principal figure in a group of two other women and a man. In her fanciful,

straight-hanging dress of misty-colored crape, her hair elaborately and tightly dressed, making her small head even smaller, and her strong, slender neck, with the black pearls around it, drawn up like a peacock's, she struck Greenleaf as much more beautiful than before, and even much taller; but there had been a gentleness, a something timid and winning, in her former occasional little stoop, which was now quite gone. She looked young, but young in quite another way; she was now very thin, and her cheeks were hollowed very perceptibly.

The bland, blurred man at the piano was singing with all his might, and with considerable voice and skill; but the music, of his own composition, was indecorously passionate as he sang it, at least taken in connection with the words, culled from some decadent French poet, and which few people would have sat down deliberately to read out aloud. The innocent lady who had talked about being pastoral even made some faint objection, to which the singer answered, much surprised, by pointing out the passionate charm of the words, and assuring her that she did not know what real feeling was. And when he had finished that song, and begun another, one of the two other women actually moved away, while the other buried her head in a volume of *Punch*; there was a little murmur, "Well, I think he is going a little too far." But Mrs. Hermann Struwé never moved.

"I can't make out that woman," remarked Greenleaf's new acquaintance, the æsthetic man; "she's usually by ways of being prudish, and has a way of shutting up poor Chatty when he gets into this strain. Only yesterday, she told him his song was beastly, and it wasn't half as bad as this one. I wonder whether she's doing it because her husband was bored at her being too particular yesterday; because, of course, he'll be bored by her not being particular enough, to-day. She's doing it out of cussedness toward Hermann, that's clear."

Greenleaf walked up to a picture, and thence slunk off to the door. As he was leaving the room, he looked back at the former Miss Flodden; she was still standing near the piano, listening composedly, but he thought that her thin face bore an expression of defiance.

He was so excited that he opened his

room door too quickly to give effect to a practical joke, consisting of a can of water balancing on its angle as it stood ajar, and intended to tumble on his head while he was passing in; a delicate jest which the girl who had sat next to him—she of the punt, diamond garter, and coach adventures—occasionally practiced on the inmates of what she technically called "houses."

#### IX.

The next morning, after surveying the house with his host, and making elaborate plans for its alteration with his hostess, Greenleaf was going for a stroll outside the grounds, when he suddenly heard his name called by the voice of her who had once been Val Flodden, but of whom he already thought only as Mrs. Hermann Struwé. She rose up from under a big cedar, among whose sweeping branches she had been seated reading.

"Are you going for a walk?" she asked, coming toward him in her white frock, incredibly white against the green lawn, and trailing her also incredibly white parasol after her. "Is it true that you go back to town this afternoon?"

"Yes," answered Greenleaf, laconically.

"Then," she said, "I will come with you a little way."

They walked silently through a little wood of beeches, and out into the meadows by the river. Greenleaf found it too difficult to say anything, and, after all, why say anything to her?

"Look here," began Mrs. Hermann Struwé, suddenly stopping short by the water's brink, "I want to speak to you quite plainly, Mr. Greenleaf. Quite plainly, as one does, don't you know, to a person one isn't likely ever to meet again. I didn't want to speak to you yesterday, because—well—because I disliked you too much."

Greenleaf looked up from the grasses steeping at the root of a big willow, in the water.

"Why?" he asked blankly, but a vague pain invading his consciousness with the recollection of the library at Yetholme, of the catalogue and the dusty majolica, when Miss Flodden had said once before that she disliked him because he was taking away the pots.

"But I've thought over it," she went

on, not noticing his interruption ; and I see again, what I recognized years ago—only that every now and then I can't help forgetting it and feeling bad—namely, that it was quite natural on your part—I mean your never having introduced me to the Miss Carpenters, nor even written to me again.” She spoke slowly and very gently, with just a little hesitation, as he remembered so well her having done those years ago in Northumberland.

An unknown feeling overwhelmed Greenleaf and prevented his speaking—the feeling, he vaguely understood, of having destroyed, of having killed something.

“I don't reproach you with it. I never really did. I understood very soon that it was quite natural on your part to take me for a Princess Casamassima. I had done nothing to make you really know me, and I had no right to expect you to take me on my own telling. And there must have been so many things to make you suspect my not deserving to know your friends, or to learn about your ideas. It wasn't that,” she added, hurriedly, “that I wished really to explain, because, as I repeat, although I sometimes feel unreasonable and angry, like last night, when something suddenly makes me see the contrast between what I might have been and what I am, I don't bear you any grudge. What I wanted to tell you, Mr. Greenleaf, is that I haven't become unworthy of the confidence, though it wasn't much, that you once placed in me. I was not a Princess Casamassima, I was not a humbug then, saying things and getting you to say them for the sake of the novelty. And I'm not really changed since. I wasn't a worthless woman then, and I haven't really become a worthless woman now. Shall we go toward home ? I think I heard the gong.”

They were skirting the full river, with its fringe of steeping loosestrife and meadowsweet, and its clumps of sedge, starred with forget-me-not, whence whirred occasional water-fowl. From the field opposite there came every now and then the lazy low of a cow.

“It was very different, wasn't it. on the Tweed,” she said, looking round her, “the banks so steep and bare, and all that shingle. Do you remember the heron ? Didn't he look Japanese ? I hate all this :” and she dug up a pellet of green

with her parasol point, and nung it far into the water.

“Of course,” she went on, “to you it must seem the very proof of your suspicions having been justified, I mean your finding me again—well, in this house. And, perhaps you may remember my telling you, all those years ago at Yetholme, that I would never marry.”

She raised her eyes from the ground and looked straight into his, with that odd deepening of color of her own. She had guessed his thoughts : that sentence about not marrying and being given in marriage was ringing in his mind ; and he felt as she looked into his face, that she wished above all to vindicate herself from that doubt.

“I never should, most likely,” she went on. “Although you must remember that all my bringing up had consisted in teaching me that a woman's one business in life was to marry, to make a good marriage, to marry into this set, a man like my husband. For a long while before I ever met you I had made up my mind that, although this was undoubtedly the natural and virtuous course, I would not follow it, that I would rather earn my living or starve ; although I had been taught that to do either, to go one's own ways and think one's own thoughts, was scandalous. It was about this that I had broken with my sister-in-law. She had bothered me to marry one of a variety of men whom she unearthed for the purpose ; and we quarrelled because I refused the one she wanted me to have most—the one, as a matter of fact, who is now my husband. I tell you all these uninteresting things because I want you to know that I was in earnest when I told you I did not want the things a woman gets by marrying. I was in earnest,” she went on, stopping and twisting a long willow leaf round her finger, the tone of her voice changing suddenly from almost defiant earnestness to a sad, helpless little tone, “but it was of no good ; I saw—you showed me—that I was locked, walled into the place into which I had been born ; you made me feel that it was useless for an outsider to try to gain the confidence of you people who work and care about things, that your friends would consider me an intruder, that you considered me a humbug—you slammed in my face the little door

through which I had hoped to have escaped from all this sort of thing."

And she nodded toward the white house, stretched, like a little encampment, upon the green river bank, with the flotilla of boats and punts and steam launches moored before its windows.

"Then," said Greenleaf, a light coming into his mind, a light like that which might reveal some great ruin of flood or fire to the unconscious criminal who has opened the sluice or dropped the match in the dark, "then, you sat out that song last night to make me understand . . . ?"

"It was very childish of me, and also very unjust," answered Mrs. Hermann, composedly. "Of course you couldn't help it. I don't feel angry with you. But sometimes, when I remember those weeks when I gradually understood that it was all to be, and I made up my mind to live out the life for which I had been born—and, now that the pots were sold—well, to sell myself also to the highest bidder—sometimes I feel a little unreasonable. You see, when one is really honest one's self, it is hard to be misunderstood—and the more misunderstood the more one explains oneself—by other people who are honest."

They walked along in silence; which Greenleaf broke by asking, as in a dream: "And your violin?"

"Oh! I've long given that up—my husband didn't like it, and, as he has given me everything that I possess, it wouldn't be business, would it, to do things he dislikes? If it had been the piano, or the guitar, or the banjo! But a woman can't lock herself up and practice the fiddle! People would think it odd. And now," she added, as they came in sight of the little groups of variegated pink and mauve frocks, and the white boating-clothes under the big cedars, "good-bye, Mr. Greenleaf; and may you always have friends who will understand you—as well as I do." She stretched out her hand, with the thin glove loosely wrinkled over the arm, and she smiled, that good, wide-

eyed smile, like that of a good, child that wishes to understand.

Greenleaf did not take it at once.

"You have children at least?" he asked, hoarsely.

She understood his thought, and shed her shoulders imperceptibly.

"I have three—somewhere—at this side, or some other place where they ought to be when their parents go about,"—she answered,—“they are happy, with plenty of toys now; and will be quite happy when they grow for they will have plenty of money they will be their father's image—bye!"

"Good-bye," answered Greenleaf, added, after he had let go her hand, "I shall never forgive myself as long as I live. But perhaps, some day, you may forgive me."

Out of the station of that little grove the river houses the line goes almost immediately on to a long bridge. It was in the process of repair, and as the train moved slowly across Greenleaf could see, on the river reach, close beneath him, a flotilla of boats, canoes, and skiffs of various sizes rounding a punt, and all of them gay with lilac and pale green and pale pink frocks and white flannels, and colored sashes, cushions, and fantastic umbrellas. Some of the ladies were scrambling from one of the skiffs into the punt, which was picked up into its place by the long pole held right in the green glassy water, reflecting the pink, green, lilac, and white, the cushions, and the shimmering greyness of the big willows. There was much laughter and some little shrieks, and the tune of a banjo; and it looked altogether like some modern Watteau's version of a summer-day embarkation for the Island of Venus. And, in the little heap of brilliant colors, Greenleaf recognized, over the top of a skiff, the white, incredibly worn parasol of the former Val Flodden.—*Temporary Magazine.*

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#### MISS HONOR'S WEDDING.

##### I.

OULD Sir Maurice's youngest daughter, do I mind her, Sir, did ye say? Miss Honor is it? Och, sure, the same as I'd sane her but yistherday; An' her weddin'—Ay, Sir, her weddin' I said. How long since? Well, I dunno But a matther o' tin yare back belike; anyway 't is wan while ago.



We thought little inough o' the match here below in the town. Papple said  
 Miss Honor'd a right to ha' looked at home, if so be she'd a mind to wed.  
 There was plinty o' bettther than he did be afther her thin, ye'll be bound,  
 An' she reckoned the greatest beauty in the siven counties around.  
 Yit she nades must take up wid a sthranger ; I b'lave 'twas from Scotland he came.  
 No, Sir, I ne'er chanced to behould him, an' I disremimber his name—  
 A *big* man, I've hard tell, as yersilf's, Sir, an' plisint o' spache, but a bit  
 Conthrary some whiles in his timper, an' come av a quare wild sit.  
 Not aquil no ways to Miss Honor : sure, whin she'd be ridin' the road,  
 As many's the time I've sane her, be the look av her no wan'd ha' knowed  
 Whither 'twas to the Arl, or the Countiss, or ould Andy the fiddler, she bowed ;  
 A rael lady, tho', mind ye, some Quality thought her proud.

## III.

Howsomiver, a sthranger or no, ould Sir Maurice was plased an' contint,  
 An' they sittled to have a great weddin' down here at the indin' o' Lint ;  
 An' I mind the white sloe-flower was miltin' from off the black hidges like hail  
 In the sunshine, whin back to the Castle the family came wid a dale  
 O' grand company, frinds an' relations ; the house was as full as a fair.  
 But, a couple o' days to the weddin', Kate Doyle, that's in sarvice up there,  
 She run in wid a missage to say they'd a kitchin-maid tuk to her bed  
 Wid the awfulest toothache at all, an' her cheek swilled the size av her head,  
 An' they wanted a girl be the wake, an' she'd spoke to the Mistriss for me—  
 So I slipped up that night afther supper, as proud o' me luck as could be.

## IV.

Thin nixt day, whin they'd gone to the dinner, Kate showed me the grandeur they'd  
 got  
 Sittled out in the library : all av her prisints, a tarrible lot.  
 Sure, I couldn't be tellin' ye half, lit alone nare the whoule o' the things.  
 There was wan o' the tables was covered wid braselits, an' brooches, an' rings ;  
 An' the big silver plates did be shinin' like so many moons thro' the mist ;  
 An' the joogs wid their insides pure gould, an' the taypots, an' arns, an' the rist.  
 But the iligint chaynev—och saints ! the wee cups wid the handles all gilt,  
 An' their paintins o' flower-wrathes an' birds—if ye'd break wan, bedad, ye'd be kilt.  
 An' the jools, och ! the jools was that purty, I'd ha' sted there star-gazin' all night ;  
 There was diminds like raindhrops that aich had a fire-sparkle somehow alight,  
 A' the parls like as if they'd been sstringin' the bits o' round hailstones for bades,  
 An' the rid wans an' green, if a rainbow was sowin' ye'd take them for sades ;  
 An' the grand little boxes to hould thim, all lined wid smooth satin below—  
 “ Sure, it's well to be her, Kate,” sez I, an' sez she : “ Och, begorra, that's so.”

## V.

Will, the morn, be the bist o' good luck, Kate an' I got the chanst to slip out,  
 An' away wid us off to the Charch, where the folk was all standin' about,  
 Tho' it wanted an hour to the time, an' we squazed to a sate at the door,  
 That was thrailed round most-tasty wid wrathes that they'd putt up the avenin' before.  
 An' it's there we'd the greatest divarsion behouldin', for afther a while,  
 All the guists was arrivin' an' roostlin' in vilvits an' silks up the aisle,  
 Ivery wan lookin' finer than t'other, wid sthramers, an' fithers, an' lace—  
 But the sorra a sign o' the bridegroom was sane comin' nigh to the place.  
 That was sthrange now ; an' folk did be sayin' they wouthered what kep' him, an'  
 thin

It samed Quality's silves got onais7, for ye'd see the grand bonnits begin

Niddle-noddlin' together to whusper ; an' wan o' the gintlemin 'd quit,  
Slippin' out be the little side door, an' look down the sthraight road for a bit,  
An' come back, blinkin' out o' the sun, wid a head-shake, for nothin' he'd epied ;  
Till at last, in the thick o' their trouble, in landed Miss Honor—the bride.

## VI.

Och, an' she was a bride ! Not a sowl but was wishin' good luck to her groom.  
All in white, like a branch o' wild pear, whin ye scarce see the stim for the bloom,  
An' her dark hair just glintin' wid glames, like the bird's wing that sthrakes off the  
dew—

Och, a beauty complate. from the crown av her head to the point av her shoe.  
Wid her hand on Sir Maurice's arm, an' he lookin' as prond as ye plase,  
An' eight iligint bridesmaids behind her, aich pair dhrissed as like as two pase,  
Wid their booquees o' flowers like big stars in a thrinble o' farn laves ; ye'd say  
Be the scint they'd dhrropped sthraight out av hiven ; I remimber the smill to this day.

## VII.

But, nixt minyit, in afther thim stipped a sthrange gintlemin none av us knew,  
In a tarrible takin', an' pantin' as if 'twas a bellers he blew ;  
Wid a yallerish slip in his hand o' the sort they've for missages tuk  
Off the tiligrumph wires, an' he ups to where Quality stared at him, sthruck  
Av a hape like ; an' somethin' he sez, that I couldn't exactly hare,  
But a somethin' the others weren't wishful Miss Honor should guiss, that was clare,  
For they all wint hush-hushin' ; howiver, I'm thinkin' she hard what he said,  
An' I saw her take hould o' the paper, an' whatever was in it she read.

## VIII.

I misdoubt what's the thruth o' the story. Some said all the while he'd a wife  
In the States unbeknownst, that was somehow found out, so he'd run for his life ;  
An' some said he was coortin' a Marquis's daughter in England instead ;  
But some said it was naught on'y just a fantigue he'd tuk into his head.  
But whatever the raison might be, an' whatever had happint amiss,  
The ind av it was, he was niver sit eyes on from that day to this.

## IX.

Sure now, Quality's quare in their ways : Whin me cousin ran off to inlist,  
Throth, the bawls av his mother an' sisthers were fit to ha' frighted the bist ;  
An' last winther whin Norah Macabe had hard tell that her swatebeart was dhrowned,  
It's her scrames 'ud ha' tirrified nations—ye'd hare thim a good mile o' ground.  
But, Miss Honor, as still an' as quiet she tarned back be the way that she came,  
Down the aisle, past the pews wid the papple set starin' in rows just the same ;  
An' right out to the shine o' the sun, that should niver ha' lit on her head  
Till she walked wid a ring on her hand, an' the girls sthrewin' flowers where se'd  
thread.

So she passed thro' the yard, where the folk all kep' whisht as the dead in their  
graves ;

Not a sound in the warld save the flutther o' win' thro' the ivergreen laves,  
An' a lark somewhere singin' like wild up above in the clare light alone,  
Till the carriage dhruv off from the gate, an' we hard the whales grate on the stone.  
Thin ould Molly O'Rourke, that stood by wid her head in her raggety cloak :  
“ Now, the Saints may purtect her,” sez she, “ for the heart o' the crathur is broke.”

## X.

An' sure maybe ould Molly was right ; I dunnó, for they tuk her away  
To disthract av her mind, so they said, to some counthries far over th' say ;

Some most quarious onnathural place, where I'm tould the sun's scorchin' an' hot  
 All the yare, an' the pape is mostly ould naygurs as black as the pot ;  
 An' a sthrame thro' it full o' thim bastes o' great riptiles that swally ye whoule,  
 Wid the disolit diserts around, where ye'll see ne'er the sight av a sowl ;  
 Warser land than the blackest o' bogs, just as bare as the palm o' yer hand,  
 Savin' whiles barbarocious big imiges sthuck in the midst o' the sand,  
 An' gazaboso' stones stuffed wid bones o' the hayjus ould haythins inside—  
 Ay, in Agypt—belike that's the name. But, at all ivints, there she died.

# XI.

Yis, she died, Sir ; an' there she was buried, she niver sit fut here agin ;  
 An' it's naught but the thruth that her like I've not looked on afore her or sin'.  
 An' bad luck thin to thim that 'ud harm her. A pity—a pity, bedad,  
 If ye come to considther the plisure in life she'd a right to ha' had.  
 So in Spring, whin the hidges is greenin', an' cuckoos beginnin' to call,  
 Poor Miss Honor I mind, an' her weddin', that was niver a weddin' at all.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

## MR. CARNEGIE'S "GOSPEL OF WEALTH."

### A REVIEW AND A RECOMMENDATION.

BY RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has not yet travelled far into middle life, but his name has become one of considerable celebrity. As, however, this celebrity is special rather than general, he may require to be introduced by a few words to a portion of our readers. His life has been passed in America and Great Britain. He is happy in being one of those rare individuals, whose lives and whose sympathies are so distributed, rather than divided, between two great countries, that they themselves have become part of the living *nexus* between them and their inhabitants. Born in Dunfermline, he emigrated, as a very young lad, to the United States ; and beginning, it may almost be said, from zero, he has become, by virtue of his energy, industry, and ability, the possessor of a vast commercial fortune, and the greatest iron-master in the world. By using the epithet commercial, I mean to signify not that it is less stable than other fortunes, but that it is a fortune engaged in supplying the fixed and circulating capital required for a gigantic and still growing business, and not allowed to heap itself up in immeasurable accumulations. What has become of the share of profits not devoted to the extension of the concern will be sufficiently understood, when I state that it has been disposed of in practical illustration of the

doctrines, which it is the first purpose of the present paper to explain. In the account just given of this remarkable person, I have not been divulging confidential or private information. I have simply put together what is well known to all such as have obtained a general acquaintance with a career pursued in the face of day, and that in a country where beyond any other country, if the expression may be allowed, everybody knows everything about everybody.

Although Mr. Carnegie has spent by far the greater portion of the years he now numbers in America, yet he has made frequent and long visits to England or to his native land, and it is believed that he has the idea, if not the intention, of settling on this side the ocean. This may be interesting to some on the ground that his purse, which is a heavy one, seems to discharge its contents as freely as they have been received. But I think it will appear, as we proceed, that his doctrine is even more important than his wealth. And, as we always are curious to know what manner of man our teacher may be, I will mention that he is in and for America a stout unflinching protectionist, more than suspected of sympathy with the M'Kinley Bill ; in and for the kingdoms of Queen Victoria, a Radical and something to boot.

As the most open and direct of men, he would not thank anyone who palliated, or as he would say who disfigured, his political creed. There is no hardier Liberalism in this island than that which has flourished in Dundee, ever since it had some experience of the tyrannical government that, in the judicial sphere, marked the opening years of the great French War. Mr. Carnegie has recently delivered an address there. In it he soars immeasurably above the comparatively pale and colorless Liberalism in which we commonplace politicians are content to dabble.\* In truth his flight is such that the naked eye is unable to follow him; we require a telescope, or at the least an opera-glass. The choice of the day was appropriate: it was the 1st of September, a day of slaughter. And the address was not an assault merely, but an onslaught on all which accompanies and qualifies, or as some of us would say mellows, consolidates, and secures the principles of popular government in this country. He evidently does not stop short of the opinion that rank, as it exists among us, is a widely demoralizing power. I have thus mentioned his political views, in order to be clearly understood, when I thrust them entirely aside for the purpose at present before us. They are broadly and clearly severed from the subject which Mr. Carnegie has, in a very interesting tract, placed before the British public, namely, the creation and employment of wealth. And that is a subject which, throughout the wide circle of what may be termed the wealthy por-

\* To obviate any exaggerated apprehensions, I subjoin an abstract from a speech more recently delivered (Sept. 12) by Mr. Carnegie at Inverness. He said: "He had never known a similar public occasion in any city in America in which they had not been very careful to drink the health of her Majesty. He liked to see those two titles together. They were the symbol to him of one of the most cherished desires of his heart. They symbolized, as it were, the harmony, the union of the two great branches of the English-speaking race. The health of no foreign potentate was drunk with one tithe of the enthusiasm in America as the health of that good woman, their Queen. He congratulated them that they had such a Queen to drink to and to wish long life to. It had been so seldom their privilege to have a crowned head whom they could respect, personally as well as officially. The Royal Monarchists and Republicans were united in holding that the constituted authorities must be revered."

tion of the ed (think), and de searching, pains sideration.

The accumula adversaries, such in actual lawgivi ulators from Pl has been too str business of the have, I suppose, mous power wh used on the whc it been sufficien this enormous ) grows more enor rapid increase. With the growin merce, still very maximum, the ra ly itself to grov not be forgotten which chiefly g called irresponsil tle watched and little brought into duty. When the erty was the pos and station were visible and palpal were seen to be every point, with and as the neglect public eye, they v way responsible. erty in houses, wl eral visibility of c in land has now b the chief, among tional wealth. A amount but the r in its now prevail occasion to the p some figures from tistical Abstract," lustrate this impor In the year 186 was stated for the millions. The in Schedule D was come other than la uler A was 83 mil ions. Thus even products was outv in the proportion 1889, Schedule I grown to 336 mil. ment of 154 millic

the income from land, which in 1879-80 had nearly touched 80 millions, had actually fallen to 58½ millions. The income from land was one fourth of the aggregate in 1862 ; and, in 1889, it was not much over one seventh.

So much for the growth of what I have termed irresponsible wealth. But now as to the growth, the portentous growth, of wealth at large. In 1842, when the Income Tax was imposed at 7d. in the pound, Sir Robert Peel, with much caution, originally calculated the proceeds at 500,000*l.* for each penny. They proved however to be 700,000*l.* for each penny. In 1889, the proceeds of the sixpenny Income Tax were for each penny two millions and fifty thousand pounds, so that in forty-seven years the wealth of the United Kingdom had been nearly trebled. It is true that in the interval (1853) the tax had been laid on Ireland ; but I think the addition on this account was probably not greater, possibly even less, than the loss suffered by relaxations in various years, particularly under Mr. Lowe and (most of all) Sir Stafford Northcote, as Ministers of Finance. The annual amount of property and profits charged in 1889 was 636 millions. A deduction has to be made on account of the National Debt, which in reality represents not property of the nation, but the amount of an annual charge on its property and labor : moreover, the tax both for lands and houses is charged on gross rental, which, in Great Britain, and especially in England, seriously exceeds the nett return. But any deductions due under these heads would be much more than compensated by additions to Schedule D on the score of profits unascertained, omitted, or understated. To state the annual income on which Income Tax is paid in the United Kingdom at 650 millions is, I am convinced, to state it moderately. We may pretty safely add a like amount for the exempt incomes of poorer but very far larger classes who do not pay income tax, and thus make the total for the three kingdoms thirteen hundred millions a year. The sum is prodigious. Were we to attempt to estimate in capital the values out of which it is annually produced, we must bid adieu to all idea of exactitude. But the increment of returns of Tax on Income gives some aid toward estimating the annual increment of capital. For 1855 the entire income on which the tax was

levied may be taken at 310 millions. In thirty-five years, therefore, 340 millions have been added to the taxable income, or nearly ten millions a year. During the same period, apart from all other forms of investment, between sixty and seventy millions have been accumulated in the Savings Banks of the Post-Office ; and there have without doubt been other large increments of wealth among the masses who do not pay this special tax. Upon the whole, the annual addition to the capital of the country, for many years past, cannot be taken at less than 200 millions. Let us take it, for the whole period of forty-eight years since 1842, at 150 millions annually. This gives an aggregate addition of 7,200 millions. It would evidently be unreasonable to estimate the entire capital of the country (by conjecture) at less than from ten to twelve thousand millions. If the entire community, taking rich and poor overhead, were to dedicate ten per cent only of the income, the amount thus given away by the individual for the honor of God and the good of his neighbor, large as it would sound at 130 millions, would still leave an increment of 70 millions at the close of the year in the prospering store of the wealth-making classes ; besides the value that would be represented in durable products of building and endowment, intended to be the prolific parents of future good, and indeed of future capital.

It is now time to turn again to Mr. Carnegie, and his recent challenge to the wealthy world. It is delivered in two articles, which were first printed in the Northern States, and reprinted with slight revision on this side the water in more forms than one. It has been widely circulated, perhaps by sale, certainly in the way of gift, and the copy before me forms part of the fiftieth thousand.\* This self-made *millionnaire* has confronted the moral and social problem of wealth more boldly, so far as I know, than any previous writer. He may, like the rest of us, have his infirmities ; but his courage and frankness, both of them superlative, are among the attendant virtues, which walk in the train of a munificence not less modest and simple than it is habitual and splendid.

Mr. Carnegie's tone is not that of either

\* *Wealth, and the Best Fields for Philanthropy.* London : the Victoria Publishing Company, 179 Victoria St., S. W.

the ascetic or the socialist. He opens by observing that the progress of arts and industries has enormously widened the interval, which severs the conditions of the upper and the laboring classes from one another. He thinks, however, that the servant has gained something where the master has gained so much ; and (p. 2) that " a relapse to old conditions would sweep away civilization with it." Luxury is, as he evidently conceives, the mother of industry ; and industry is to human society what movement is to air and sea. Therefore, he boldly upholds his position as an industrial giant, and he considers enterprise on a vast scale, and the erection of colossal fortunes, to be normal processes, and essential conditions of modern society. He speaks of the various rungs of the social ladder with the authority of a man who has trod them all, and in the disengaged and impartial spirit with which such men are not always blessed. The upshot of the great changes in invention and discovery is, that for scarcity and dearth have been substituted cheapness and abundance, nay even, as he somewhat broadly assumes, improvement in quality to boot. The laborer (p. 3) has more comforts now than the farmer of a few generations back, the farmer now than the landlord then, the landlord now than the king then. Queen Elizabeth, I think, breakfasted on beer and beefsteaks : agricultural distress must go far indeed, before the squire of our day will be content with such a bill of fare.

this great, but not godless, C  
ploys with a quiet conscience h  
thousand men, and sends off ev  
ing from his works a mile in  
train waggons laden with coke.  
*lionnaire* as such has, then, a ri  
place in the world, and has no o  
be ashamed : thus far he serves G  
time and place. " Our duty is  
is practicable now : with the next  
sible in our day and generation "

It is with a more tranquil, if so not less obstinate, class of offenders Mr. Carnegie has to deal. For the fit, he points out that there are three ways, in which the surplus beyond future can be disposed of. It can go to the family; or it can be bequeathed for public purposes; or it can be "doled out,"—that is to say, bestowed, away—by the possessor during life.

leave great fortunes to our children is to impose upon them both burden and disadvantage. Moderate life-provisions should be provided for the wife and daughters, and "very moderate allowances indeed, if any, for the sons" (pp. 7, 8).

Not, then, so much the creation as the perpetuation of large money fortunes, detached from occupation and exertion, as well as from recognized responsibility to others, is to be deemed a doubtful and hazardous experiment. I confess myself to hold an opinion, shared I believe by few, which condemns the measure touching entails devised by Lord Cairns, and passed some years back with very wide assent, in so far as it gives encouragement to this form of proceeding by creating an entail of some kind for monies. But it is another matter when in commerce, or in manufacture, or in other forms of enterprise, such for example as the business of a great publishing house, the work of the father is propagated by his descendants. This proposition may indeed be extended far beyond the province of wealth-making. That children should be able to take to the employments of their fathers has been an ancient and conspicuous form of human felicity, from the time of Dardania onwards.

*viv δὲ δὴ Αἰεταὶ βίῃ Τρωέσσιν ἀνάξει  
καὶ παῖδες παίδων, καὶ τοὶ μετόπισθε γέγονται.*—\*

We have in 1890 a Prime Minister whose ancestors were similarly employed, to the great benefit of England, ten generations ago. Is not this a good? Is not this tie of lineage for him a link binding him to honor and to public virtue? Does not such a relation tend to quicken the stings of conscience while it lives, or when it wakes, for those who wander into evil ways? Does it not present a natural, nay a commanding, object of reverence, and is not reverence one of the firmest and surest bonds of human society, as well as one of the most refining elements of human character? These traditions have some of the power so justly ascribed by Tennyson to pure love; the power to

Teach high thought, and amiable words,  
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.†

We ought in this life to foster all that makes goodness easier, and sets barriers

\* Il. xx. 307. † Tennyson's *Guinevere*.

of whatever kind across the flowery ways of sin. There may be other impediments to good; and the barriers may be overleapt; but we are poor enough with all our resources, and cannot afford to part with the very smallest of them. Is it too much to affirm that the hereditary transmission of wealth and position, in conjunction with the calls of occupation and of responsibility, is a good and not an evil thing? I rejoice to see it among our merchants, bankers, publishers: I wish it were commoner among our great manufacturing capitalists: I trust that those who are now at school may live to witness it in the descendants of Mr. Carnegie himself.

Even greater is the subject of the hereditary transmission of land: more important, and more difficult. The subject is too large for any real discussion here; and I admit that Mr. Carnegie's argument has the advantage of many a scandalous and guilty exhibition in its favor. This portion of the subject is the weightiest, because of the wonderful diversity and closeness of the ties by which, when rightly used, the office of the landed proprietor binds together the whole structure of rural society. It is also the most critical; and it will so continue even when we shall have got rid of the social and moral mischiefs inherent in entails, because the evasion of duty is easy, and the forms of it are such as do not force themselves on a feeble and diseased perception, while the means of selfish indulgence can be had with unimpaired abundance through labors performed by deputy. Our system of landholding may break down through rampant abuse, or may be upheld by the high merits of those who adorn it by appropriate and conspicuous virtues: but in it is largely involved what the French call the *famille-souche*, that cohesion, interdependence, and affection of the *gens*, which is in its turn a fast compacting bond of societies at large. Mr. Carnegie has doubtless much to say against this system; but there is *plus* and *minus* in the account between a country of old wealth and a country of new, and he will perhaps admit that he has not quite the whole truth on his side. I must in fairness add that he has allowed an exception to his rule. Where sons have been brought up in idleness, or for the performance of public duty without reference to gain—and occasionally these last (he says) "are the very salt of the earth"—

they ought to be endowed "in moderation."

We are now in smooth water ; and, from this field of partial if serious difference, I proceed to the main scope of his work in a spirit of strong and for the most part unqualified sympathy.

Having reduced within a narrow compass in the case of the really wealthy the claims of family, he proceeds to deal with the two remaining methods of discharging their burden ; the method of bequest, and the method of bestowal.

As to the first, he thinks that the objects of testators are often thwarted, or otherwise unattained ; often, also, that they only remain as monuments of human folly. He proceeds to pronounce a severer sentence (p. 9), the justice of which appears to me undeniable.

"Men who leave vast sums in this way may fairly be thought men who would not have left it [*sic*] at all, had they been able to take it with them. The memories of such cannot be held in grateful remembrance ; for there is no grace in their gifts."

He then declares death-duties to be the wisest of all forms of taxation : and notices with pleasure "the growing disposition to tax more and more heavily large estates" left to pass under testament. He thinks it difficult to set bounds to the share of a rich man's estate which on his death should go to the public. He holds, indeed, that such taxes should leave unscathed moderate gifts to dependents, but he indicates a moiety, as the share which the State might fairly abstract from the hoard of the *millionnaire*.

If so stringent a graduation be deemed hard, the remedy is at hand. The oppressed individual has only to give away his money during life, which of course means giving it not in contemplation of approaching death. Thus he may effectually defy a greedy Treasury. But before proceeding to consider Mr. Carnegie's darling method, let us touch in a few details that method of bequest which probably is far more rife among us than in the United States, and which I think deserves a much more critical and jealous treatment than it usually receives.

It is understood in the first place that no censure is to be cast upon those minor gifts by will to friends, attendants, and the like, which often derive their grace

from their arriving on the occasion of a death, or for which the reasons are fully ripe until that solemn time. Yet, even here it is surely a question whether, subject to general inquiry, the particulars might not often be left to the decision of judicious friends. Apart from these cases, I cannot but hold the opinion that Mr. Carnegie's plan of what are called charitable bequests is within the mark, and that these do not involve from certain points of view the danger of serious moral evils. I do not doubt that this proposition is deemed by many to be fanciful or extravagant, I will proceed to state some grounds on which it rests.

My first charge against the plan is that it offers a ready and seductive means of escape from that exercise of self-denial which is required in order to put one's affairs on an adequate scale with our means while we are alive.

Next, an evil tradition obtains among us, that assigns to these posthumous positions of property a character of sanctity to which they are in no way entitled. What is wrested from me by the death of A I can in no true sense be said to have lost, and yet we hear of the bounty and beneficence of A or B, and that such a sum was given to found a hospital or a school, or a hospital was founded at the expense of C, when there was no bounty nor munificence, since nothing was given which is not also taken away from the giver, but nothing is here taken away from any giver by the bequest he makes, for the money is already gone ; nor are there any charges in the case, for no one is to spend his money, any more than a man who walks in Bond Street or Hyde Park when he is dead. Only while this pen is in my hand I see in a newspaper of the day a graph headed in large type "Mr. Carnegie's Bequests." And what do they do ? I sketch a case in rude outline. A man dies possessed of seventy or eighty thousand pounds. I take for granted (and not always the fact) that there are individuals with just claims upon his estate, perhaps with care and labour of charitable institutions : she has 500*l.* or 1,000*l.*, or 2,000*l.*, or 5,000*l.*, each of them, and departs this world lauded and admired. I submit that she has no title to admiration. She has left them nothing. If, as I will assume, her whole income was required for her



expenditure, why did she not provide it by life annuity with a portion of her capital, and hand over the rest while she lived as occasion served? There would then have been gift (probably) without praise: there is now praise without gift.

We have here, therefore, a false ascription of virtue; and this is practiced, not here and there only, but systematically among us. Surely, when we think seriously about the matter, this is a real and grave evil. It is dangerous enough when we are taught to plume ourselves upon virtues that are real, instead of recollecting that we are "unprofitable servants." But to have sham virtues set up in our own personal image is the worst kind of image-worship that I know; and my fear is that, with a servile submission to custom, or a vague and wandering phantasm of good nature, we are cherishing unawares, and under false pretences, a really demoralizing agency. Nor should it be forgotten that, with a view to make the offering after deaths as large as possible, we may be induced to practice an unworthy parsimony toward good purposes while alive. Indeed, there are undoubted, if not even notorious, cases, where *compo* reputations have thus been built up after death for persons who actually fell short, during life, even of the poor standards that so commonly prevail among the wealthy.

Again: the method of bequest tempts the rich to make their wealth an engine for counteracting posthumously the free and healthy action of public opinion, by imposing conditions designed to force it into particular directions, congenial to the private views of a testator. No doubt we have all of us the right, and the duty, of acting upon public opinion, and, through institutions or otherwise, bringing it right where we think it wrong. Doing this in our lifetime, we do it by the use of means which really belong to us; our diverting them from our own personal use gives the public some security against irreflective action; and, moreover, we see our plans at work, and learn their weak points, and can correct them. In the cheap magnificence of testamentary appropriations, this security against thoughtless action, this opportunity of amendment, entirely disappear.

The remarks, which I thus submit for consideration, are aimed at a system, and at a state of opinion which upholds it, and

attracts people toward it. The censure of individuals, who may have been misled by perverted fashion into a wrong course of action, might be very unjust, and is at any rate wholly beside the present purpose.

Let us now pass on to the method which alone Mr. Carnegie approves, and which seems to be worthy of all praise and good will as a competitor with the method of bequest.

He thinks that in the method of bestowal, or giving away their money (p. 10) the rich may find an antidote to the temporary inequality in the present distribution of wealth, and also a specific for the reconciliation of the rich and the poor, since the surplus property of the few will be a great treasure administered for the common good. He considers this method to be far superior in its moral effect to distribution among numerous individuals in trifling amounts. It seems undoubtedly to have this recommendation, that its benefits are open to all on equal terms; that it offers no temptation to cupidity, fraud, and concealment; and that it has no tendency to constitute a class who may be described as the able-bodied recipients of alms, modern representatives of the sturdy beggar of antiquity. He thinks the altered conditions of the age point decisively in this direction, and he pleads for making the surplus large by modesty of private expenditure: on which, however, it may be observed that, among those whose station excuses or even requires magnificence, there are abundant opportunities, and there are also beautiful and graceful examples, of personal simplicity and restraint.

Mr. Carnegie's estimate of ordinary so-called charity is severe, for (p. 14) he supposes 950 dollars out of every thousand to be unwisely spent; but all must feel with him when he says the main consideration should be to help those who will help themselves. With regard to the particular forms in which his principle may be applied, he thinks the Free Library the best of all; but he enumerates many other forms of beneficent investment: he recognizes the whole field of the institutions generally considered useful. As to churches, he says (p. 34) "the *millionnaire* should not figure how cheaply this structure can be built, but how perfect it can be made;" and, with the warnings of the Gospel in his recollection, he concludes by saying (p. 36), "against such riches as

these no bar will be found at the gates of Paradise."

John Wesley looked forward to the day when his people, trained by him to industry, order, and forethought, would by these means become wealthy; and when the wealth thus engendered would, by a circuitous and subtle process, undo the work for which he spent himself, and drown them anew in the gulf of worldliness. That something of this kind might happen under the teaching of Mr. Carnegie seems to be within the bounds of possibility, though scarcely of likelihood. Should the gospel taught by this John the Baptist, now one crying in the wilderness, lay hold, like that of his predecessor, on all the Scribes and Pharisees of the nineteenth or the twentieth century; should it, as the man in the garment of camel's hair could not, catch even the Herodians; should impulse, once effectually given, grow into principle, into habit, into passion: then, indeed, after many ages a time might arrive when the baths, the parks, the libraries, and I know not what, multiplied so as to overtake the wants of the universal people, might corrupt them into luxurious remissness, and destroy their manhood, as under the Emperors was destroyed the manhood of the Roman population. But cares, so faintly shadowed in so remote a distance, may be left to our descendants. It is ours to have regard to the goods which are attainable, and to the dangers which are near.

Such, then, are the doctrines of Mr. Carnegie on the Use of Wealth. They are sustained, as is well known, by his practice. No one, I think, is entitled magisterially to recommend them, who is not engaged in acting upon them. My office is the humble one of an attempt at making them definitely known in some quarters, into which they may not yet have penetrated. Men will perhaps learn them with a startled surprise. Like St. Paul to the Athenians,\* "he will seem to be a setter forth of strange gods;" or of ideas not less inconvenient than gods. The plan by its terms is one, which is limited to a few. It contemplates the disposal wholesale of what may be called giant surpluses for large purposes. Only a very small proportion even of those in easy circumstances have such surpluses to dispose

of, and few are after according noble system, it is no plan for upon again go it might be well plan for us be the plan speaks sands upon thou to turn away offering, from a humble suggestion by Mr. Carnegie if it cannot yield subject is a serial.

If the question of the wealthy portion away an adequate their incomes, there is no doubt that it is negative. If it is wealthy, we must that general and tion all those who relieved from line, the principle the evil is profound and less glaring. cation of the wealth be graduated. force as we mould and undoubtedly the possessors of sponsible wealth the possessor has disposal, and is neighborhood, expectation. T however, is probable who carries his industry it, into the country by systematic apart from real estate most part temporary unpardonable and

If the moral liability of the hundred millions roughly fixed, for at a tithe, let us find between the present day and the eight hundred years there was little liable to either the The tenth, taken may perhaps be

\* Acts xvii. 18.

a fifth of the nett. And it is doubted whether in England this fund was of old so administered as to exempt the laity from other calls on behalf of the poor. These slight indications may serve to suggest that the wealth of the present day is far less lightly charged, far more available for accumulation and for personal indulgence, than was the wealth of our remote forefathers.

Again, the six or seven hundred millions now before us are subject only to moderate deductions for the expense of government. Of the eighty-nine millions constituting the Imperial Income for 1889-90, no more than seventy-three are raised from taxes, and of the seventy-three a large share, perhaps a moiety, falls upon the poorer classes, who receive the other half of the national income. After making a due allowance for the local rates, we may suppose the wealthy classes to enjoy on the average eleven-twelfths of their receipts discharged from all the expenses of government. How poor a figure would all the known and estimated givings by these classes, as a body, be found to exhibit, in comparison with the sixty or seventy millions which form only the tithe of their aggregate income !

That there are shortcomings, and that these shortcomings are large and even enormous, is directly testified by the general experience of the agents and managers of eleemosynary undertakings, whose incessant or frequent complaint it is that givers are but a class or section of the community, and that the clutch and gripe of most possessors over their money is hardly ever relaxed. And yet hardened or conscious avarice is a thing so odious, and does such violence to all that is good, or even tolerable, in our nature, that we must in reason suppose it to be a curse confined to comparatively few. The gross defect of duty which prevails is probably due to a mixture of influences, in which ignorance and carelessness are the most efficient factors. In most cases the love of indulgence, and in some few sheer greed, rush in at every opening thus created, lay hands on all they can, and shut out all chance of beneficent alienations unless in the handful of instances where the demands for them are so determinate, so glaring, and so pungent, that they cannot be set aside without either some public disgrace, or else without their penetrating even the most thick-skin-

ned conscience with a sense of pain and shame. If, then, thoughtlessness, in some one of its many ramifications, be an indispensable agent in generating the present mischief, the question at once arises whether anything can be done to compel or induce men, in this case at least, to *think*.

There existed in this country some five and twenty years back, under the presidency of the excellent Lord Carlisle, best known as Lord Morpeth, an institution termed, I think, the "Universal Beneficent Society," the aim of which was to deal with this great subject ; materially great, morally almost immeasurable. I am obliged to speak of the institution from memory, as it was explained to me by a Mr. Cather, its chief agent at the time. It purported to be a combination of persons who bound themselves in honor to one another to give away from year to year at the least a certain fixed proportion of their incomes ; fixed, that is to say, by themselves ; so that as between man and man there was no other guarantee, than honor, for the fulfilment of the engagement. But then it was an engagement which as a rule no one would have any motive to assume without the intention of keeping it ; and as to which, while intrusion into the inner sanctuary of the mind would be impossible, yet it might perhaps be allowed, from time to time, to remind the contracting parties of their promise, and also to acquaint them how far the vitality of the scheme was attested and maintained by the influx of new adhesions.

This institution, large in scope, was limited in the support it obtained. There was indeed no occasion for a great list of subscriptions, as the only heads of expense would be those connected with the making known the existence of the association, in order to extend its circle, and with the periodical announcement of its condition.

It at once appeared to me that the aim was admirable ; but I found that there was in my judgment a rather serious flaw in the constitution adopted. It was limited to the circle of what Mr. Cather termed Evangelical Protestantism. Whether this limitation impeded its extension, or whatever other cause marked it for ill-fortune, I know not. But it has been disembodied, if not extinguished ; as the only society now existing under this title appears to be one which has its *habitat* in

Soho Square, and which sets forth an array of good and honorable names, but which has an entirely distinct and separate purpose, namely, the provision of annuities in suitable cases for needy persons.\*

This virtual removal of the old plan from the field, with its claims of seniority and originality, is so far an advantage that it completely disembarrasses those, who might be inclined to repeat under well-considered conditions the old experiment, from the religious difficulty. For it is surely one of the great and palpable advantages of such a plan that it involves something of communion and co-operation unaccompanied by anything of compromise. What has Protestantism as such, Evangelical or other, to do with the matter? If the resolution to act as is proposed cannot be taken in the name of Christianity or of some historic religion, let it be taken in the name of the altruism which, as some tell us, is to supersede them all. The resolution is to establish a precinct, however small, which shall be specially guarded against the intrusion of selfish purpose. Surely this is not in the nature of a religious test. The gate is wide enough to let in all the -isms and all the -ologies. Let orthodox and heterodox, affirmative and negative, make trial of its breadth: and let them enter into a wholesome and vigorous though secret competition, for the honor of God if they acknowledge and worship God, and if they do not then for the honor of whatever they do acknowledge and do worship:† and, alike in the one class and the other, for the benefit of their fellow-men, and the riveting of the ties, so often sadly strained, between them.

The object in view is to induce everyone, who may be willing, to open an ac-

\* In an excellent paper by the Rev. J. S. Jones, Vicar of St. Philip's, Clerkenwell, read at the Church Congress of 1888, I find it stated that the Systematic Benevolence Society lost itself in the Christian Moral Science Association, and that its influence gradually waned. Whether he is more exact in the details than I have been is immaterial, as the upshot in each case is the same. There appears to be no existing organization for the promotion of the purpose which I have in view. I ought to add that I have adopted from the paper of Mr. Jones the phrase "proportionate giving."

† I will not say, in honor of the locomotive. But I understand that in some remote districts of India, where school-training has not penetrated, the locomotive has been seen to receive offerings of coconuts and flowers.

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count with his own conscience, in order to secure a proper treatment of the subject giving. He is to make what he may of a due appropriation out of his substantial purposes lying outside the expenditure applied to the necessities or conveniences of himself and his family. It is no doubt that some persons already give effectively, and others partially, in different directions. What is wanted is, first, to rouse, and if necessary to rouse and quieting, the consciences of men to make no such effort at all: second, to improve and enlarge those attempts which are feeble and uncertain, as to give them both increased extent and greater promise of permanence; third, to render the examples of those who already do their best, or something like it, effective in stimulating and aiding others without the questionable distinction between advertising particulars, or otherwise invidious vanity or pride; and, lastly, to strengthen and consolidate the whole by the universally powerful principle of mutual action.

Undoubtedly an appeal of this kind has a special application to those who are connected with the Established Church of this country. Of late years, indeed, most admirable efforts have been made to counteract the lethargy, which a State provision for our clergy has tended to produce, by bringing forth the mean and scanty provision now available for many members of the order, by the revival of the weekly service, and by boldly setting up the duty of the privilege of abundant, or systematic or proportionate almsgiving. It can hardly be doubted that the members of other religious bodies, which form a considerable section of the population, better taught and practised in the duty of almsgiving than we are, at least as regards the direct calls of their religious profession. For the noblest collective expression of such almsgiving known, in modern times, to this or perhaps to any country, we may turn to the early history of the Free Church of Scotland, after the disestablishment in 1843. Yet there is probably no religious community that has not members who fall short of their duty, while undoubtedly in the greater part of the wealthy class the shortcoming is not palpable and even immense. A little more attention may do a great deal of good. It does not indeed deprive wealth of what it

to be its terrors ; of those influences, alike subtle and deleterious, which prompted the fervent and pathetic expostulation of St. Paul.\* But it will tear away the veil of ignorance and brace the nerves of carelessness ; and, in placing us face to face with very formidable facts, will stir toward amendment all hearts not yet altogether hardened into moral and social indifference.

It will of course be understood that the step which is immediately contemplated in these remarks is one attended with the smallest possible expense. It is to found (if the distinction may be permitted) an association, but not a society. It is to enter into a bond of honor, under which the bondsmen would have no public action whatever in common. They would subscribe an engagement having no legal force ; and no moral sanction, no *Erinnues*, to enforce it, except the action of the private conscience in the internal forum. For the engagement is to give away a proportion of the annual receipt which the individual himself will fix, will alter if he pleases, and which, altered or unaltered, he will not be called to promulgate. If it is said he does not know exactly what his income is, let him allow a margin ; and let him, if he think proper, rule everything in his own favor by taking it at what he knows to be its minimum. If it be asked, may he credit himself with his poor's rate which is compulsory, or with a contribution to a statue of a public benefactor which relieves no human want or misery, again it is in his own power, like\* the estate of Ananias and Sapphira. He will, however, not fail to remember that his obligation is only to give not less than the proportion he has fixed. It does not restrain him from giving more. It is to be hoped that, with practice, his ideas will alter and improve. The burden will be lost in the privilege. He will learn as to giving that, like mercy, It bleaseth him that gives and him that takes.† Nay, that done in a certain manner, it is

\* 1 Tim. vi. 9-11.

† Acts v. 4.

‡ *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1.

even a surer and a larger blessing to the first than to the second. Now it may be requisite to specify some of the incidental advantages which are to be expected from this peculiar method, not of giving (for all our choice of modes and forms of giving would remain just as free as before), but of conditioning our gifts. I will name one or two. First, it will place us in honest co-operation with those from whom we differ. This is a distinct good ; for it will tend to soften any asperities which difference engenders. Secondly, for that portion of the community who find economies either necessary or congenial, a certain dignity will be conferred upon these economies, and they will be redeemed from the sense of meanness, if they are made in order to render possible the fattening of a dedicated fund. And, thirdly, in many cases of begging letters and the like, who is there that has not felt it painful to have his own pecuniary interest pitted against even a questionable applicant ? But, under the plan now in our contemplation, the applicant goes against the fund, not against our personal means of indulgence and enjoyment : so that we can afford to treat him dispassionately, and reject him, if need be, with a quiet conscience, as it makes us none the richer.

I have not thus taken upon me the office of tendering a recommendation to my fellow-members of the community, bearing upon the order of actual life, without ascertaining in more than one quarter from whence influence may flow that there is a desire to see tried some experiment of the kind, and even to give it energetic support. The work of correspondence necessary to organize the plan, and set it going, would be altogether beyond my power to undertake. At the same time, I am ready to be the careful recipient of any assents to the general conception, which there may be a disposition to tender ; and (without any other pledge) I should hold myself bound to make such endeavors toward a practical beginning as would at least prevent good intentions thus conveyed from falling to the ground.—*Nineteenth Century*.

HORACE.—BOOK I., ODE I.

TRANSLATED BY STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

MÆCENAS ATAVIS.

MÆCENAS, friend, my stay, my glory,  
Scion of Kings renowned in story !  
Some o'er th' Olympic plain delight  
To guide the chariots' headlong flight,  
Thro' whirling clouds of dust to roll,  
With glowing axle graze the goal,  
And seize the palm, the meed of worth,  
That lifts to Heaven the Lords of earth.

How proud the favorite of the hour  
Whom fickle Rome exalts to power !  
How glad the man whose garner stores  
The wealth of Libyan threshing-floors !

Contented, happy, spade in hand,  
The peasant digs his father's land :  
Not Attalus could tempt that swain  
Trembling to cleave th' Ægean main  
With Cyprian prow ;

For rural joys  
The merchant, tempest-wearied, sighs,  
A modest homestead near the town,  
Repose, not riches or renown :  
But soon, indocile to endure  
Privations of the frugal poor,  
Refits his shattered bark, and braves  
Once more the vexed Icarian waves.

Some scorn not from the busy day  
To steal one hour of rest away,  
Quaffing old Massic, idly laid  
Beneath the Arbutus' green shade,  
Where from the bubbling fountain-head,  
The soft and sacred waters spread.

For others, manlier joys !—the sight  
Of tented camps, the storm of fight,  
The clarion shrill, and trumpet blare  
Blending discordant in the air ;  
The wars that weeping mothers hate.  
The Hunter leaves his tender mate,  
Nor heeds the storm, when, sore beset,  
The Marsian boar bursts thro' the net,  
Or when his hounds, keen-eyed and true,  
Thro' field and flood the stag pursue.

A nobler aim, my friend, is mine :  
Those ivy-leaves my brow entwine

That rank the Bards with Gods. Green lawns,  
Cool groves remote, where Nymphs and Fauns  
Weave the light dance, awake in me  
A truer life, apart and free ;  
For me Euterpe breathes her flute,  
For me Polymnia tunes the lute :  
Place me amid the Lyric Choir ! I rise  
Sublime, enraptured, to the starry skies.

—*Spectator.*

## MUTUAL AID AMONG ANIMALS.

(*Continued.*)

BY PRINCE PETER KRAPOTKIN.

As soon as spring comes back to the temperate zone, myriads and myriads of birds which are scattered over the warmer regions of the South come together in numberless bands, and, full of vigor and joy, hasten northward to rear their offspring. Each of our hedges, each grove, each ocean cliff, and each of the lakes and ponds with which Northern America, Northern Europe, and Northern Asia are dotted tell us at that time of the year the tale of what mutual aid means for the birds ; what force, energy, and protection it confers to every living being, however feeble and defenceless it otherwise might be. Take, for instance, one of the numberless lakes of the Russian and Siberian steppes. Its shores are peopled with myriads of aquatic birds, belonging to at least a score of different species, all living in perfect peace—all protecting one another.

For several hundred yards from the shore the air is filled with gulls and terns, as with snow-flakes on a winter day. Thousands of plovers and sand-courers run over the beach, searching their food, whistling, and simply enjoying life. Further on, on almost each wave, a duck is rocking, while higher up you notice the flocks of the Casarki ducks. Exuberant life swarms everywhere.\*

And here are the robbers—the strongest, the cunningest ones, those “ideally organized for robbery.” And you hear their hungry, angry, dismal cries as for hours in succession they watch the opportunity of snatching from this mass of living beings one single unprotected individual. But as soon as they approach, their

presence is signalled by dozens of voluntary sentries, and hundreds of gulls and terns set to chase the robber. Maddened by hunger, the robber soon abandons his usual precautions : he suddenly dashes into the living mass ; but, attacked from all sides, he again is compelled to retreat. From sheer despair he falls upon the wild ducks ; but the intelligent, social birds rapidly gather in a flock and fly away if the robber is an erne ; they plunge into the lake if it is a falcon ; or they raise a cloud of water-dust and bewilder the assailant if it is a kite.\* And while life continues to swarm on the lake, the robber flies away with cries of anger, and looks out for carrion, or for a young bird or a field-mouse not yet used to obey in time the warnings of its comrades. In the face of an exuberant life, the ideally armed robber must be satisfied with the off-fall of that life.

Further north, in the Arctic archipelagoes,

you may sail along the coast for many miles and see all the ledges, all the cliffs and corners of the mountain-sides, up to a height of from two to five hundred feet, literally covered with sea-birds, whose white breasts show against the dark rocks as if the rocks were closely sprinkled with chalk specks. The air, near and far, is, so to say, full with fowls.†

Each of such “bird-mountains” is a living illustration of mutual aid, as well as of the infinite variety of characters, individual!

\* Seyfferlitz, quoted by Brehm, iv. 760.

† *The Arctic Voyages of A. E. Nordenskjöld*, London, 1879, p. 135. See also the powerful description of the St. Kilda Islands by Mr. Dixon (quoted by Seebohm), and nearly all books of Arctic travel.

\* Syevertoff's *Periodical Phenomena*, p. 251.

and specific, resulting from social life. The oyster-catcher is renowned for its readiness to attack the birds of prey. The barge is known for its watchfulness, and it easily becomes the leader of more placid birds. The turnstone, when surrounded by comrades belonging to more energetic species, is a rather timorous bird; but it undertakes keeping watch for the security of the commonwealth when surrounded by smaller birds. Here you have the domitative swans; there, the extremely sociable kittiwake-gulls, among whom quarrels are rare and short; the prepossessing polar guillemots, which continually caress each other; the egoist she-goose, who has repudiated the orphans of a killed comrade; and, by her side, another female who adopts anyone's orphans, and now paddles surrounded by fifty or sixty youngsters, whom she conducts and cares for as if they all were her own breed. Side by side with the penguins, which steal one another's eggs, you have the dotterels, whose family relations are so "charming and touching" that even passionate hunters recoil from shooting a female surrounded by her young ones; or the eider-ducks, among which (like the velvet-ducks, or the *coroyas* of the Savannahs) several females hatch together in the same nest; or the lums, which sit in turn upon a common covey. Nature is variety itself, offering all possible varieties of characters, from the basest to the highest: and that is why she cannot be depicted by any sweeping assertion. Still less can she be judged from the moralist's point of view, because the views of the moralist are themselves a result—most unconscious—of the observation of Nature.

Coming together at nesting time is so common with most birds that more examples are scarcely needed. Our trees are crowned with groups of crows' nests; our hedges are full of nests of smaller birds; our farmhouses give shelter to colonies of swallows; our old towers are the refuge of hundreds of nocturnal birds; and pages might be filled with the most charming descriptions of the peace and harmony which prevail in almost all these nesting associations. As to the protection derived by the weakest birds from their unions, it is evident. That excellent observer, Dr. Couës, saw, for instance, the little cliff-swallows nesting in the immediate neighborhood of the prairie falcon (*Falco polyargus*). The falcon had its nest on the

top of one of the minarets of clay which are so common in the cañons of Colorado, while a colony of swallows nested just beneath. The little peaceful birds had no fear of their rapacious neighbor; they even did not let it approach to their colony.

They immediately surrounded it and chased it, so that it had to make off at once.\*

Life in societies does not cease when the nesting period is over; it begins then in a new form. The young broods gather in societies of youngsters, generally including several species. Social life is practiced at that time chiefly for its own sake—partly for security, and chiefly for the pleasures derived from it. So we see in our forests the societies formed by the young nuthatchers (*Sitta cæsia*), together with titmouses, chaffinches, wrens, tree-creepers, or some wood-peckers.† In Spain the swallow is met with in company with kestrels, fly-catchers, and even pigeons. In the Far West the young horned larks live in large societies, together with another lark (Sprague's), the sky-lark, the Savannah sparrow, and several species of buntings and longspurs.‡ In fact, it would be much easier to describe the species which live isolated than to simply name those species which join the autumnal societies of young birds—not for hunting or nesting purposes, but simply to enjoy life in society and to spend their time in plays and sports, after having given a few hours every day to find their daily food.

And, finally, we have that immense display of mutual aid among birds—their migrations—which I dare not even enter upon in a review article. Sufficient to say that birds which have lived for months in small bands scattered over a wide territory gather in thousands; they come together at a given place, for several days in succession, before they start, and they evidently discuss the particulars of the journey. Some species will indulge every afternoon in flights preparatory to the long passage. All wait for their tardy congeners, and finally they start in a certain well-chosen di-

\* Elliot Couës, in *Bulletin U. S. Geol. Survey of Territories*, iv. No. 7, pp. 556, 579, etc.

† Brehm Father, quoted by A. Brehm, iv. 34 sq. See also White's *Natural History of Selborne*, Letter XI.

‡ Dr. Couës' *Birds of Dakota and Montana*, in *Bulletin U. S. Survey of Territories*, iv. No. 7.



rection—a fruit of accumulated collective experience—the strongest flying at the head of the band, and relieving one another in that difficult task. They cross the seas in large bands consisting of both big and small birds, and when they return next spring they repair to the same spot, and, in most cases, each of them takes possession of the very same nest which it had built or repaired the previous year.\*

Going now over to mammals, the first thing which strikes us is the overwhelming numerical predominance of social species over those few carnivores which do not associate. The plateaus, the Alpine tracts, and the steppes of the Old and New World are stocked with herds of deer, antelopes, gazelles, fallow deer, buffaloes, wild goats and sheep, all of which are sociable animals. When the Europeans came to settle in America, they found it so densely peopled with buffaloes, that pioneers had to stop their advance when a column of migrating buffaloes came to cross the route they followed; the march past of the dense column lasting sometimes for two and three days. And when the Russians took possession of Siberia they found it so densely peopled with deer, antelopes, squirrels, and other sociable animals, that the very conquest of Siberia was nothing but a hunting expedition which lasted for two hundred years. Not long ago the small streams of Northern America and Northern Siberia were peopled with colonies of beavers, and up to the seventeenth century like colonies swarmed in Northern Russia. The flat lands of the four great continents are still covered with countless colonies of mice, ground squirrels, marmots, and other rodents.

In the lower latitudes of Asia and Africa the forests are still the abode of numerous families of elephants, rhinoceroses, and numberless societies of monkeys. In the far north the reindeer aggregate in numberless herds; while still further north we

\* It has often been intimated that larger birds may occasionally *transport* some of the smaller birds when they cross together the Mediterranean, but the fact still remains doubtful. On the other side, it is certain that some smaller birds join the bigger ones for migration. The fact has been noticed several times and it was recently confirmed by L. Buxbaum at Raanheim. He saw several parties of cranes which had larks flying in the midst and on both sides of their migratory columns.—*Der zoologische Garten*, 1886, p. 133.

find the herds of the musk-oxen and numberless bands of polar foxes. The coasts of the ocean are enlivened by flocks of seals and morsers; its waters, by shoals of sociable cetaceans; and even in the depths of the great plateau of Central Asia we find herds of wild horses, wild donkeys, wild camels, and wild sheep. All these mammals live in societies and nations sometimes numbering hundreds of thousands of individuals, although now, after three centuries of gunpowder civilization, we find but the *débris* of the immense aggregations of old. How trifling, in comparison with them, are the numbers of the carnivores! And how false, therefore, is the view of those who speak of the animal world as if nothing were to be seen in it but lions and hyenas plunging their bleeding teeth into the flesh of their victims! One might as well imagine that the whole of human life is nothing but a succession of Tel-el-Kebir and Geok-tepé massacres.

Association and mutual aid are the rule with mammals. We find social habits even among the carnivores, and we can only name the cat tribe (lions, tigers, leopards, etc.) as a division the members of which decidedly prefer isolation to society, and are but seldom met with even in small groups. The two tribes of the civets (*Viverridæ*) and the weasels (*Mustelidæ*) might also be characterized by their isolated life, but it is a fact that during the last century the common weasel was more sociable than it is now; it was seen then in larger groups in Scotland and in the Unterwalden canton of Switzerland. As to the great tribe of the dogs, it is eminently sociable, and association for hunting purposes may be considered as characteristic of its numerous species. It is well known, in fact, that wolves gather in packs for hunting, and Tschudi left an excellent description of how they draw up in a half-circle, surround a cow which is grazing on a mountain slope, and then, suddenly appearing with a loud barking, make it roll in the abyss.\* During severe winters their packs grow so numerous as to become a danger for human settlements, as was the case in France some five-and forty years ago. In the Russian steppes they never attack the horses otherwise than in packs; and yet they have to sustain bitter fights, during which the horses (according to

\* Tschudi, *Thierleben der Alpenwelt*, p. 404.

Kohl's testimony) sometimes assume offensive warfare, and in such cases, if the wolves do not retreat promptly, they run the risk of being surrounded by the horses and killed by their hoofs. The prairie-wolves (*Canis latrans*) are known to associate in bands of from twenty to thirty individuals when they chase a buffalo occasionally separated from its herd.\* Jackals, which are most courageous and may be considered as one of the most intelligent representatives of the dog tribe, always hunt in packs; thus united, they have no fear of the bigger carnivores.† As to the wild dogs of Asia (the *Kholzuns*, or *Dholes*), Williamson saw their large packs attacking all larger animals save elephants and rhinoceroses, and overpowering bears and tigers. Hyænas always live in societies and hunt in packs, and the hunting organizations of the painted lycæons are highly praised by Cumming. Nay, even foxes, which, as a rule, live isolated in our civilized countries, have been seen combining for hunting purposes.‡ As to the polar fox, it is—or rather was in Steller's time—one of the most sociable animals; and when one reads Steller's description of the war that was waged by Behring's unfortunate crew against these intelligent small animals, one does not know what to wonder at most: the extraordinary intelligence of the foxes and the mutual aid they displayed in digging out food concealed under cairns, or stored upon a pillar (one fox would climb on its top and throw the food to its comrades beneath), or the cruelty of man, driven to despair by the numerous packs of foxes. Even some bears live in societies where they are not disturbed by man. Thus Steller saw the black bear of Kamchatka in numerous packs, and the polar bear is occasionally found in small groups. Even the unintelligent insectivores do not always disdain association.

However, it is especially with the rodents, the ungulata, and the ruminants that we find a highly developed practice of mutual aid. The squirrels are individualist to a great extent. Each of them builds its own comfortable nest, and accumulates

its own provision. Their inclination towards family life, and Brehm for a family of squirrels is never so when the two broods of the same join together with their parents in corner of a forest. And yet the same social relations. The inhabit the separate nests remain in a close course, and when the pine-cones are rare in the forest they inhabit, they grate in bands. As to the black of the Far West, they are eminently sociable. Apart from the few hours every day to foraging, they spend their lives in playing in numerous parties when they multiply too rapidly in; they assemble in bands, almost as numerous as those of locusts, and move forward, devastating the forests, the and the gardens; while foxes, j falcons, and nocturnal birds of prey follow their thick columns and live with individuals remaining behind. The squirrel—a closely akin genus—more sociable. It is given to hoard and stores up in its subterranean haunts amounts of edible roots and nuts, plundered by man in the autumn. According to some observers, it must have something of the joys of a miser yet it remains sociable. It always lives in large villages, and Audubon, who has examined some dwellings of the hackee in the Far West, found several individuals in the same apartment; they must have stored their provisions by common efforts.

The large tribe of the marmots, which includes the three large genera of *Arctomys*, *Cynomys*, and *Spermophilus*, is still more sociable and still more intelligent. They also prefer having each one its own dwelling; but they live in big villages. The marmot, a terrible enemy of the crops of Southern Asia—the *sauslik*—of which some ten millions are exterminated every year alone, lives in numberless colonies. While the Russian provincial assessor gravely discusses the means of getting rid of this enemy of society, it enjoys its thousands in the most joyous manner. Their play is so charming that no one could refrain from paying them a word of praise, and from mentioning the ridiculous conceits arising from the whistlings of the males and the choleric whistlings of the females, but suddenly returning to his citizen's duty—he begins inventing the most

\* Houzeau's *Etudes*, ii. 463.

† For their hunting associations see Sir E. Tennant's *Natural History of Ceylon*, quoted in Romanes's *Animal Intelligence*, p. 432.

‡ See Emil Hüter's letter in L. Büchner's *Liebe*.

means for the extermination of the little robbers. All kinds of rapacious birds and beasts of prey having proved powerless, the last word of science in this warfare is the inoculation of cholera! The villages of the prairie-dogs in America are one of the loveliest sights. As far as the eye can embrace the prairie, it sees heaps of earth, and on each of them a prairie dog stands, engaged in a lively conversation with its neighbors by means of short barkings. As soon as the approach of man is signalled, all plunge in a moment into their dwellings; all has disappeared as by enchantment. But if the danger is over, the little creatures soon reappear. Whole families come out of their galleries and indulge in play. The young ones scratch one another, they worry one another, and display their gracefulness while standing upright, and in the meantime the old ones keep watch. They go visiting one another, and the beaten footpaths which connect all their heaps testify of the frequency of the visitations. In short, the best naturalists have written some of their best pages in describing the associations of the prairie-dogs of America, the marmots of the Old World, and the polar marmots of the Alpine regions. And yet, I must make, as regards the marmots, the same remark as I have made when speaking of the bees. They have maintained their fighting instincts, and these instincts reappear in captivity. But in their big associations, in the face of free nature, the unsociable instincts have no opportunity to develop, and the general result is peace and harmony.

Even such harsh animals as the rats which continually fight in our cellars are sufficiently intelligent not to quarrel when they plunder our larders, but to aid one another in their plundering expeditions and migrations, and even to feed their invalids. As to the beaver-rats or musk-rats of Canada, they are extremely sociable. Audubon could not but admire "their peaceful communities, which require only being left in peace to enjoy happiness." Like all sociable animals, they are lively and playful, they easily combine with other species, and they have attained a very high degree of intellectual development. In their villages, always disposed on the shores of lakes and rivers, they take into account the changing level of water; their dome-shaped houses, which are built of

beaten clay interwoven with reeds, have separate corners for organic refuse, and their halls are well carpeted at winter-time; they are warm, and, nevertheless, well ventilated. As to the beavers, which are endowed, as known, with a most sympathetic character, their astounding dams and villages, in which generations live and die without knowing of any enemies but the otter and man, so wonderfully illustrate what mutual aid can achieve for the security of the species, the development of social habits, and the evolution of intelligence, that they are familiar to all interested in animal life. Let me only remark that with the beavers, the musk-rats, and some other rodents, we already find the feature which will also be distinctive of human communities—that is, work in common.

I pass in silence the two large families which include the jerboa, the chinchilla, the *biscacha*, and the *tushkan*, or underground hare of South Russia, though all these small rodents might be taken as excellent illustrations of the pleasures derived by animals from social life. Precisely, the pleasures; because it is extremely difficult to say what brings animals together—the needs of mutual protection, or simply the pleasure of feeling surrounded by their congeners. At any rate, our common hares, which do not gather in societies for life in common, and which are not even endowed with intense parental feelings, cannot live without coming together for play. Dietrich de Winckell, who is considered to be among the best acquainted with the habits of hares, describes them as passionate players, becoming so intoxicated by their play that a hare has been known to take an approaching fox for a playmate.\* As to the rabbit, it lives in societies, and its family life is entirely built upon the image of the old patriarchal family; the young ones being kept in absolute obedience to the father and even the grandfather.† And here we have the example of two very closely allied species which cannot bear each other—not because they live upon nearly the same food, as like cases are too often explained, but most probably because the passionate, eminently individualist hare cannot make friends with that placid, quiet, and sub-

\* *Handbuch für Jäger und Jagdberechtigte*, quoted by Brehm, ii. 223.

† Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle*.

missive creature, the rabbit. Their tempers are too widely different not to be an obstacle to friendship.

Life in societies is again the rule with the large family of horses, which includes the wild horses and donkeys of Asia, the zebras, the mustangs, the *cimarrones* of the Pampas, and the half-wild horses of Mongolia and Siberia. They all live in numerous associations made up of many studs, each of which consists of a number of mares under the leadership of a male. These numberless inhabitants of the Old and the New World, badly organized on the whole for resisting both their numerous enemies and the adverse conditions of climate, would soon have disappeared from the surface of the earth were it not for their sociable spirit. When a beast of prey approaches them, several studs unite at once; they repulse the beast and sometimes chase it: and neither the wolf nor the bear, not even the lion, can capture a horse or even a zebra as long as they are not detached from the herd. When a drough is burning the grass in the prairies, they gather in herds of sometimes 10,000 individuals strong, and migrate. And when a snow-storm rages in the steppes, each stud keeps close together, and repairs to a protected ravine. But if confidence disappears, or the group has been seized by panic, and disperses, the horses perish and the survivors are found after the storm half dying from fatigue. Union is their chief arm in the struggle for life, and man is their chief enemy. Before his increasing numbers the ancestors of our domestic horse (the *Equus Przewalskii*, so named by Polyakoff) have preferred to retire to the wildest and least accessible plateaus on the outskirts of Thibet, where they continue to live, surrounded by carnivores, under a climate as bad as that of the Arctic regions, but in a region inaccessible to man.\*

Many striking illustrations of social life could be taken from the life of the rein-

deer, and especially of that large of ruminants which might include bucks, the fallow deer, the antelopes, the ibex, and, in fact, of the three numerous families Antelopides, the Caprides, and the Cervidae. Their watchfulness over the safety of their herds against attacks of carnivores, the anxiety displayed by all individuals of a herd of chamois as long as all of them have not cleared a difficult passage over cliffs; the adoption of orphans by a pair of the gazelle whose mate, the comrade of the same sex, has been killed, the plays of the youngsters, and other features, could be mentioned perhaps the most striking illustration of mutual support is given by the migrations of fallow deer, such as those which take place once on the Amur. When I crossed the high plateau and its bordering mountains of Great Khingan, on my way from Baikal to Merghen, and further on over the high prairies on my way to the Amur, I could ascertain how thickly populated with fallow deer these most inhabited regions are.\* Two years ago I was travelling up the Amur, and at the end of October reached the lower end of that picturesque gorge which pierces in the Dousse-alin (Little Ili) before it enters the lowlands where the Sungari flows. I found the Cossack villages of that gorge in the greatest excitement, because thousands and thousands of fallow deer were crossing the Amur at its narrowest, in order to reach the lowlands. For several days in succession a length of some forty miles up the Amur the Cossacks were butchering the deer as they crossed the Amur, in which they floated a good deal of ice. They were killed every day, and the slaughter nevertheless continued. Like me, I had never seen either before or since, and this one must have been called for by the early and heavy snow-fall in the

grass as itself excludes that hypothesis. We must look for some incompatible character, as in the case of the hare and the rabbit.

\* Our Tungus hunter, who was very busy, and therefore was prompt in his desire of getting as many furs as he could, was beating the hill-sides all round on horseback in search of deer. He was not rewarded by even so many fallow deer killed every day; and he was an excellent hunter.

\* In connection with the horses it is worthy of notice that the quagga zebra, which never comes together with the dauw zebra, nevertheless lives on excellent terms, not only with ostriches, which are very good sentries, but also with gazelles, several species of antelopes, and gnus. We thus have a case of mutual dislike between the quagga and the dauw which cannot be explained by competition for food. The fact that the quagga lives together with ruminants feeding on the same

Khingán, which compelled the deer to make a desperate attempt at reaching the lowlands in the east of the Dousse mountains. Indeed, a few days later the Dousse-alin was also buried under snow two or three feet deep. Now, when one imagines the immense territory (almost as big as Great Britain) from which the scattered groups of deer must have gathered for a migration which was undertaken under the pressure of exceptional circumstances, and realizes the difficulties which had to be overcome before all the deer came to the common idea of crossing the Amur further south, where it is narrowest, one cannot but deeply admire the amount of sociability displayed by these intelligent animals. The fact is not the less striking if we remember that the bison of North America display the same powers of combination. One sees them grazing in great numbers in the plains, but these numbers are made up by an infinity of small groups which never mix together. And yet, when necessity arises, all groups, however scattered over an immense territory, come together and make up those immense columns, numbering hundreds of thousands of individuals, which I mentioned on a preceding page.

I also ought to say a few words at least about the "compound families" of the elephants, their mutual attachment, their deliberate ways in posting sentries, and the feelings of sympathy developed by such a life of close mutual support. I might mention the sociable feelings of those disreputable creatures the wild boars, and find a word of praise for their powers of association in the case of an attack by a beast of prey. The hippopotamus and the rhinoceros, too, would occupy a place in a work devoted to animal sociability. Several striking pages might be given to the sociability and mutual attachment of the seals and the walruses; and finally, one might mention the most excellent feelings existing among sociable cetaceans. But I have to say yet a few words about the societies of monkeys, which acquire an additional interest from their being the link which will bring us to the societies of primitive men.

It is hardly needful to say that those mammals, which stand at the very top of the animal world and most approach man by their structure and intelligence, are eminently sociable. Evidently we must

be prepared to meet with all varieties of character and habits in so great a division of the animal kingdom which includes hundreds of species. But, all things considered, it must be said that sociability, action in common, mutual protection, and a high development of those feelings which are the necessary outcome of social life, are characteristic of most monkeys and apes. From the smallest species to the biggest ones, sociability is a rule to which we know but a few exceptions. The nocturnal apes prefer isolated life; the capuchins (*Cebus Capucinus*), the monos, and the howling monkeys live but in small families; and the orang-outangs have never been seen by Mr. Wallace otherwise than either solitary or in very small groups of three or four individuals, while the gorillas seem never to join in bands. But all the remainder of the monkey tribe—the chimpanzees, the sajous, the sakis, the mandrills, the baboons, and so on—are sociable in the highest degree. They live in great bands, and even join with other species than their own. Most of them become quite unhappy when solitary. The cries of distress of each one of the band immediately bring together the whole of the band, and they boldly repulse the attacks of most carnivores and birds of prey. Even eagles do not dare attack them. They plunder our fields always in bands—the old ones taking care for the safety of the commonwealth. The little tee-tees, whose childish sweet faces so much struck Humboldt, embrace and protect one another when it rains, rolling their tails over the necks of their shivering comrades. Several species display the greatest solicitude for their wounded, and do not abandon a wounded comrade during a retreat till they have ascertained that it is dead and that they are helpless to restore it to life. Thus James Forbes narrated in his *Oriental Memoirs* a fact of such resistance in reclaiming from his hunting party the dead body of a female monkey that one fully understands why "the witnesses of this extraordinary scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race."\* In some species several individuals will combine to overturn a stone in order to search for ants' eggs under it. The hamadryas not only post sentries, but have been seen making a chain for the transmission

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\* Romanes's *Animal Intelligence*, p. 472.

of the spoil to a safe place ; and their courage is well known. Brehm's description of the regular fight which his caravan had to sustain before the hamadryas would let it resume its journey in the valley of the Mensa, in Abyssinia, has become classical.\* The playfulness of the tailed apes and the mutual attachment which reigns in the families of chimpanzees also are familiar to the general reader. And if we find among the highest apes two species, the orang-outang and the gorilla, which are not sociable, we must remember that both—limited as they are to very small areas, the one in the heart of Africa, and the other in the two islands of Borneo and Sumatra—have all the appearance of being the last remnants of formerly much more numerous species. The gorilla at least seems to have been sociable in olden times, if the apes mentioned in the *Periplus* really were gorillas.

We thus see, even from the above very brief review, that life in societies is no exception in the animal world ; it is the rule, the law of Nature, and it reaches its fullest development with the higher vertebrates. Those species which live solitary, or in small families only, are relatively few, and their numbers are limited. Nay, it appears very probable that, apart a few exceptions, those birds and mammals which are not gregarious now, were living in societies before man multiplied on the earth and waged a permanent war against them, or destroyed the sources from which they formerly derived food. "On ne s'associe pas pour mourir," was the sound remark of Espinas ; and Houzeau, who knew the animal world of some parts of America when it was not yet affected by man, wrote to the same effect.

Association is found in the animal world at all degrees of evolution ; and, according to the grand idea of Herbert Spencer, so brilliantly developed in Perrier's *Colonies Animales*, colonies are at the very origin of evolution in the animal kingdom. But, in proportion as we ascend the scale of evolution, we see association growing more and more conscious. It loses its purely physical character, it ceases to be simply instinctive, it becomes reasoned. With the higher vertebrates it is periodical, or is resorted to for the satisfaction of

a given want—propagation of the species, migration, hunting, or mutual defence. It even becomes occasional, when birds associate against a robber, or mammals combine, under the pressure of exceptional circumstances, to emigrate. In this last case, it becomes a voluntary deviation from habitual modes of life. The combination sometimes appears in two or more degrees—the family first, then the group, and finally the association of groups, habitually scattered, but uniting in case of need, as we saw it with the bison and other ruminants. It also takes higher forms, guaranteeing more independence to the individual without depriving it of the benefits of social life. With most rodents the individual has its own dwelling, which it can retire to when it prefers being left alone ; but the dwellings are laid out in villages and cities, so as to guarantee to all inhabitants the benefits and joys of social life. And finally, in several species, such as rats, marmots, hares, etc., sociable life is maintained notwithstanding the quarrelsome or otherwise egotistic inclinations of the isolated individual. Thus it is not imposed, as is the case with ants and bees, by the very physiological structure of the individuals ; it is cultivated for the benefits of mutual aid, or for the sake of its pleasures. And this, of course, appears with all possible gradations and with the greatest variety of individual and specific characters—the very variety of aspects taken by social life being a consequence, and for us a further proof, of its generality.\*

That life in societies is the most powerful weapon in the struggle for life, taken in its widest sense, has been illustrated by several examples on the foregoing pages, and could be illustrated by any amount of evidence, if further evidence were required. Life in societies enables the feeblest insects, the feeblest birds, and the feeblest mammals to resist, or to protect themselves from, the most terrible birds and beasts of prey ; it permits longevity ; it enables

\* The more strange it is to read in the previously mentioned article by Mr. Huxley the following paraphrase of a well-known sentence of Rousseau : "The first men who substituted mutual peace for that of mutual war whatever the motive which impelled them to take that step—created society" (*Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1888, p. 165). Society has not been created by man ; it is anterior to man.

\* Brehm, i. 82 ; Darwin's *Descent of Man*, ch. iii.

the species to rear its progeny with the least waste of energy and to maintain its numbers albeit a very slow birth-rate; it enables the gregarious animals to migrate in search of new abodes. Therefore, while fully admitting that force, swiftness, protective colors, cunningness, and endurance to hunger and cold, which are mentioned by Darwin and Wallace, are so many qualities making the individual, or the species, the fittest under certain circumstances, we maintain that under *any* circumstances sociability is the greatest advantage in the struggle for life. Those species which willingly or unwillingly abandon it are doomed to decay; while those animals which know best how to combine, have the greatest chances of survival and of further evolution, although they may be inferior to others in *each* of the faculties enumerated by Darwin and Wallace, save the intellectual faculty. The highest vertebrates, and especially mankind, are the best proof of this assertion. As to the intellectual faculty, while every Darwinist will agree with Darwin that it is the most powerful arm in the struggle for life, and the most powerful factor of further evolution, he also will admit that intelligence is an eminently social faculty. Language, imitation, and accumulated experience are so many elements of growing intelligence of which the unsociable animal is deprived. Therefore we find, at the top of each class of animals, the ants, the parrots, and the monkeys, all combining the greatest sociability with the highest development of intelligence. The fittest are thus the most sociable animals, and sociability appears as the chief factor of evolution, both directly, by securing the well-being of the species while diminishing the waste of energy, and indirectly, by favoring the growth of intelligence.

Moreover, it is evident that life in societies would be utterly impossible without a corresponding development of social feelings, and, especially, of a certain collective sense of justice growing to become a habit. If every individual were constantly abusing its personal advantages without the others interfering in favor of the wronged, no society-life would be possible. And feelings of justice develop, more or less, with all gregarious animals. Whatever the distance from which the swallows or the cranes come, each one returns to the nest it has built or repaired last year. If a lazy spar-

row intends appropriating the nest which a comrade is building, or even steals from it a few sprays of straw, the group interferes against the lazy comrade; and it is evident that without such interference being the rule, no nesting associations of birds could exist. Separate groups of penguins have separate resting places and separate fishing abodes, and do not fight for them. The droves of cattle in Australia have particular spots to which each group repairs to rest, and from which it never deviates; and so on.\* We have any numbers of direct observations of the peace that prevails in the nesting associations of birds, the villages of the rodents, and the herds of grass-eaters; while, on the other side, we know of few sociable animals which so continually quarrel as the rats in our cellars do, or as the morses, which fight for the possession of a sunny place on the shore. Sociability thus puts a limit to physical struggle, and leaves room for the development of better moral feelings. The high development of parental love in all classes of animals, even with lions and tigers, is generally known. As to the young birds and mammals whom we continually see associating, sympathy—not love—attains a further development in their associations. Leaving aside the really touching facts of mutual attachment and compassion which have been recorded as regards domesticated animals and with animals kept in captivity, we have a number of well-certified facts of compassion between wild animals at liberty. Max Perty and L. Büchner have given a number of such facts.† J. C. Wood's narrative of a weasel which came to pick up and to carry away an injured comrade enjoys a well-merited popularity.‡ So also the observation of Captain Stansbury on his journey to Utah which is quoted by Darwin; he saw a blind pelican which was fed, and well fed, by other pelicans upon fishes which had to be brought from a dis-

\* Haygarth, *Bush Life in Australia*, p. 58.

† To quote but a few instances, a wounded badger was carried away by another badger suddenly appearing on the scene; rats have been seen feeding a blind couple (*Seelenleben der Thiere*, p. 64 sq.). Brehm himself saw two crows feeding in a hollow tree a third crow which was wounded; its wound was several weeks old (*Hausfreund*, 1874, 715; Büchner's *Liebe*, 203). Mr. Blyth saw Indian crows feeding two or three blind comrades; and so on.

‡ *Man and Beast*, p. 344.

tance of thirty miles.\* As to facts of compassion with wounded comrades, they are continually mentioned by all field zoologists. Such facts are quite natural. Compassion is a necessary outcome of social life. But compassion also means a considerable advance in general intelligence and sensibility. It is the first step toward the development of higher moral sentiments. It is, in its turn, a powerful factor of further evolution.

If the views developed on the preceding pages are correct, the question necessarily arises, in how far are they consistent with the theory of struggle for life as it has been developed by Darwin, Wallace, and their followers? and I will now briefly answer this important question. First of all, no naturalist will doubt that the idea of a struggle for life carried on through organic nature is the greatest generalization of our century. Life is struggle; and in that struggle the fittest survive. But the answers to the questions, "By which arms is this struggle chiefly carried on?" and "Who are the fittest in the struggle?" will widely differ according to the importance given to the two different aspects of the struggle: the direct one, for food and safety among separate individuals, and the struggle which Darwin described as "metaphorical"—the struggle, very often collective, against adverse circumstances. No one will deny that there is, within each species, a certain amount of real competition for food—at least, at certain periods. But the question is, whether competition is carried on to the extent admitted by Darwin, or even by Wallace; and whether this competition has played, in the evolution of the animal kingdom, the part assigned to it.

The idea which permeates Darwin's work is certainly one of real competition going on within each animal group for food, safety, and possibility of leaving an offspring. He often speaks of regions being stocked with animal life to their full capacity, and from that overstocking he infers the necessity of competition. But when we look in his work for real proofs of that competition, we must confess that we do not find them sufficiently convincing. If we refer to the paragraph entitled "Struggle for Life most severe between

Individuals and Varieties of the same Species," we find in it none of that wealth of proofs and illustrations which we are accustomed to find in whatever Darwin wrote. The struggle between individuals of the same species is not illustrated under that heading by even one single instance: it is taken as granted; and the competition between closely allied animal species is illustrated by but five examples, out of which one, at least (relating to the two species of thrushes), now proves to be doubtful.\* But when we look for more details in order to ascertain how far the decrease of one species was really occasioned by the increase of the other species, Darwin, with his usual fairness, tells us:

We can dimly see why the competition should be most severe between allied forms which fill nearly the same place in nature; but probably in no case could we precisely say why one species has been victorious over another in the great battle of life.

As to Wallace, who quotes the same facts under a slightly modified heading ("Struggle for Life between closely-allied Animals and Plants *often* most severe"), he makes the following remark (*italics* are mine), which gives quite another aspect to the facts above quoted. He says:

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\* One species of swallow is said to have caused the decrease of another swallow species in North America; the recent increase of the missel-thrush in Scotland has caused the decrease of the song-thrush; the brown rat has taken the place of the black rat in Europe; in Russia the small cockroach has everywhere driven before it its greater congener; and in Australia the imported hive-bee is rapidly exterminating the small stingless bee. Two other cases, but relative to domesticated animals, are mentioned in the preceding paragraph. While recalling these same facts, Mr. Wallace remarks in a foot-note relative to the Scottish thrushes: "Prof. A. Newton, however, informs me that these species do not interfere in the way here stated" (*Darwinism*, p. 34). As to the brown rat, it is known that, owing to its amphibian habits, it usually stays in the lower parts of human dwellings (low cellars, sewers, etc.), as also on the banks of canals and rivers; it also undertakes distant migrations in numberless bands. The black rat, on the contrary, prefers staying in our dwellings themselves, under the floor, as well as in our stables and barns. It thus is much more exposed to be exterminated by man; and we cannot maintain, with any approach to certainty, that the black rat is being either exterminated or starved out by the brown rat and not by man.

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\* L. H. Morgan, *The American Beaver*, 1868, p. 272; *Descent of Man*, ch. iv.



In some cases, no doubt, there is actual war between the two, the stronger killing the weaker; but this is by no means necessary, and there may be cases in which the weaker species, physically, may prevail by its power of more rapid multiplication, its better withstanding vicissitudes of climate, or its greater cunning in escaping the attacks of common enemies.

In such cases what is described as competition may be no competition at all. One species succumbs not because it is exterminated or starved out by the other species, but because it does not well accommodate itself to new conditions, which the other does. The term "struggle for life" is again used in its metaphorical sense, and may have no other. As to the real competition between individuals of the same species, which is illustrated in another place by the cattle of South America during a period of drought, its value is impaired by its being taken from among domesticated animals. Bisons emigrate in like circumstances in order to avoid competition. However severe the struggle between plants—and this is amply proved—we cannot but repeat Wallace's remark to the effect that "plants live where they can," while animals have, to a great extent, the power of choice of their abode. So that we again are asking ourselves, To what extent does competition really exist within each animal species? Upon what is the assumption based?

The chief argument as known is—to use Professor Geddes' expression—the "arithmetical argument" borrowed from Malthus.\* But this argument does not prove it at all. We might as well take a number of villages in South-East Russia, the inhabitants of which enjoy plenty of food, but have no sanitary accommodation of any kind; and seeing that for the last eighty years the birth-rate was sixty in the thousand, while the population is now what it was eighty years ago, we might conclude that there has been a terrible competition between the inhabitants. But the truth is that from year to year the

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\* I must omit here the discussion of the indirect argument, which might be derived from the supposed extermination of the varieties intermediate between two species. That discussion would bring us too far, the more so as that argument touches upon one of the most contested parts of the Darwinian theory—namely, in how far isolation is necessary for the appearance of new species.

population remained stationary, for the simple reason that one-third of the newborn died before reaching their sixth month of life; one half died within the next four years, and out of each hundred born, only seventeen or so reached the age of twenty. The newcomers went away before having grown to be competitors. It is evident that if such is the case with men, it is still more the case with animals. In the feathered world the destruction of the eggs goes on on such a tremendous scale that eggs are the chief food of several species in the early summer; not to say a word of the storms, the inundations which destroy nests by the million in America, and the sudden changes of weather which are fatal to the young mammals. Each storm, each inundation, each visit of a rat to a bird's nest, each sudden change of temperature, take away those competitors which appear so terrible in theory.

As to the facts of an extremely rapid increase of horses and cattle in America, of pigs and rabbits in New Zealand, and even of wild animals imported from Europe (where their numbers are kept down by man, not by competition), they rather seem opposed to the theory of over-population. If horses and cattle could so rapidly multiply in America, it simply shows that, however numberless the bison and other ruminants were at that time in the New World, its grass-eating population was far below what the prairies could maintain. If millions of intruders have found plenty of food without starving out the former population of the prairies, we must rather conclude that the Europeans found a want of grass-eaters in America, not an excess. And we have good reasons to believe that want of animal population is the natural state of things all over the world, with but a few temporary exceptions to the rule. The actual numbers of animals in a given region are determined, not by the highest feeding capacity of the region, but by what it is every year under the most unfavorable conditions. So that, for that reason alone, competition hardly can be a normal condition; but other causes intervene as well to cut down the animal population below even that low standard. If we take the horses and cattle which are grazing all the winter through in the steppes of Transbaikalia, we find them very lean and exhausted at the end of the winter. But they grow exhausted not because

there is not enough food for all of them—the grass buried under a thin sheet of snow is everywhere in abundance—but because of the difficulty of getting it from beneath the snow, and this difficulty is the same for all horses alike. Besides, days of glazed frost are common in early spring, and if several such days come in succession the horses grow still more exhausted. But then comes a snowstorm, which compels the already weakened animals to remain without any food for several days, and very great numbers of them die. The losses during the spring are so severe that if the season has been more inclement than usual they are even not repaired by the new breeds—the more so as all horses are exhausted, and the young foals are born in a weaker condition. The numbers of horses and cattle thus always remain beneath what they otherwise might be; all the year round there is food for five or ten times as many animals, and yet their population increases extremely slowly. But as soon as the Buriate owner makes ever so small a provision of hay in the steppe, and throws it open during days of glazed frost, or heavier snowfall, he immediately sees the increase of his herd. Almost all free grass-eating animals and many rodents in Asia and America being in very much the same condition, we can safely say that their numbers are *not* kept down by competition; that at no time of the year they can struggle for food, and that if they never reach anything approaching to over-population, the cause is in the climate, not in competition.

The importance of natural checks to over multiplication, and especially their bearing upon the competition hypothesis, seems never to have been taken into due account. The checks, or rather some of them, are mentioned, but their action is seldom studied in detail. However, if we compare the action of the natural checks with that of competition, we must recognize at once that the latter sustains no comparison whatever with the other checks. Thus, Mr. Bates mentions the really astounding numbers of winged ants which are destroyed during their exodus. The dead or half-dead bodies of the formica defuego (*Myrmica savissima*) which had been blown into the river during a gale “were heaped in a line an inch or two in height and breadth, the line continuing without interruption for miles at the edge

of the water.”\* destroyed amidst support a hundred are actually living. forester, who wrot about animals inju gives many facts importance of nat that a succession o weather during tl moth (*Bombyx pr* ible amounts, and 1871 all these mot probably killed b nights.† Many li various insects cou ous parts of Eur mentions the bir moth, and the imm destroyed by foxes parasitic fungi whi are a far more te bird, because they very large areas a species of mice (*M arvalis*, and *A. agr* gives a long list of remarks: “Howe enemies of mice a but such sudden ch cur almost every y frost and warm we numberless quantiti change can reduce t number of a few other side, a warm w gradually steps in, menacing proporti every enemy; such and 1877.‡ Comp mice, thus appears when compared with to the same effect as squirrels.

On the other sid eases which continu species destroy them the losses often cann years, even with the ing animals. Thus, the *souslike* sudden neighborhood of Sar

\* *The Naturalist* on 85, 95, 69.

† Dr. B. Altum, *W Thiere und Gegenmittel* seq.

‡ Dr. B. Altum, *ut s*

Russia, in consequence of some epidemics ; and for years no *sousliks* were seen in that neighborhood. It took many years before they became as numerous as they formerly were.\*

Like facts, all tending to reduce the importance given to competition, could be produced in numbers. Of course, it might be replied, in Darwin's words, that nevertheless each organic being "at some period of its life, during some season of the year, during each generation or at intervals, has to struggle for life and to suffer great destruction," and that the fittest survive during such periods of hard struggle for life. But if the evolution of the animal world were based exclusively, or even chiefly, upon the survival of the fittest during periods of calamities ; if natural selection were limited in its action to periods of exceptional drought, or sudden changes of temperature, or inundations, retrogression would be the rule in the animal world. Those who survive a famine, or a severe epidemic of cholera, or small-pox, or diphtheria, such as we see them in uncivilized countries, are neither the strongest, nor the healthiest, nor the most intelligent. No progress could be based on those survivals—the less so as all survivors usually come out of the ordeal with an impaired health, like the Transbaikalian horses just mentioned, or the Arctic crews, or the garrison of a fortress which has been compelled to live for a few months on half rations, and comes out of its experience with a broken health, and subsequently shows a quite abnormal mortality. All that natural selection can do in times of calamities is to spare the individuals endowed with the greatest endurance for privations of all kinds. So it does among the Siberian horses and cattle. They *are* enduring ; they can feed upon the Polar birch in case of need ; they resist cold and hunger. But no Siberian horse is capable of carrying half the weight which a European horse carries with ease ; no Siberian cow gives half the amount of milk given by a Jersey cow, and no natives of uncivilized countries can bear a comparison with Europeans. They may better endure hunger and cold, but their physical force is very far below that of a well fed European, and their intellectual progress is despairingly

\* A. Becker in the *Bulletin de la Société des Naturalistes de Moscou*, 1889, p. 625.

slow. "Evil cannot be productive or good," as Tchernyshevsky wrote of late in a remarkable essay upon Darwinism.\*

Happily enough, competition is not the rule either in the animal world or in mankind. It is limited among animals to exceptional periods, and natural selection finds better fields for its activity. Better conditions are created by the *elimination of competition* by means of mutual aid and mutual support. In the great struggle for life—for the greatest possible fullness and intensity of life with the least waste of energy—natural selection continually seeks out the ways precisely for avoiding competition as much as possible. The ants combine in nests and nations ; they pile up their stores, they rear their cattle—and thus avoid competition ; and natural selection picks out of the ants' family the species which know best how to avoid competition, with its unavoidably deleterious consequences. Most of our birds slowly move southward as the winter comes, or gather in numberless societies and undertake long journeys—and thus avoid competition. Many rodents fall asleep when the time comes that competition should set in ; while other rodents store food for the winter, and gather in large villages for obtaining the necessary protection when at work. The reindeer, when the lichens are dry in the interior of the continent, migrate toward the sea. Buffaloes cross an immense continent in order to find plenty of food. And the beavers, when they grow numerous on a river, divide into two parties, and go, the old ones down the river, and the young ones up the river—and avoid competition. And when animals can neither fall asleep, nor migrate, nor lay in stores, nor themselves grow their food like the ants, they do what the titmouse does, and what Wallace has so charmingly described : they resort to new kinds of food—and thus, again, avoid competition.

"Don't compete ! — competition is always injurious to the species, and you have plenty of resources to avoid it !" That is the *tendency* of nature, not always realized in full, but always present. That is the watchword which comes to us from

\* *Russkaya Mysl*, Sept. 1888 : "The Theory of Beneficency of Struggle for Life, being a Preface to various Treatises on Botany, Zoology, and Human Life," by an Old Transformist.

the bush, the forest, the river, the ocean. "Therefore combine—practice mutual aid! That is the surest means for giving to each and to all the greatest safety, the best guarantee of existence and progress, bodily, intellectual, and moral." That is what Nature teaches us; and that is what all those animals which have attained the

highest position in their respect have done. That is also what most primitive man—has been doing that is why man has reached the position upon which we stand now, as we see in a subsequent paper devoted to the aid in human societies.—*Nineteenth Century*.

## STANLEY AND EMIN PASHA.

BY DR. CARL PETERS.

It is my intention to bring before the British public some facts regarding the relations of Mr. Henry Stanley to Emin Pasha. In the controversy which has arisen with reference to this subject, the old motto, "audiat et altera pars" should be applied;—the more so, as many charges have been brought against Emin Pasha which he cannot contradict or refute because he is absent.

The accusation of being partial cannot certainly be raised against me. I have ever been as much a sincere admirer of the explorer of the Congo river as of the man who, under Gordon, organized the equatorial province of Egypt, and alone resisted successfully for years the advance of Mahdism. But I know that the English public will care to hear Emin Pasha speak for himself rather than come to conclusions unfair or even unjust.

What I am about to publish now was told me at Mpwapwa by Emin Pasha himself, with the understanding that I should be permitted to publish it.

According to what Emin told me, the first time Stanley arrived the Mwata Nzige, he was in an almost ruined condition. Emin thought that Stanley would not have been able to return if he had not given him food and help. Naturally I am unable to endorse or refute this opinion. According to my views existence in Africa depends not so much on exterior resource, as on personal resource, and in the latter kind Mr. Stanley has never been wanting. His capacity of finding expedients of all kinds was fully acknowledged by Emin Pasha, and his presence of mind, his resolution, had made on him a deep impression.

When Stanley arrived at the Mwata Nzige for the second time, he at once an-

nounced to the Pasha that he had given him orders from the Khedive to leave the equatorial province. The Khedive, as he said, wished to give up the whole province and could not allow any longer that his Governors should maintain him in the Upper Nile. This communication Stanley cannot fail to appear strange the more so that it was in direct opposition to the interests of civilization and European politics, the only motives which have ostensibly led to Stanley's expedition. Stanley, by making himself the carrier of a message doing away with all the civilization on the Upper Nile, was paving the way for barbarism in general, and Mahdism in particular. If it was intended to open up Central Africa to European civilization, the first thing to do was to strengthen Emin's position in Equatoria, not to abolish it. What interest had Europe, and especially England, in removing this last stronghold of African civilization?

The Emin Pasha Relief Expedition has been organized in Europe, not so much in order to save the person of Emin Pasha, but in order to strengthen the bearer of European civilization and culture, and political influence on the Upper Nile.

I must say that in this proposition Stanley, as made to Emin, there is something quite unintelligible; nor can I think that it was made for the purpose only of rendering Emin Pasha more inclined to accept the propositions to be made to him. After having given up the position lawfully occupied by him at the time of Stanley's arrival, Emin cannot be expected to receive the proposition on a new political basis to work from. To impress him more strongly, Stanley must have understood that he had instructed

carry out the Khedive's orders in the last resort by force.

Now let us attempt to understand Emin's position. For years his people had been informed that the whites were going to relieve him, and now that this expedition of Europeans had come at last, how could he dare to fight them without utterly denying the moral principles on which he had based his policy. So it came that he was forced to try to compromise with Stanley; and all fair-minded people will grant that, under the circumstances, even the boldest and most inconsiderate could not have afforded to take any other course than the one taken by Emin.

After several days (said Emin), "while I was considering Stanley's first proposition, he surprised me with a second one. It was just the reverse of the first one, but that did not prevent Stanley from bringing along both of them in his pocket." In the name of the King of the Belgians Stanley requested Emin not to obey the Khedive's orders, not to evacuate Equatoria, but to hoist there the flag of the Congo Free State. If he would do so, the king would make him his Governor-general for that district, and would grant him one thousand pounds per month for the expenses of the administration of the district. As to Emin's personal interest, he was asked to name his figure, and was told in advance that it would be granted. But Stanley, said Emin, very soon afterward told me that he did not advise me to accept that proposition. The Congo Free State, he said, was in a bad state of confusion, and Emin could plainly see how he, Stanley, had been treated by the King of the Belgians. It was only several days later that Stanley came out with his real plan, the third proposition, which again stood in direct opposition to the two former ones. In the name of the British East African Company he proposed to Emin to go round the Victoria Nyanza to its north-east corner, to Kavirondo. There Emin was to be established on an island, and left to fortify his position. Stanley would then hurry to the coast, and go to Mombasa to raise ammunition and troops for Emin. The British East African Company was to take the whole Army of Emin into its service, every man with the rank and pay he possessed while under Egyptian rule. Emin Pasha was to be Governor under the Company of all lands on the Upper Nile. As

for his salary, that was to be settled by him with the Company. Stanley brought forward a contract with that Company, stamped and sealed in London, and only needing Emin's signature to make it perfect. Finally, £8000 was agreed upon as the salary.

The troops which Stanley was to bring back from Mombasa were to restore the Christians to Uganda under the leadership of Emin, fight Unyoro, and then reoccupy Emin's old province: all this to be achieved in the name of the British East African Company. Stanley, after having brought up these auxiliary troops for Emin, was then to withdraw and go off to England.

Of course, the pliability of Stanley, who was himself the bearer of three messages or propositions whereof any one, by its nature, excluded the possibility of even considering the other two, was somewhat confusing; but however that might be, Emin Pasha, with a heavy heart and under the force of circumstances, made up his mind to accept the third offer.

Then a part of his people, who would not quit their homes on the Nile which had become dear to them, mutinied, and refused to proceed. Stanley and Emin Pasha, however, left the district and advanced on the west side of the lake. When camping at Busagala, west-south-west of Uganda, they received the messengers of the Christian King Mwanga, imploring their help against the Arab party. The chief of this Uganda mission was a certain Marco, who later spent two months in my camp and in my immediate neighborhood, and to whom I owe several details regarding Stanley's departure. Stanley refused to help the Christians, remarking "that he was too weak for such an undertaking." It was then that Emin Pasha offered to go to Uganda alone with his own people, if Stanley would permit it. But Stanley had Emin Pasha put under watch, and threatened to proceed against him by force should he attempt to carry out that idea.

Thus it came about that Stanley's expedition passed by Uganda without entering it, and missed the right moment for bringing that country peacefully under English influence, just as Mr. Jackson a little later lost his chance while he was on the east side of the lake at Kavirondo. Both leaders, Stanley as well as Jackson, failed to enter Uganda at the right moment, be-

cause they over-estimated the danger of such a venture, and so it happened that I, with fifty men only, having left the coast two years and a half later than Stanley and eight months later than Jackson, was the first on the spot.

As for Stanley, having reached the south end of the Victoria Nyanza at Usumbiro, he could not make up his mind to carry out the promise held out to Emin—viz., to bring him around the east coast of the lake to Kavirondo, and establish him there as agreed. He suddenly declared himself unable to do so without an express order of the Queen of England. Emin understood then that he had been taken out of his own country under pretences or promises not to be realized afterward. He had lost what he possessed, and now was forced, against his inclination, to accompany Stanley to the coast. As a matter of course cordial relations could not exist between the two parties under such circumstances.

I shall not personally take part against Stanley, but in the interest of truth I must add that what I heard about Stanley's personal behavior, not from Emin, but from the missionaries on the Nyanza, could not diminish the naturally bad feeling between the two parties. One day two Catholic missionaries came from Ukumbi to Usumbiro to pay their respects to Emin. They found the whole party at dinner, Stanley at the head of the table, with a half bottle of wine and served in European fashion, but all others at the same table without wine and living on negro fare. Such a glimpse of the social intercourse among the members of the expedition

speaks volumes, and it would be perfectly useless for me to add a single word. I am not at all surprised that Stanley should speak contemptuously of Emin Pasha. The two men were too different to understand one another. I believe Stanley lacks the organ necessary to appreciate a delicate and sensitive character like that of Emin Pasha, just as a man with a bad cold is unable to enjoy the beauty of a field of roses, but the beauty exists nevertheless. To me Emin Pasha appears as a model in the faithful performance of duty, the seriousness of his scientific labors and his moral tact. The fact of his not caring to go to Europe, to be feasted and honored like others, is proof enough of genuine modesty and candor of principle, as is also the fact that he refrained from taking £3000 to enter the British service, not, however, mainly from national feelings, for he had been willing to take service with the British, but because his innermost feelings had been hurt by Stanley's behavior toward him.

Highly as I estimate Emin's character, I am glad to think that herein I agree with the Englishman Gordon, who entrusted him with his difficult post on the Upper Nile; also with the Englishman, Dr. Felkin, who has praised Emin for his high administrative qualities, and his very noble principles.

I feel certain that, after so many misrepresentations and suspicions thrown on him, the truth regarding Emin's character cannot fail to get known, and if these lines should in any way serve to bring this about they will achieve all they are intended for.

—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### FASHION AND DEMOCRACY.

A FEW days ago, there took place a wedding, in itself not an uncommon occurrence in London, nor one that would be likely to excite much interest; but in this particular case, though neither bridegroom nor bride was very well known to the world at large, there would appear to have been present such a formidable number of fashionable guests, that it was only with a feeling of mild surprise that one found the most important daily paper devoting half-a-column to their names and titles. The wonder, however, grew considerably when it was found that several other papers had

devoted an equal portion of their space to recording this interesting event; but when it was seen that the most popular, the most democratic, the most scornfully Radical journals of all had given the longest and most detailed accounts of it, astonishment passed all bounds. Can it really be a fact, then, that these dry and uninteresting lists of mere names, these unintelligible descriptions of dresses, these inventories of jewellers' shops that represent the wedding-presents, are inserted, not for the benefit of the few people concerned, but as a matter of absorbing interest to the

multitudinous public? Do they really care to learn that a bride whom they have never seen or heard of, was draped in shrimp-colored *crêpe de Chine*, garniture de *Gelée d'Aspic*, and wore a tiara of sapphires and emeralds, the gift of the bridegroom; or that she went away in a dainty confection of sky-blue plush, decorated with *choux au naturel*? It would seem that they do care very much indeed, for the wider circulation of the paper and the more popular the class of its readers, the more full and accurate is its account of such details.

There is a daily paper, which we will call the *Morning Tailor* for want of a better name, that is largely devoted to the dissemination of fashionable intelligence of this kind, and is published at the moderate price of one penny. It was not always so cheap; once it cost threepence, a price that, considering the very limited number of people who could possibly be expected to take an interest in such matters, could hardly be called excessive. But the proprietor of that paper is a man who knows his British public well; without changing the character of the paper in the least, he simply published it at the popular price of one penny, and straightway the outside world bought it eagerly, its circulation increased tenfold, and a fortune fell into his lap. He did know his public, and what it wanted; but surely his knowledge was of a melancholy kind. For what is there more melancholy than the reflection that the lives of the great mass of people are so empty, so utterly devoid of interest, that they are driven to find amusement in reading of the lives of a select few, of interests that they cannot understand, and of pleasures that they cannot share? There are few sights more pathetic than one which may often be seen in the big London squares. Inside the garden, a few well-fed, well-dressed children, laughing, shouting, chasing each other, playing at hide-and-seek, and any such games as can be invented by childish imaginations and are dear to childish hearts; and outside in the road, a number of poorly clad little mortals, pressing their grimy little faces between the grimmer railings, having no heart to play themselves, but filled with a consuming wonder and envy of the joy and gaiety that they see within. There is nothing to prevent their playing together also; the iron railings are but an imaginary barrier, for the scene

would not be altered if it took place in a public park that was common to all. It is simply that the sight of that brighter and more light-hearted play has robbed them of all pleasure in their own; they can only wistfully watch and wonder, contrasting with a dull feeling of envy the dullness of their own little lives and the brightness of others'. And somehow, it seems to us as if that feeling, engendered in childhood, is carried by most of them all through life, and the attitude of lookers-on at the games of a fortunate few is the one that they have adopted then and for always. The old Provençal proverb of "Joy in the streets and sorrow in the house," may be changed with us into "Joy in the house and envy in the streets,"—not a malicious nor an angry envy, but a dull wonder that patiently waits and watches and goes away unsatisfied. Outside the house, they stand in thick ranks upon the pavement to watch the guests that come and go from the entertainment to which they themselves are not bidden; outside the church, the wedding party struggles through crowds of these same idle and listless sightseers; outside the Row, they stand for hours looking at the horses and carriages that pass, gazing with a vacant stare that shows neither pleasure nor any other emotion, always on the outside, always looking on at amusements in which they do not partake. Their attitude is much the same as that of the children outside the Square railings. Five centuries do not seem to have removed the reproach of Froissart, that the English people are wont to take their pleasures *moult tristement*; for few forms of pleasure can be much more dull and sad than looking on at amusements in which one cannot join. But what a Barmecide's feast must be the perusal of a paper which records all these entertainments! There is little wonder that an appetite for these records, if such an appetite exists, should go on increasing, since it is hardly likely to be surfeited with so unsatisfying a fare. And, indeed, the existence of this appetite is beyond a doubt; not only are the newspapers that are most popular with the masses full of fashionable intelligence and the doings of society, but the novels in which they chiefly delight are those that are occupied with the same theme. Thackeray's production of "Lords and Liveries," by the author of "Dukes and

Déjeûners," is but a faint and feeble imitation of the kind of story that finds a place in a journal that announces itself to be written for the people by the people. Wealth and titles are distributed among the characters with a lavish hand by an author who also rejoices in making his heroes and heroines all supremely beautiful, and supremely virtuous or villainous, as the case may be. It is to be hoped that his readers do not put too great faith in these presentiments, otherwise they would have fair reason to regard the aristocracy as made of strange and inhuman monsters. As to the cause of this curious attraction that is exercised by a small portion of society over the imagination of the rest, we can only fall back upon the one already suggested,—namely, that the lives of the great mass of the people are to themselves so dull, so unpicturesque, and so devoid of romance and interest, that they get no pleasure from contemplating them, and despair of improving them. And why this should be so it is beyond our power to suggest; perhaps it is a matter of temperament, an unchangeable phase of the English character, or perhaps it is that the Puritanism from which the upper classes rebounded so quickly, really succeeded in crushing the gaiety and stifling the merriment of the bulk of the population.

In the last number of a weekly paper of democratic principles, a paper in which the doings of the aristocracy are recorded for admiration upon one sheet, while its vices are lashed on another—a proceeding, by-the-way, which at least contains an element of impartiality—there appeared an article which made very severe reflections upon the unequal distribution of pleasure and amusement in this country,—a very able and a very well-written article, but, as it seemed to us at least, a rather illogical and wrong-headed one. The main contention was to the effect that a small portion of the community amused itself too much, and the rest amused itself too little. That might or might not be entirely true; but certainly the later statement was true. But the writer went further yet, and stated that the rest of the community could not amuse itself enough because that small portion amused itself too much. That, to characterize it mildly, is simple nonsense. It is to suppose that a certain and limited amount of amusement has been thrown into the world to be

scrambled for, and that the upper classes have grabbed more than their fair share. Ridiculous though this supposition is, it seems to have taken a strong hold on the imaginations of the working classes. As a matter of fact, we believe, the laboring man has just as much leisure at his disposal as the hard-working professional man, and, as leisure is almost the only condition by which amusement is limited, he has just as much opportunity for amusement. That he does not profit by it, is entirely his own fault; and if his life in consequence is dull and monotonous, he has only himself to blame. For what does the man want? He is not a baby, that has to be fed with pleasure as with a spoon. It is hard to believe that the "poor working man," as he loves to describe himself, is quite so poor-spirited a creature, quite so devoid of will and initiative, that he cannot amuse himself. Nevertheless, that seems to be the main idea entertained by himself and his friends, that the only possible pleasures and amusements in this world have been wickedly monopolized by the wealthier classes, and that there is nothing left for him but to look on from the outside, no other interest but to watch others at play. It is a thousand pities that he does not know how to amuse himself better, for, as the writer of that article justly remarked, the measure of enjoyment is largely dependent upon the amount of labor or pain by which it is preceded, and, consequently, a hard-working man has a greater capacity for enjoyment than any other. We believe that there are people who have undertaken the charitable task of teaching the East-End Londoner how to enjoy himself. Probably there is no other country in the world—certainly no other that we have ever heard of—in which such a lesson would be necessary.

For what other European nation is there in which the lower classes are content to trail behind the lead of a fashionable few, like the dragged tail of a kite? to inherit their cast-off clothes and finery, and to copy humbly their folly and extravagance? The sturdy independence of the Continental peasant which causes him to cling to his own dress, as better suited to the requirements of his life, and infinitely more comfortable and picturesque than that of his wealthier neighbors, causes him also to cling to his own distinctive customs and amusements, to make his own music, to



sing his own songs, and dance his own dances. It is good to hear a sturdy Breton express his contempt for the *bourgeois* broadcloth or Parisian finery. The Englishman, on the other hand, cannot believe that he is as good as his neighbor unless he is dressed in the same manner; to wear any distinctive dress seems to him a degradation. As for dancing, if he were dependent on his own piping he would never dance at all. In other countries, the national and characteristic games are the property of the people, and are played by the people; in England, the national game is played by the upper class, while the

people look on. As far as their pleasures and amusements go, they seem to be utterly dependent, utterly incapable of combining to amuse themselves; and the exceeding dullness of their daily life is beyond doubt in a great measure the cause of their curiosity as to the lives of others. It is easy to say that the ordinary Englishman dearly loves a Lord, and to talk of the innate snobbishness of the English character that is prone to worship wealth, titles, and finery; but that worship must have some further cause. It is the dullness of Democracy that makes it cling to the skirts of Fashion.—*Spectator*.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

### THE AGE OF CHAUCER.

AN ATTEMPT TOWARD A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Henry Morley, LL.D., Emeritus Professor of English Language and Literature at University College, London. Volume V. The Fourteenth Century. In two Books: Book II. New York: Cassell & Company, Limited.

Professor Morley is carrying on his great work with commendable industry and patience. To write a history of English literature on the lines he has set, which involve so much detail and go much farther than any wealth of brilliant and picturesque generalization in giving a clear notion of the evolution of literary forms, is the work of a lifetime. The first volume treated of the beginnings up to the time of Beowulf, the next treated the subject from Cædmon to the Conquest, the third discussed that rich but primitive tittle of the mental soil which culminated in the formation of the English language as the organ of national thought, and the fourth related to those conditions which produced Chaucer, the first of the great English poets, and who indeed founded our literature. The present volume occupies itself mostly with Chaucer as a study in detail, and it need hardly be said is one of the most interesting, if not actually the most important of the volumes so far published. Chaucer was the morning star of English letters, and all cultivated men and women still take delight in his fresh and vigorous genius, or would easily do so after mastering the slight difficulties of old English.

Untrammelled by form, and yet with a keen sense of form, this delightful "clerke" of the Third Edward's time. The earlier pages up to the sixth chapter are devoted to an examination of a concurrent movement of religious reform that centred in the personality of Wyclif, and which was a powerful element in the national development that found its literary and poetic mouthpiece in Chaucer. England had been from the time of the Conquest impatient of the yoke which the Papacy so sedulously strove to lay on the necks of the nations. The Great Conqueror, his son, Henry Beauclerk, Henry II., Edward I., and his grandson, the Third Edward, had all signalized themselves by their resistance to the claims of the Hierarchy, and their people, barons and commons, had loyally stood at the back of their stout-hearted kings. Wyclif, one of the earliest of the outspoken rebels, who preceded and led up to the Reformation, the first translator of the Bible into English, was the religious mouthpiece of that great revolution which was working deeply in the minds of the people. Englishmen had learned to be independent of mental shackles to a degree unequalled in contemporary Europe. The freedom and boldness which have always marked the Anglo-Saxon mind in dealing with the problems of life were unmistakably displayed in the Englishmen of Chaucer's time. For example, in no other European nation of that period would satire have dared so openly to attack the abuses of the Church, as was evinced in the rude and trenchant poems prior to this period, to the great delight of the

lower classes ; and the gleeman, who in the baronial hall found it to his account to recite the feats of love and war, when benighted in the yeoman's cottage never failed to delight his hearers by his attacks on monks and friars. The same consensus of forces that worked on one side of English character to produce a Wyclif, in another produced a Chaucer. How warmly Chaucer sympathized with the protests against Papal aggression and sacerdotal corruption we do not need to emphasize to any readers of his works. Yet Chaucer, bold and independent as he was, in virtue of his poetic sensibilities had a keen appreciation of those things which enter into the splendor of ritual and the sensuous beauty of externals. Church reform was as much an outcome of the age in England as the well-spring of poetic fancy which spread to the different countries of Europe as a result of the Italian Renaissance.

Professor Morley, in summing up the spirit of Chaucer, says : " Of Chaucer's there is not a thought colored by prejudice or passion. He paints in his chief work character in all its variety, without once giving us under some other name a covert reproduction of himself. When he attacks hypocrisy that trades on religion, and in so doing strips vice of its cloak, the sharpest note of his scorn has a rich quality of human kindliness. In perception of the ridiculous he is beforehand with the most fastidious of his countrymen, and with his own native instinct he knows when an Englishman would turn with laughter or displeasure from words or thoughts that might seem good to any other people. Earnest as he was—disposed at times even to direct religious feeling—Chaucer was quick to see the brighter side of life and ready to enjoy it in the flesh. When he was rich he seems to have delighted freely and naturally in whatever good things wealth would bring him ; and when stripped of substance, he set up no mean wailing of distress, but quietly consoling himself with a keener relish of the wealth that was within him, he dined worse and wrote his ' Canterbury Tales.' "

Our historian, after a very interesting sketch of Chaucer's birth, parentage, and early years, his connection with the court as a *protégé* of John of Gaunt, Earl of Lancaster, third son of Edward the king, and his diplomatic and political services, undertakes a very interesting study of his career as a poet. Of his works the " Canterbury Tales " most appeal to the world, and on them his great fame

largely rests, though had he not written this comic Iliad, his other productions would have insured him immortality as the father of English literature.

The " Canterbury Tales " were inspired both in form and spirit by Boccaccio's " Decameron," but they breathe a far higher and purer spirit. In spite of his merry satires over women's peccadilloes, he shows on the whole a great reverence for the purity of the female sex and a lofty estimate of woman's character. It is a distinguishing mark of Geoffrey Chaucer that, keen as was his sense of the ridiculous, his discrimination between the essentially right and the essentially wrong was so penetrating. He always went beneath the surface of things. He was eminently dramatic in the variety and vividness of character which he portrays. Mr. Morley justly says : " Had the mind of Chaucer stirred among us in the days of Queen Elizabeth, his works would have been plays and Shakespeare might have found his match. But except in the miracle plays and mysteries, which seldom represented ordinary human life, there was in Chaucer's time no writing formally dramatic. Dramatic genius could only speak through such poems as were acceptable to the readers of that generation : and through such poems, therefore, Chaucer poured his images of life, bright with variety of incident and subtle in perception, in all forms of character. He had that highest form of genius which can touch every part of human life, and at the contact he stirred to a simple sympathetic utterance. Out of a sympathy so large good humor flows unforced and the pathos shines on us with a rare tranquillity. The meanness or the grandeur, fleshly grossness or ideal beauty of each form of life, is reflected back from the unrippled mirror of Chaucer's ' Canterbury Tales ' as from no other work of man except the plays of Shakespeare. "

Mr. Morley in this fifth volume displays all the qualities which give value to the earlier ones. The simple honesty and vigor of his estimate go with a clear, bright, and unpretentious style, and the scholarly research of the book is unmistakable. Other histories of English literature, planned on a different model, may surpass this in brilliancy of treatment. We fancy that none will be adjudged its superior in those qualities which stamp most worth on historical work, learning, sincerity, and a desire to get at the exact truth, as far as it is ever given to the critic to know the exact truth.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE ; OR, AN EPOCH OF REST.  
BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE. By William Morris, author of "The Earthly Paradise," "The Life and Death of Jason," "The Story of Segurd the Volsung," etc. Boston : *Roberts Brothers*.

Mr. Morris, the distinguished poet, occasionally reverses the transformation of Silas Wegg and drops into prose, we think, not altogether to the advantage of his fame. Mr. Edward Bellamy's wonderful book—wonderful in popularity if not in literary value—seems to have inspired the great socialistic poet, who went into that very practical branch of art, household decoration, with so much success, to another venture on the same lines, but with a totally different kind of treatment. The alleged novel before us, "News from Nowhere," is the record of what is seen by the hero in a dream, whereby he is advanced in time a century or so. It is of not so much importance to tell our readers in detail just what Mr. Morris or his *alter ego* in the story sees and hears. One only needs to know the socialistic theories of possible government under the true conditions of life to be able to forecast pretty accurately the substance of the narrative. The hero does little more than make a journey from London up the Thames and describe the scenes in city and country as they come under the inspired imagination of the author. Mr. Morris writes in an easy, fresh, racy style very pleasant to read, and he never gets on stilts for a second. But what he says is of far less moment. The book is so well done that we are not inclined to take it seriously, but as an agreeable addition to the literature of recreation, which has none of the formal characteristics of fiction. Mr. Morris puts all his pet theories for the amelioration of the race on the socialistic standard into application, and shows us men and women free and untrammelled, living without violence to inclination, despising what we now know as law and convention, happy in the fullest personal development under a form of society which permits a man to do very much as he pleases, even to killing a fellow-being or changing his wife twice a year (to compensate, the wife has the same privilege *quoad* husbands). To the reader who wishes for an hour's amusement (which is not altogether without intellectual pabulum, for Mr. Morris cannot write much without saying something worth reading) we can cordially rec-

ommend this lively book. Certainly no one will be inclined to take it seriously as the effort of a man of notable genius and learning to solve the great problem of human society and describe a way whereby man may be taught to reap the noblest fruits of living.

#### NATURAL HISTORY CHATS.

OUTINGS AT ODD TIMES. By Charles Abbott, M.D., author of "A Naturalist's Rambles about Home," "Days Out of Doors," etc. New York : *D. Appleton & Co.*

Dr. Abbott has made himself thoroughly liked as an observer and student of natural facts, who knows how to describe what he sees in a very natural and pleasant way. The lesson taught by such books is not actually what the book itself contains, but is this, that behind the most familiar facts around us, which custom has made stale and uninteresting, lies the keenest charm of novelty if we learn to see them aright. The author of this little book certainly carries a pair of very wideawake eyes in his head, and he knows how to put what he sees into excellent form. The essays before us have been published in various periodicals, and their collection in book form is well merited by their interest. Almost the opening sentence strikes the key-note of the book, and a chord in many a man, even him who carries city dust on his shoes, will respond : "Often during a long and dusty walk in midsummer I have chanced suddenly upon a wayside spring, and stooping drank directly from the bosom of mother earth. Filled with the pleasant recollection of such moments, how tame is all other tippie, even though the crystal is a marvel of cost with beady bubbles winking at the brim. It is coming home to the simple and plain things of nature with a receptive spirit that teaches the soul more than books, more than all knowledge bought at second hand. Yet for the many it is necessary to see nature at second hand. Even to those who live out-of-doors during their summer vacation and drink the sweetness of it come the winter and work at home in the city. Of such Dr. Abbott says : "Business demands our work-day hours ; and now during the leisure of long winter evenings, with what delight one may recall vacation days reading out-door books. The library now becomes the mountain, lake, or river. With Thoreau, Burroughs, or Jeffreys at hand one can hear the summer birds in the shrill whistle of the wind, and the babbling of summer brooks in

the rattle of the icy rains." Dr. Abbott's own modesty prevented him from including himself, as he might properly have done, in the list of these delightful interpreters of out-doors. Among some of the titles he treats with charming freshness are "Midwinter Minstrelsy," "Round About a Spring in Winter," "Free for the Day," "A Foggy Morning," "Apple Blossoms," "A Hidden Highway," "The Building of the Nest," "A Midsummer Outing," "The Night Side of Nature," "Dew and Frost," etc. One can hardly open this pleasant little book anywhere without finding something to hold his attention. Deep sympathy with the poetic side of nature, or what is the same thing in the naturalist, a vivid imagination, keen perceptive powers, and the trained skill of the scientist in knowing how to observe, combine to make Dr. Abbott a most agreeable companion in out-door studies.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

PROFESSOR FORREST, who has just left London for Bombay, spent the last six weeks before his departure, by order of the Secretary of State, in visiting the different Record Offices and libraries in England and Scotland, in order to gather hints for the organization of the central Record Office which the Government of India proposes to establish at Calcutta. During the past six years Professor Forrest has founded and organized a large Record Office at Bombay. At Calcutta he will also continue the work of research among the ancient documents. The papers regarding Warren Hastings, which he lately published (see *Athenæum*, No. 3275), have proved the value of the work. The volumes could never have been compiled had not Lord Dufferin taken a strong personal interest in the matter, and it will no doubt be continued by his successor till all the documents which bear on the history of our great empire have been safely housed and catalogued.

The long-expected new edition of Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" is promised by Mr. Murray. The work of revision has been mainly performed by Messrs Wayte and Marindin. The book will now occupy two volumes instead of one.

MR. WALTER LEAF, the well-known Homeric scholar, is going to give a course of lectures in connection with the Chelsea centre of the London University Extension Society. His

subject is "Homeric Greece." The first lecture will be delivered at the Chelsea Town Hall next Wednesday afternoon. He will deal with the following topics: the historic basis of the Homeric poems, the origin of the Iliad and the Odyssey, the political state and religion of heroic Greece, heroic fortresses and architecture, Homeric dress, armor, and art. Mr. Leaf's lectures will be followed immediately by a course of lectures on "The Myths of the Homeric Cycle," by Miss Jane Harrison.

THE death is announced of Cardinal Hergenröther, the only scholar with a reputation to lose who in 1870 ventured to defend the decree of papal infallibility on historical grounds. We have also to record the death of the Rev. W. G. Thomas, vicar of St. Asaph, highly popular as a Welsh poet.

A SERIES of reprints of important works written in Latin during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is to be issued at Berlin, provided with critical and biographical introductions and bibliographical appendices. The collection, which will be published in parts under the title of "Lateinische Literaturdenkmäler des 15 und 16 Jahrhunderts," will be edited by Drs. M. Herrmann and S. Szamatólski, with the co-operation of a number of other scholars. The first instalment, edited by Dr. J. Bolte, will consist of the "Acolastus" of Guil. Gnaphæus, first published in 1534 at Bâle.

M. JOSEPH HALÉVY is preparing an edition of the text of the Tell-el-Amarna tablets in roman characters, transliterated from the original reproduced by Drs. Winckler and Abel, and will add a French translation and notes. This important monograph will appear in the *Journal Asiatique*.

MR. THOMAS MACKAY, author of "The English Poor," is going to edit a volume of essays by various writers, under the title of "A Plea for Liberty: a Protest against the Socialistic Tendency of Modern Legislation." It will deal with the leading industrial questions of the day, in form similar to "Lux Mundi." Among the contributors are Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. George Howell, M.P., the Hon. Auberon Herbert, Mr. W. C. Crofts, Mr. W. Donisthorpe, the Rev. B. H. Alford, Mr. J. E. Vincent, Mr. A. Raffalovich, Mr. T. Mackay, and Mr. E. S. Robertson. Mr. Murray is the publisher.

PRINCESS BEATRICE has translated from the

German of Dr. E. Kraus the "Adventures in the Life of Count George Albert of Erbach," who lived in the seventeenth century. The adventures include the count's sojourn with the Knights of Malta, his capture by the Barbary Corsairs, and his imprisonment at Algiers. The present count of Erbach married the only sister of Prince Henry of Battenberg, and from him the papers are derived. The book, which will be adorned with portraits and woodcuts, will be published by Mr. Murray.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, of New York—who for nearly half a century have been represented in England by Messrs. Sampson Low—have now resolved to establish an agency firm of their own, under the title of Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., with a place of business in Albemarle Street. The head of this is Mr. James R. Osgood, whose name is associated with the pleasantest traditions of publishing in New England, and who has himself made many friends here during a four years' residence in London as the representative of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. After the delay of a few months *Harper's Magazine* will be transferred to the new firm; but the publication of *Harper's Young People* will remain in the hands of Messrs. Sampson Low. It is hoped that this arrangement "will tend to promote still closer and more friendly connections between authors and publishers both in England and America."

AMONG the tablets from Tel-el-Amarna, now in the museum at Berlin, five have lately been found which were sent from Urusalim or Jerusalem to the Egyptian kings. Their writer was a certain Additaba or Hadad-tob, who claims to have been a tributary and protected prince, and not merely an Egyptian governor, like the rulers of most of the other cities in Palestine. He declares that he had been appointed to his office by "the oracle of the mighty king," who is shown by a passage in one of the tablets to have been a deity. Additaba further speaks of having had dealings with the Babylonians, and refers to an oracle which declared that, as long as a ship crossed the sea, the conquests of Nahrma or Aram-Naharaim and of Babylonia would continue. This was at the close of the fourteenth century B.C. Professor Sayce had already discovered the name of Jerusalem in one of the tablets now in the Ghizeh Museum.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP has left England for the

winter, intending first to spend two months at Heidelberg, and afterward to pass on to Rome. He has taken with him the materials for the Life of Joseph Severn, the friend of Keats, with which he was entrusted by Severn's sons some time ago. It need hardly be said that these materials include a vast number of interesting letters, covering the period of Severn's sixty years' sojourn at Rome, during which he was brought into relations with every eminent English and American visitor. The work will probably be compressed into one volume, and published by Messrs. Sampson Low.

SIMONIDES, the notorious forger of Greek manuscripts, has died in poverty in Albania. It is many years since he has been heard of. He was a native of the island of Syne, and probably born about 1824. His skill in imitating ancient writing was great, but his scholarship was fortunately unequal to his manual dexterity. He made a considerable stir at the Cambridge meeting of the British Association in 1862, when he produced the Mayer papyri and declared he had written the Codex Sinaiticus, and Wordsworth's lines were cleverly applied to him:

"Oh, ye who patiently explore  
The wreck of Herculanean lore,  
What rapture! could you seize  
Some Theban fragment, or unroll  
One precious, tender-hearted scroll  
Of pure Simonides:  
That were, indeed, a genuine birth!"

MR. MAHAFFY's new book on "The Greek World under Roman Sway," which is to be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., completes another stage in his account of the social life and civilization of the Greeks, and pursues the subject from the subjugation of Hellenic lands by Rome down to the accession of Hadrian, when Greece may be said to have recovered her supremacy.

M. TAINÉ has finished correcting the proofs of the first volume of his work on "Le Régime Moderne," dealing with the Napoleonic epoch, and forming part of his "Origines de la France Contemporaine."

THE following are some of the articles in the sixth volume of the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, which will be published very shortly: "India," by Sir Richard Temple; "Ireland," by Mr. Justin McCarthy, Professor Mackinnon, and Professor G. T. Stokes; "Jerusalem," by Mr. Walter Besant; "London," by the Rev. W. J. Loftie;

"Madagascar," by the Rev. James Sibree ; "Malays," by Professor A. H. Keane ; "Log-ic," by Professor Seth ; "Libraries," by Mr. T. G. Law ; "Law," by Mr. Thomas Raleigh ; "Mineralogy," by Professor James Geikie ; "Jesus Christ," by Archdeacon Farrar ; "Hymn," by the Rev. John Julian ; "Lit-urgy," by the Marquis of Bute ; "Job," by Professor A. B. Davidson ; "Lake-Dwelling," by Dr. Joseph Anderson ; "Liquor Laws," by Sir Charles Dilke ; "Lao-Tze," by Professor Legge ; "Immigration," by Mr. Arnold White ; "Jest-Books," by Mr. W. A. Clouston ; "Kufic Coins," by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole ; "Kant," by Dr. Hutchinson Stirling ; "Keats," by Mr. F. T. Palgrave ; "Keble," by the Rev. W. Lock ; "Charles Lamb," by Canon Ainger ; "Leonardo da Vinci," by Mr. J. M. Gray ; "John Locke," by Professor A. Campbell Fraser ; and "Macaulay," by Mr. William Wallace.

THE death of Professor Thorold Rogers has robbed Oxford of a well-known figure, and deprived the world of a student who had done excellent service to economic science, especially to its history, although his beginnings lay in quite a different direction. Educated at King's College, London, and at Oxford—where he took his First, but failed to obtain a Fellowship—Rogers began life as an ardent High Churchman, or Puseyite, as he and his like were then called, took orders, and threw himself into parochial work with the zeal and energy which all his life long he gave to the immediate object before him. But time cooled his ardor and his faith in the Tractarian theology. He married and returned to university life to become a highly successful "coach," and write a handbook to the studies of the place, "Education at Oxford," which came out much about the same time as the "Pass and Class" of Professor Barrows, then a rival "coach." These were the happy days when the specialist was not, and it was still supposed that any clever man would make a good professor, so that although only known as a student of political science by a little pamphlet on the "Law of Settlement," Rogers was elected Professor of Political Economy at Oxford in 1862. Henceforth he devoted himself mainly to economical subjects. Two volumes of his *magnum opus*, the "History of Agriculture and Prices in Eng-land," appeared in 1866, and his "Political Economy for Colleges and Schools" in 1868. In that year Rogers, who had made himself a

good many enemies by his outsp-ments on men and things in the and was, as an advanced Liberal, to the Conservative party, failed of to his chair, and this defeat made of a *frondeur* than ever, and he gave his attention than before to party. In 1869-70 he published two volumes torical Sketches." These were followed in 1873 by a volume of political essays, and Modern Political Opinion." Later he did a service to political collecting and editing the "Protestant Lords," and he also edited Mr. speeches. In 1880 he entered Parliament as one of the members of Southwark. Second and third volumes of his most work, "Agriculture and Prices in England," were issued in 1882. In 1884 he published "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," having lost his seat in the House of Commons in 1886, he returned with renewed vigor to literary labors, vols. v. and vi., completing "Agriculture and Prices in England," in the beginning of 1888, when in the same year he also brought out a volume of lectures on "The Economical Inter- of History," finding time, too, to write a volume on Holland for the "Story of Nations" series. On the death of Mr. Price he was re-elected Professor of Political Economy, a compliment his laborious searches had amply merited.

It will be seen from the above that Rogers got through an immense quantity of work in the last five-and-twenty years of his life. We have mentioned only a portion of it. We have said nothing of his large contributions to magazines and newspapers, or of his local activity. It is on his "History of Agriculture and Prices" and "Six Centuries of Work and Wages" that his fame will ultimately rest. The compilation of these books cost him an immense amount of toil and research, though occasionally marred by his dragging the politics of his own day into the annals of the past, they form a great and valuable contribution to our knowledge of the social history of England. As a university reformer he was too wayward and too swayed by personal likes and dislikes to do anything. As he showed in his "Satires, and Epigrams," which he published in 1876, he was apt to indulge in personal charges, and in giving vent to his stings he too often lost sight of prudence, sometimes even of fairness. In pri-

he was a warm-hearted man, ever ready to do a kind act to a friend, and entertaining no real bitterness against any one unconnected with the Clarendon Press. He possessed an immense stock of stories, many of them rather more racy than decorous, and his conversation was famous for profusion of anecdote and vigor of epithet. His intellectual energy, his width of knowledge, and his extraordinary powers of work combined to render him a man of mark, and had he possessed a little more tact and self-control his career would have been really brilliant.

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#### MISCELLANY.

THE BAMBOO.—To note something of the physical structure of the bamboo, and a few of its most common uses, will be to give some conception of the wealth of its resources. In observing its nature, the difference between the male and female plant will be at once noticed. In the male bamboo the substance of the stem is solid throughout, and, light though it is, there is no stronger or tougher staff than that on which the old man leans in Burma or Siam, or that with which in these countries men take the law into their own hands and administer the summary punishment known as "bamboo backshish." But it is from the far more abundant branches of the female plant that the wants of mankind are so bountifully supplied. Built like a modern man-of-war in water-tight compartments, each joint of the stem is separated from the next on either side by a thick solid partition; and it would be hard to describe how this simple construction adapts it to practical use, or how much may be manufactured with ease from a single stem. To make a water-bucket, for example, it is only necessary to cut off a length of the branch near the root, where the girth is large, leaving the bulkhead at one end untouched. With a handle easily made from the higher part of the same branch, the bucket is complete—finished and polished by nature, lighter and probably more water-tight and better fitted for rough usage than any manufactured rival. In the same way, at the extremity of the branch, are to be found—almost ready-made—thimbles and pipe-bowls and pipe-stems of any size required.

The same tubes, if split perpendicularly at regular intervals without being cut through, may be flattened out so as to form an almost level flooring for boat or cottage. Endless

other illustrations may be given of the marvelous way in which the bamboo, by its generous and ever-ready help, seems to court the friendship of man.

If the houses in a Burmese village are largely built of bamboo materials, nearly everything within them seems to come ultimately from the same source. Beds and furniture, matting and sunshades, bird cages and baskets, fans and umbrellas, all owe their chief substance to the bamboo; while in a land where lacquer so largely takes the place of earthenware, the same material is conspicuous as the groundwork of unnumbered household vessels—from the laborer's rice-platter, bought for a few pence, to the costly vase or betel-box of pliant texture and finest polish. In all alike the lacquer, which gives to each vessel its charm of color or finish, is laid over a framework of fine bamboo wicker. Then, if we leave the house for field or river, we are everywhere met by the same ubiquitous material. It is this which, either as stout railing or living hedge, encloses the garden or field. With this the villager climbs the toddy-palm in quaint shoes made for the purpose. His shelter in the country cart, in his boat it is transformed into masts and yards, and decks and awnings, and forms the main part of the permanent structures in which whole families live for months together on a Burmese river.

In war, too, no less than in peace, the bamboo holds an honorable place. The main strength of many a formidable stockade is the *chevaux de frise* of stout pointed bamboo. It serves for flag-staff and spear-shaft and sword-sheath; and even for one of the most telling weapons of offence. In front of every position of the enemy in a Burmese war, among mimosa-thorns and grass and scrub, the ground is sown with invisible caltrops in the form of simple sharp pointed lengths of split bamboo—a weapon inflicting deep poisonous wounds, and which proves more harassing to infantry, whether in skirmish or charge, than any valor of the enemy or any natural strength of earthwork or stockade.

But it is not for the natives of the country only that the favors of the bamboo are reserved. As the sun shines on the evil and on the good, so the bamboo is the faithful servant of the foreigner no less than of its own countrymen. It is a well-known characteristic of Burma, as compared with most Indian provinces, that the traveller in rural districts has no need to burden himself with tents. This is partly owing to Buddhist liberality, which gives free shelter in

monasteries, and in frequent rest-houses, built as works of religious merit. But no less thanks are due to nature also, which plants at every turn the inexhaustible bamboo groves, from which, with no other aid than a woodman's knife, may be made all that the traveller needs for use or comfort. Owing to the universal presence of this invaluable plant, there is no country where barracks and hospitals, houses and offices, stables and outbuildings, can be so quickly and cheaply, and even substantially constructed; and there is not an emergency great or small in which in the Englishman's house, in such a country, the services of the bamboo are not the instant and effective resource. If temporary shelter is needed for man or beast; if unexpected visitors descend with a host of followers, in a few hours they may be as comfortably housed as if they had been long expected. If fuel is wanted for cooking, stakes or trellis for the garden; if a tobacco-pipe has to be cleaned, even if needles and thread are exhausted—the bamboo will supply what is wanted with a readiness which would hardly be believed.

Truly a wonderful material it is, lending itself by every quality of its nature to the special service of man. Its larger stems combine strength and lightness in a manner equalled by neither timber nor metal. Its lighter branches bend to carry the laborer's baskets. Its joints invite the manufacture of cups and buckets. Its toughness and polished smoothness provide the carver with material admirably suited to his art. Its hollow tubes seem made for water-pipes, its dry fibrous leaves for thatch. Its lightness adapts it for ladders and scaffolding; and the ease with which it splits, into layers of any thickness, for the weaving of matting and for basket-work of every kind. Lavishly as iron is strewn under the feet of more hardy nations, there is thus provided for the Oriental in the wildest jungles a no less abundant store of simple wealth, suited to his special requirements, responding readily to the slightest effort, and encouraging the exercise of every form of ingenuity.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

**SMOKE IN ENGLISH CITIES.**—Houses require frequent painting and whitewashing within and without; names of streets and stations, shop-fronts and sign-boards want constant renovation. Pictures, tapestry, fine needlework, books, engravings, sculpture are injured, sometimes irreparably. Curtains, blinds, and all kinds of clothing, hangings, and apparel, become discolored and dirty and demand endless

washing. What all this amounts to in money it would be impossible to say. In London alone it has been estimated at millions of pounds yearly. The Houses of Parliament are so damaged by smoke that the cost of surface renewal amounts to £2,500 a year on the average; and Cleopatra's Needle, which has endured unchanged for scores of centuries on the banks of the Nile, is already hastening to decay in the murky fogs of the Thames. Then there is the sheer waste which is involved in our sending thousands of tons of unburned coal up through our chimneys into the sky. It has been estimated that in London alone there must be at least 100,000 tons thus belched forth annually, and this does not include the fact that of that which is actually burned a large proportion is wasted, since, owing to the defectiveness of our heating arrangements, only a small fraction of the heat evolved is really made use of. Further, to come to the evils which flow indirectly from our present system—what may be called the moral evils—these cannot be estimated in money. They are voiceless, tragic, immeasurable. The blighting of the lives of the poor—especially of the children—the removal of all brightness and sunshine from their surroundings, their condemnation to live in courts and alleys steeped in grime, where not even a plant will grow in the window, and where a perpetual pall hides the face of the sky—what shall we say to that? Is it an evil which can be measured? The workers, producers of the nation's riches, dying by thousands and thousands, choked in the reek of their own toil; the aimlessness, hopelessness, hideousness of such a life; the folly of the nation that allows it to continue! The mere struggle with dirt itself in the more smoke-ridden quarters of our towns is one of the most depressing and demoralizing things conceivable. The scrupulous and careful housewife, coming perhaps from clean country quarters, wages at first a plucky warfare with the filthy enemy. But she is invaded from all sides. Smoke and soot entering by door and window give her no rest. No sooner is cleaning done than it has to be begun again. Furniture, linen, windows, floors, even the very food on the table—everything is defiled. And at last, worn out, beaten in the unequal struggle, she either succumbs to sickness, or resigns herself to become a slut and a sloven like those around her. Lastly but not least, comes the destruction for all of us by smoke of that supreme beauty of Nature which is one of the most precious things in our lives.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.



A MEXICAN GHOST STORY.—A ghost story. I heard it in the punt at evening on the little river, the buttercups winking against the low and glowing sky, the water-rats shaking, bright-eyed, at their doors. The Duc de Montebello tells it in the Red Sea to a Colonel coming home, shaken to pieces with Indian fever. Scene, Mexico, in the war, just before the fall of the unhappy Maximilian; orders very strict against plundering, next man caught to be shot at once, whoever he may be. Next man caught, Sergeant la Tulipe, bravest, brightest, most popular of non-coms.; most deplorable he should be the man; still, orders must be carried out, though Bazaine gave the order almost in tears, so popular with all ranks is Sergeant la Tulipe. So, as he is caught in the dusk, in the dusk they shoot him, in a dreary little ditch, his back against an adobe wall; a lantern, terrible bull's-eye, hung round his neck; and the volley over, there they lay him, still quivering, lantern and life both gone out, there can be no doubt of it, over against the adobe wall. But, before the shots rattle, la Tulipe in anguish bids the *padre*, endeavoring to guide his last footsteps aright—bids him carry the message of his death, his honorable death in action, to his poor old mother at Plessis-sur-Saône, "*Estaminet, Débit de Tabac, Vins et Cidre*," overpainted crossed billiard-cues tied with blue ribbon. And the *padre* promises and the Sergeant says, "*Souviens-toi!*" thrice solemnly, before the fatal volley that, as I say, stretches him quivering in the dreary little ditch where he is buried. There can be no doubt of it at all. But, observe, later in the evening the officers in the mess tent, Duc de Montebello among them, talking of this and that and somewhat of the luckless la Tulipe, deploring him, no doubt. "*Qui va là?*" from the sentry outside. "*Qui va là?*" again sharply, and then a shot; and lo, through the door of the mess tent passes la Tulipe, death in his face and on his breast, only the lantern burning round his neck, stands there calm and unearthly while a man could count ten! And then the Duc draws revolver and fires. A crash and a moan, or rather a deep portentous sign, and *messieurs les officiers* are alone again, with a smoking revolver and the shattered remains of a lantern. Instantly to the grave of Sergeant la Tulipe, under the adobe wall, and see, he lies on his face instead of on his back, as they put him there, and the lantern has gone; and he lies, dead beyond a doubt of it.

Soon in the hurry of war all this is forgotten,

and the unhappy Maximilian himself being shot, undergoing the fate of poor Sergeant la Tulipe against an adobe wall of a rather better class, all return to France, to forget in the joys of the boulevard and the *coulisses* that such things ever had been. And the *padre* goes too, to enjoy himself as a *padre* may in a brilliant capital, and forgets all about *la mère la Tulipe*, who lives and cooks, amid the click of the billiard-balls, away in the little *estaminet* in seepy Plessis-sur-Saône, and wonders what her *gars* is after that he does not write. Till one day, meeting M. le Duc somewhere, perhaps on the boulevard, M. le Duc asks him if ever he has remembered the dying Sergeant's request, and the *padre* says, "*Ma fois, ma fois, oui—parfaitement!*" and that some day he will do it—"tout à l'heure;" but does it not; till one night, going home late, as sometimes a *padre* will, round a corner he meets the Sergeant, lantern at neck, gray, reproachful; and the *padre*, with a yell of terror, falls dead. Only, the Duc said, the *bonhomme* met a "*chiffonnier, je crois*," with a lantern and stick with nail at the end. Still, conscience and fear and the night did the rest, and the *padre* fell and died. "*Indubitablement.*"—*Urnhill Magazine*.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE MOGUL DYNASTY.—The old king, Hodson himself admitted, had but been a tool in the hands of others. The real culprits were his two elder sons, who had first incited the populace to murder, and then led the way in mutilation, hacking off the limbs of little children, and pressing them, dripping with blood, to the lips of the dead mothers. These young fiends were now in Hodson's toils. He came to Wilson for authority to capture them. To his disgust Wilson hesitated. A passionate appeal from the deathbed of Nicholson at last settled the question. Wilson gave in, stipulating only that, as he had already got the father on his hands, he should not be bothered as to the fate of the sons. And with such a promise, rammed home with the remark that he would much rather have brought the whole family in dead than alive, Hodson went out.

At eight o'clock next morning, with his lieutenant Macdowell and a hundred picked sowars, Hodson rode once more slowly out of Delhi toward the tomb of Humayoon, where the two princes and their cousin had taken sanctuary. Half a mile from it he halted, and having arranged his force so as to make escape impossible, sent in to inform the princes that he had come to take them alive or dead.

There was a long wait, and then a messenger came out to know whether, if the princes surrendered, their lives would be spared? Hodson gave his answer in two words—"Unconditional surrender," and the man went back. Another hour passed, an hour and a half. From the distant tomb there arose continuously the hoarse roar of the mob—six thousand strong and armed to the teeth—demanding to be led against the infidel. Then at last, at the end of two hours, came the welcome news of surrender. Sending forward ten troopers to meet the princes, Hodson drew up the rest across the road. Hardly had he done so when the prisoners, seated in a bullock-cart, surrounded by the escort, and followed by a couple of thousand armed retainers, reached the line.

"Had their lives," they eagerly demanded, "been promised them?"

"Certainly not!" replied Hodson; and, with an order to the escort to get into Delhi as quickly as possible, bade the driver move on. The crowd attempted to follow. Hodson waved it back; while Macdowell, wheeling apart his men to allow the cart to pass, reformed instantly behind it. Hodson gave the word to advance. The troopers moved forward, at a walk, upon the mob. Step by step, yard by yard, they forced it back along the road, till it disappeared through the great archway into the immense garden of the tomb. Under the wall Hodson halted the troop. Then, taking with him Macdowell and four sowars, he rode, revolver in hand, up the marble steps, and reining in his horse, beneath the shadow of the arch, called out to the thousands in front of him to lay down their arms. There was a murmur of anger. Again Hodson thundered out his order. And then, "God knows why," said Macdowell afterward, "I never can understand it," they began to obey. For two long hours the English officers stood in the garden, while, from a thousand hiding-places, the rebels brought out their arms, and piled them in a native cart. At last all was ready. The precious time necessary for the escort to hurry the princes along the road to Delhi had been gained.

"We'll go now!" said Hodson, and, climbing deliberately into his saddle, formed up the troop and moved slowly off. About a mile from the city they came once more in sight of the prisoners. A dense, excited crowd was surging round the cart, the escort of which seemed to be wavering. Hodson turned to Macdowell: "I think," he coolly remarked,

"we had better sh never get them in," he rode at a gallop in the princes to dis snatching a carbine shot them deliberatel their bodies were ex in Delhi.—*Temple B*

**MARRIAGE BY CAPT**  
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bridegroom does the  
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change their burdens  
bridegroom disappear  
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at bay by the comra  
striving their utmost  
cover her flight. She  
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as to hurl stones and  
bridegroom until he h  
to the verge of the villa  
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can catch her she is  
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there has never been ar  
been caught if she has  
wife; but it would see

he has paid her parents the price they agreed upon, she has no option but to avoid the marriage by a successful flight.

It is not unknown to many that until quite recently a similar custom prevailed in Wales. The bridegroom having won the damsel's heart, appeared with all his friends mounted, at her door on the wedding morn and demanded her from her parents. The bride's friends, likewise on horseback, refused to give her up; upon which a scuffle ensued. She was suddenly mounted behind her nearest kinsman and carried off, pursued by the bridegroom and the whole body of friends, who with loud shouts and much laughter gallop after her. It was not uncommon to see two or three hundred people riding along at full speed, crossing in front, and jostling one another, to the delighted amusement of the onlookers. When they and their horses were thoroughly exhausted, the bridegroom was allowed to overtake the bride, carry her away in triumph, the whole party finishing the day with feasting and festivity.

Sir Henry Piers gave an account of a similar kind of ceremony in the wilds of Ireland, where the interested parties met somewhere between the two dwellings to discuss the matter and make arrangements. If an agreement was concluded, the agreement bottle was drunk, and then the bride's father sent round to all his neighbors and friends to collect the wife's portion, to which every one gave a cow or heifer. These the husband had to restore to their respective donors if the bride died childless within a certain time. On the day of bringing home, the bridegroom and his friends rode out to meet the bride and her friends at the place of meeting. Being come near each other, the custom was of old to cast short darts at the company attending the bride, but at such a distance that seldom any hurt ensued, although we do hear that on one such occasion a noble lord lost an eye, which must have gone far to sound the knell of this quaint old custom.

Another curious instance affording evidence of ancient capture occurs in a certain Arab tribe. The betrothal takes place apparently in a similar manner to that of young English people of the nineteenth century; but the marriage is only rendered complete by the husband bringing a lamb in his arms to the tent of the girl's father and there cutting its throat before witnesses. As soon as the blood falls to the ground the marriage is complete, and he retires to his tent to await his lady. A game of

hide-and-seek is played by the girl and by the people of the village, who pursue her as she runs from tent to tent. At last she is caught and led off in triumph by some of the women to her lover, who, taking possession of her, forces her into his tent.

Perhaps the Bedouin Arabs of Mount Sinai conduct their matrimonial arrangements in the strangest fashion, for when a man desires to marry, he goes to the maiden's father and makes a bid, which may or may not be accepted. Should the father think the offer sufficiently tempting, the sale is completed without the chief person concerned being consulted. When she comes home in the evening with the cattle, she is met at a short distance from the camp by her intended husband and two of his friends, and is carried off by force to her father's tent. If, however, she has time to defend herself, and suspects their errand, she defends herself like a young tigress, biting, kicking, throwing sticks and stones and anything that comes to hand at her antagonists, often injuring them severely, even though she is not altogether averse to the match. The greater resistance she makes the greater praise she receives from her companions, who record it in her favor forever after. When she is safely in her father's tent, they throw a man's cloak over her, and make a formal announcement of her future husband's name. She is placed on a camel in her bridal dress still struggling with might and main, and has to be held on by the young men. Then she is led round three times, and afterward taken into her husband's tent, the ceremony being wound up by the usual feast and presents to the bride.—*Chambers's Journal*.

MAY I 'AVE MY 'AT?—A prisoner was being tried in an English court for murder; evidence against him purely circumstantial; part of it a hat found near the scene of the crime—an ordinary round, black hat, but sworn to as the prisoner's. Counsel for the defence, of course, made much of the commonness of the hat. "You, gentlemen, no doubt each of you possess such a hat, of the most ordinary make and shape. Beware how you condemn a fellow-creature to a shameful death on such a piece of evidence," and so on. So the man was acquitted. Just as he was leaving the dock, with the most touching humility and simplicity, he said: "If you please, my lord, may I 'ave my 'at?"

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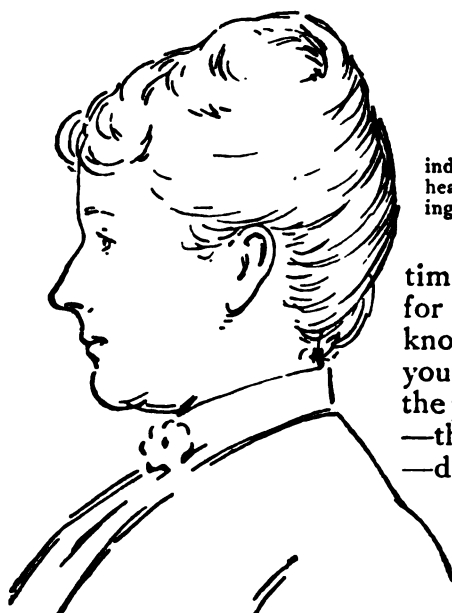
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BY HELEN EKIN STARRETT, IN *The Forum*.

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JAMES FYLE, New York.

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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

**WHY SOME MEN DO NOT SUCCEED.**—Two of the most successful men on the North American Continent were recently asked the question, "What are the causes of poverty?" One replied, "Ignorance and incapacity." The other said that the prevalent cause is "The number of young men who are wanting in decision and fixity of purpose. If they get into a good place at the start, they should stick to it, knowing that by perseverance, industry, and ability, they win promotion in due course as vacancies occur. But they see or hear of some one making a fortune in Wall Street, or in ranching, or in mining, and away they go to try their luck. When they lose, as they do in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that is the end of them; they can never settle down to ordinary ways of earning a living after that, and their descent is rapid." This reason hits the nail square on the head. Go where we will, we will find men who commenced life under the most favorable circumstances, but who are such complete financial wrecks that there is but little hope for their reformation. They may be honest and temperate; they may even possess natural ability of a high order, but, lacking in steadiness of purpose, they will never succeed. Had they sufficient will force to stick to one thing, no matter how disagreeable it might be at first, were they content to advance slowly, they would have no reason now to talk of the "luck" of those who have pushed forward into the front ranks. Another cause of poverty is a lack of self-confidence. Many men seem to have no faith in themselves, consequently no assertiveness, no independence, no pluck, and no push. They are afraid to stand up and speak for themselves, preferring to lean on others. They are afraid to make an investment, because of the possibility of failure; they are afraid to tell what they can do, as they might make an error in doing it; they are cowards in every sense of the word. This is often the result of early training. A boy, naturally timid, is

kept in the background so persistently that his mistakes are so severely criticised that he grows up into an entirely useless man and fixity of purpose will always be the measure of success.

**THE STANDARD OF LIVING IN THE UNITED STATES.**—At the last meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Social Science at Indianapolis, Mr. Dodge, the vice-president of the Economic section, read a paper on the standard of living in the United States, the course of which he said it was the most known, and it was progressive. The census give 1.32 paupers to every thousand of the population; in 1850 the proportion was 2.17, while in England and Wales it was about 28.8. The average consumption of meat in Great Britain per head is one-third that of the United States, while in France is scarcely half the latter. The consumption of meat per head in the United States is given at about 175 pounds per annum; of other civilized nations only Great Britain exceeds 100 pounds, and in all other countries it is less than 50 pounds. The consumption of cereals, by man and beast, is three times as much in proportion to the population as in Europe. Mr. Dodge discussed the houses, wages, land, etc., and inquired whether the high standard of living could be maintained. He thinks it depends on the industry of the producing classes and on wisdom in the distribution of their products toward a production that shall meet the wants. "If idleness shall be encouraged, production limited, importation enlarged, dependence on foreign countries for raw materials, wages will be reduced, and the ability to purchase as well as the volume of production will decline. If the advice of public and private teachers of repressive economy, to buy cheap things abroad, and sit down in the enjoyment of the luxury of laziness at home, shall become the law of the land, short rationing will follow, and high prices will only be abated."



the inability of our people to purchase for consumption."

**THRIFT IN FRANCE.**—We have all by this time a pretty accurate notion of the Eiffel Tower. Reconstructed in silver, the money value of this modern Babel would amount to two milliards of francs. Some idea of a milliard may be gained by the fact that as yet since the Christian era not a milliard of minutes have elapsed. Well, two stages more would have to be added to an Eiffel Tower in silver in order to represent the savings of the French people now deposited in the "Caisse d'épargne," or savings banks. Dry as statistics are usually supposed to be, such comparisons as these appeal to the imagination. Imaginary they are not, but emanate from the highest statistical authority in France—namely, M. de Foville, the eminent Chef du Bureau de Statistique du Ministère des Finances. The savings banks and postal banks combined now number 6,500,000 deposits, representing, as we have seen, two milliards and eight hundred millions of francs. Thrift in France, as in England, is combated by one foe—the cabaret. In the words of M. de Foville, a war to the knife is waged in every French town and village between the savings bank and the public house. In certain communes of Brittany the establishment of branch savings banks has been temporarily abandoned, so determined is the hostility on the other side. The annual outlay of spirits, liqueurs, absinthe, etc., amounts to half a milliard of francs; that on tobacco to nearly as large a sum. M. de Foville concludes his summary with these wise words: "Pauperism, for which so many seek utopian remedies, will never disappear, rest assured of it, till driven out of the world by thrift."

**"HOLIDAY GIFTS AND HOLIDAY BAUBLES."**—It is impossible to calculate the vast amount of money expended in the bestowal of holiday gifts, the inutility of which is as apparent as the injudiciousness of those who confer them. Of what value is a present that can only have an ephemeral existence? Toys, at best, are fragile, and despite their scientific mechanism, soon out of repair; and even jewels, although of intrinsic worth, are but for superficial or external adornment. The ancient Romans thought it the culmination of ethics to blend the *utile et decus* (the useful with the beautiful), and when the combination could be effected it simply intensified the useful. It

is folly and extravagance to make presents that are not appreciable, and nothing, therefore, so commends itself to the judgment as Udolpho Wolfe's Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps. A single case is an absolute benefit to a family, for it is without exception the finest tonic and adjuvant, the best anti-malarial and anti-dyspeptic cordial known to the market. Its fame is uncircumscribed, and for nervousness, debility, indigestion, kidney disorders and stomach derangements it is in the spirit of essence of its virtues, a panacea without a rival and of acknowledged world-wide supremacy. As an evidence of its superiority it may be mentioned that all the imitations have failed even to approximate it in quality and effectiveness, and that the results of the original are in themselves so striking as to establish at once the test between the genuine and the counterfeit article.

**CHINA'S MATERIA MEDICA.**—Hitherto nobody in this country has thought much of the Chinese materia medica. It has only, says her Majesty's Consul at Canton, been slightly, and generally scoffingly, glanced at; but some expert, he thinks, might do worse than devote a little time to its investigation. Whatever their medical practice may be worth the pharmacopœia of the Chinese contains many valuable drugs at present unknown to us. The vastness of the field is shown, Mr. Alabaster thinks, by the striking fact that from Canton nearly three million pounds of general medicines—exclusive of special drugs—and 2088 hundredweight of pills were last year exported. The nauseous senna is likely to be displaced by Puerh tea, which, the Consul says, "is equally effective and far more agreeable."

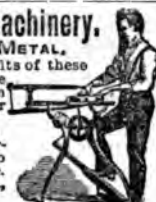
**A NEAT REJOINDER.**—A good instance of a neat diplomatic rejoinder is embodied in a story regarding Count Herbert Bismarck on the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to Rome last year. It appears that at the railway station Count Herbert, who is not renowned for the suavity of his manners, pushed rudely against an Italian dignitary who was watching the proceedings. The dignitary was greatly incensed, and remonstrated very forcibly against such unceremonious treatment, whereupon Count Herbert turned round haughtily and said: "I don't think you know who I am. I am Count Herbert Bismarck." "That," replied the Italian, bowing politely, "as an excuse is insufficient, but as an explanation it is ample."



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